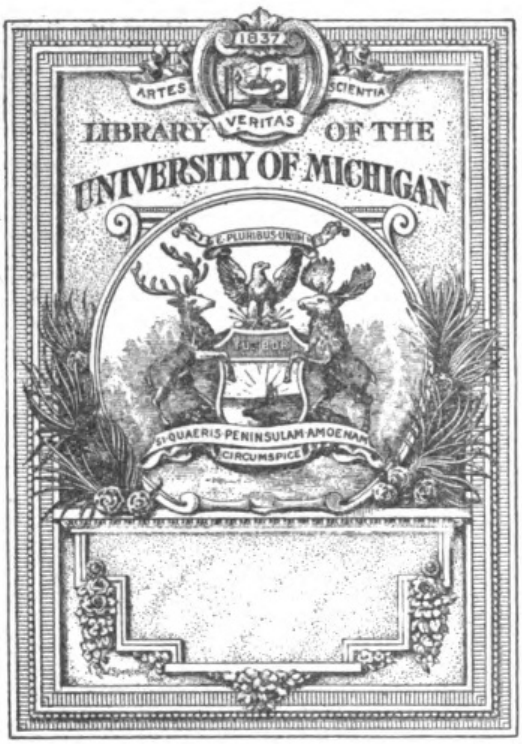


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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1893.

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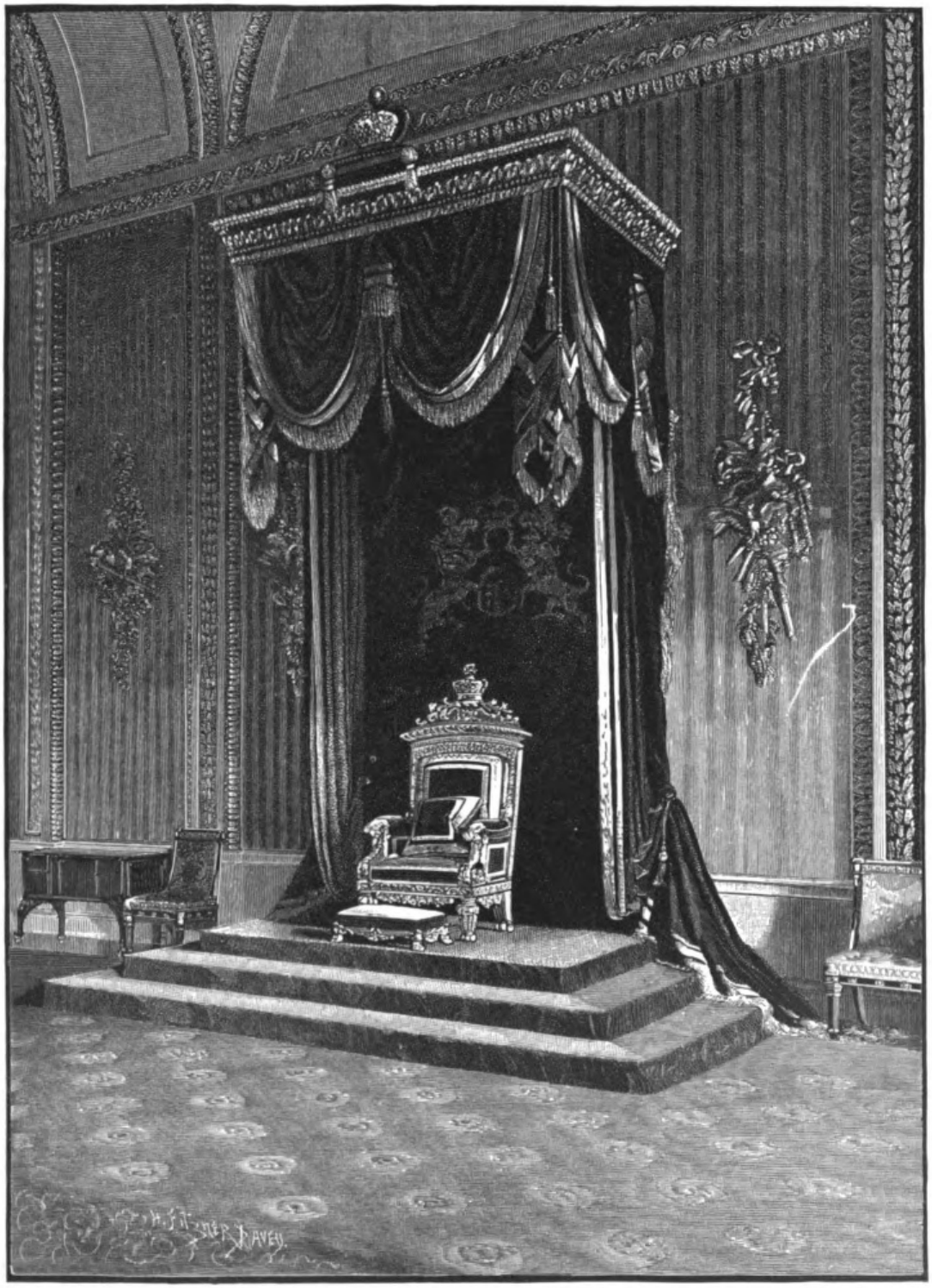
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THE THRONE ROOM—BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

From a Photograph by H. W King.

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Buckingham Palace.

By Mary Spencer-Warren.

[*Permission has been most graciously accorded to the writer of the following article by Her Majesty the Queen to have access to the inside of Buckingham Palace, and to be at liberty to examine the interior—an opportunity now given for the first time—in order to furnish the readers of* The Strand Magazine *with a descriptive account of its contents and decorations. We are quite sure our readers, as well as ourselves, will much appreciate the opportunity afforded.*]

BUCKINGHAM PALACE is known the wide world over to be the London residence of the most powerful monarch, the wisest ruler, and the most universally respected personage that has ever occupied a throne.

To many the exterior is fairly familiar; being, indeed, one of the "sights" alike to City and country born. Do our "dailies" announce that Her Majesty is coming to London for a few days, a number of us immediately wend our way in the direction of the Palace, happy if we get but a passing glimpse of the first lady in the land.

Martial sounds, flashing swords, and all the pomp of State pageantry are dear to the hearts of all; but the centre of attraction is the quiet, black-robed figure, whose face ever lights up as the unrestrained cheers of the populace fall upon her ear with no uncertain sound. Right up to the gates we stand, often for hours; but when the Queen has passed in our day is over, and we turn away, fancy only following *inside*—reality *outside*.

On looking into the historical associations of this place, I find the site was originally known as the Mulberry Gardens; but such gardens being a failure as a public resort, a house was built, and certain of the grounds inclosed. One incident is worthy of record connected with this house: here the first cup of tea drank in this country was made; brought here in the year of the Great Plague by the Earl of Arlington, he having paid 60/- per lb. for its purchase in Holland. This residence was known as Arlington House, but in 1703 the Duke of Buckingham built another—whence it derives its name. George III. evidently took a fancy to it, for he purchased it for a sum of £21,000, quickly removing to it from St. James's Palace.

In 1775 it was settled on Queen Charlotte by Act of Parliament; and here for the future she held her Drawing Rooms.

A short time previous to 1820 the building commenced to show signs of decay, so repair was talked of and finally commenced in 1825. Doubtless it would have been better to have erected an entirely new one; but there was some question of a grant from Parliament, so the former dimensions and plan remained. William IV. did not appear to be at all enchanted with it, inasmuch as he never occupied it, and it was not until after the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria that it became once more a Royal residence. Then some enlargements and improvements—on the south side—were carried out; the private chapel being a special added feature. Three or four years later the east front was greatly enlarged and improved at a cost of £150,000, and the Palace as it now appears is, if not beautiful, stately and grand in its solidity.

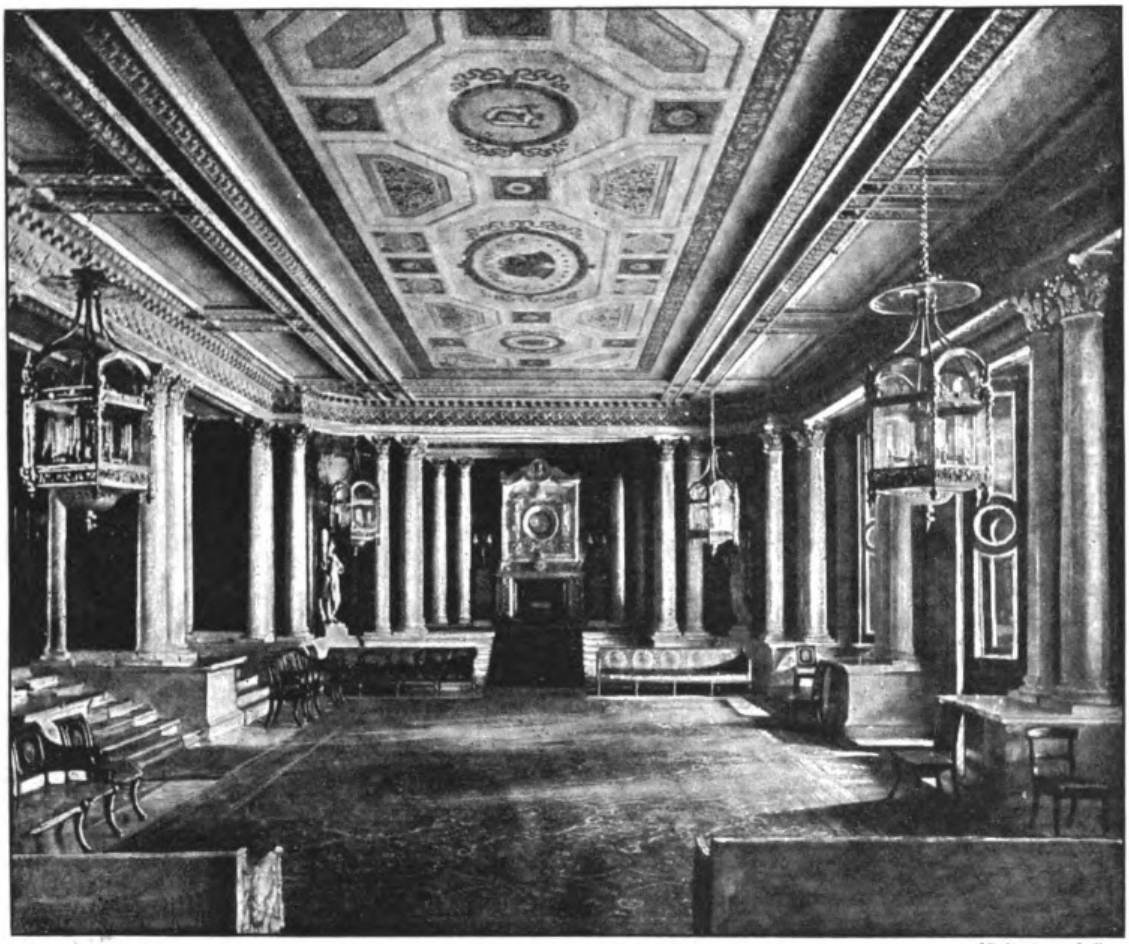
It is not my purpose, however, to give you a description of the building: enter with me, and glance at its interior.

The grand entrance through the central arch is very fine; the gates are supposed to be the largest and most beautiful in Europe, costing 3,000 guineas.

Now we cross the quadrangle and approach a portico supported by Doric columns, with Corinthian columns on top supporting a pediment head; on either side being an immense bas-relief representing warfare. Right round the building runs a terra-cotta frieze of flowers in relief.

Entering here, we are at once in a magnificent marble hall 50ft. by 30ft. It is surrounded with double columns of pure Carrara marble 13ft. high on an elevated continuous basement, every column formed of a single piece, Corinthian in character, with gilded bases and capitals. The roof is finely painted with armorial devices and floral wreaths, done in royal blue, crimson,

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From a Photo. by] THE ENTRANCE HALL. *[Debenham & Co.*

green, and gold; a frieze running round of crimson and green, with burnished metal chainwork hanging over all. The walls are imitation marble, and four alcoves contain statues. Four massive burnished lamps, each containing twelve inside lights, diffuse soft rays of light around. But the sun is shining now, and we note the floors of variegated marble, the chairs and settees of mahogany and gold, emblazoned with the Royal Arms, and even catch a glimpse of some sumptuous apartment across the Sculpture Gallery and of a beautiful pleasance through a bay window.

On the side of the hall to the right from the entrance a few steps lead up to an elevation where is situated a fireplace worth a close inspection. Over the mantelpiece is a massive brass clock by Vulliamy, recessed in a square of marble, surmounted with a crown and the Royal Arms, winged figures on either side, and a carving of fruit underneath; the whole supported by recumbent figures at the corners, with the Royal Arms and mottoes in the centre. On either side of the mantel is the same rich carving, and at the base rampant lions in support; the interior having a fine ormolu frieze.

The entrance to the grand staircase is on our left, but first we will view some apartments on this floor. Opposite the grand entrance the hall is open to and communicating with (by the broad steps that run right round) the Sculpture Gallery. This is much used as a promenade, and as it is about 152ft. long, is well adapted for the purpose. It has imitation marble walls, and is supported by forty marble Corinthian columns. A number of pedestals support handsome bronze busts of the classics, while two hold eagles with outspread wings.

Some massive and beautiful side-tables have on them white marble vases of graceful design. The fireplaces are richly chased in ormolu, while over the marble mantels are massive mirrors in cream and gold. At one end is the "Ministers' Staircase"; and by this the Royal Family ascend on Drawing Room days, their special entrance from the quadrangle being quite close to it.

At the opposite end is the lower corridor, running under the grand staircase and down

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one side of the quadrangle. Opening from this gallery is a beautiful suite of rooms, the first one we enter being the Carnarvon Room.

It has a fine painted ceiling, and is hung and carpeted in electric blue and drab. The walls have slightly recessed pilasters of gold, with carved serpents climbing palms. The suite of furniture is mahogany and leather, ordinary dining-tables in the centre, two very beautiful side-tables of buhl and tortoise-shell, and here and there pedestals of inlaid wood with ormolu mounts, supporting busts of Roman conquerors.

On the marble mantel stands a Diana clock—a figure of Diana under a dome, Cupid on top indicating time with an arrow. On either side of the clock is some Sèvres china. The marble chimney-piece has jambs of draped Egyptian figures, with carvings of flowers over the top, and an inside frieze of ormolu. There are some choice paintings in the room, the masters being Van Somer, Huysmans, P. de Champaigne, and Taylor.

Opening from here is an apartment known as the "'44" Room.

It derived its name from the visit of the Emperor Nicholas in the year 1844, having been specially decorated and fitted in honour of His Majesty. It has a painted ceiling of white ground, with gold and royal blue decoration, coats of arms embellishing the four corners, with the date wrought on the side centres; twenty marble Corinthian columns stand in solid support. The curtains are rich crimson silk, the carpet crimson velvet pile, all the furniture being upholstered in the same colour, and having frames of burnished gold.

There is a very massive marble mantel containing some fine Sèvres china and a handsome timepiece. In various directions you note pedestals holding some hand-painted china vases, with ormolu mounts, side-tables containing china of almost fabulous worth, while here and there for convenience of its Royal occupants are writing-tables of buhl, with legs and bases of ormolu. Handsome ormolu chandeliers light the apartment, and on the walls are some life-sized portraits of notabilities, amongst whom I noticed the Emperor Nicholas, by Coxton, after Krüger; Leopold King of the Belgians, by Winterhalter; Louise Queen of the Belgians; the Duke of Würtemberg, the first Duke of Saxe-Coburg; Frederick King of Saxony; and Louis-Philippe.

Now we come to the "Bow Library," or "Council Room." This is occasionally used for banquets; the last time, however, being Jubilee year, when the guests were overnumerous even for a place of such dimensions as Buckingham Palace. Being the centre room in this suite, and right opposite the grand entrance, it is convenient for a cloak-room on Drawing Room days, for which purpose it is always used. It bears the date 1853 on the ceiling, having been re-decorated in that year. It has five recessed windows, and is lighted at night by massive ormolu chandeliers. The ceiling is beautifully painted, has an elaborate frieze, and is supported by twelve Ionic granite columns.

There are two fireplaces with scagliola columns on either side; a suite of leather-covered furniture and a Brussels carpet of lovely design, jessamine, lily, and orange blossoms, connected with a flowing ribbon. Now I will ask your attention to two cupboards, with concave glass fronts; each one containing china of such immense value, and of such exceeding rarity and elegance, as could not possibly be equalled. I much doubt if any correct estimate could be given. But here you will see Sèvres, Dresden, and Chelsea, priceless and matchless, much of it indeed being actually jewelled; and some being rare specimens of "Bleu du roi," "Vert Pomme," "Bleu de Vincennes," and "Rose du Barry." Just note this one tureen, with concave perforated cover. A similar one—but having flaws from which this is guiltless—fetched £10,000 in a public auction room a few years back! Bear in mind this is only one of scores of pieces, and then you will better understand me when I repeat that this collection is absolutely priceless. We must not linger here, however; there is so much to see. Here is a beautiful Roman mosaic table that calls for prolonged attention. The centre is illustrative of the desertion of the founders of that Empire, and their adoption by a she-wolf.

Around are inlaid views of Roman palaces and public buildings, with connecting links of flowers; the base of the table is of black marble. An inscription sets forth that "This table was presented to Queen Victoria, in 1859, by Pope Pius the IX., in commemoration of the visit of the Prince of Wales."

On a pedestal between two of the windows stands a large clock of curious construction—it is very beautifully enriched with silver chasing, and denotes the time, day, date, and month, having also an astronomic dial.

There are also some immense Oriental

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From a Photo. by] THE BOW LIBRARY. *[H. W. King.*

vases, three of them being Japanese, and a fine terra-cotta one presented by the Emperor Napoleon in commemoration of the '51 Exhibition. It is handsomely painted, picturing processions of all nations. The vase is supported by four figures representative of the four quarters of the globe, and stands on a marble pedestal.

On a side-table stands a model of a mortar of unique construction and beautiful workmanship, the base being carried by four tortoises, and a dragon to carry the mortar; this was presented to the Prince Regent by the Spanish nation, to commemorate the raising of the Siege of Cadiz, on 22nd July, 1812. Some fine Genoa green marble vases and other artistic things are noticeable; and in addition several life-sized paintings and painted busts of distinguished personages, amongst whom you will note the Duke of Brabant, H.I.H. the Duchess of Brabant, H.R.H. the Princess of Prussia, Ernest Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and Prince Leopold at the age of three months, bearing such a remarkable likeness to his mother, our Queen, on his baby face as to be quite startling. All these pictures represent sponsors or people present at Prince Leopold's christening.

From the windows of this room is a first-rate view of the terrace and gardens; the terrace has some fine statuary, leading on to a beautiful and extensive lawn; in the background a lake of five acres, shady and secluded walks, and giant trees, just now in leaf and bloom, with the birds making sweet music in the branches. All else of life that you will see just now is represented by the blue-coated guardians of peace and property, who stand watchful and alert; and the red coats of our country's defenders as they pace to and fro with martial tread. So quiet and so secluded are these forty acres of park-like ground, that you might well imagine yourself many miles from the bustling traffic outside the Palace gates, instead of only separated by a few hundred yards.

Next to this is the "'55" Room, used as a sitting-room, and also as an additional cloak-room when the Drawing Room is more than usually large. The ceiling is artistically painted, the curtains are crimson silk, with a rose, shamrock, and thistle border worked in gold. The furniture is rosewood and gilt, with crimson silk rep upholstery.

On the marble chimney-piece is a timepiece of black marble and gold—Father Time clipping the wings of Cupid; while on the opposite side of the room, standing on a massive carved pedestal, is an ancient music-box and clock combined, composed of tortoiseshell and buhl, with silver mounts and twisted glass pillars.

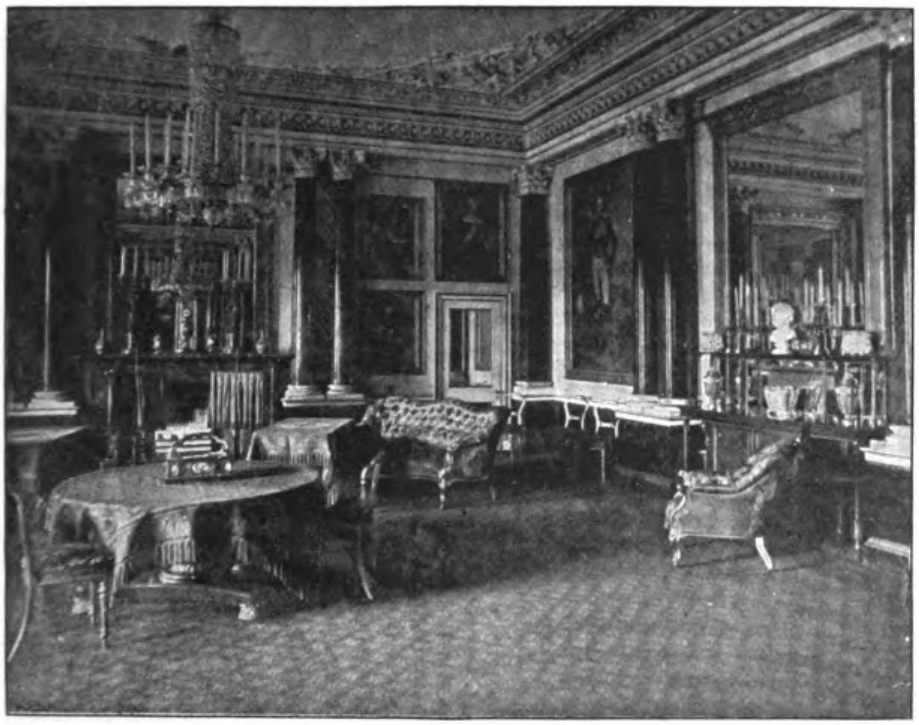
The paintings in this room are superb, and all appertaining to the period named, the military subjects of C. H. Thomas being truly wonderful examples. The "Distribution of Medals" on the Horse Guards' Parade is one that can be gazed upon for an almost indefinite period: the Royal daïs with its occupants; the group of officers near, each one being a distinct likeness; the massed bands; the men drawn up under arms; the heroes as they advance in single file, some minus an arm, some a leg, bandaged and damaged, one in particular being wheeled up, having lost both his legs; but all with a

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look of pride and exultation that their services are being thus acknowledged by the Queen for whom they had fought. And on Her Majesty's face is an unmistakable look of sympathy with suffering, mingled with pride in the sufferers' achievements.

In the background are stands crowded with onlookers, while on the top of all the buildings around people swarm like bees. Over all hangs a London haze, through which the sunlight is flashing and gleaming on arms and accoutrements.

There are three others by the same artist: "A Review of Troops on Woolwich Common before the King of Sardinia," "A Naval Review at Spithead," and one depicting an event during the visit of Her Majesty to the Emperor Napoleon, namely: "The Review of French Troops on the Champs de Mars." Then there are portraits of Victor Emmanuel II.; Prince Victor of Hohenlohe; Prince Frederick William of Prussia; Louis Duke of Oporto; and Philip Count of Flanders; also a fine painting showing the investiture of Napoleon with the Garter, in the Throne Room of this Palace.



From a Photo. by] THE "'55" ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

From here we enter the "Ladies' Breakfast Room"; the walls are concealed with metal trellis panels, lined with silk, leaving little doubt but that it was originally intended for a small library. The furniture of this room is plain and solid, use rather than ornament being evident. The marble chimney-piece shows a fine ormolu frieze edging it, a specimen of egg-and-tongue moulding. Near the window stands what may be either an ancient marble font or a vessel to contain flowers; it is supported by a marble pedestal of red granite, with white base and cap; the whole being of such solidity that it is too ponderous a task to move it, so the carpet is nailed round.

Just now (although not its permanent resting-place) there is to be seen here the celebrated family picture after Winterhalter, portraying Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and their five eldest children. It is a beautiful painting of an ideal family group, the likeness to each being especially good.

The "Household Dining Room" is the next one we enter, a fine capacious apartment, not much used for dinners now; indeed, I think not at all since Jubilee year. On Drawing Room days it is the cloak-room for the Corps Diplomatique. It is supported with silicon marble columns of the Ionic order, the walls being covered with flock paper. The curtains are rich crimson silk with gold borders, the floor having a carpet of Turkish design. The furniture is the ordinary leather-covered peculiar to dining-rooms; the sideboards being very massive—of Spanish mahogany and gold decorative work. On the mantel is one of Vulliamy's clocks in tortoise-shell and bronze, and on either side some ormolu candelabra. There is a fine collection of busts, some standing in recesses enriched with Spanish mahogany and gold bolection moulding. Amongst these busts may be noted William IV., the Duke of Kent, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of York, and one—a Chantrey—of George IV., which was to have been presented to his brother the Duke of York, but was given to Sir Herbert Taylor.

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The paintings are: "The Opening of London Bridge," "Her Majesty's First Council at Kensington Palace" (a copy), "The Pantheon" and "The Colosseum" (both by P. Pamini), and portraits of Edward Duke of York—after Pompeo Batoni—Princess Sophia Matilda Duchess of Gloucester, Frederick William I. of Prussia, in armour and robes, Queen Anne (in 1714) and George II., both by Kneller, and Caroline Queen of George II., after Seeman.

I may here mention that Her Majesty is often most kind in lending valuable paintings and other works of art for the various exhibitions in all parts of the country. In fact, the first painting I mentioned in this room was about to undergo some little repair necessary after its journey to and from the County of Potteries.

You will have noticed that the suite of rooms through which we have passed is continuous. Having commenced with the "Carnarvon Room," it finishes with the one we are now entering, known as the "Chapel Ante Room." The rare old paintings are a study that would be a delight to any connoisseur; some are as much as fourteen hundred years old, but are still in splendid preservation.

H.R.H. the Princess Louise—herself an artist of repute—is immensely interested in this selection, and, indeed, used some of them in the chapel for the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise of Wales to the Duke of Fife; on which occasion Her Royal Highness had the whole of the decorations under her personal supervision. A large picture of much interest has a temporary resting-place here; it is an immense group representing the New South Wales Contingent that took part in the Soudan Campaign, being the first assistance sent from the colonies to the help of the mother country. Services volunteered and given free of expense are well worthy of record, and doubtless Her Majesty the Queen values this fine portraiture of these valiant soldiers.

We now pass through a corridor diverging to the right, and find ourselves in the "Private Chapel." This was consecrated in 1843. It is quite of moderate size, but is beautifully enriched and decorated in the German style. The supporting pillars were brought from Carlton House; the roof is artistically painted in pale colourings blended with rare skill and merit. The walls are panelled in crimson velvet, a few choice old paintings being noticeable, one, you will observe, bearing date 1330. The altar is simplicity itself, speaking eloquently, as does the entire interior, of the quiet yet truly artistic taste—blended with the deep religious convictions, which delighted in quiet worship rather than pomp and pageant—characteristic of H.R.H. the Prince Consort; for he it was who personally superintended the entire arrangements of this charming edifice.

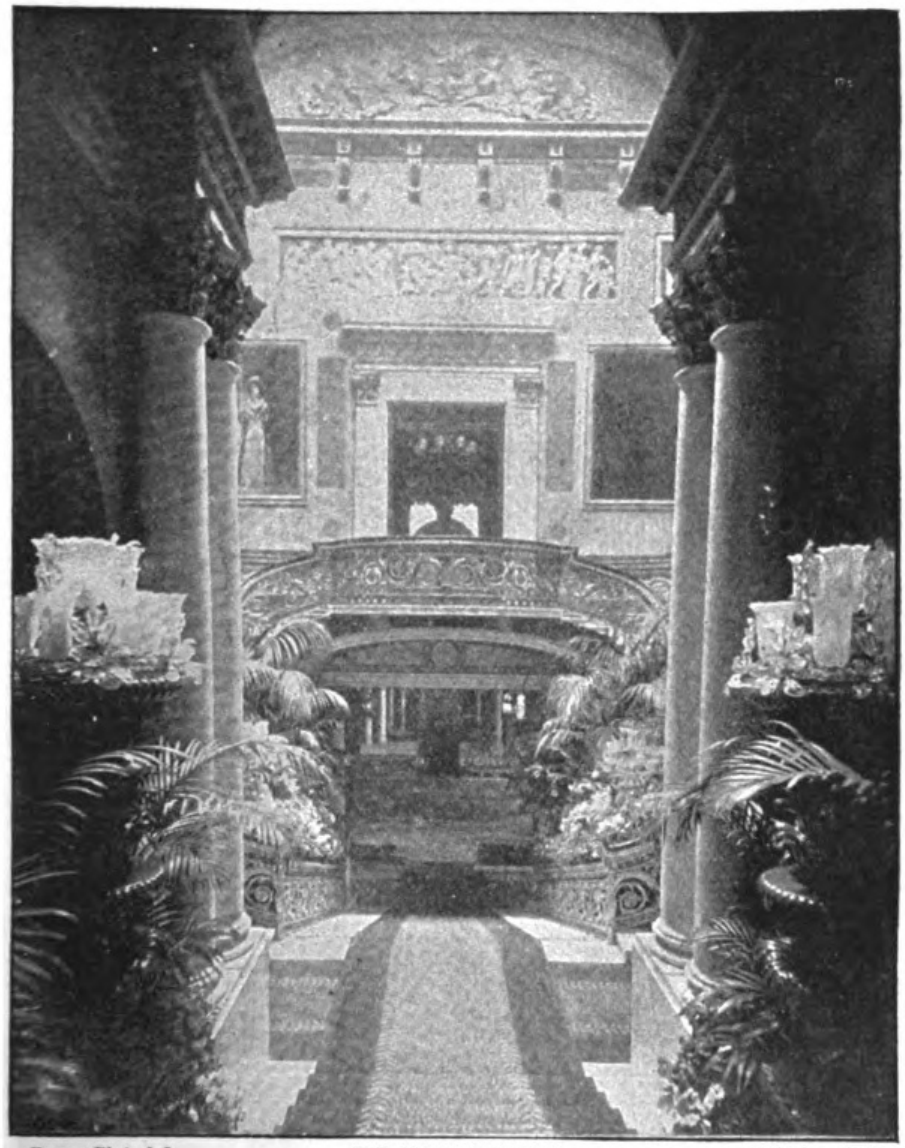
The altar, then, is quite plain: just covered with crimson velvet edged with bullion fringe and letters worked in gold. On it reposes the gold plate of George IV. Above hangs a fine piece of Gobelin tapestry, the subject being "John Baptizing Christ."

On the right, as you face the altar, is a pure white alabaster pulpit, and on the other side the organ and choir. The Royal pew is upstairs, facing the altar, and is beautifully fitted in crimson and gold. On either side of it are pews for the ladies and gentlemen of the household.



From a Photo. by] WINDSOR AND ETON. *[Debenham & Co.*

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From a Photo. by] THE GRAND STAIRCASE. *[Debenham & Co.*

We will now retrace our steps through the chapel ante-room, and cross to the lower corridor. It is long, narrow, and winding, passing under the grand staircase, and has dove marble walls, on which are several good portraits, chief of which are Augusta Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Richmond, Prince George, Prince Edward, the Duke of Brunswick, and the five paintings showing the Coronation procession of William IV. Also you must notice in a recess a statue of Sir Walter Raleigh.

This finishes the suite of what is termed the "Lower State Apartments," and we start again from the Marble Hall in order to view those on the next floor. It is the morning of a "Drawing Room" day, so you will see the rooms as they are arranged for that occasion; and in order that you may the better understand the ceremony, I will conduct you the exact route taken by the *débutantes*, only diverging now and again to view rooms through which you would not otherwise pass, which deviation I will point out as we proceed.

Have you ever inquired of any youthful friend who has been through the rooms for presentation as to what they are like? I have; and I must honestly say I have never been much the wiser for their answers — "Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Lovely!" etc., but that is about all; for the fact is, the majority of them are too frightened at the ordeal before them when they go up, and too full of relief that it is over when they come down, to look about them. They have a general idea of grandeur and glitter — nothing more! If there is an exception, it is your American girl: she seldom loses the calm coolness characteristic of her nationality, but placidly looks about her, taking mental notes of dresses, jewels, and faces; and as near as she can, appraises the furniture and fittings.

But here we are at the bottom of the grand staircase: the rich crimson curtains at the foot are drawn back, and the view is simply magnificent. Stairs 11ft. 6in. wide, each stair being a solid mass of white marble, and richly carpeted in crimson, the hand-rail on either side of mosaic gold, the walls imitation marble. The roof — which is supported by marble Corinthian columns — is simply superb. Gold and cream, interspersed with hand-painted wreaths of fruit and flowers; the perspective — especially of the alcove — is wonderful: the pattern gradually receding to the smallest minuteness. Note,

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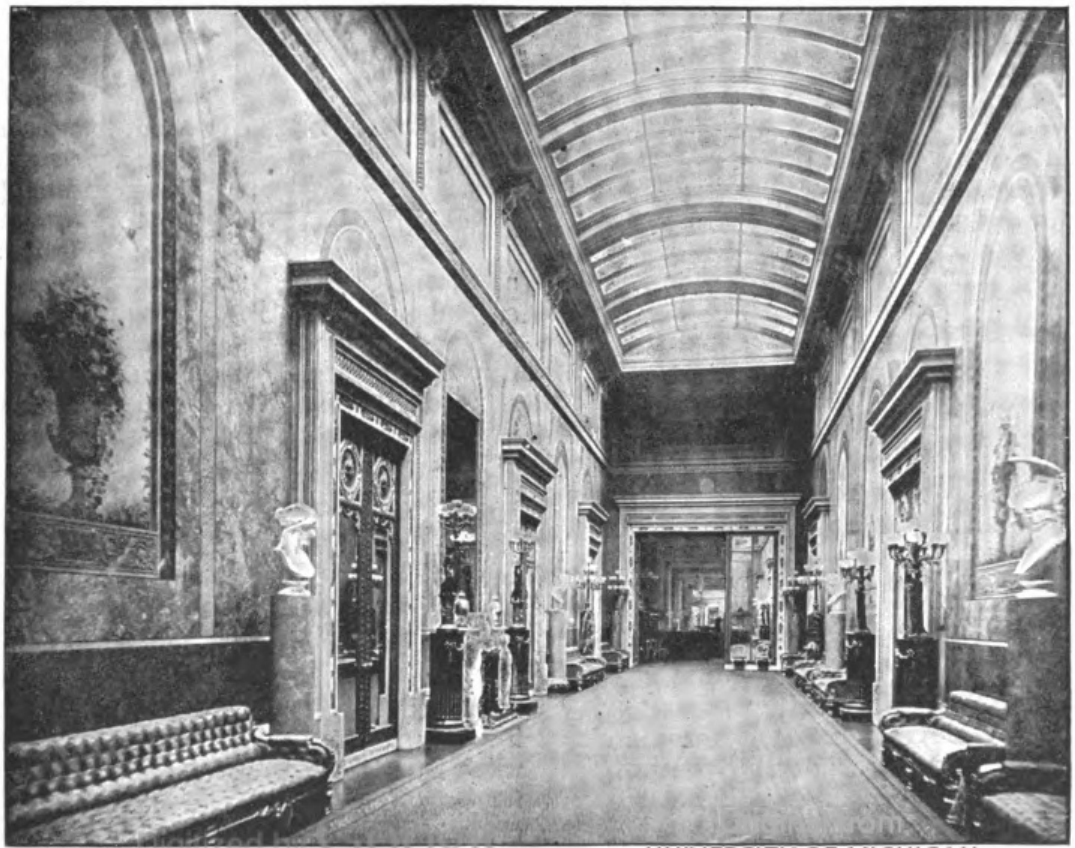
too, the exquisite light and shade, and I think you will agree with me that nothing more perfect of its kind could be seen.

The wells of the staircase contain bronzes, replete with iced glass fittings for electric light; while for concert and ball occasions the recesses you see on either side of the hand-rails are filled with zinc fittings, to carry palms, ferns, and choice exotics.

The photo. here introduced was taken on the occasion of a State ball, and is particularly happy in effect. When we have proceeded up the first broad flight, we find ourselves on a landing, from which stairs diverge in exactly opposite directions, with a flight facing us. We take this one, and mounting upwards, find ourselves in the "East" or "Promenade Gallery." A splendid place for promenade this—about 105ft. in length, lighted by electricity, richly carpeted in crimson, and provided with luxurious settees and chairs. The ceiling is beautifully painted, the walls are imitation marble, having painted panels of baskets of flowers. Costly marble chimney-pieces have medallions of the masters in the centre (in one I noticed Rubens) and a continuation of figures, flowers, etc.

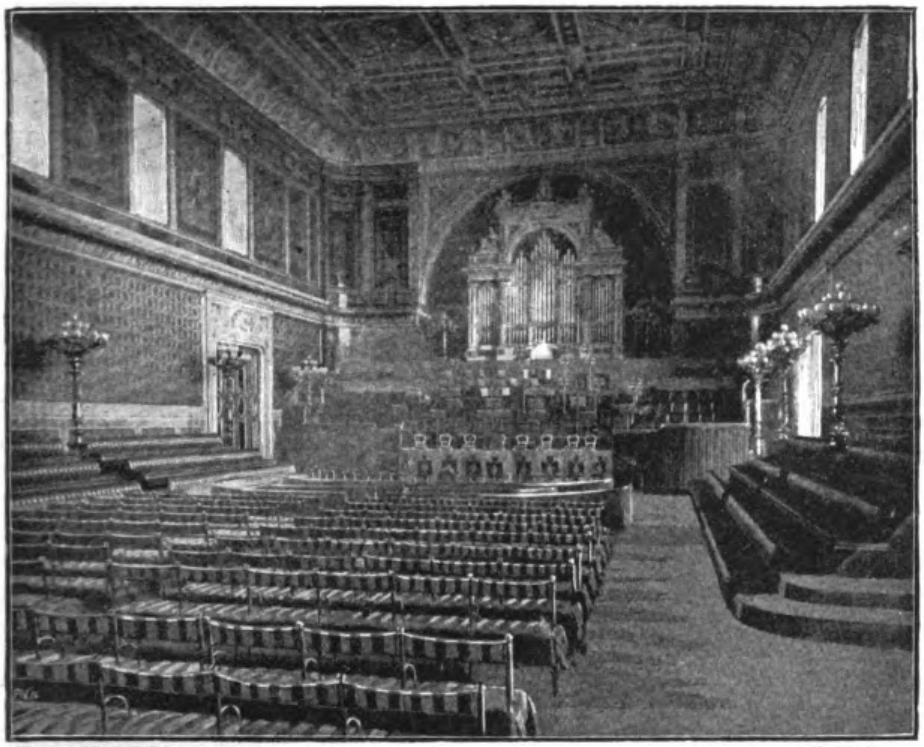
On the mantels is some priceless porcelain, most of it Sèvres. Ancient cabinets of tortoiseshell, buhl, and inlaid ivory—one of them, at any rate, a "Boule" (whose best work was executed about 1700). Pedestals and busts, mythological and French, all call for prolonged examination. Here hangs Frith's famous picture of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Sometimes you may miss it, though, for this is one the public like the loan of, and not long ago it journeyed to Melbourne and back, for the benefit of our Australian friends.

Sir F. Leighton is also represented by his "Cimabue's Madonna Carried Through the Streets of Florence," and Sir M. A. Shee with his portrait of the first Marquis of Wellesley. The doors leading from this gallery are worthy of notice. They are a pair of three-fold folding doors, each one inclosed within revolving doors, so that they really open nearly the width of the promenade. They have massive plate-glass panels, with Spanish mahogany frames and metal mounts. Through these doors, then, we enter the State ball-room—also doing duty as a concert-room. This was only finished in 1856, and cost £300,000. Most of the decoration was by Gruner. It is a truly noble apartment, measuring 109ft. by 58ft.



From a Photo. by] THE PROMENADE GALLERY. *[A. W. King.*

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From a Photo. by] BALL AND CONCERT ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

On the front of the inclosure, the costly-looking hanging of crimson velvet and gold was at one time the tent of Tippoo Sahib, taken at Vellore.

Be the occasion concert or ball, it is a grand sight to witness, and one that cannot be equalled; rendered doubly impressive when the company—generally about three hundred—rise to their feet upon the entrance of the Royal Family. The rich costumes of the ladies; the Court, military, naval, and Ambassadors' dress; the flashing jewels and the artistic surroundings; the exquisite strains of music rising and falling—once you witness this, it is a picture that never fades from your memory.

At the opposite end of the room is an alcove decorated in character with all the rose, shamrock, and thistle pattern, having thereon some pictures of the Muses; the settees are upholstered in the same colour, watered silk and satin stripe pattern. On the elevation on either side of the room are some chased ormolu candelabra by Barbedienne, the floor itself being satinwood and mahogany.

At one end is the fine organ that formerly stood in the Brighton Pavilion; the orchestra being erected immediately in front for State concerts.

and 45ft. in height. It has a magnificently painted roof, with twenty-one sunlights answering for gas and ventilation, the shafts running right through. Running round beneath the frieze are copies of Raphael's "Twelve Hours."

The walls are panelled in crimson silk of



From a Photo. by] BALL AND CONCERT ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

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rest, and in front of this is situated the daïs. Here the Royal Family sit for the performance, and at this end of the room space is kept for the Royal quadrilles. Some enjoyable dances the youthful members have had, too, entering into the spirit of it as much as anyone there.

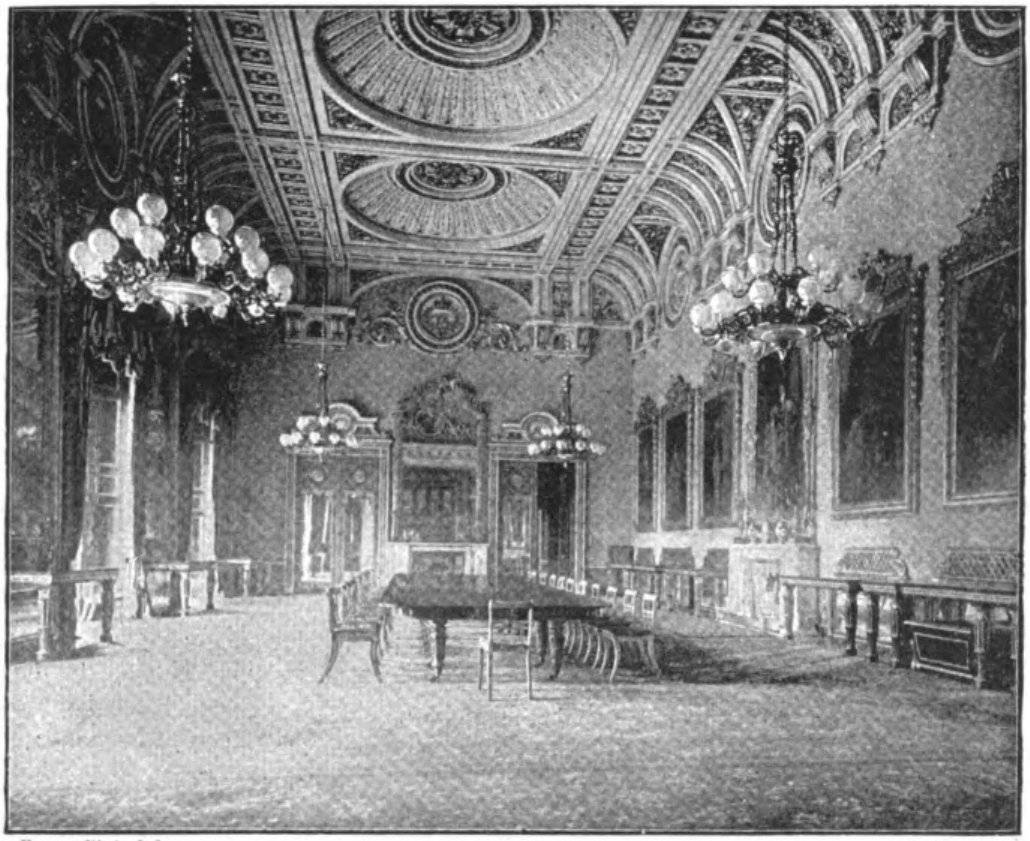
On the left of the ball-room is a promenade known as the "Annexe Gallery"; this was built some time back at the suggestion of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and is useful not only for the purpose I have named, but it also improves the atmosphere of the ball-room; it is 72ft. in length, fitted with electric light, decorated in cream and gold, and furnished in crimson and gold. There are two mythological busts on pedestals, and also pedestals to carry plants and flowers.

This has been out of our route, but we return to it now by crossing the upper end of the ball-room in front of the daïs. Now we are passing through, we are now in the "West" or "Approach Gallery."

This has ceiling and walls each painted, the latter having floral centres to panels framed in gold; the carved gold-framed furniture is upholstered in rich crimson, the doors being imitation satinwood with glass panels, and over them some excellent statuary carving. About half-way down are doors leading into the "Cross Gallery," the other end opening into the "East Gallery." It is only a slight deviation, so we will just take a brief survey.

It is handsomely decorated in cream and gold, with hand-painted enrichments of Indian corn-stalk. There are some beautiful mirrors in massive panelled gold settings, and hangings and furniture of crimson and gold.

Returning to the West Gallery we are again in the order of procession, and presently find ourselves in the "State Dining Room." This



From a Photo. by] STATE DINING-ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

faced by the "crush barriers," the first of a series at the entrance to each room until we reach the Throne. These are only placed for Drawing Rooms, and will presently be guarded by "Gentlemen-at-Arms." The rails are burnished brass, with plush-covered hand-rail, and through the gate it is only possible for one at a time to pass. Ourselves

is capable of seating a large number, being 75ft. by 34ft. It was in this room that the wedding breakfast was laid for the Duke and Duchess of Fife; and it may, ere long, be used for another event of even greater interest—one that will celebrate the nuptials of a future king and queen.

Each room as we enter it now seems more

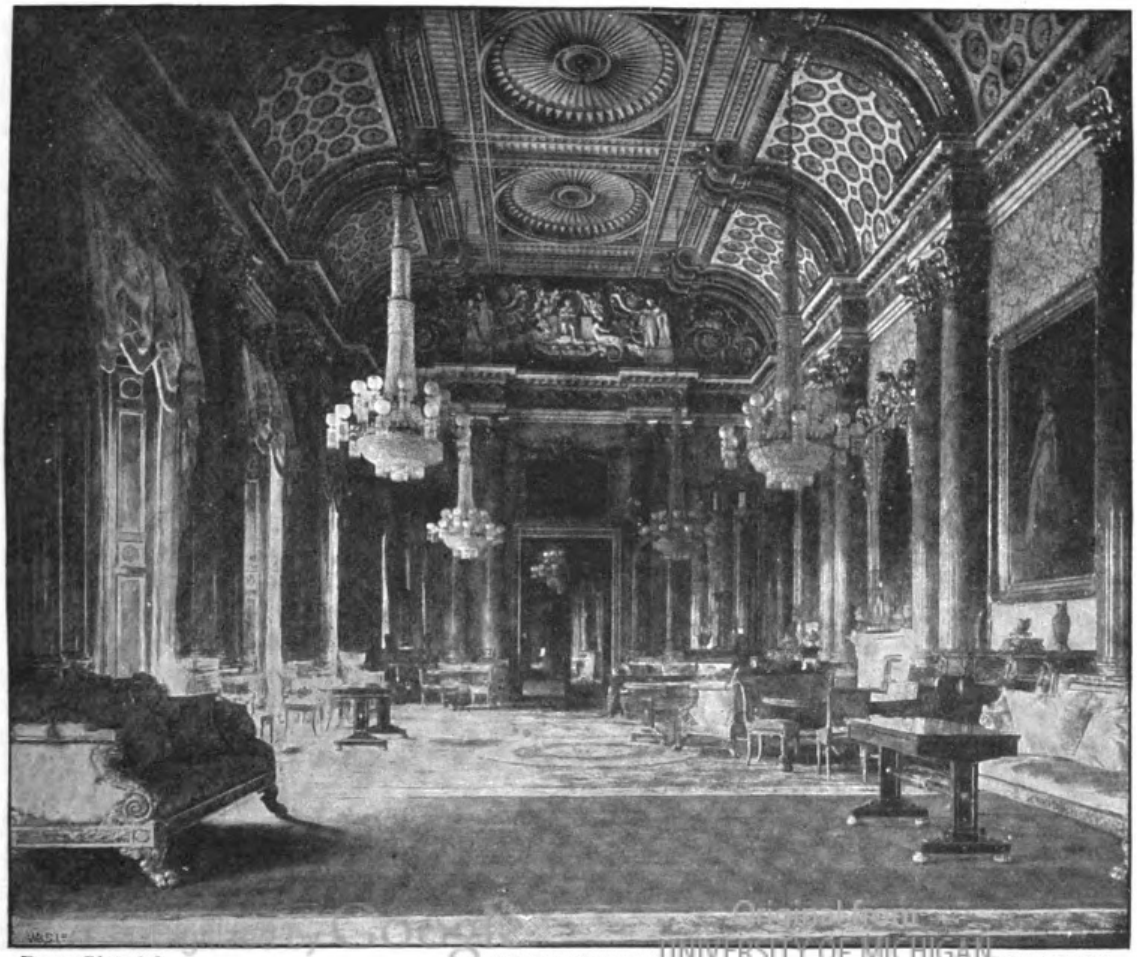
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beautiful than the last, the decorations of this being really superb. Cream and gold are predominant on the ceiling, arms and orders being interspersed with brilliant effect. Over the doors "W.R." and "V.R." show the different periods of decorative work, these letters being surmounted with prosceniums of gold carved fruit and flowers. The walls are covered with salmon flock-paper, the floor carpeted in crimson "Wilton," showing a parquetry bordering of satin and rosewood. The doors are panelled in plate glass, with metal mouldings and ormolu mounts.

Even the shutters to the windows are an interesting study. They are circular, showing some of the finest joinery known, and have ormolu "money" mouldings. The curtains are heavy crimson silk with gold border and fringe. The chimney-pieces are choice carved marble, with friezes of ormolu, rose, shamrock, and thistle design. On one is a Vulliamy "Zodiacic" timepiece in marble and ormolu; also some beautiful Sèvres in turquoise and "Bleu de roi." Other specimens are scattered about the room on side-tables. The sideboards are massive mahogany with ormolu mounted backs. On the walls are the following portraits, life-sized, and in costly massive frames: Duke of Cumberland (Gainsborough), George III., Queen Charlotte, and Anne Duchess of Cumberland, each painted by the same master hand. Also there are Augusta Princess of Wales and Frederick Prince of Wales, by Van Loo; George II., by Shackleton, and Caroline, his Queen, by Seeman.

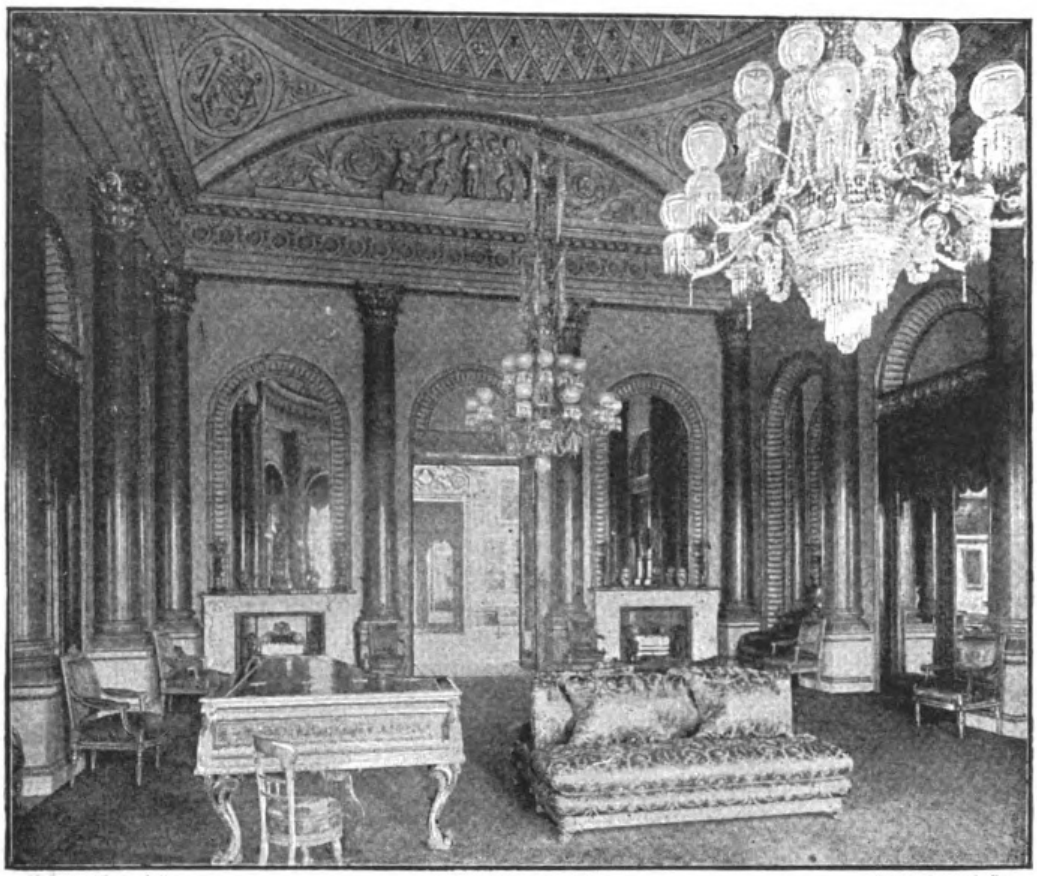
Before leaving this room I must not forget to say that it was here the wedding breakfast was laid for Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort; the entire decoration being in pure white.

We pass on to the "Blue Drawing Room." Notice the handsome plate-glass panelled doors with rich ormolu mounts, each surmounted with a crown, as you pass through. Then pause and gaze on the general effect of the grandly beautiful interior. The ceiling is a fine specimen of elliptical carving: bressummers support arches in which are carved reliefs representing the apotheosis of the poets. The carpet of this room is a feature: it is a beautiful Axminster,



From a Photo. by] THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Debenham & Co.*

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From a Photo. by] THE BOW SALOON. *[Debenham & Co.*

woven in one piece (the room is 60ft. 6in. long and 28ft. wide), and the colours are so rich, the design so perfect, that it looks like a painting. The roof is supported by imitation marble columns with gilded Corinthian cap and base, the walls panelled in blue silk, the furniture carved and burnished gold, the coverings to match walls and curtains. Two massive side-tables are worthy of your attention; they are 8ft. long, have massive ormolu mounts, and are inlaid with pebbles in Genoa green marble. On one is a soapstone bowl, taken from the Emperor's Palace at Pekin, in October, 1860, and presented to the Queen by Sir Hope Grant, Commander of the British Forces in China. Marble and ormolu candelabra, Sèvres china, and antique timepieces are plentiful. One clock in particular deserves special mention; it is marble, has three dials, denoting hour, day, and month, surmounted by an ivory globe.

The paintings are Charles I. and Henrietta Maria (Van Dyck), Her Majesty Queen Victoria and H.R.H. Prince Albert (F. Winterhalter), Princesses Royal, Augusta, and Elizabeth (Gainsborough), and Duke of Buckingham and family (Houthorst).

Now we proceed to the "Bow Saloon." This room has a most superbly decorated dome roof; rose, shamrock, and thistle, interspersed with feathers, done in cream and gold relief, and all radiating from the centre. From it depend some of the most graceful and wondrous crystal chandeliers that have ever been made. Above the lights depends and droops the most perfect representation of "colours trooping," the very fold of the silken banners being here produced. There is some beautiful sculpture in relief just beneath the "dome"; that on the side facing the bow represents "Eloquence," that on the north, "Harmony," that on the south, "Pleasure." There are sixteen supporting columns of scagliola, resembling lapis lazuli, with gilded bases and capitals. There are two marble chimney-pieces, one depicting the "Birth of Venus," and beautiful shell-work surrounding the sculptured figures.

On one mantel stands a malachite and ormolu thermometer, on the other a timepiece of the same composition. There are two malachite and ormolu candelabra on burnished gold pedestals, and others of carved and burnished lions on tripods. Also examine some more of the priceless Sèvres china in this room, and especially note an inimitable cameo revolving Roman table. In the centre is the Emperor Alexandra, a circle

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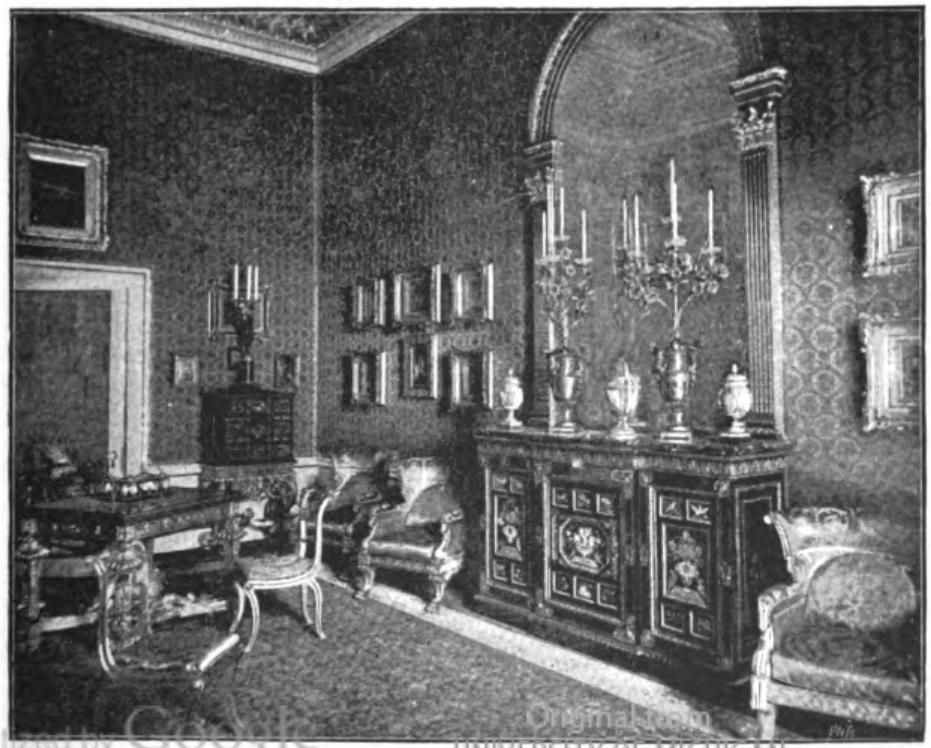
round denoting a procession of warriors, the outer edge depicting trophies and arms; the base is a shield with spears for pedestal. This room is hung with rich crimson velvet curtains, with furniture of burnished gold and crimson silk. The floor is carpeted in rich Saxony, leaving an ample border of inlaid satinwood of pattern to match ceiling. The proportions of the saloon are 50ft. by 29ft., and it, of course, takes its name from the shape.

The next room, called the "White Drawing Room," is the most beautiful of all. Not long since it was redecorated at enormous cost, and presents an appearance so grand, so imposing, yet so graceful and artistic, that words cannot adequately describe or portray it, and unfortunately no photograph has been taken since these renovations. A number of syenite pilasters, with gilded bases and capitals, support a ceiling exquisitely decorated in relief; the rose, shamrock, and thistle, in pure white and gold, having an especially brilliant appearance. Under it are some sculptured reliefs illustrative of pleasure. Magnificent ormolu chandeliers diffuse electric light; the curtains are gold silk; the walls panelled in gold with gold frames, and an abundance of plate glass; the furniture upholstered in gold with burnished frames showing splendidly carved lions and crowns on backs and supports. The floor, richly carpeted in gold and white Brussels, has a costly bordering of satin and holly wood, with inlaid devices of tulip and rose wood. The marble chimneys are rare examples of sculptured figures and borderings, and on the mantels are French clocks, Sèvres china, and ormolu "horns of plenty" candelabra; while in the fireplaces are some fine ormolu fire-dogs, with gold screens standing near.

There are some costly cabinets (16th century), one having inlaid doors of ebony, ormolu, and pebbles in relief; the drawers of tulip-wood, the back surmounted with some exquisitely chased ormolu figures. On one or two cabinets stand Roman candelabra, and inside, seen through glass, is Sèvres china, some of it jewelled. An Italian-case grand piano is a special feature, showing hand-painted flowers and grotesque figures; the interior is an Erard, and very sweet is its tone.

Now note these two immense Indian vases on gilded pedestals; they have hand-painted battle-scenes upon them, not named, but one looking to me very much like the field of Waterloo; a tree, a farm, and the uniforms giving colour to this idea. These vases were presented to Her Majesty on her marriage by the Emperor of Germany. They are at opposite ends of the room, and between them stands a marble pedestal supporting a costly French timepiece. There are three full length paintings: Peter the Great (Sir Godfrey Kneller), Archbishop Fenelon (Rigaud), and Anne Hyde, Duchess of York (Sir P. Lely).

There is something that you would not think of looking for in the top left-hand corner of the room. It is faced by a cabinet, and above it is a massive mirror; one touch, however, with the hand of the initiated, and mirror and cabinet open intact into the room, and you have immediate entrance to the "Royal Closet."



From a Photo. by] THE ROYAL CLOSET. [*H. W. King.*

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Concert, Ball Room, and Drawing Room frequenters come not here: it is for the sole and exclusive use of Her Majesty and those of her family who are going into the Throne Room with her to receive any of her faithful subjects or foreign ambassadors. Your way would have been through a door from the White Drawing Room, leading into the Picture Gallery, along the top of which you would cross, so entering the Throne Room by a door exactly opposite. This Royal Closet contains some very choice and rare art treasures, of which the lovely collection of enamels is not the least: the one you will observe over the doorway leading to the vestibule is the largest known. The subject of it is "The Holy Family."

Here may be seen cabinets, the most costly and beautiful in the Palace. One you will notice standing on the left is of inlaid pebbles, with ormolu carvings, and has pearl jardinières of fruit in the centre; the panels surrounded with birds and floral designs. In another part of the room is a fine inlaid table with a Phœnix in the centre of real lapis lazuli. On an elaborate ormolu stand is an ivory inlaid cabinet mounted on pillars; and still another shows pebbles of every shade in relief, and of great variety of design. The chimney-piece is supported by carved satyrs, a frieze of ormolu running round the fireplace. On the mantel is one of Vulliamy's best timepieces in marble and ormolu.

Walls and furniture are all clad in crimson silk, the latter having richly designed frames overlaid with burnished gold.

Of course, you will readily understand that it is quite impossible for me to point out to you the whole of the treasures, either in this or any other of the rooms. Were I to do so it would literally fill a volume, so I am compelled to content myself with selecting just a few as we go along. From here, then, Her Majesty and the other members of the family proceed *viâ* the vestibule to the Throne Room, so we will just take a brief glance at this vestibule before returning to the route proper. The Ministers' staircase, the entrance to which I pointed out to you at one end of the Sculpture Gallery, terminates here; so you will at once see how much less distance has to be covered by those coming this way and those who have to go through the entire suite we have traversed.

The ceiling is decorated in royal blue, gold and green, with ornamental chandeliers burning oil; and I may here remark that though electric light is carried into a number of the rooms, and gas is by no means left out, yet candles of wax, and chandeliers carrying oil lamps, are in much favour. Note the very handsome French clock, and then turn your attention to the two canvas portraits on the staircase. One is of Her Majesty the Queen, and the other H.R.H. the Prince Consort, both by Francis Xaver Winterhalter.

Now we return to the line of procession again. Crossing the top of the Picture Gallery, which place we shall see later on, and taking the door pointed out before, we emerge by it direct into the Throne Room, *not* facing the Throne, but on the right of that as it faces *us*. This room is of magnificent proportions, 60ft. by 35ft., and as we stand for one or two minutes and look around, it naturally occurs to us to picture the brilliant scenes that have been enacted therein. Picturesque and splendid indeed it is when beauty, wealth, and valour are gathered together; all aided and intensified by the artistic and solidly grand surroundings. Even now as we stand here military music in the distance tells us that the time for one of the brilliant functions of the season is drawing nigh. Presently the Gentlemen-at-Arms will be here on guard, the Diplomatic Corps will assemble, together with the high officials of the State and Household; Royalty will take up their position about the Throne; and then the long line of *débutantes* will slowly advance for presentation, resplendent in feathers, jewels, and rich laces and silks.

The first thing to inspect here is obviously the Throne; it, of course, stands on a daïs of massive carving and burnished gold, and is covered with crimson velvet. The chair is capacious and well cushioned, but, somehow, does not look particularly comfortable; neither do I think it proves itself so, for Her Majesty prefers to occupy a smaller and more easy-looking chair in the front. The canopy is exceedingly handsome, rich crimson velvet with the Royal Arms wrought in gold. A large bressummer, with angle trusses beneath, extending nearly the width of the room, forms an alcove in which the Throne stands. The ceiling is richly emblazoned with shields and armorial bearings, emblematic of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and annexation of Hanover; the frieze below is adorned with bassi-rilievi illustrative of the Wars of the Roses.

There are two fireplaces with chimney-pieces of marble, having sculptured figures holding wreaths of laurel in the centre, and continua-

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tions of trophies emblematical of the Army; the fire-dogs are ormolu dragons. On the mantels you will see some Sèvres in turquoise blue, and other specimens of a variety of painting in colours.

Opposite notice a fine clock, by Pinchbeck; it is of tortoiseshell, having columns surmounted by a dome. It has four dials—time, day and date, wind and tide, and an astronomical dial.

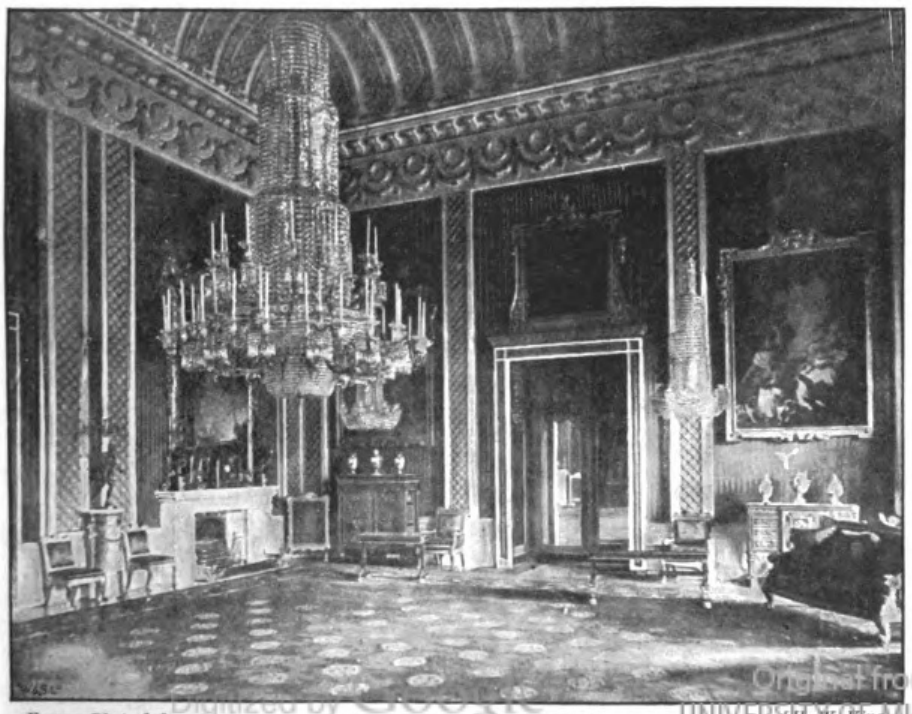
The curtains are of crimson silk, edged with gold lace, the furniture to match; but as people do not go to the Throne Room to sit as a general rule, the furniture is a small item. The floor is carpeted with Brussels. I believe Her Majesty prefers this make, as, though Axminster and velvet-pile look uncommonly effective and rich, yet there is a sort of rotary motion when walking upon them that is a deal more tiring than when it is of a firm texture. Chandeliers and candelabra diffuse electric and candle light, throwing a brilliant radiance around, bringing the rich colours into relief, and lighting up the painted portraiture consisting of Queen Charlotte and George III., both by Ramsay; Charlotte Princess Royal, and William Duke of Clarence. George Prince of Wales, and Frederick Duke of York, both by Zoffany.

Passing through the handsome doors facing the Throne, we enter the "Green Drawing Room," not quite so large a room as the former, but only a little decrease in the length. Here you see every shade of the colour from which the room takes its name, the whole relieved with borders of burnish and gilt, together with mounts of ormolu. This room is used on ball and concert nights for light refreshments, such as tea and coffee, fruit and champagne. The roof is decorated in white and gold, the walls panelled in striped green silk in frames of gold. This apartment is carpeted in Axminster with a parquetry border of satin and rose wood, the furniture green and gold to match.

There are several good portraits of members of the Royal Families of former reigns, also of the children of Philip II. of Spain; the artists being Gainsborough, Ramsay, Wright, Copley, and Dance. Now pass through these handsome doors, and you are in the "Guard Chamber." Before looking at anything here, though, turn round for one moment, and you will find that from here you have a clear view of the Throne; consequently, those immediately near the Throne have a clear view of you: not only that, but you can be seen when you first come in, for as you mount the staircase, which you can view now by crossing the room, you find plate glass reflects a back view of each of you—so, as a matter of fact, Her Majesty can watch you, if she chooses to do so, long before you are in the presence.

There are two or three other rooms of interest, but in order to see them we had better descend to the landing where the "double exit" terminates; then turn round, and go up the same staircase as when we first commenced the "Upper State Rooms." By this means, if you remember, we arrived first in the Promenade Gallery.

We now take a door on the left of that, and are at once in the "Supper Room." This is of splendid proportions, very lofty, and sixty feet square. There are immense sideboards of mahogany and ormolu, the supper-tables



From a Photo. by] THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM. *[H. W. Kimp.*

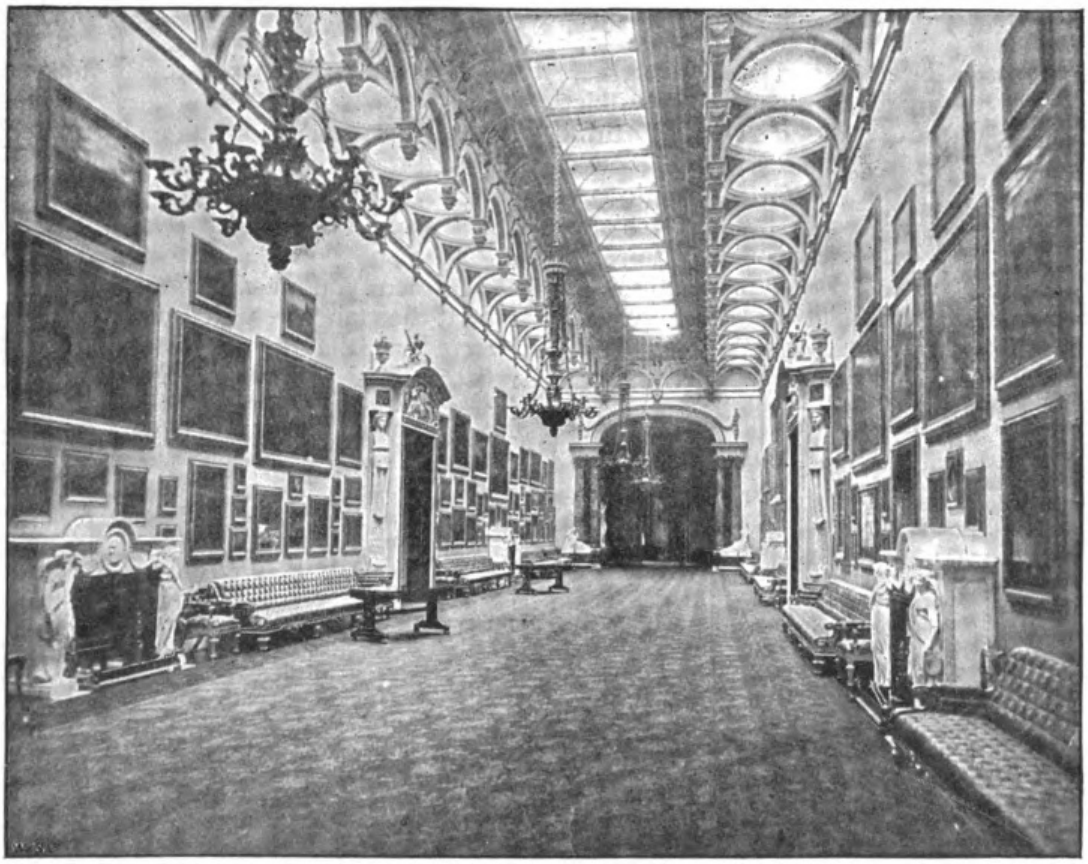
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being arranged round three sides of the room; these being fully set before the guests come in. Very beautiful is the effect; the costly and matchless plate, the glass, flowers, and china having an appearance simply indescribable. In the midst of all is the beautiful fountain designed by H.R.H. the Prince Consort; a piece of plate of such magnificence and artistic beauty, that it is worth a special journey to the Palace to see it.

I may here say that every dish that is put on is prepared in the Royal kitchens—fine apartments these, which I shall not be able to describe to you for want of space. There are two sets of doors into the room, each opening from the Promenade Gallery, and enter by which you may, you are confronted by the most magnificent display of plate in Europe. This is kept at Windsor, and brought here for special occasions; then mounted on three immense buffets, facing the doors, one in the centre and one at each corner. When I say that its beauty dazzles and bewilders, I only very faintly convey to your minds the real effect. To-day, being a "Drawing Room," it is not *en évidence*, so I cannot do more than point out to you its location when present, and give the faintest description of it as I have seen it on the occasion of a "State Concert."

Now we will recross the Promenade, and so enter the "Wilkie" Room: so named from the number of works of that master hung there. From here we can walk direct into the "Picture Gallery." You have already crossed the top of this, but had not time for other than a brief glance. Here a lover of art could very easily spend an entire day, so beauteous and so varied are the studies. Suffice it to say that there are some of the finest examples of Flemish and Dutch, Italian and English masters. George IV. really founded the collection, purchasing a large number from Sir J. Baring, and Queen Victoria has increased the number to a considerable extent. Some good examples of Titian, 1477–1576, must be mentioned; of Teniers, 1610–1690; of Rembrandt, 1607–1669 (the "Adoration of the Magi" needs no words); of Peter Paul Rubens, 1577–1640; of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723–1792; of Van Dyck, 1599–1641; of Cornelis Janssens, 1590–1665, and many others which cannot now be noticed.

In order to secure a good light, the roof has a treble range of skylights, having a



From a Photo by] THE PICTURE GALLERY. *[H. W King.*

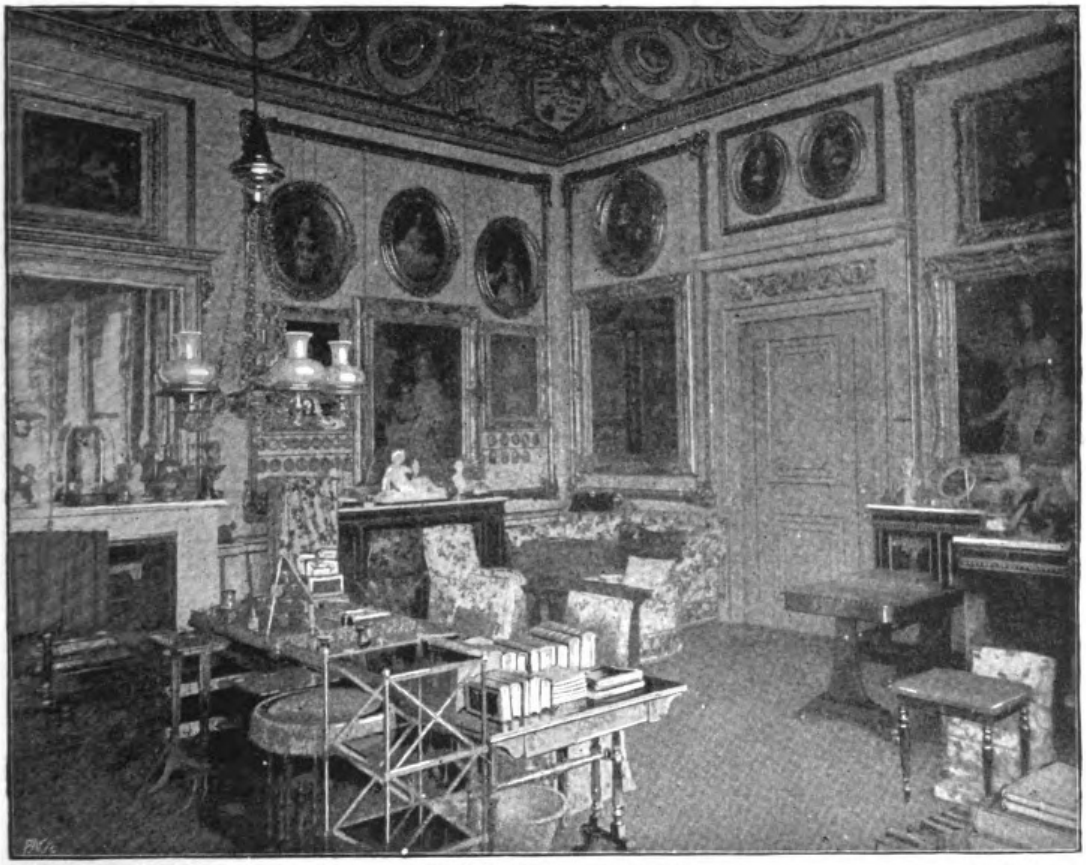
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floral coved centre, with circular side-lights; all of cut glass decorated with Orders of the Garter, etc., and side continuations of festooned architecture. Electric light sheds its rays from five massive ormolu chandeliers. The door-heads are supported by figures, and have marble jambs with ormolu mounts; those at either end having a clock in the centre of medallions surmounted with crowns and urns of fruit. There are four fireplaces with marble chimney-pieces, having medallions in the centre containing sculptured busts of some of the great masters, on either side being figures supporting wreaths. The walls have a flock-paper, the furniture is covered in crimson floral-traced silk, having carved frames of burnished gold, and the floor is also carpeted in the same colour.

At either end is some beautiful pure white marble statuary: "A Sea Nymph" in the act of spearing a fish, "Mars and Venus," "The Siren," with harp of gold wires, and "Venus and Cupid," Venus reposing on a lion-skin, height of 30ft., you will understand the truly grand effect of the whole.

You will be much interested in seeing the photos of two or three of the private rooms of Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort. Crowded as they are with the rarest of paintings, enamels, cabinets, and every variety of artistic treasure, it is quite impossible to do more than call your attention to the views.

But now the regimental music is emitting the sweetest of strains in court-yard and quadrangle: "Yeomen of the Guard" and "Gentlemen-at-Arms" are taking up their positions in the rooms at the word of command, with clatter of sword and rattle of halberds; State footmen in white knee-breeches, with coats of blue and heavy gold facings, are taking their places as guides, here and there forming a thin avenue through which visitors must pass; and as we descend the grand staircase we find the doors are open, and the procession is filing across the Marble Hall to the Bow Library—their cloak-room



From a Photo. by] HER MAJESTY'S SITTING-ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

that is so exquisitely sculptured as to present the appearance of velvety softness peculiar to that animal's covering.

When I tell you that this gallery is 152ft. 6in. in length, 28ft. wide, and has a Come with me to the Sculpture Gallery, and there watch awhile. See the stately dowagers and matrons in velvet, silk, and diamonds as they sweep across; *they* have been before, and seem quite comfortable,

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laugh and talk, look around them, and claim acquaintance with others equally at home; but turn from them and gaze upon those who have come for presentation, and you cannot fail to notice the difference of demeanour. Anxiety—nay, absolute fright—is depicted on some faces, traces of want of sleep on others; can sit and compare notes until such time as the Royal party have entered the Throne Room, when they will advance in single file through the crush barriers on to the doors of *the* room, when, the Lord Chamberlain calling their names in stentorian tones, they advance with all the grace and



From a Photo. by] HER MAJESTY'S BEDROOM. *H. W. King.*

trains are carried first on one arm, then on the other, and the majority look as though they wish it was all over and they awa Certainly the scene is brilliant, for it is not only the dresses of the ladies one sees, but also the military, naval, and Court; and the most magnificent display of orchids, roses, lilies, Malmaison carnations, and Victoria showers of mingled foliage it is possible to imagine; all made up in such a pretty, natural way, with their trailing creepers and hanging ribbons, that they heighten the effect of the costumes considerably. Now some of the "Corps Diplomatique" appear in their State dress, two Royal pages pass in scarlet and plumes, and the company are rapidly passing from the cloak-room up the grand staircase, and so on to the State Dining Room; where they courage they can muster; make their curtsy, and retire as speedily as etiquette will permit.

But now the National Anthem is heard in the quadrangle, and if we hurry to the end of the gallery near the "Ministers' Stairs," we shall witness the entrance into the gallery and the passage up the staircase.

It is the Marlborough House party that has just arrived, and pass close to us, the equerries in advance making their way upwards with faces to Royalty. The Princess Christian and her daughter (who have been taking luncheon in the Carnarvon Room opposite) also wend their way upwards with the same state, and as the clock strikes three —the hour of commencement—the last of Royalty have assembled in the Throne Room.

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From a Photo. by] HER MAJESTY'S DRESSING-ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

Once again the strains of the National Anthem fall on our ears, as some of the family leave the Palace. Can I find better words to close this than those that are sung throughout the length and breadth of the land—"God Save the Queen"?



From a Photo. by] THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MUSIC ROOM. *[H. W. King.*

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The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

XX.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE CROOKED MAN.

By A. Conan Doyle.

ONE summer night, a few months after my marriage, I was seated by my own hearth smoking a last pipe and nodding over a novel, for my day's work had been an exhausting one. My wife had already gone upstairs, and the sound of the locking of the hall door some time before told me that the servants had also retired. I had risen from my seat and was knocking out the ashes of my pipe, when I suddenly heard the clang of the bell.

I looked at the clock. It was a quarter to twelve. This could not be a visitor at so late an hour. A patient, evidently, and possibly an all-night sitting. With a wry face I went out into the hall and opened the door. To my astonishment, it was Sherlock Holmes who stood upon my step.

"Ah, Watson," said he, "I hoped that I might not be too late to catch you."

"My dear fellow, pray come in."

"You look surprised, and no wonder! Relieved, too, I fancy! Hum! you still smoke the Arcadia mixture of your bachelor days, then! There's no mistaking that fluffy ash upon your coat. It's easy to tell that you've been accustomed to wear a uniform, Watson; you'll never pass as a pure-bred civilian as long as you keep that habit of carrying your handkerchief in your sleeve. Could you put me up to-night?"

"With pleasure."

"You told me that you had bachelor quarters for one, and I see that you have no gentleman visitor at present. Your hat-stand proclaims as much."

"I shall be delighted if you will stay."

"Thank you. I'll fill a vacant peg, then. Sorry to see that you've had the British workman in the house. He's a token of evil. Not the drains, I hope?"

"No, the gas."

"Ah! He has left two nail-marks from his boot upon your linoleum just where the light strikes it. No, thank you, I had some supper at Waterloo, but I'll smoke a pipe with you with pleasure."

I handed him my pouch, and he seated himself opposite to me, and smoked for some



"I'LL FILL A VACANT PEG, THEN."

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time in silence. I was well aware that nothing but business of importance could have brought him to me at such an hour, so I waited patiently until he should come round to it.

"I see that you are professionally rather busy just now," said he, glancing very keenly across at me.

"Yes, I've had a busy day," I answered. "It may seem very foolish in your eyes," I added, "but really I don't know how you deduced it."

Holmes chuckled to himself.

"I have the advantage of knowing your habits, my dear Watson," said he. "When your round is a short one you walk, and when it is a long one you use a hansom. As I perceive that your boots, although used, are by no means dirty, I cannot doubt that you are at present busy enough to justify the hansom."

"Excellent!" I cried.

"Elementary," said he. "It is one of those instances where the reasoner can produce an effect which seems remarkable to his neighbour, because the latter has missed the one little point which is the basis of the deduction. The same may be said, my dear fellow, for the effect of some of these little sketches of yours, which is entirely meretricious, depending as it does upon your retaining in your own hands some factors in the problem which are never imparted to the reader. Now, at present I am in the position of these same readers, for I hold in this hand several threads of one of the strangest cases which ever perplexed a man's brain, and yet I lack the one or two which are needful to complete my theory. But I'll have them, Watson, I'll have them!" His eyes kindled and a slight flush sprang into his thin cheeks. For an instant the veil had lifted upon his keen, intense nature, but for an instant only. When I glanced again his face had resumed that Red Indian composure which had made so many regard him as a machine rather than a man.

"The problem presents features of interest," said he; "I may even say very exceptional features of interest. I have already looked into the matter, and have come, as I think, within sight of my solution. If you could accompany me in that last step, you might be of considerable service to me."

"I should be delighted."

"Could you go as far as Aldershot to-morrow?"

"I have no doubt Jackson would take my practice."

"Very good. I want to start by the 11.10 from Waterloo."

"That would give me time."

"Then, if you are not too sleepy, I will give you a sketch of what has happened and of what remains to be done."

"I was sleepy before you came. I am quite wakeful now."

"I will compress the story as far as may be done without omitting anything vital to the case. It is conceivable that you may even have read some account of the matter. It is the supposed murder of Colonel Barclay, of the Royal Mallows, at Aldershot which I am investigating."

"I have heard nothing of it."

"It has not excited much attention yet, except locally. The facts are only two days old. Briefly they are these:—

"The Royal Mallows is, as you know, one of the most famous Irish regiments in the British Army. It did wonders both in the Crimea and the Mutiny, and has since that time distinguished itself upon every possible occasion. It was commanded up to Monday night by James Barclay, a gallant veteran, who started as a full private, was raised to commissioned rank for his bravery at the time of the Mutiny, and so lived to command the regiment in which he had once carried a musket.

"Colonel Barclay had married at the time when he was a sergeant, and his wife, whose maiden name was Miss Nancy Devoy, was the daughter of a former colour-sergeant in the same corps. There was therefore, as can be imagined, some little social friction when the young couple (for they were still young) found themselves in their new surroundings. They appear, however, to have quickly adapted themselves, and Mrs. Barclay has always, I understand, been as popular with the ladies of the regiment as her husband was with his brother officers. I may add that she was a woman of great beauty, and that even now, when she has been married for upwards of thirty years, she is still of a striking appearance.

"Colonel Barclay's family life appears to have been a uniformly happy one. Major Murphy, to whom I owe most of my facts, assures me that he has never heard of any misunderstanding between the pair. On the whole, he thinks that Barclay's devotion to his wife was greater than his wife's to Barclay. He was acutely uneasy if he were absent from her for a day. She, on the other hand, though devoted and faithful, was less obtrusively affectionate. But they were

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regarded in the regiment as the very model of a middle-aged couple. There was absolutely nothing in their mutual relations to prepare people for the tragedy which was to follow.

"Colonel Barclay himself seems to have had some singular traits in his character. He was a dashing, jovial old soldier in his usual mood, but there were occasions on which he seemed to show himself capable of considerable violence and vindictiveness. This side of his nature, however, appears never to have been turned towards his wife. Another fact which had struck Major Murphy, and three out of five of the other officers with whom I conversed, was the singular sort of depression which came upon him at times. As the Major expressed it, the smile had often been struck from his mouth, as if by some invisible hand, when he has been joining in the gaieties and chaff of the mess table. For days on end when the mood was on him he has been sunk in the deepest gloom. This and a certain tinge of superstition were the only unusual traits in his character which his brother officers had observed. The latter peculiarity took the form of a dislike to being left alone, especially after dark. This puerile feature in a nature which was conspicuously manly had often given rise to comment and conjecture.

"The first battalion of the Royal Mallows (which is the old 117th) has been stationed at Aldershot for some years. The married officers live out of barracks, and the Colonel has during all this time occupied a villa called Lachine, about half a mile from the North Camp. The house stands in its own grounds, but the west side of it is not more than thirty yards from the high road. A coachman and two maids form the staff of servants. These, with their master and mistress, were the sole occupants of Lachine, for the Barclays had no children, nor was it usual for them to have resident visitors.

"Now for the events at Lachine between nine and ten on the evening of last Monday.

"Mrs. Barclay was, it appears, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and had interested herself very much in the establishment of the Guild of St. George, which was formed in connection with the Watt Street Chapel for the purpose of supplying the poor with cast-off clothing. A meeting of the Guild had been held that evening at eight, and Mrs. Barclay had hurried over her dinner in order to be present at it. When leaving the house, she was heard by the coachman to make some commonplace remark to her husband, and to assure him that she would be back before very long. She then called for Miss Morrison, a young lady who lives in the next villa, and the two went off together to their meeting. It lasted forty minutes, and at a quarter past nine Mrs. Barclay returned home, having left Miss Morrison at her door as she passed.

"There is a room which is used as a morning-room at Lachine. This faces the road and opens by a large glass folding door on to the lawn. The lawn is thirty yards across, and is only divided from the highway by a low wall with an iron rail above it. It was into this room that Mrs. Barclay went upon her return. The blinds were not down, for the room was seldom used in the evening, but Mrs. Barclay herself lit the lamp and then rang the bell, asking Jane Stewart, the housemaid, to bring her a cup of tea, which was quite contrary to her usual habits. The Colonel had been sitting in the dining-room, but hearing that his wife had returned, he joined her in the morning-room. The coachman saw him cross the hall, and enter it. He was never seen again alive.

"The tea which had been ordered was brought up at the end of ten minutes, but the maid, as she approached the door, was surprised to hear the voices of her master and mistress in furious altercation. She knocked without receiving any answer, and even turned the handle, but only to find that the door was locked upon the inside. Naturally enough, she ran down to tell the cook, and the two women with the coachman came up into the hall and listened to the dispute which was still raging. They all agree that only two voices were to be heard, those of Barclay and of his wife. Barclay's remarks were subdued and abrupt, so that none of them were audible to the listeners. The lady's, on the other hand, were most bitter, and, when she raised her voice, could be plainly heard. 'You coward!' she repeated over and over again. 'What can be done now? What can be done now? Give me back my life. I will never so much as breathe the same air as you again! You coward! You coward!' Those were scraps of her conversation, ending in a sudden dreadful cry in the man's voice, with a crash, and a piercing scream from the woman. Convinced that some tragedy had occurred, the coachman rushed to the door and strove to force it, while scream after scream issued from within. He was unable, however, to make his way in, and the maids were too distracted with fear to be of any assistance to him. A

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"THE COACHMAN RUSHED TO THE DOOR."

sudden thought struck him, however, and he ran through the hall door and round to the lawn, upon which the long French windows open. One side of the window was open, which I understand was quite usual in the summer-time, and he passed without difficulty into the room. His mistress had ceased to scream, and was stretched insensible upon a couch, while with his feet tilted over the side of an arm-chair, and his head upon the ground near the corner of the fender, was lying the unfortunate soldier, stone dead, in a pool of his own blood.

"Naturally the coachman's first thought, on finding that he could do nothing for his master, was to open the door. But here an unexpected and singular difficulty presented itself. The key was not on the inner side of the door, nor could he find it anywhere in the room. He went out again, therefore, through the window, and having obtained the help of a policeman and of a medical man he returned. The lady, against whom naturally the strongest suspicion rested, was removed to her room, still in a state of insensibility. The Colonel's body was then placed upon the sofa, and a careful examination made of the scene of the tragedy.

"The injury from which the unfortunate veteran was suffering was found to be a ragged cut, some two inches long, at the back part of his head, which had evidently been caused by a violent blow from a blunt weapon. Nor was it difficult to guess what that weapon may have been. Upon the floor, close to the body, was lying a singular club of hard carved wood with a bone handle. The Colonel possessed a varied collection of weapons brought from the different countries in which he had fought, and it is conjectured by the police that this club was among his trophies. The servants deny having seen it before, but among the numerous curiosities in the house it is possible that it may have been overlooked. Nothing else of importance was discovered in the room by the police, save the inexplicable fact that neither upon Mrs. Barclay's person, nor upon that of the victim, nor in any part of the room was the missing key to be found. The door had eventually to be opened by a locksmith from Aldershot.

"That was the state of things, Watson, when upon the Tuesday morning I, at the request of Major Murphy, went down to Aldershot to supplement the efforts of the police. I think you will acknowledge that the problem was already one of interest, but my observations soon made me realize that it was in truth much more extraordinary than would at first sight appear.

"Before examining the room I cross-questioned the servants, but only succeeded in eliciting the facts which I have already stated. One other detail of interest was remembered by Jane Stewart, the housemaid. You will remember that on hearing the sound of the quarrel she descended and returned with the other servants. On that first occasion, when she was alone, she says that the voices of her master and mistress were sunk so low that she could hear hardly anything, and judged by their tones, rather than their words, that they had fallen out. On my pressing her, however, she remem-

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bered that she heard the word 'David' uttered twice by the lady. The point is of the utmost importance as guiding us towards the reason of the sudden quarrel. The Colonel's name, you remember, was James.

"There was one thing in the case which had made the deepest impression both upon the servants and the police. This was the contortion of the Colonel's face. It had set, according to their account, into the most dreadful expression of fear and horror which a human countenance is capable of assuming. More than one person fainted at the mere sight of him, so terrible was the effect. It was quite certain that he had foreseen his fate, and that it had caused him the utmost horror. This, of course, fitted in well enough with the police theory, if the Colonel could have seen his wife making a murderous attack upon him. Nor was the fact of the wound being on the back of his head a fatal objection to this, as he might have turned to avoid the blow. No information could be got from the lady herself, who was temporarily insane from an acute attack of brain fever.

"From the police I learned that Miss Morrison, who, you remember, went out that evening with Mrs. Barclay, denied having any knowledge of what it was which had caused the ill-humour in which her companion had returned.

"Having gathered these facts, Watson, I smoked several pipes over them, trying to separate those which were crucial from others which were merely incidental. There could be no question that the most distinctive and suggestive point in the case was the singular disappearance of the door key. A most careful search had failed to discover it in the room. Therefore, it must have been taken from it. But neither the Colonel nor the Colonel's wife could have taken it. That was perfectly clear. Therefore a third person must have entered the room. And that third person could only have come in through the window. It seemed to me that a careful examination of the room and the lawn might possibly reveal some traces of this mysterious individual. You know my methods, Watson. There was not one of them which I did not apply to the inquiry. And it ended by my discovering traces, but very different ones from those which I had expected. There had been a man in the room, and he had crossed the lawn coming from the road. I was able to obtain five very clear impressions of his footmarks—one on the roadway itself, at the point where he had climbed the low wall, two on the lawn, and two very faint ones upon the stained boards near the window where he had entered. He had apparently rushed across the lawn, for his toe marks were much deeper than his heels. But it was not the man who surprised me. It was his companion."

"His companion!"

Holmes pulled a large sheet of tissue paper out of his pocket and carefully unfolded it upon his knee.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

The paper was covered with tracings of the footmarks of some small animal. It



"WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT?"

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had five well-marked footpads, an indication of long nails, and the whole print might be nearly as large as a dessert spoon.

"It's a dog," said I.

"Did ever you hear of a dog running up a curtain? I found distinct traces that this creature had done so."

"A monkey, then?"

"But it is not the print of a monkey."

"What can it be, then?"

"Neither dog, nor cat, nor monkey, nor any creature that we are familiar with. I have tried to reconstruct it from the measurements. Here are four prints where the beast has been standing motionless. You see that it is no less than fifteen inches from fore foot to hind. Add to that the length of neck and head, and you get a creature not much less than two feet long—probably more if there is any tail. But now observe this other measurement. The animal has been moving, and we have the length of its stride. In each case it is only about three inches. You have an indication, you see, of a long body with very short legs attached to it. It has not been considerate enough to leave any of its hair behind it. But its general shape must be what I have indicated, and it can run up a curtain and is carnivorous."

"How do you deduce that?"

"Because it ran up the curtain. A canary's cage was hanging in the window, and its aim seems to have been to get at the bird."

"Then what was the beast?"

"Ah, if I could give it a name it might go a long way towards solving the case. On the whole it was probably some creature of the weasel and stoat tribe—and yet it is larger than any of these that I have seen."

"But what had it to do with the crime?"

"That also is still obscure. But we have learned a good deal, you perceive. We know that a man stood in the road looking at the quarrel between the Barclays—the blinds were up and the room lighted. We know also that he ran across the lawn, entered the room, accompanied by a strange animal, and that he either struck the Colonel, or, as is equally possible, that the Colonel fell down from sheer fright at the sight of him, and cut his head on the corner of the fender. Finally, we have the curious fact that the intruder carried away the key with him when he left."

"Your discoveries seem to have left the business more obscure than it was before," said I.

"Quite so. They undoubtedly showed that the affair was much deeper than was at first conjectured. I thought the matter over, and I came to the conclusion that I must approach the case from another aspect. But really, Watson, I am keeping you up, and I might just as well tell you all this on our way to Aldershot to-morrow."

"Thank you, you've gone rather too far to stop."

"It was quite certain that when Mrs. Barclay left the house at half-past seven she was on good terms with her husband. She was never, as I think I have said, ostentatiously affectionate, but she was heard by the coachman chatting with the Colonel in a friendly fashion. Now, it was equally certain that immediately on her return she had gone to the room in which she was least likely to see her husband, had flown to tea, as an agitated woman will, and, finally, on his coming in to her, had broken into violent recriminations. Therefore, something had occurred between seven-thirty and nine o'clock which had completely altered her feelings towards him. But Miss Morrison had been with her during the whole of that hour and a half. It was absolutely certain, therefore in spite of her denial, that she must know something of the matter.

"My first conjecture was that possibly there had been some passages between this young lady and the old soldier, which the former had now confessed to the wife. That would account for the angry return and also for the girl's denial that anything had occurred. Nor would it be entirely incompatible with most of the words overheard. But there was the reference to David, and there was the known affection of the Colonel for his wife to weigh against it, to say nothing of the tragic intrusion of this other man, which might of course be entirely disconnected with what had gone before. It was not easy to pick one's steps, but on the whole I was inclined to dismiss the idea that there had been anything between the Colonel and Miss Morrison, but more than ever convinced that the young lady held the clue as to what it was which had turned Mrs. Barclay to hatred of her husband. I took the obvious course therefore of calling upon Miss Morrison, of explaining to her that I was perfectly certain that she held the facts in her possession, and of assuring her that her friend, Mrs. Barclay, might find herself in the dock upon a capital charge unless the matter were cleared up.

"Miss Morrison is a little, ethereal slip of a girl, with timid eyes and blonde hair, but I found her by no means wanting in shrewdness and common sense. She sat thinking for some time after I had spoken, and then

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turning to me with a brisk air of resolution, she broke into a remarkable statement, which I will condense for your benefit.

"'I promised my friend that I would say nothing of the matter, and a promise is a promise,' said she. 'But if I can really help her when so serious a charge is made against her, and when her own mouth, poor darling, is closed by illness, then I think I am absolved from my promise. I will tell you exactly what happened upon Monday evening.

"'We were returning from the Watt Street Mission, about a quarter to nine o'clock. On our way we had to pass through Hudson Street, which is a very quiet thoroughfare. There is only one lamp in it upon the left-hand side, and as we approached this lamp I saw a man coming towards us with his back very bent, and something like a box slung over one of his shoulders. He appeared to be deformed, for he carried his head low, and walked with his knees bent. We were passing him when he raised his face to look at us in the circle of light thrown by the lamp, and as he did so he stopped and screamed out in a dreadful voice, "My God, it's Nancy!" Mrs. Barclay turned as white as death, and would have fallen down had the dreadful-looking creature not caught hold of her. I was going to call for the police, but she, to my surprise, spoke quite civilly to the fellow.

"'I thought you had been dead this thirty years, Henry,' said she, in a shaking voice.

"'So I have,' said he, and it was awful to hear the tones that he said it in. He had a very dark, fearsome face, and a gleam in his eyes that comes back to me in my dreams. His hair and whiskers were shot with grey, and his face was all crinkled and puckered like a withered apple.

"'Just walk on a little way, dear,' said Mrs. Barclay. 'I want to have a word with this man. There is nothing to be afraid of.' She tried to speak boldly, but she was still deadly pale, and could hardly get her words out for the trembling of her lips.

"'I did as she asked me, and they talked together for a few minutes. Then she came down the street with her eyes blazing, and I saw the crippled wretch standing by the lamp-post and shaking his clenched fists in the air, as if he were mad with rage. She never said a word until we were at the door here, when she took me by the hand and begged me to tell no one what had happened. 'It is an old acquaintance of mine who has come down in the world,' said she. When I promised her that I would say nothing she kissed me, and I have never seen her since. I have told you now the whole truth, and if I withheld it from the police it is because I did not realize then the danger in which my dear friend stood. I know that it can only be to her advantage that everything should be known.'



"IT'S NANCY!"

"There was her statement, Watson, and to me, as you can imagine, it was like a light on a dark night. Everything which had been disconnected before began at once to as-

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sume its true place, and I had a shadowy presentment of the whole sequence of events. My next step obviously was to find the man who had produced such a remarkable impression upon Mrs. Barclay. If he were still in Aldershot it should not be a very difficult matter. There are not such a very great number of civilians, and a deformed man was sure to have attracted attention. I spent a day in the search, and by evening—this very evening, Watson—I had run him down. The man's name is Henry Wood, and he lives in lodgings in this same street in which the ladies met him. He has only been five days in the place. In the character of a registration agent I had a most interesting gossip with his landlady. The man is by trade a conjurer and performer, going round the canteens after nightfall, and giving a little entertainment at each. He carries some creature about with him in that box, about which the landlady seemed to be in considerable trepidation, for she had never seen an animal like it. He uses it in some of his tricks, according to her account. So much the woman was able to tell me, and also that it was a wonder the man lived, seeing how twisted he was, and that he spoke in a strange tongue sometimes, and that for the last two nights she had heard him groaning and weeping in his bedroom. He was all right as far as money went, but in his deposit he had given her what looked like a bad florin. She showed it to me, Watson, and it was an Indian rupee.

"So now, my dear fellow, you see exactly how we stand and why it is I want you. It is perfectly plain that after the ladies parted from this man he followed them at a distance, that he saw the quarrel between husband and wife through the window, that he rushed in, and that the creature which he carried in his box got loose. That is all very certain. But he is the only person in this world who can tell us exactly what happened in that room."

"And you intend to ask him?"

"Most certainly—but in the presence of a witness."

"And I am the witness?"

"If you will be so good. If he can clear the matter up, well and good. If he refuses, we have no alternative but to apply for a warrant."

"But how do you know he will be there when we return?"

"You may be sure that I took some precautions. I have one of my Baker Street boys mounting guard over him who would stick to him like a burr, go where he might. We shall find him in Hudson Street tomorrow, Watson; and meanwhile I should be the criminal myself if I kept you out of bed any longer."

It was midday when we found ourselves at the scene of the tragedy, and, under my companion's guidance, we made our way at once to Hudson Street. In spite of his capacity for concealing his emotions I could easily see that Holmes was in a state of suppressed excitement, while I was myself tingling with that half-sporting, half-intellectual pleasure which I invariably experienced when I associated myself with him in his investigations.

"This is the street," said he, as he turned into a short thoroughfare lined with plain two-storied brick houses—"Ah! here is Simpson to report."

"He's in all right, Mr. Holmes," cried a small street Arab, running up to us.

"Good, Simpson!" said Holmes, patting him on the head. "Come along, Watson. This is the house." He sent in his card with a message that he had come on important business, and a moment later we were face to face with the man whom we had come to see. In spite of the warm weather he was crouching over a fire, and the little room was like an oven. The man sat all twisted and huddled in his chair in a way which gave an indescribable impression of deformity, but the face which he turned towards us, though worn and swarthy, must at some time have been remarkable for its beauty. He looked suspiciously at us now out of yellow-shot bilious eyes, and, without speaking or rising, he waved towards two chairs.

"Mr. Henry Wood, late of India, I believe?" said Holmes, affably. "I've come over this little matter of Colonel Barclay's death."

"What should I know about that?"

"That's what I wanted to ascertain. You know, I suppose, that unless the matter is cleared up, Mrs. Barclay, who is an old friend of yours, will in all probability be tried for murder?"

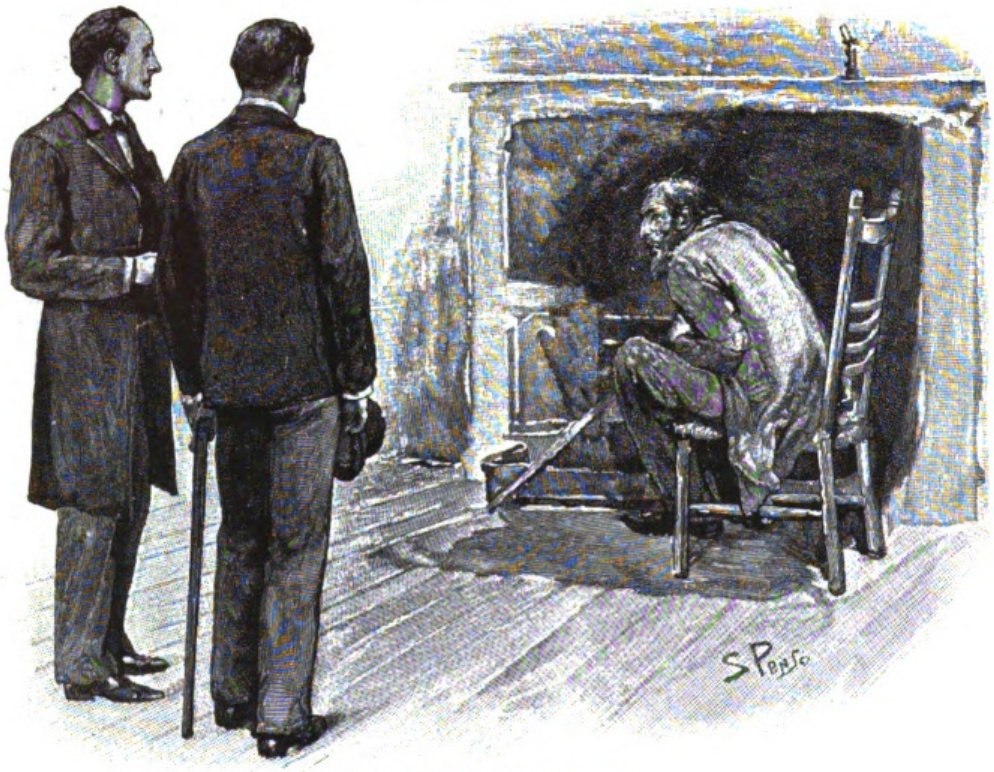
The man gave a violent start.

"I don't know who you are," he cried, "nor how you come to know what you do know; but will you swear that this is true that you tell me?"

"Why, they are only waiting for her to come to her senses to arrest her."

"My God! Are you in the police yourself?"

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"MR. HENRY WOOD, I BELIEVE?

"No."

"What business is it of yours, then?"

"It's every man's business to see justice done."

"You can take my word that she is innocent."

"Then you are guilty?"

"No, I am not."

"Who killed Colonel James Barclay, then?"

"It was a just Providence that killed him. But, mind you this, that if I had knocked his brains out, as it was in my heart to do, he would have had no more than his due from my hands. If his own guilty conscience had not struck him down, it is likely enough that I might have had his blood upon my soul. You want me to tell the story. Well, I don't know why I shouldn't, for there's no cause for me to be ashamed of it.

"It was in this way, sir. You see me now with my back like a camel and my ribs all awry, but there was a time when Corporal Henry Wood was the smartest man in the 117th Foot. We were in India then, in cantonments, at a place we'll call Bhurtee. Barclay, who died the other day, was sergeant in the same company as myself, and the belle of the regiment—aye, and the finest girl that ever had the breath of life between her lips—was Nancy Devoy, the daughter of the colour-sergeant. There were two men who loved her, and one whom she loved; and you'll smile when you look at this poor thing huddled before the fire, and hear me say that it was for my good looks that she loved me.

"Well, though I had her heart, her father was set upon her marrying Barclay. I was a harum-scarum, reckless lad, and he had had an education, and was already marked for the sword belt. But the girl held true to me, and it seemed that I would have had her, when the Mutiny broke out, and all Hell was loose in the country.

"We were shut up in Bhurtee, the regiment of us with half a battery of artillery, a company of Sikhs, and a lot of civilians and women-folk. There were ten thousand rebels round us, and they were as keen as a set of terriers round a rat-cage. About the second week of it our water gave out, and it was a question whether we could communicate with General Neill's column, which was moving up country. It was our only chance, for we could not hope to fight our way out with all the women and children, so I volunteered to go out and warn General Neill of our danger. My offer was accepted, and I talked it over with Sergeant Barclay, who was supposed to know the ground better than any other man, and who drew up a route by which I might get through the rebel lines. At ten o'clock the same night I started off upon my journey. There

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"I WALKED RIGHT INTO SIX OF THEM."

were a thousand lives to save, but it was of only one that I was thinking when I dropped over the wall that night.

"My way ran down a dried-up watercourse which we hoped would screen me from the enemy's sentries, but as I crept round the corner of it I walked right into six of them, who were crouching down in the dark waiting for me. In an instant I was stunned with a blow, and bound hand and foot. But the real blow was to my heart and not to my head, for as I came to and listened to as much as I could understand of their talk, I heard enough to tell me that my comrade, the very man who had arranged the way that I was to take, had betrayed me by means of a native servant into the hands of the enemy.

"Well, there's no need for me to dwell on that part of it. You know now what James Barclay was capable of. Bhurtee was relieved by Neill next day, but the rebels took me away with them in their retreat, and it was many a long year before ever I saw a white face again. I was tortured, and tried to get away, and was captured and tortured again. You can see for yourselves the state in which I was left. Some of them that fled into Nepaul took me with them, and then afterwards I was up past Darjeeling. The hill-folk up there murdered the rebels who had me, and I became their slave for a time until I escaped, but instead of going south I had to go north, until I found myself among the Afghans. There I wandered about for many a year, and at last came back to the Punjab, where I lived mostly among the natives, and picked up a living by the conjuring tricks that I had learned. What use was it for me, a wretched cripple, to go back to England, or to make myself known to my old comrades? Even my wish for revenge would not make me do that. I had rather that Nancy and my old pals should think of Harry Wood as having died with a straight back, than see him living and crawling with a stick like a chimpanzee. They never doubted that I was dead, and I meant that they never should. I heard that Barclay had married Nancy, and that he was rising rapidly in the regiment, but even that did not make me speak.

"But when one gets old, one has a longing for home. For years I've been dreaming of the bright green fields and the hedges of England. At last I determined to see them before I died. I saved enough to bring me across, and then I came here where the soldiers are, for I know their ways, and how to amuse them, and so earn enough to keep me."

"Your narrative is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "I have already heard of your meeting with Mrs. Barclay and your mutual recognition. You then, as I understand, followed her home and saw through the window an altercation between her husband and her, in which she doubtless cast his conduct to you in his teeth. Your own feelings overcame you and you ran across the lawn and broke in upon them."

"I did, sir, and at the sight of me he looked as I have never seen a man look before, and over he went with his head on

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the fender. But he was dead before he fell. I read death on his face as plain as I can read that text over the fire. The bare sight of me was like a bullet through his guilty heart."

"And then?"

"Then Nancy fainted, and I caught up the key of the door from her hand, intending to unlock it and get help. But as I was doing it it seemed to me better to leave it alone and get away, for the thing might look black against me, and any way my secret would be out if I were taken. In my haste I thrust the key into my pocket, and dropped my stick while I was chasing Teddy, who had run up the curtain. When I got him into his box, from which he had slipped, I was off as fast as I could run."

"Who's Teddy?" asked Holmes.

The man leaned over and pulled up the front of a kind of hutch in the corner. In an instant out there slipped a beautiful reddish-brown creature, thin and lithe, with the legs of a stoat, a long thin nose, and a pair of the finest red eyes that ever I saw in an animal's head.



"IT WAS QUITE A SIMPLE CASE AFTER ALL."

"It's a mongoose!" I cried.

"Well, some call them that, and some call them ichneumon," said the man. "Snake catcher is what I call them, and Teddy is amazing quick on cobras. I have one here without the fangs, and Teddy catches it every night to please the folk in the canteen. Any other point, sir?"

"Well, we may have to apply to you again if Mrs. Barclay should prove to be in serious trouble."

"In that case, of course, I'd come forward."

"But if not, there is no object in raking up this scandal against a dead man, foully as he has acted. You have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that for thirty years of his life his conscience bitterly reproached him for this wicked deed. Ah, there goes Major Murphy on the other side of the street. Good-bye, Wood; I want to learn if anything has happened since yesterday."

We were in time to overtake the Major before he reached the corner.

"Ah, Holmes," he said, "I suppose you have heard that all this fuss has come to nothing?"

"What, then?"

"The inquest is just over. The medical evidence showed conclusively that death was due to apoplexy. You see, it was quite a simple case after all."

"Oh, remarkably superficial," said Holmes, smiling. "Come, Watson, I don't think we shall be wanted in Aldershot any more."

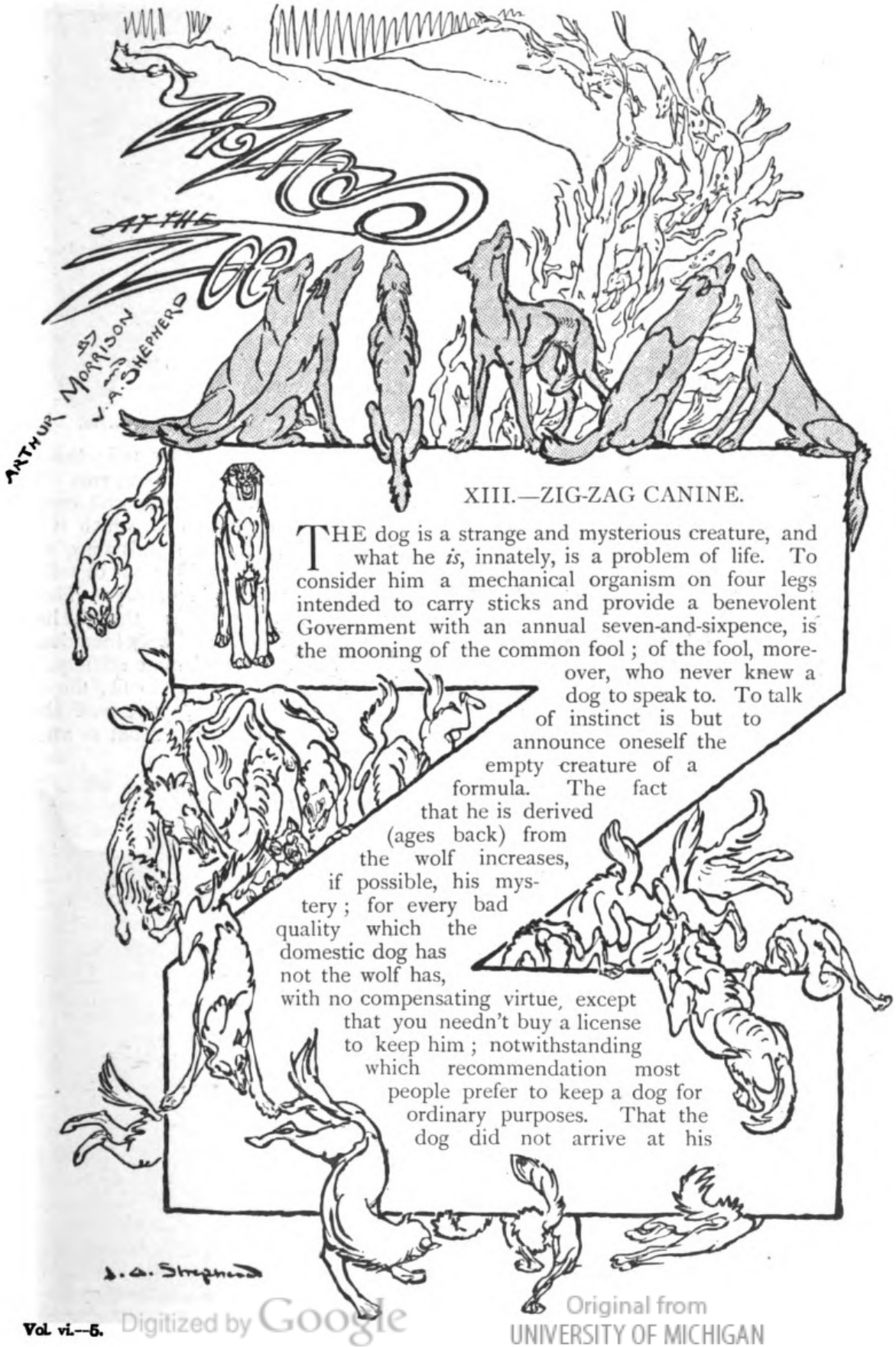
"There's one thing," said I, as we walked down to the station, "if the husband's name was James, and the other was Henry, what was this talk about David?"

"That one word, my dear Watson, should have told me the whole story had I been the ideal reasoner which you are so fond of depicting. It was evidently a term of reproach."

"Of reproach?"

"Yes, David strayed a little occasionally, you know, and on one occasion in the same direction as Sergeant James Barclay. You remember the small affair of Uriah and Bathsheba. My Biblical knowledge is a trifle rusty, I fear, but you will find the story in the first or second of Samuel."

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XIII.—ZIG-ZAG CANINE.

THE dog is a strange and mysterious creature, and what he *is*, innately, is a problem of life. To consider him a mechanical organism on four legs intended to carry sticks and provide a benevolent Government with an annual seven-and-sixpence, is the mooning of the common fool; of the fool, moreover, who never knew a dog to speak to. To talk of instinct is but to announce oneself the empty creature of a formula. The fact that he is derived (ages back) from the wolf increases, if possible, his mystery; for every bad quality which the domestic dog has not the wolf has, with no compensating virtue, except that you needn't buy a license to keep him; notwithstanding which recommendation most people prefer to keep a dog for ordinary purposes. That the dog did not arrive at his

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TOM.

present moral state at any extremely remote age is evident from the popular fables and proverbs relating to him, for therein he always appears a mean, wolfish beast, and a fool to boot. As witness the Dog in the Manger, the Dog with a Shadow, the Dog with an Ill Name, and the rest of them. So that the reformation of the dog has come about in comparatively recent times, and it is a testimony to his innate worth that constant association with man since his conversion has not corrupted him.

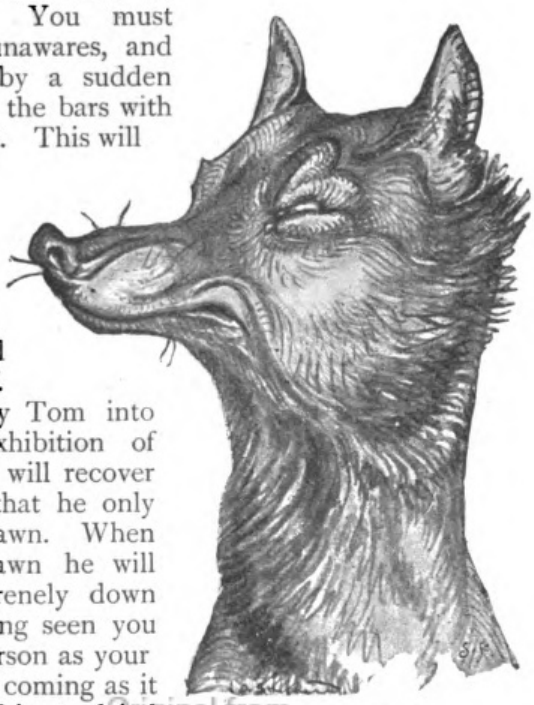


FEROCITY.

Tom, the large grey wolf here at the Zoo, is, I am almost convinced, somewhat in a way of reformation himself. If he feels hungry, you may see him approach the bars and wag his tail; this on the off-chance of your having a bit of raw beef about you. But he can't smile with anything like cordiality; no wolf can. His tail looks amiable enough, but he conducts business with the opposite end, which is not so reassuring to look at—which, in fact, contradicts the tail flatly. As he stands thus, end on, you would scarcely guess the number of pounds of solid meat that Tom has put away within a couple of days. He has a lanky, thin, edge-forward sort of aspect, as though he were cut out of a deal board with a saw, and only intended to be looked at broadside on, like a piece of stage scenery. Tom won't show his teeth quite so readily as Coolie, the Indian wolf, next door. You cannot make a captive wolf show his teeth by the ordinary means of waving a hat or an arm—he disregards this sort of thing entirely. You must catch him unawares, and startle him by a sudden rush towards the bars with your head down. This will give you an undesirable appearance of mental derangement; but, properly executed, it will startle the wolf. You will betray Tom into a temporary exhibition of ferocity, but he will recover instantly, and pretend that he only opened his mouth to yawn. When he has finished his yawn he will glance casually and serenely down the cages, with a contemptuous air of never having seen you at all, and of being quite unaware that such a person as your self was ever born. This treatment is very galling, coming as it does from a wolf whom even its proprietors are fain to label



BOREDOM.



INDIFFERENCE.

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"common"; but you shouldn't have laid yourself open to it, to begin with. The gentleman who sent Tom here can handle him as much as he pleases, and treat him precisely as one would treat an ordinary house-dog, but Tom has a persuasive way of inducing other people not to try the game on their own account—not to try it more than once, at any rate. He will recognise his old master joyfully after a year or two's absence, but I have not yet entered upon patting terms with Tom myself; because I know that lathy appearance of limb to be a deception and a snare. But, at least, Tom is half reformed, and if he lives another few hundred years will probably develop in the regular way into a dog.



COOLIE WITHOUT.

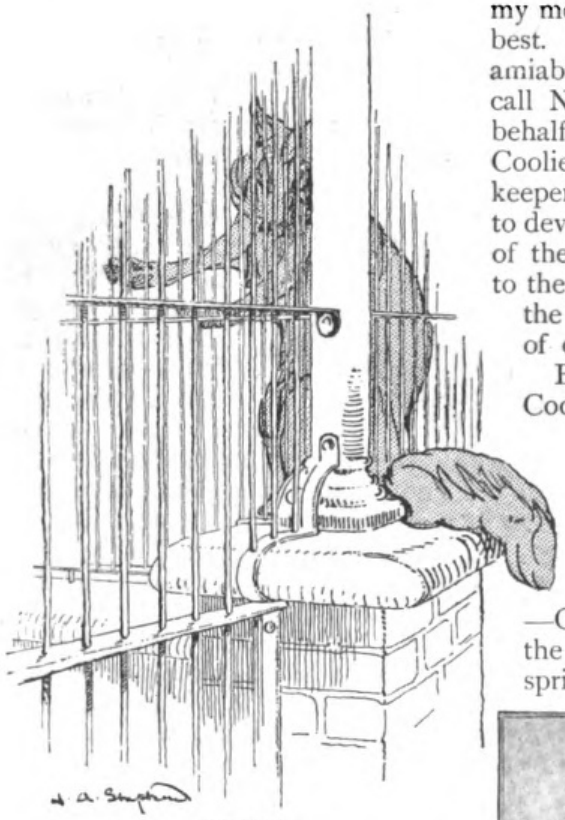
Coolie, next door, is a ruffian, and makes no shame of it. He would like a piece out of you, and doesn't care if you know it. If anything, he would prefer two pieces. Failing that, he would like a piece of Tom; or of North, the keeper; or of Bob, the Eskimo dog; or of his own grandmother, if he could get it. There's no weak sentiment about Coolie. The only thing that would dissuade him from eating a relation would be the event of the relation first eating him. I don't altogether like Coolie; he is not the sort of chap that anybody would fall in love with at first sight. He won't meet your eye so long as he is out in the cage. Try to fix him for a moment; try to annoy him, in fact. He will evade your eye in the shiftiest fashion, keeping you in sight, however, with the corner of his own, for fear of accidents. Presently, at the end of his patience, he will retreat into his lair and give you a straight look at last; one which will convince you at once of the multifarious advantages of conducting these little experiments from this side of the bars.



COOLIE WITHIN.

But even Coolie has his softer moments, when he will rub against the bars to be patted. I like to pat Coolie myself, and I consider

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CHARLIE.

my method of patting him to be in many respects the best. When I see Coolie against the bars and looking amiable (for Coolie), and I feel disposed to pat him, I call North, and authorize him to pat Coolie on my behalf. In this way I have become quite friendly with Coolie, who is as affable under my pats as if I were his keeper. I shall always pat Coolie like this; I am able to devote more attention to the general superintendence of the proceedings when I have an assistant to attend to the manual detail. Sometimes Sutton helps me pat the lions in the same way. It requires a little nerve, of course, but I am always perfectly cool.

Bob, the Eskimo dog, lives in the next cage to Coolie, and in the next cage still there are a pair of prairie wolves, whose improvement on the common wolf lies only in externals. To look at, they seem a kind of collie, but with a finer model of head than any collie-breeder can produce. Except in appearance, they are far back in the blackest ages of wolfdom. One of them —Charlie—has an offensive habit of sitting up on the coping-pier from which the cage division-bars spring, because that is regarded as a sort of feat of gymnastics, impossible to the other wolves, since they are too big. If you particularly want him to perform, for your amusement, he won't do this trick, small as it is; but when you are not looking he persists in it, by way of annoying the neighbours who can't perform it. Perhaps, after all, the Dog in the Manger wasn't a dog at all, but a prairie wolf. The man who called him a dog didn't examine him closely enough; few people stay long to examine a loose wolf. Like a dog as the prairie wolf is—and he tries his utmost to maintain this respectable appearance—his drooped tail, his snarling mouth, and his small eyes, expose the pretence. He is attempting his promotion in the wrong way—merely by imitating the uniform of the superior rank.



GOOD WOLF OR BAD COLLIE?

There can be no reasonable doubt that the wolf wants to be a dog if he can. He quite understands his rascally inferiority, but will never give up his social ambition, especially when so many visitors encourage his vanity, time after time, by mistaking him for a dog. There are times when such a mistake is natural — almost pardonable. On a hot day, for instance, a wolf, to cool his mouth, will muster up a most commodious smile —present an open countenance, in fact — strikingly like that of an amiable retriever out for a run. But the wolf is too sad a



GOOD OLD DOG!



EH!

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blackguard to redeem himself by an occasional smile; nothing but orderly centuries of evolution will be of much use to him, and his present *parvenu* attempts to assume a position in life to which he was not born make him look worse than ever. He betrays himself — like a *parvenu*—by small and unconscious habits. Give a well-bred dog a biscuit, and he will munch it with gentlemanly relish and keep a polite welcome ready for another. A wolf, being always hungry enough to eat anything, will take it, but in an indifferent, perfunctory, disdainful fashion, not vouchsafing the courtesy of concealing his contempt for your present; while animal food drives him to the opposite extreme. The wolf can't even sleep like a dog. Bob, the Eskimo (who is a gentleman among dogs, with low neighbours whose manners he despises), sleeps as an honest dog always does sleep; flung upon the ground with his legs, head, and tail spread about fearlessly, and his mind as conscious of rectitude as if he could tell you so in Latin. Tom or Coolie can't sleep like that. The wolf tries to hide under himself. He remembers his many crimes, even in sleep, and can't trust his legs or his tail or anything else in sight. He hides his tail between his legs, and resorts to the most complicated and twisty devices for arranging his legs to hide each other. He gets underneath himself, covers himself over him, and tucks in the corners; and even then his sleep is restless. I don't think Red Riding Hood's grandmother has ever been properly digested.



HONEST SLEEP



DISTRUST.



A MERE BISCUIT.



SOMETHING BETTER.

Bob, the Eskimo dog, is a fine fellow, as friendly as any dog you may name, except to wolves. He would be glad to visit the wolves next door, and take their machinery to pieces hastily with his teeth, and the wolves so heartily reciprocate the sentiment that a sheet-iron memorial of the fact has been erected between the cages. There is another dog called Bob a little further along—the Dingo dog. He is a cunning-looking fellow, of more civilized condition than the wolves, but sharing with them their chief characteristic of eternal hunger. The Dingo dog is the only animal that can beat the cat's collection of nine lives; he is calculated to possess twenty-seven. If you give a wild Dingo a single bang on the head he will lie down as if killed at once, shamming; lying doggoh, in fact. But you may beat him out flat and dissect him, and as soon as your back is turned he will gather together his outlying fragments, blow himself into shape, and walk home. He doesn't mind a little accident of that sort.

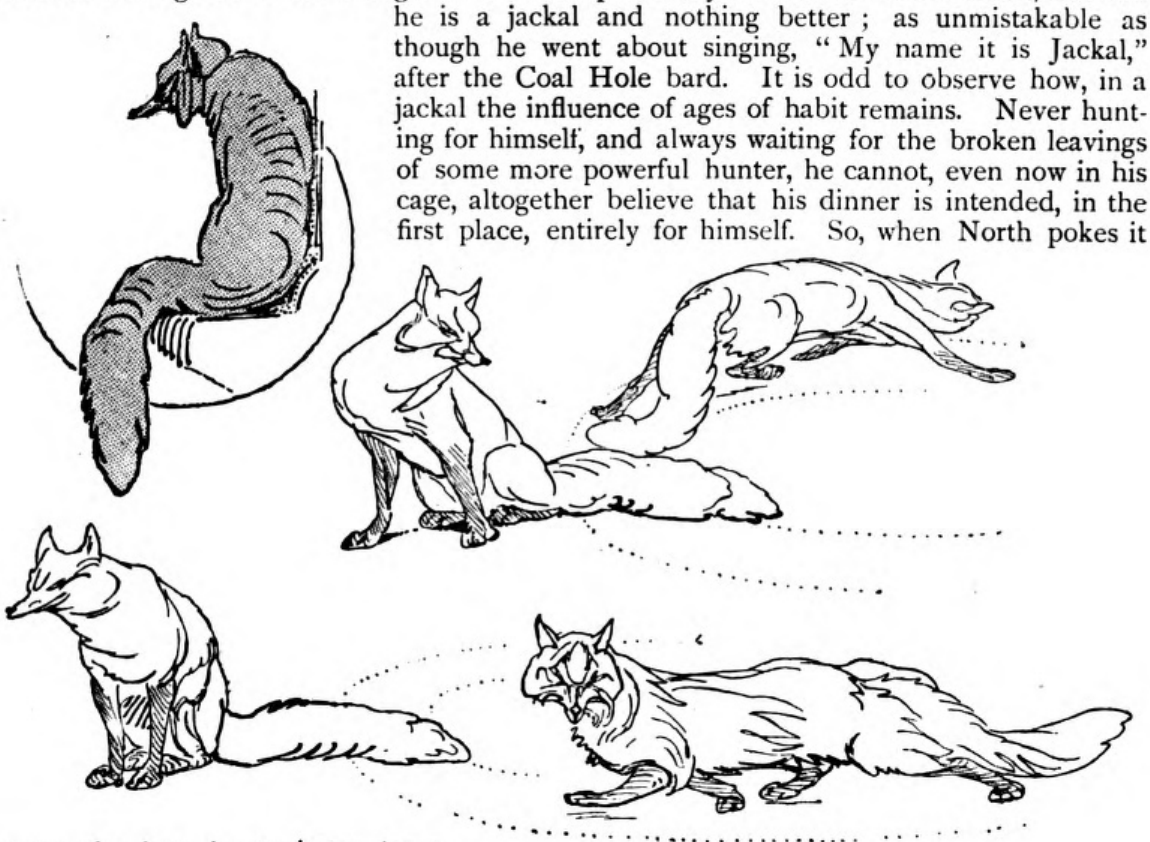


WHERE'S THE LION?

In this row of cages, too, are jackals — black-backed jackals,

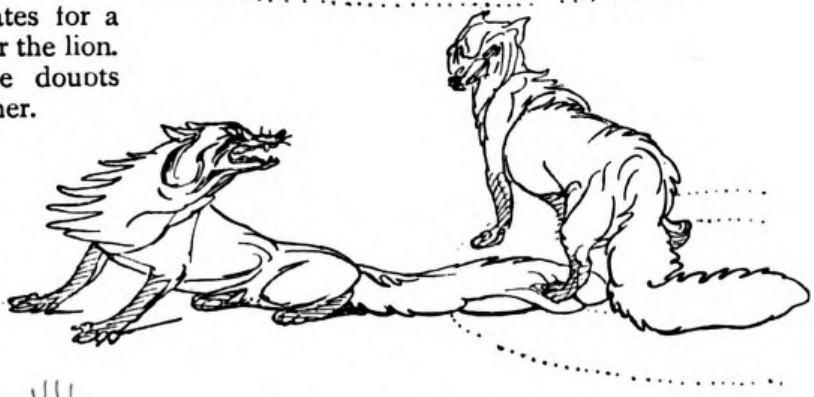
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ordinary jackals, and extraordinary jackals, as well as foxes. A jackal is recognisable at once —a mean-looking fox of the wrong colour. The prettiest jackal is the black-backed, but still he is a jackal and nothing better; as unmistakable as though he went about singing, "My name it is Jackal," after the Coal Hole bard. It is odd to observe how, in a jackal the influence of ages of habit remains. Never hunting for himself, and always waiting for the broken leavings of some more powerful hunter, he cannot, even now in his cage, altogether believe that his dinner is intended, in the first place, entirely for himself. So, when North pokes it



between the bars he hesitates for a moment, and looks round for the lion. It is sad life wherein one doubts ownership in one's own dinner.

A fox must be an unpleasant sort of person to live with, for other reasons beside the smell. A fox's conversation consists chiefly of snarls. Put two foxes together, and they will at once begin to





invent occasions for snarling at one another. They don't quarrel outright, probably from fear of the consequences. The favourite device of one of the Indian desert foxes here is of a Donnybrookian flavour. His mate has a way of amusing herself with a little circus—just trotting round the floor in a ring. He watches her at this amusement, and when a snarl seems desirable, he dismounts from his perch and lays his tail just across her track, and waits for her to trample on it; then he snarls and snaps at her face, and she snarls and snaps at his. This being accomplished, he returns, perfectly satisfied, to his roost, to rest and doze till his system requires refreshing with another snarl. A properly-executed, mutual snarl, almost approaching

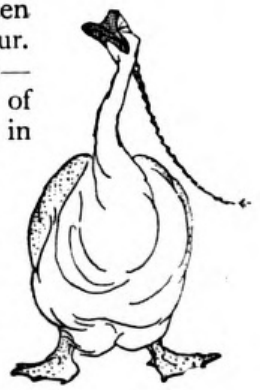
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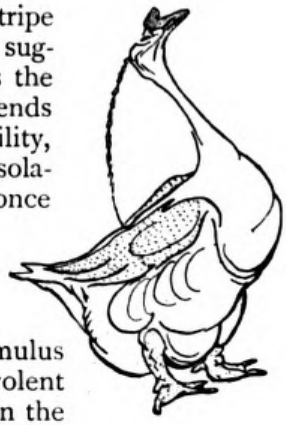


THAT GOOSE IS SOUR.

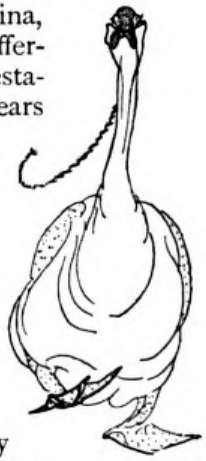
a bite, will last him for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

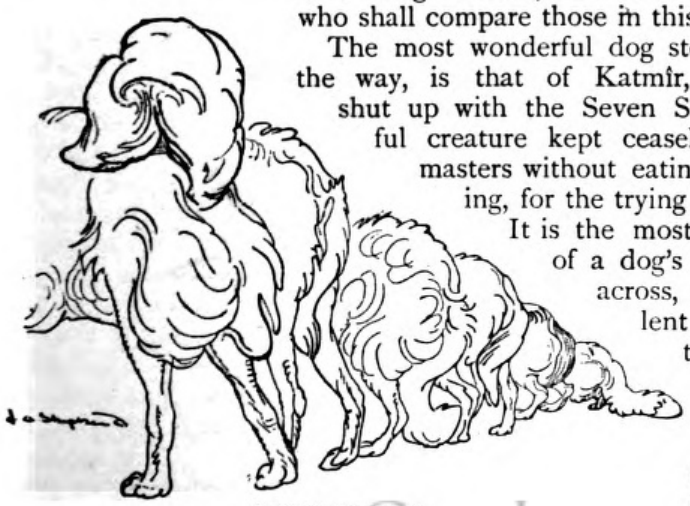
These foxes—all of them—have a very irritating cause of bad temper to contend with in the existence of a fine pair of Chinese geese a few yards beyond the obstructive bars. The ordinary fox has arrived at a stoical attitude of indifference to the Chinese goose. He affects to believe that he is uneatable. The Chinese goose wears a black stripe behind his neck, rather suggestive of a pigtail; this the fox points out to his friends as evidence of uneatability, having learned the consolation from a relative who once had a fancy for grapes.





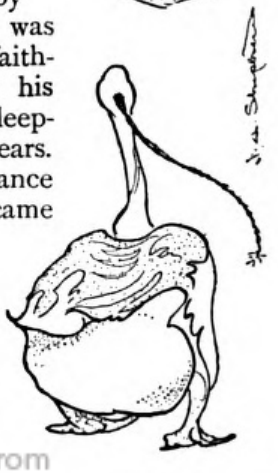
As for the wolf, the cause of man's hatred for him lies in the fact that a wolf nursed Romulus and Remus. If this malevolent creature had left them as they were, they would have been drowned in the Tiber. Thus Romulus would never have built Rome, and there would have been no Cæsar, no Dr. Smith's Smaller Roman History, no Principia Latina, and untold misery would have been spared many generations of long-suffering schoolboys. No wonder that the wolf is held in horror and detestation by all nations, and is exterminated mercilessly wherever found. Years of bitter tears, bitter Cæsar, bitter Accidence, bitter Smith's Smaller, and bitterest swish have left their scar upon the human soul, and roused up an hereditary and traditional hatred of the beast, but for whose malignant interference All Gaul would never have been divided in Three Parts; a hatred only second in its wild intensity to that of the snake who beguiled Eve. Consequently the wolf for ever wears his tail between his legs, as does every member of the canine kind unbeloved by man, which, by-the-bye, is a noticeable thing in itself, but obvious to everybody who shall compare those in this row.





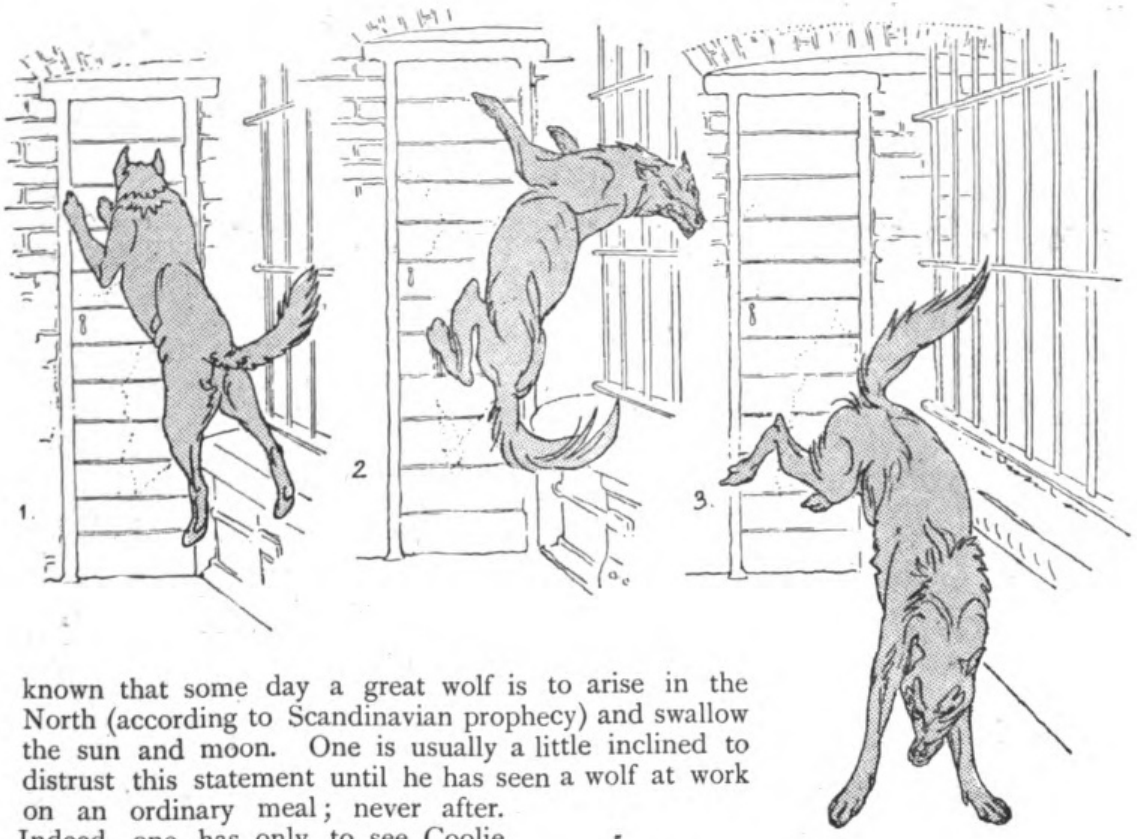
A STUDY IN TAILS.

The most wonderful dog story on record, by the way, is that of Katmîr, the dog who was shut up with the Seven Sleepers. This faithful creature kept ceaseless watch over his masters without eating, drinking, or sleeping, for the trying period of 309 years. It is the most wonderful instance of a dog's fidelity I ever came across, and an excellent specimen of the dog story in several respects.



Speaking of facts, it is not generally

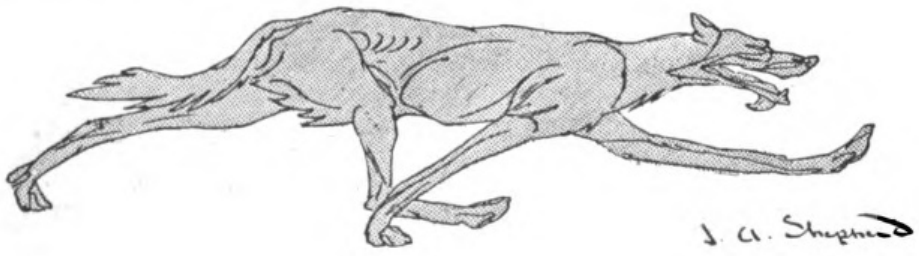
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known that some day a great wolf is to arise in the North (according to Scandinavian prophecy) and swallow the sun and moon. One is usually a little inclined to distrust this statement until he has seen a wolf at work on an ordinary meal; never after.
Indeed, one has only to see Coolie



louping swiftly to and fro, and Tom bouncing against his back door when feeding-time approaches, to feel that it wouldn't be altogether safe to leave the moon loose hereabout with nobody to take care of it.



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A Bottle of Madeira.

By Angelo Lewis.

I.

"YOU have an uncommonly cosy den here, Armstrong," said my friend Macpherson, as he turned his chair to the fire. "And this is a capital weed. Just one thing more, and our Elysium would be complete."

"And what may that be?" I inquired.

"A bottle of that wonderful old Madeira your Pater used to bring out on high days and holidays. But I suppose that's all gone long since."

"Not quite, I fancy. I brought the remainder of the governor's wine with me when I came here, and I'm pretty sure there was a dozen or so of the old Madeira. I can't say whereabouts in the cellar it lies, but if you'll come down and hold a candle for me, I'll see if I can lay my hand upon a bottle."

"Agreed, *nem. con.* I'd hold a candle to a much blacker personage than yourself, upon such an inducement."

The time was about eight o'clock on a December evening. The place, my private sitting-room on the first floor of the Whittlebury Bank, of which I had been appointed manager some two years previously. Dick Macpherson, my visitor, was an old schoolfellow, who had just completed a three years' term of service as surgeon on H.M.S. *Orion*, and pending his appointment to another ship, had come down to spend a week or two with me at Whittlebury. Dick was a character in his way. He was accustomed to describe himself as a thoroughbred mongrel: half Scotch, half Irish; half sailor, half surgeon. Though still young, being barely thirty, he was not only exceptionally skilful in his own profession, but had a useful amateur knowledge of several others. He was a clever mechanic, and his knowledge of chemistry, like Sam Weller's of London, was "extensive and peculiar." His special hobby, however, was electricity, which he maintained to be not only the light and the power but the medicine of the future, and he was never so happy as when devising new uses for it. He had been greatly disgusted, on his arrival, to find that the bank was unprovided with electric bells, and gave me no peace until I consented to let him supply the deficiency. In vain I represented to him that electricity was an unknown force in Whittlebury. He retorted that in such case the bank, as representing finance, thrift, and other commercial virtues, was the more bound to set an example in the right direction; and already, in one corner of my sitting-room, lay a collection of bells, batteries, wires and pushes, to be used in the execution of the work.

The building, I may here state, had not been originally erected for a bank, but was an old-fashioned private house, which had been adapted to that purpose. The basement consisted of four roomy vaults, originally intended as cellars. Three of them, indeed, were still used for that purpose: one for coals, one for my private store of wine, and one as a receptacle for lumber; while the fourth had been converted into a "strong room." The walls and floor of the "strong room" were lined with concrete; the arch of the vault cased with boiler plates, and the wooden door replaced by a double door of wrought iron, secured by combination locks. Within stood a couple of strong safes—one large, one small—of the most approved construction. The only daylight admitted to the vault found its way through four circular pieces of thick glass, each six inches in diameter, let into the flooring of the room above (my private office), and the only access to the basement, including the strong room, was by spiral iron stairs leading from the same room.

The ground floor consisted of two rooms only, the larger being the public office of the bank, the other my private office, above mentioned. The latter was a small room at the rear of the building, and had originally been a kitchen. When, however, the house was adapted to its present purpose, the kitchen had been transferred to the topmost floor, where also were the apartments of the caretaker—a sturdy Irishman, named O'Grady—and his wife. There were three rooms on the intermediate floor; two being bedrooms,

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and the third the room in which we were seated on the evening of my story.

I lighted a candle, and we made our way downstairs to the cellar. After some little search, we came upon a bin which I found to contain the last survivors of the famous Madeira. I took out a bottle, and was just closing the cellar door, when a strange sound struck my ear. First came two or three strokes, as of a hammer, but dull, as if the striking implement was muffled in some way; then the "scrunch" of a chisel; and finally a dropping sound, as of falling mortar. With a warning glance at Macpherson, I opened the door of the strong room adjoining, and silently stepped inside. The sounds were here more distinctly audible; and we could fix with tolerable certainty the spot from which they proceeded, which was the lower part of the left-hand wall.



"I TOOK OUT A BOTTLE."

Closing the door, I led the way up the spiral stairs into my private office. "What do you make of that, Mac?" I said, as I placed the bottle on the table.

"Judging by the sound, I should say someone was chipping a hole through the wall, presumably to rob the bank," replied Macpherson.

"That is precisely my own impression. What a stroke of luck that you should have chanced to ask for that bottle of Madeira. Well, forewarned is forearmed; we shall be ready for them. I'll just go and get my revolver, and then I'll mount guard, while you go and fetch the police."

Macpherson looked at me thoughtfully. "Excuse me, old man, but wouldn't that be a little bit premature? In the first place, it is just possible that the sound we have heard is capable of some innocent interpretation, and we may get laughed at for raising a false alarm. In the second place, if our underground friend is a burglar, wouldn't it be as well to let him make the case a little clearer against himself? I don't know what thickness of wall he has to tackle, but judging by the look of the material, and the very small quantity of stuff that seems to fall after each blow, I should fancy he had still a longish job before him."

"That's true enough. That wall is eighteen inches thick, and of the toughest concrete made. Of course, we don't know how long the gentleman on the other side has been pegging away at it; but judging from the sound, he has a good deal to do yet."

"Then we need not decide anything in a hurry. Pull that cork, Geoff, and we'll see if we can't devise some sort of trap for him. There's nothing like a glass of good wine to help the imagination."

I drew the cork, and fetched a glass from the cupboard. "Help yourself, Dick, but you must excuse my joining you. Nothing stronger than water will pass my lips till this matter is over."

"Every man to his taste," replied Dick, holding the wine critically between himself and the light, then sipping it with reverential gusto. "I work best on this sort of thing. Now, to return to the business in hand. I would much rather capture this gentleman, if we can, without calling in the police till we are ready to hand him over to them."

"So would I, if I were under no personal responsibility. But suppose our plans failed

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and the bank was robbed! A pretty mess I should be in."

"No doubt you would. And if, therefore, at any moment you cease to have perfect confidence in our defensive arrangements, by all means call in the police at once. But I don't think you will need them. You agree with me that there is no fear of an entrance being effected to-night?"

"Not the slightest, I should say. It is mere speculation, of course, but I should think the burglar has a full week's work before him."

"Good. Then let us see, in the first place, whether we can fix any probable time for the final attack. Is the bank particularly rich just now?"

"On the contrary, just now the cash in hand is lower than usual. But next Monday is quarter-day, and for some days after that we shall have an exceptionally large amount in hand, as a number of rents and other accounts are paid in about that time."

"Then if, as we may assume, our underground friend knows his business, he will endeavour to get in about a week hence. By the way, who is your neighbour on that side?"

"A French gentleman, the Count de la Roche. But, good heavens! the Count can't have anything to do with it. Why, he has five hundred pounds in the bank at this moment."

"That sounds respectable, but it is not conclusive. I am glad to hear it, though, for in that case we are pretty sure to have warning of the attack. When the Count draws out his five hundred pounds we may reckon that he has got pretty nearly through the wall."

"I don't quite follow your logic."

"It is clear enough. It is not worth any man's while to steal his own money; and if he made the attempt, and failed, he might have trouble in getting it afterwards. *Ergo*, if the Count is the culprit, he will draw it out just before the attempt is made."

"But why should he have deposited it at all?"

"Doubtless, to disarm suspicion. But we need not take it for granted that the Count is the man. It may be some other inmate of his household. What sort of a man is the Count?"

"A thorough Frenchman, dark, short, and stout, with a pinched-in waist, and small hands and feet. Very polite and complimentary. Smokes a very expensive brand of cigars, which are got down from London on purpose for him. Dresses smartly, and is never without a flower in his button-hole."

"How long has he been here?"

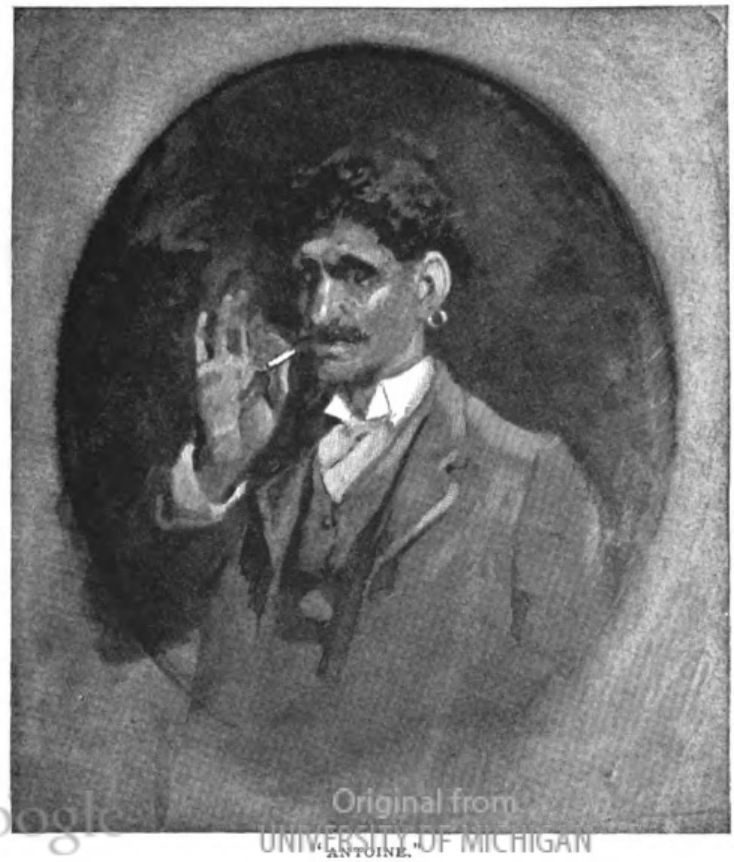
"About three months, as near as I can recollect. Yes, he opened his account with us on the first of October, and he had then been in the town some three or four days. He told me that he desired to open a drawing account as a temporary accommodation, and that he should always keep a good balance. Under such circumstances I accepted him without hesitation."

"And what family has he?"

"His household consists of his wife, a good-looking, rather over-dressed woman, who speaks no English, and a foreign servant, called Antoine. An old woman belonging to the town assists in the housework, but she does not sleep in the house. Antoine is cook, butler, and general factotum."

"What is Antoine like?"

"I should take him to be a native of the South of France. He is very dark, with crisp black hair, coming low down over his forehead, and thick red ears, with gold rings



ANTOINE.

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in them. Smells of garlic, and smokes cigarettes all day long."

"A very good fancy portrait of a French *forçat*. But one can't go much by description. We shall know Antoine better by-and-by, no doubt. In the meantime, the first thing to do is to make sure that nobody effects an entry without our knowledge."

"How do you propose to prevent it?"

"That is an easy matter. I shall rig up an electric alarm across the piece of wall they are working on. The plant provided for our bell-hanging arrangements will be just the thing. If you will lend me a hand, I will have it fixed in no time."

We set to work accordingly. Our first task was to fix two bells, one in my private office and the other in my bedroom, and to carry wires from them to the strong room. So far, we were able to work at our ease, and to converse when necessary. Now, however, we had to deal with the very wall behind which the concealed workman was engaged in his felonious task. Still, with unfailing regularity, came, first, the tap, tap of the mallet, then the scrunch of the chisel, and the fall of the displaced material. As we could hear him so plainly, it was conceivable that he might hear us also, and we therefore had to work in absolute silence. I held the candle while Macpherson attached with sealing-wax a number of silk threads, crossing the wall in various directions, and connected in some way, which I was not electrician enough to appreciate, with the wires of the bells.

After half an hour of this work, Macpherson gave me a nod of satisfaction, indicating that all was complete; and we returned to the office above.



"I STOLE DOWNSTAIRS."

"Thank goodness, that's over!" I said. "Now, will you kindly explain how it works? I thought silk was a non-conductor."

"So it is," he replied. "The principle is just this. No part of that wall can be displaced without making a pull upon one or other of those threads. The moment that happens, the circuit is completed mechanically and the bell rings. It's not easy to explain, save on the spot, but I'll guarantee that it works all right. By Jove, it is half-past twelve. I'll have just one more glass of the Madeira, and then to bed, to think out my plan for catching the thieves."

We retired to rest, but I for my part could not sleep. At half-past two I got up, and partially dressing myself, stole downstairs and paid a visit of inspection to the strong room. All was quiet, the midnight excavator having apparently suspended his labours for the night. Thus satisfied that there was no immediate danger, I returned to my bed, and slept soundly till daylight.

Macpherson met me at the breakfast table with a triumphant air. "My plan is complete," he said. "Electricity will tell us when our thieves break through the wall, and chemistry shall capture them for us. Did you ever hear of the *Grotta del Cane?*"

"The name sounds familiar. Somewhere in Italy, isn't it?"

"The *Grotta del Cane* is a cavern near Naples, the soil of which generates carbon dioxide, commonly called carbonic acid gas. This gas, being heavier than air, does not disperse, but lies at the bottom of the cave, to a depth of a couple of feet or so. If you send a dog into the cavern he becomes

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asphyxiated. A man can walk about upright without danger, but if he were to kneel down or stoop below the level of the gas, he would be asphyxiated in like manner."

"Very interesting from a scientific point of view. But I don't see the connection with thief-catching."

"Just this; I propose to turn your strong room into an artificial *Grotta del Cane*."

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure. And suffocate our chief cashier, or myself, the first time we go into the room!"

"Not at all. The gas will not be generated till the thieves are actually in the strong room. To operate upon the safes, they must of necessity work at a low level. The gas will rise by degrees, as the bottom of the cellar fills. Their only warning will be a slight difficulty in breathing, which (if they notice it) they will put down to the closeness of the vault. A little later they will find they can't breathe at all; but by that time it will be too late, and they will fall insensible."

"Good heavens! you would not kill them?"

"No; my intentions are not quite so bloodthirsty as that. We shall lug them out, and bring them to life again by one or other of the artificial respiration processes. First, however, we shall call in a policeman or two to look after them during convalescence."

"And where is the gas to come from?"

"That's very plain sailing; I shall generate it when wanted, *pro re natâ*, as we doctors say. In the first place, I shall cover the floor of the strong room, to a depth of two or three inches, with a mixture of sawdust and ordinary washing soda, which is a coarse form of sodium bicarbonate. I suppose you can get me half a hundredweight without any difficulty?"

"I daresay I could, but it is a queer order for a bachelor to give. My oilman will think I am going to do my own washing."

"Never mind what your oilman thinks! Then I shall want half a gallon or so of rough sulphuric acid, commonly known as oil of vitriol. Lastly, an empty beer or wine cask to hold the diluted acid, and a few yards of soft metal tubing, such as gasfitters use. This tubing, first punctured freely with holes, will be embedded in the soda and connected with the barrel. At the right moment we turn on the diluted acid, and the strong room will be half full of carbonic acid gas in ten minutes."

"But if you mix an acid and an alkali, won't there be a warning fizz?"

"Very little. The sound you hear on mixing a seidlitz powder is mainly caused by the small area within which the effervescence is confined. In an open space, like the floor of a cellar, it will be barely perceptible, and I shall further diminish it by sifting fine earth all over the soda, which will make all look ship-shape, while it won't interfere in the least with the chemical process. The sawdust mixed with the soda is to prevent the gas being generated too rapidly."

"You seem to have worked out your scheme pretty minutely."

"I have, to the smallest detail. I laid awake half the night thinking it out. The only risky element will be getting the rascal (or rascals) out of the strong room afterwards. Carbon dioxide is no respecter of persons, and will knock us over as readily as a bank burglar. However, by using due caution, and holding our breaths while we have to stoop, we may venture in far enough to slip a cord round the body of each fellow, and then we can drag him out from a safe distance."

I was carried away by Macpherson's enthusiasm, and after a little further conversation I agreed, though somewhat against my better judgment, to let him try his plan. He set to work at once, and before midnight of the same day his arrangements were completed. The sulphuric acid, diluted with water to four gallons, and contained in an old wine cask, was placed in a cupboard in my private office. The tap communicated with an indiarubber tube, and this with sundry lengths of composition pipe, perforated at intervals, which were lying, embedded in soda and sawdust, on the floor of the strong room. Above this was sprinkled a layer of fine earth, restoring the floor to its ordinary cellar-like appearance. The mysterious knocking was resumed from eight o'clock till 1 a.m., but the operator did not seem to make any perceptible advance.

II.

Six days passed without any change of the situation, save that the sound of the excavations in the cellar became daily more audible, showing that the intervening wall was growing thinner. By careful observation of the sound we satisfied ourselves that the concealed operator was working at a space of wall some two feet square, probably intending, when this was sufficiently reduced in substance, forcibly to break away the thin remaining partition.

On the seventh day, however, I had a visit from the Count. He had that morning

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received a letter from his son, a Captain in a crack French regiment. *Ce cher Alphonse* had been playing baccarat, it seemed, and to meet his losses the Count was compelled to withdraw for the moment the whole of his balance in the hands of the bank, though it would be replaced a few days later by remittances from other sources.

I instructed a clerk to see how the Count's account stood, and the balance having been ascertained, he drew a cheque for the amount and departed with the money. "The plot thickens," said Macpherson, when I told him of the visit. "The *grand coup* is in all probability for to-night."



"HE DREW A CHEQUE FOR THE AMOUNT."

We watched accordingly. So soon as we had dined, we took up our position in my office. Our first proceeding was to cover up the bull's-eyes in the floor, that no light might shine through to the vault beneath. Macpherson next muffled the clapper of the electric alarm, so that it should give no sound beyond a faint tapping, sufficient to call our own attention, but not loud enough to be heard beyond the room in which we were. We wore felt slippers, that our footsteps might be noiseless. I had brewed a supply of strong coffee, to help to keep us wakeful, and on the table lay a couple of revolvers, and some lengths of sash-line wherewith to bind our expected captives. O'Grady was told to hold himself in readiness to come down to us instantly on receiving an agreed signal.

These preparations made, we sat down to beguile our vigil with a game of chess. At ordinary times we were very equally matched, but on this occasion Macpherson found me an easy victim. I could not keep my thoughts from wandering to the possible issues of the coming struggle. If all went well, I had but little to gain; whereas if—(an awful "if" that)—Macpherson's plan broke down, and the attempt at robbery succeeded, my career as a bank manager would be utterly blasted. At this moment I must own I heartily regretted that I had allowed myself to be drawn into so Quixotic an enterprise, when I might have saved myself all anxiety by placing the matter in the hands of the proper guardians of the peace, or simply reporting it to the directors.

Macpherson, on the contrary, appeared to be troubled by no misgivings, and played even better than usual.

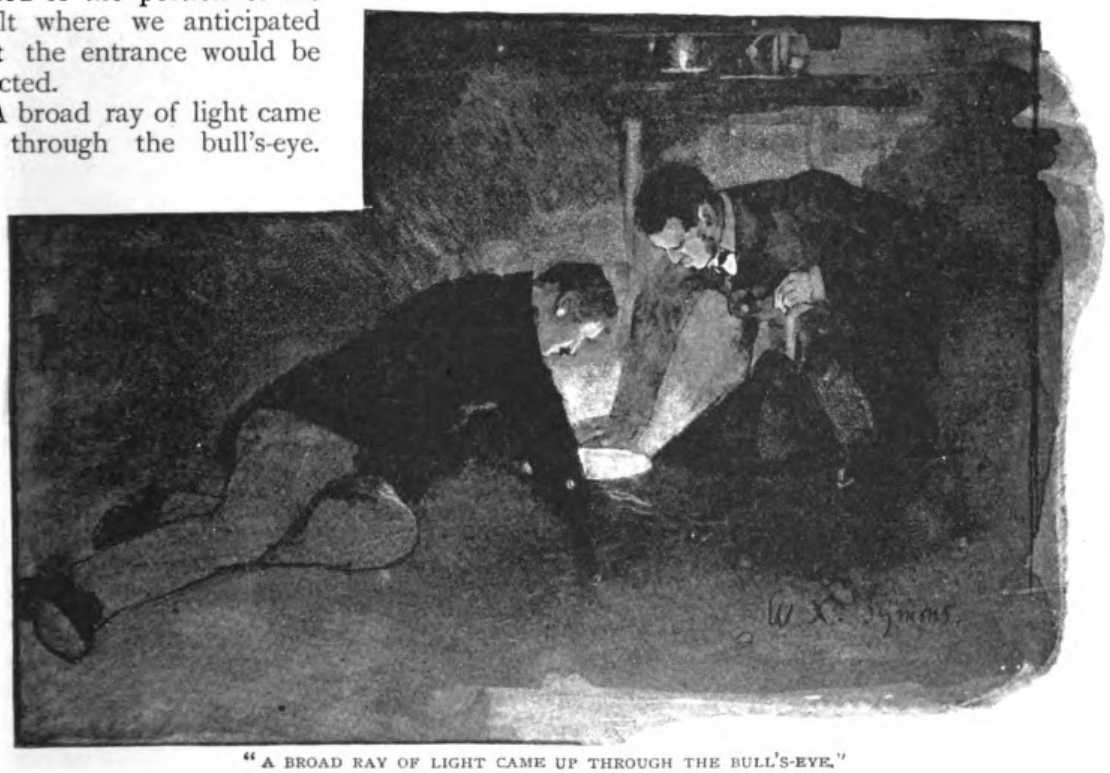
"Fail!" he said, when I suggested the possibility of such an event—"we *can't* fail: any more than I can fail to win this game, which I undertake to do in four moves. Check!" I made the best fight I could, but in four moves I was checkmated.

I was nettled at my defeat, and determined that he should not again win so easy a victory. With a strong effort of will, I concentrated my whole attention on the game, and thenceforth played as coolly as though the hidden enemy were a hundred miles away. We played on with varying fortune till about eleven, when the faint

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"ting" of the electric alarm, followed by a heavy thud in the vault beneath, warned us that the burglars had made good their entrance. With a meaning glance at me, Macpherson lighted a night-light, which stood carefully screened in one corner, and then extinguished the lamp, leaving the room in a dim twilight, just sufficient to enable us to move about. He then removed the cover from one of the bull's-eyes in the floor, from which a view could be obtained of the portion of the vault where we anticipated that the entrance would be effected.

A broad ray of light came up through the bull's-eye.



"A BROAD RAY OF LIGHT CAME UP THROUGH THE BULL'S-EYE."

Going on our knees we could see that an oblong slab, like the panel of a door, had been forced from the wall, and lay in fragments on the floor beneath. In the vault stood Antoine with his back towards us, while through the black opening left by the missing masonry some other person, whom we conjectured to be the Count, was handing crowbars, wedges, and other burglarious-looking implements. When all were handed in, the person on the other side began to creep through the opening, but to our astonishment it was not the plump figure of the Count that appeared, but that of a much-younger and slighter man, with fair, close-cropped hair. We looked at each other in perplexity. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me. "Madame, without her wig!" I whispered.

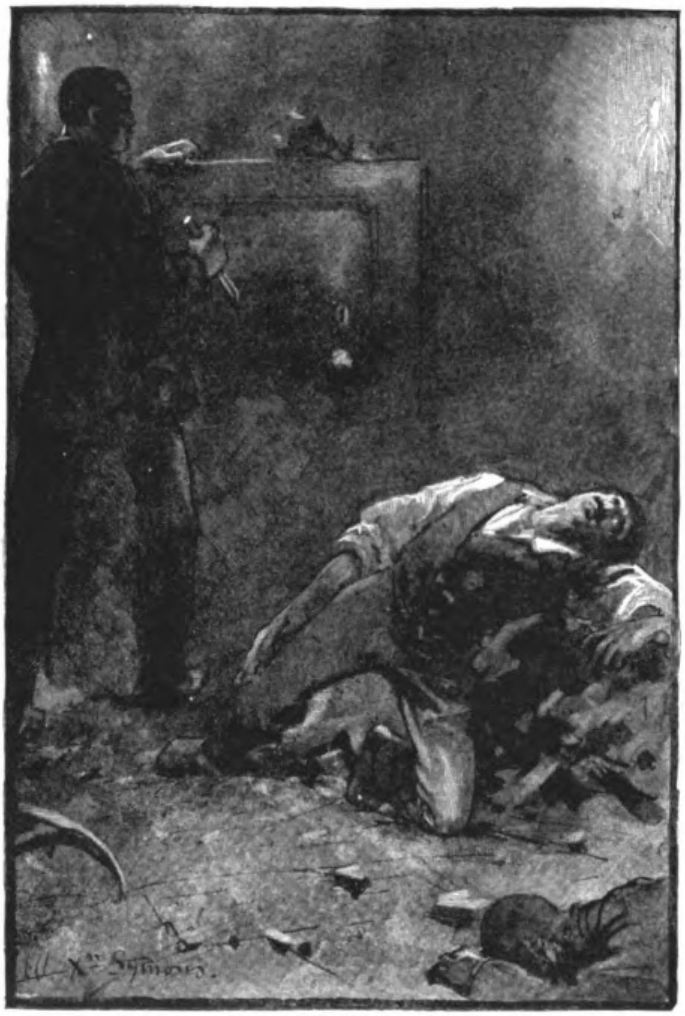
Again a head appeared at the opening, and, aided by his friends, the Count scrambled through, though with difficulty, for his broad shoulders all but stuck in the narrow opening. The burglars now proceeded, by some method which was not quite clear to me, to fix sconces, holding lighted candles, to various parts of the wall. They made a rapid examination of the two safes, and then, without further loss of time, the Count and Antoine set to work on the door of the larger, while the third man began like operations on the smaller.

So soon as they were fairly at work, Macpherson crossed the room to the barrel containing the diluted sulphuric acid, and turned on the tap, after which he returned to his post of observation by my side. "Keep your eye on that fellow working at the bottom of the smaller safe. He is nearer the floor. The gas will reach him before it touches either of the other two." I watched, scarcely venturing to breathe, such was the intensity of my excitement. Some ten or twelve minutes passed, and I began to fear Macpherson's plan was a failure, when the man he had indicated dropped the tool he was using; and after swaying from side to side for a moment, fell forward on his face insensible. His fall did not for the moment attract the attention of his comrades, busy as they were in their own share of the work. Presently, however, as the atmosphere became more and more vitiated, the candle lowest in

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position began to burn less brightly, and at last the failure of light became so marked that the "Count," who was working at the upper part of the larger safe, turned round and looked at the candles with a puzzled air; finally snuffing them with his fingers, as if hoping to cure the defect in that way.

Finding that his expedient had not the desired effect, he turned round again, apparently to consult with his colleagues. Meanwhile, however, the noxious gas had reached the level at which Antoine was working, and with a brief convulsive fight for breath, he threw up his arms, and fell senseless like the first victim. Never have I seen such an expression of terror as came over the face of the so-called Count, as he gazed on the fallen bodies of his accomplices. Already alarmed by the burning blue of the candles, it seemed to him no doubt that his companions had been struck down by some supernatural power. Panic-stricken, he made a rush for the hole in the wall, but it was too late. In the midst of his struggles to escape, the deadly gas overtook him, and he too fell back insensible.



"HE FELL SENSELESS."

"Not a bad night's work," said Macpherson, aloud, as he rose from his knees and proceeded to stop the flow of the acid. "Now we will ring for O'Grady, and then we must make all haste to lug these fellows out of that room. I did not bargain for three of them, and every minute the gas becomes more deadly. Remember what I told you. Venture in only just far enough to get a rope round your man, and hold your breath while you stoop to do it."

At this moment O'Grady appeared, looking a little bewildered, for we had not told him why his presence would be required.

"O'Grady," I said, "burglars have broken into the strong room, and I want you to fetch the police."

"Bur-r-r-glars, is it?" replied O'Grady, peeping down through one of the bull's-eyes. One or two of the candles happened to have been fixed above the level which the gas had reached, and these still burned brightly, though the rest had long since gone out.

"Ghost of Moses! but they're all dead cor-r-r-rpses!"

"Not yet," said Macpherson, "but they soon will be, unless we get them out pretty quickly."

"But how the blazes did ye kill them? Oh, sure, it's some of them ilictric divilments of Mister Macpherson's."

"Never mind that now, man; hurry for the police, and you shall know all about it afterwards."

Fortunately the police-station was only just over the way. O'Grady started, leaving the door open behind him, and in a few minutes was back again, with a sergeant and two constables. Meanwhile, Macpherson and myself had opened the strong room, and with some difficulty had succeeded in getting out the man nearest the door, who happened to be Antoine.

"Shall we tie his hands?" I inquired.

"Never mind that now," replied Macpher-

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son. "He's safe enough for the time; and meanwhile the gas is spreading. Give me the rope again, and stand ready to pull."

I handed him the rope, in which we had made a loop about three feet in length. Carefully holding his breath he slipped this over the body of the next man (the sham Countess de la Roche), and by hauling on the cord we managed to pull him through the doorway.

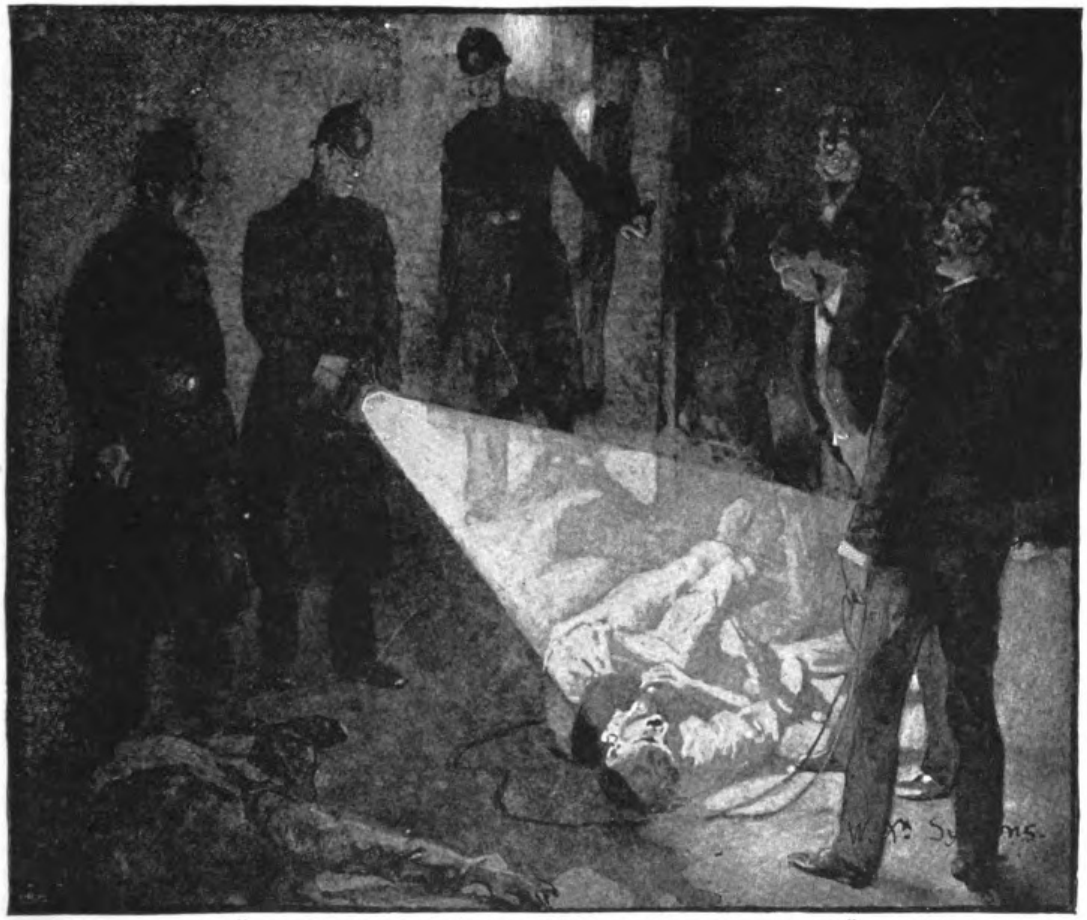
What O'Grady had told the sergeant I cannot say, but the puzzled look on his face, as he flashed his bull's-eye on the forms of the two men lying in the passage-way outside the strong room, was most comical.

"What's this, gentlemen—murder?" he inquired, looking from me to Macpherson as if uncertain which of us to "run in."

"Only burglary, at present, Mr. Jackson," I replied; "and there are two of the burglars for you. The other is still in the strong room, and we shall be glad of your help to get him out."

"That's soon done," said the officer, preparing to enter.

"Stop a bit," interrupted Macpherson; "it's not quite so easy as it looks. That room is filled breast-high with a poisonous gas, which has knocked over those fellows as you see them. In the upper part of the room, where those candles are burning, the air is pure enough, but below that level it is suffocating. Our best plan will be to walk in and stand three on each side of that fellow. I will call 'one, two, three!' at the word 'two,' each must dip down and lay hold of him, and at 'three' lift him up and carry him out, but don't breathe while you are stooping, or you will be knocked over as he is. Come along, O'Grady," for O'Grady, though plucky enough in a general way, had begun to back towards the stairs, with every appearance of terror.



"HE FLASHED HIS BULL'S-EYE ON THE FORMS OF THE TWO MEN."

"Is it in there, along with thim ilictric divils? Bedad, I'll lave that to my betthers. The climate's too onwholesome for the likes o' Tim O'Grady."

There was no time to argue the point. The remainder of the party marched into the strong room, and following the directions of Macpherson, we succeeded in getting out the remaining burglar.

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"Why, good gracious," exclaimed the superintendent, "it's the Count!"

"Yes," I said, "the Count, and Antoine, and Madame; all three of them."

"It's a big haul," said the sergeant, "and such blackguards deserve all they get. But I'm afraid you gentlemen will get into trouble for killing them."

"No fear of that," said Macpherson. "Just get them across to the lock-up, and I'll come and bring them to life again. Will you come over and see the fun, Armstrong? It won't take more than half an hour or so."

"Thanks, old fellow, but not with that hole in the wall. I think I had better remain on the bank premises."

"And I'll send a couple of men to look after the house next door," said the sergeant.

The three insensible men were removed on stretchers: a grim procession. Macpherson followed them to the police-station, but instead of the anticipated half-hour, it was more than three hours before he returned, and he looked completely exhausted. "I have had an awful fright," he said. "The other blackguards came round in twenty minutes or so; but the young one, the sham madame, I really thought he was done for. He had a longer dose of the gas than the other two, and it was just touch and go with him. All's well that ends well, and it's been an extremely interesting experiment from a scientific point of view, but I really think, the next time I want to capture a burglar, I shall drop science and call in the police to collar him."

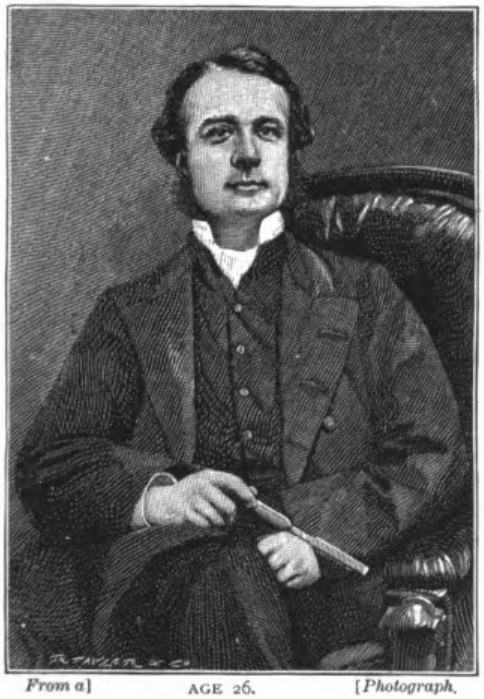
Which is decidedly my own intention.

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THE LORD BISHOP OF MARLBOROUGH.

BORN 1832.

THE RIGHT REV. ALFRED EARLE, D.D., was educated at Oxford, and ordained deacon at twenty-six, at which age he is represented in our first portrait.



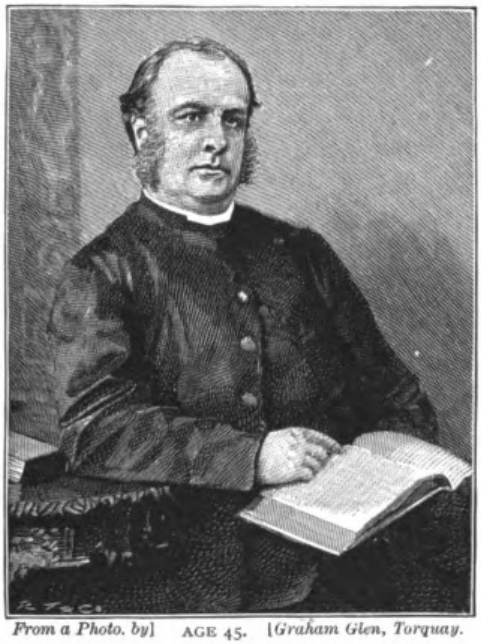
From a] AGE 26. *[Photograph.*

For some time he held the appointment of Vicar of Marlborough, whence he was transferred to West Alvington, in the diocese of



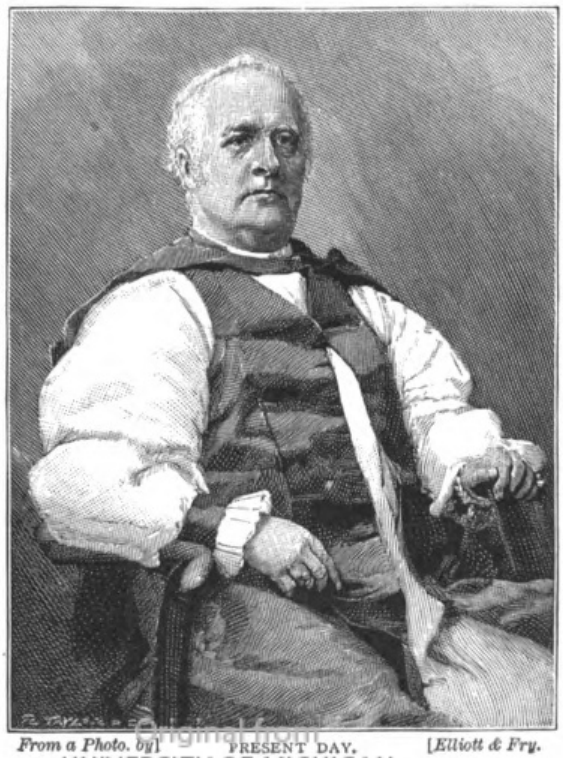
From a] AGE 38. *[Photograph.*

Exeter. At the age of thirty-three he was made Canon and Prebendary of Exeter, and



From a Photo. by] AGE 45. *[Graham Glen, Torquay.*

at forty received the appointment of Archdeacon of Totnes. A few months ago he was created Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and Bishop Suffragan of London, under the title of Bishop of Marlborough.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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From a Photo. by] AGE 20. *[Briggs, Baker St.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 55. *[H. le Lieure, Rome.*

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE.

BORN 1822.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE, daughter of Mr. Charles Cobbe, of Newbridge House, Co. Dublin, D.L., J.P. (who fought at Assaye as lieutenant in the 19th Light Dragoons), was born December 4th, 1822, and educated at Brighton. She has been a frequent contributor to the periodicals of the day, and is the author of a great number of works on the Rights and Higher Education of Women, and more than a hundred pamphlets and leaflets on the vivisection question. Miss Cobbe resided for some years in Bristol with the late Mary Carpenter, for the purpose of working at her reformatory and ragged schools; and subsequently interested herself in plans for befriending young servants and for the relief of destitute incurables. After a residence in Italy she settled in London, and, besides her literary work, was engaged in promoting the movement for obtaining Parliamentary suffrage for women. In 1880–81 she twice delivered to audiences of ladies a course of lectures on the Duties of Women; these have been largely circulated in America, and also translated and published in Danish, Italian, and French. During the last fifteen years Miss Cobbe has been principally occupied in founding and directing as Hon. Sec. the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection, an association of which the late Lord Shaftesbury was President.



From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[Maull & Fox, London.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Bassano, Old Bond St.*

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From a] AGE 12. *[Miniature.*



AGE 35.
From a Photograph.

From a Photo. by] AGE 46. *[Mauli & Fox.*

PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

BORN 1823.

PRINCE WILLIAM AUGUSTUS EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR was born at Bushey Park, and is a Colonel in the 1st Regiment of Life Guards. In 1851, at the age of twenty-eight, he married, by a morganatic marriage, Lady Augusta Lennox, daughter of the fifth Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who, by a special



From a Drawing] AGE 23. *[by Bryant.*

decree of the Queen, bears the title in England of Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

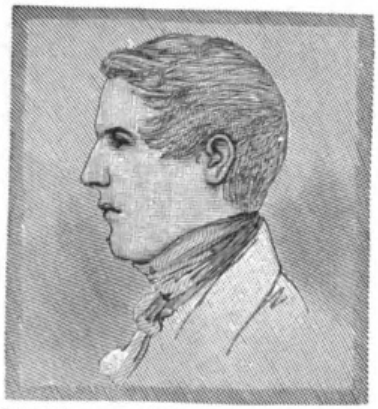


From a Photo. by] *[Chancellor, Dublin.*

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From a] AGE 4. *[Drawing.*



From a] AGE 20. *[Drawing.*

PROFESSOR MAX-MÜLLER.

BORN 1823.

PROFESSOR FREDERICH MAX-MÜLLER, one of the most eminent scholars and teachers of languages alive, is the son of the celebrated German poet, Wilhelm Müller, and was born and educated at Dessau. At twenty-three he came to England and took up his residence at Oxford, where he was appointed a Professor of Languages. His



AGE 14.
From a Painting.



AGE 34.
From a Photograph.

books, among the most popular of which is "Chips From a German Workshop," are written with a charm of style which few Englishmen could equal, and his influence, not only in England but abroad, especially India, has greatly helped the study of Oriental languages, and thrown much fresh light upon the origin of the religions and superstitions of mankind. Our last portrait shows him as a Member of the Institute of France (of which he is one of the eight foreign members) and wearing the insignia of the *Ordre pour le Mérite.* He is also one of the ten foreign members of the Reale Accademia dei Lincei of Rome, and has received the Order of the Northern Star of Sweden.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[W. Foreshaw, Oxford.*

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AGE 7.
From a Daguerreotype by Kennedy, Glasgow.

DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

BORN 1849.

MR. DAVID MURRAY was born at Glasgow, and was at first intended to follow a commercial career, and it was only on Saturdays, when he was free from business, that he could find time to follow



AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Alexander Brothers, Glasgow.

his inclinations in the study of art. His natural gift was, however, too powerful to be kept down by any pressure of unfavourable circumstances, and in 1882 his picture, "Glen Sannox," was one of the attractions of the Royal Academy, and gave promise of that happy rendering of Scotch scenery for which his name has since become so well known. Another of his pictures, "My Love Has Gone a-Sailing," was purchased for the



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[J. C. Cox, Dundee.*

nation under the Chantrey bequest; and in January, 1891, Mr. Murray was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and has exhibited more than a hundred water-colour sketches at the Fine Art Society.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

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From a AGE 19. [*Daguerreotype.*

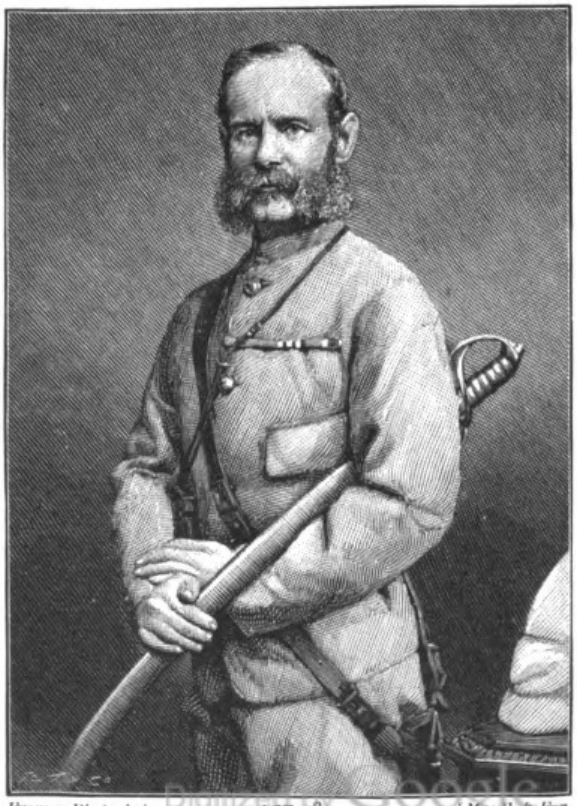
GENERAL LORD ROBERTS.

BORN 1832.

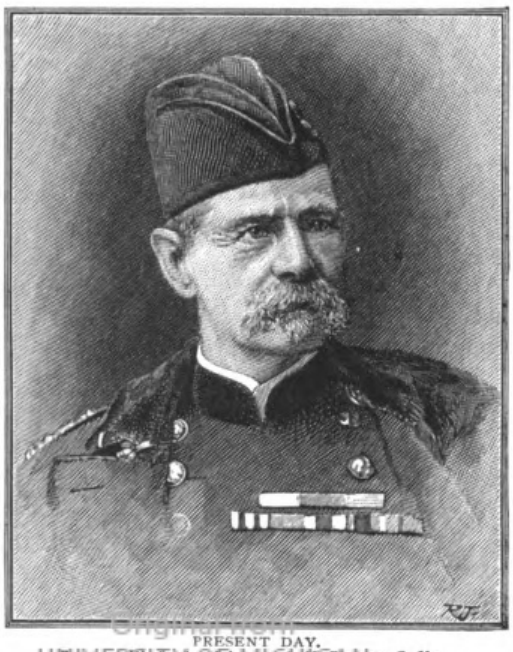
GENERAL LORD ROBERTS is the son of the late Sir Abraham Roberts, G.C.B., and received his first commission, as second lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery, at nineteen. He served with distinction through the Indian Mutiny, and received the Victoria Cross for personal bravery at twenty-six, for having rescued, single-handed, a standard from two Sepoys, after a desperate fight. He served through the Abyssinian and Afghan campaigns, in the latter of which he held the chief command, and after a series of brilliant victories inflicted a crushing defeat on Ayoob Khan. On his return to England in 1880, aged 48, he was loaded with honours, presented with the freedom of London, received the thanks of Parliament, and was created a Baronet. In 1885 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, and recently received the title of Baron Roberts of Candahar.



From a Photo. by] AGE 55. [*G. G. Brown, Bangalore.*
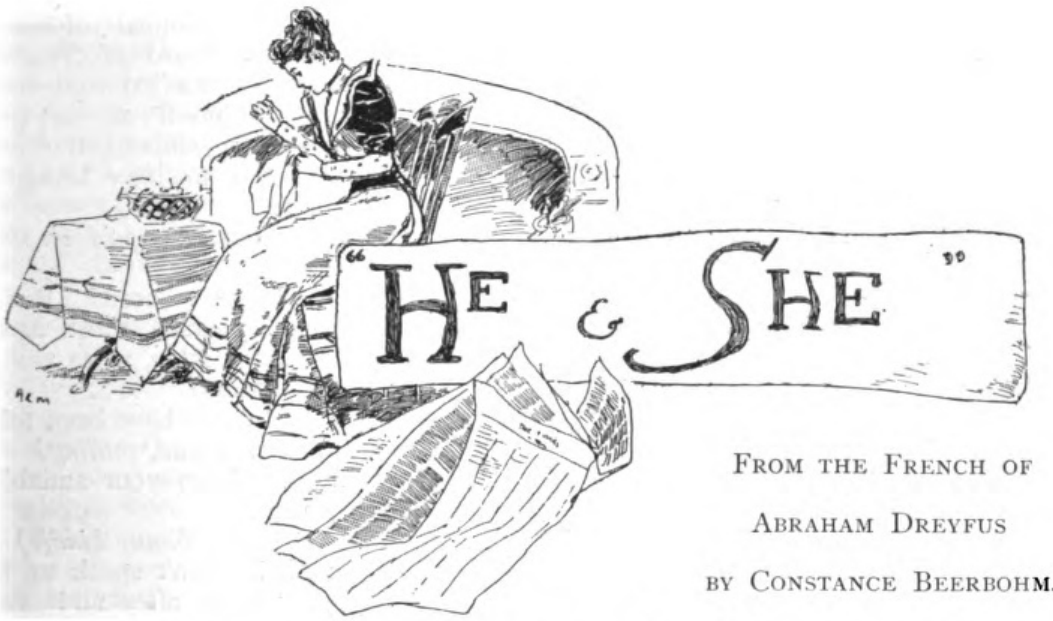


From a Photo. by] AGE 48. [*Maull & Fox*



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Johnston & Hoffmann, India.

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From the French of

Abraham Dreyfus

by Constance Beerbohm.

Characters: Mr. Moberly (Dick) and Mrs. Moberly (Fanny).

Scene: *A small drawing-room in a country house. Doors to the right and left. Two arm-chairs before the fire. Sofa to the left. A table, with brandy and soda-water bottles upon it, to the right. Clock on the mantelpiece.*

Explanation: *(The author does not give minute stage directions to* Mr. Moberly (Dick). *The interpreter of the character should indicate by look and gesture exactly what he means. Great care must be taken to show that it is not intended to play the part in dumb show, as was the case in "L'Enfant Prodigue." It should clearly be indicated that* Dick *would speak, if he were not prevented by* Fanny's *pouring forth a long torrent of angry words without sufficient pause for him to break in upon her.)**

Fanny *(alone: She sits by the fire holding in her hands a piece of lace work, at which she is stitching with evident impatience. After a minute she looks up at the clock):* Eleven o'clock. *(In a tone of suppressed irritation)* Eleven! *(Noise of footsteps without.)* At last! *(She goes on working.)*

*(*Dick *enters quickly, makes a movement to come forward and kiss his wife. She parries the kiss and goes on working without raising her eyes.* Dick *looks at her in surprise.* Fanny *rises with dignified anger.* Dick *makes a movement towards her.)*

Fanny: Let me pass, will you? (Dick *follows her with his eyes.* Fanny *goes to the door. Turns, speaking with solemnity):* All is now over between us! *(She rushes from the room.* Dick *tries to follow, but the door shuts in his face.)*

Dick *(alone: He is in consternation, and indicates by gesture that he cannot understand the reason of his wife's anger. Perhaps she may be joking! He listens at the keyhole. No sound is to be heard. Then, as if to prepare against a coming storm, he throws himself into an arm-chair and takes up the paper, which he unfolds and reads with an air of intending to be master of the situation.)*

Fanny *returns and confronts* Dick.

Fanny: So you think that we are to go on like this?

Dick *(surprised)*

Fanny: You think that after I have spent the whole evening waiting for you to come home, that I ought to be only too happy to sit down quietly and watch you read the newspaper?

Dick *(just going to rise)*

Fanny: Oh! Pray don't rise! I should be sorry to disturb you! I quite understand that after being out the whole day long you are naturally tired and wish to rest.

Dick *(just going to speak)*

Fanny: I am only sorry I have waited for you. Had I known you were not coming home till midnight——

Dick *(looks at the clock)*

*The part was played in Paris by Monsieur Coquelin with immense success.

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"HE LISTENS AT THE KEYHOLE."

FANNY: I beg pardon, that clock is at least an hour too slow.

DICK *(looks at his watch)*

FANNY: But that doesn't matter to you. What do *you* care about the time? Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, it's all the same so long as you are enjoying yourself!

DICK *(on the point of protesting)*

FANNY: It greatly amused you, I daresay, to keep me waiting for you all this long time, and to make me miserable on my birthday. For this *is* my birthday, though you had forgotten it!

DICK *(protests)*

FANNY: But you do not deceive me!

DICK *(smiles)*

FANNY: Yes! Smile! Though it scarcely becomes you!

DICK *(his smile broadens)*

FANNY: You know that you met Miss Verney at the station when the London train came in.

DICK *(amazed)*

FANNY: I feel sure of it. No! Don't make matters worse by denying it. And you drove back in the cart with her and dined at "The Hollies" with her people. Horrid, designing girl! I know her too well!

DICK *(expostulates)*

FANNY *(cutting him short)*: Oh! I know what you were on the point of telling me! That you had been up to London, for the annual dinner of the members of the Board of Trade. And all the members married and venerable. The president himself an octogenarian. Had it only been allowed, the members would have liked to have brought their wives with them.

DICK *(half amused, again on the point of speaking)*

FANNY: You were bored? But I daresay you made yourself most agreeable! You can be so agreeable, when you like!

DICK *(disclaiming)*

FANNY: At least, I have been told so.

DICK *(shakes his head, smiling)*

FANNY: You keep your amiability for others than me.

DICK *(approaches Fanny kindly)*

FANNY: No! Don't speak to me! I am only your wife, after all! And not altogether plain enough, I suppose, to please you.

DICK——

FANNY: To please you, one must be pale, thin, hideously dressed. After having once seen Flora Verney, it is easy enough to judge of your taste in women! It is evident you like a tailor-made gown, bought at a country linen-draper's!

DICK *(shakes his head)*

FANNY: And that girl actually dared, yes! *dared*, to call upon me yesterday!

DICK *(inclined to gentleness)*

FANNY: You do well to seem as if nothing were the matter! Yet wasn't Dr. Verney, Flora's own father, one of your kindest friends? Didn't he come three times a day to see you when you had the measles? And didn't Flora and I play together as children?

DICK——

FANNY: You can't be aware how everyone remarks upon your being seen so often at the Verneys' house — whilst I am here all alone, dull, miserable, fretting myself to death from morning until night. *(Up to this moment* FANNY *has not ceased to speak, pouring out her words without a single pause. But on the last words, "from morning until night," she stops to take breath.* DICK *concludes it is his turn to speak, and prepares.)*

DICK *(opens his mouth)*

FANNY *(continuing rapidly to prevent his speaking)*: If Dr. Verney likes to keep open house, he is very willing. Everybody is master of his own.

DICK *(sinks back discouraged in his attempt)*

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FANNY: It is a strange thing, when one comes to think of it, that you should find so much to admire in the mind and manners of the daughter of a dancing mistress!

DICK *(surprised)*

FANNY: You are surprised! Why, I remember well that mother told me Mrs. Verney really did teach dancing, until she met the Doctor, and he proposed to her. *(Bites her lip as if aware of having told a fib, and then continues boldly)*: Yes, she was a wonderful teacher of the gavotte, the minuet, the waltz——

DICK *(looks incredulous)*

FANNY: You don't believe me? No! Such a thought would quite disturb your peace of mind and destroy your great ideal!

DICK *(irritated)*

FANNY: I beg many pardons. In future I will say no word excepting in praise of Flora. Everything she does shall be as perfect in my eyes as in yours. She may steal my husband's heart; she may tear a father away from his only child; she may bring ruin and despair upon this home, once so happy. I will not complain, I will say nothing. I will try to look upon it as thoroughly right, thoroughly natural.

DICK——

FANNY: Is not this enough for you? Or must I throw myself at the feet of Flora Verney, and tell her I admire her conduct above all things?

(FANNY *stops, and this time* DICK *would not find it difficult to answer, but merely shrugs his shoulders, as if at the end of his tether.)*

FANNY: Virtuous indignation well becomes you, since you haven't a word to say for yourself!

*(*DICK *turns round and tries to speak;* FANNY *breaks in.)*

FANNY: Not a word! Not a word!! Not a single word!!!

DICK *(coming nearer to her)*

FANNY: Do you mean to use personal violence? Ah! That is right! Quite right! I won't prevent you!

(This time DICK, *beside himself, as if to put an end to such nonsense, makes for the door.)*

FANNY: Ah! You haven't the courage! You are afraid I shall ring up the maids for help.

DICK *(coming back)*

FANNY: But you are wrong; I should be ashamed to make a scandal, and show you in your true light to our own servants.

(DICK *now decides not to answer.)*

FANNY *(repeating)*: To show you in your true light to our own servants.

(DICK *glances at her coldly and then provokingly down at the carpet.)*

FANNY *(furious)*: Do you hear what I say?

(He pretends not to hear, and taking up the newspaper again, settles himself comfortably in his chair.)

FANNY: Oh, you refuse to answer me! You read your paper. An easy way of shirking unpleasant truths. *(She approaches him.)* Some men would have the heart to speak, seeing a woman—a wife—sad, driven wretched, almost in despair—would try to reason with her by a friendly gesture, a gentle word, a look of kindness. Is it so hard to show a little pity for the woman who loves you?



"YOU READ YOUR PAPER."

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(DICK, *somewhat moved, lets his paper fall. Before he can speak, she continues.)*

FANNY: And, after all, what do I ask you? Only to tell me, in a few words, where you have been since the morning?

DICK——

FANNY: Yes. And to admit that it is a *little* mistake to come home at midnight!

DICK *(on the point of replying)*

FANNY *(interrupts)*: At midnight! Although the London train does come in at 6.30.

DICK *(the same)*

FANNY: You looked out that train, yourself, yesterday.

DICK——

FANNY: And, of course, I was surprised——

DICK——

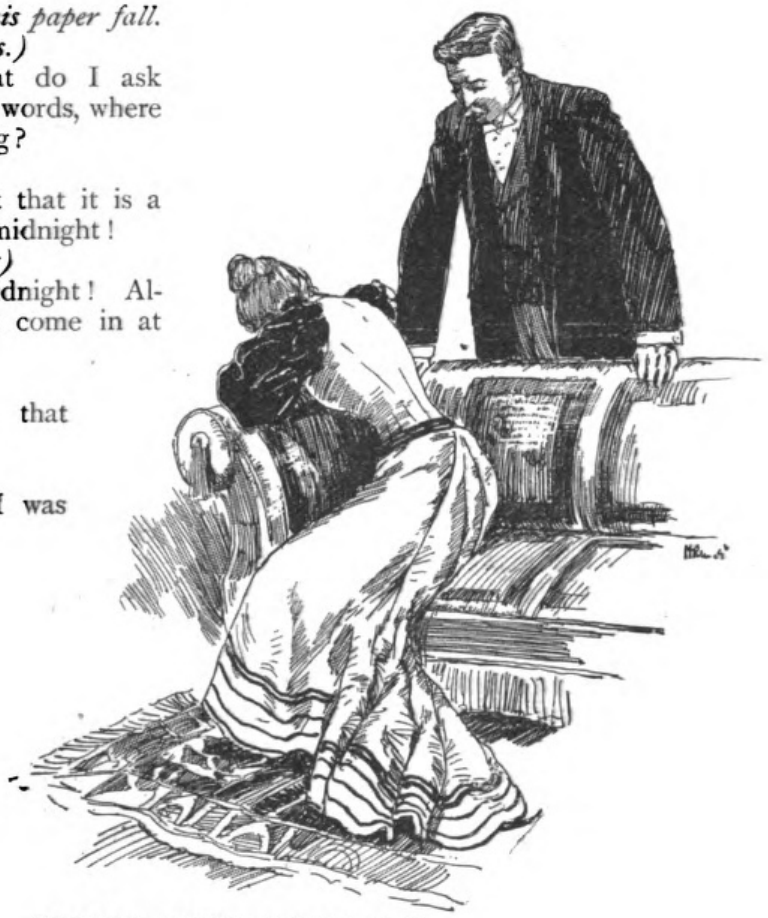
FANNY: And worried!

DICK——

FANNY: I ask you——

DICK *(tries once more to speak)*

FANNY *(preventing him)*: And you *won't* give me an answer. *(Bursts into tears and throws herself upon the sofa.* DICK *looks pityingly at her.)*



"SHE THREW HERSELF UPON THE SOFA."

FANNY *(sobbing)*: Oh! Mother! Mother! Had you known my heart was to break! (DICK *beside himself.)* And this is only the beginning of my misery. *(Dick puts his hand on her shoulder. She repulses him.)*

FANNY: Leave me! I don't wish for your false pity! Your hypocrisy! You wished to make me cry! You have your wish. What more can you want?

(DICK *now feels this is too much. His attitude changes; he loses patience and walks to the other end of the room.)*

FANNY: Oh, I know I'm perfectly absurd. Crying is the proper thing for me, and I ought to begin by accustoming myself to it. How many women have wretched lives and are neglected by their husbands? But one can't break up every home! And everyone so believed in you. Excepting poor dear old Aunt Rose, who saw more clearly.

(DICK, *standing near the mantelpiece with his back to the audience, turns inquiringly at the last words.)*

FANNY: Yes. In spite of her seventy-nine years, she was able to look into the future, and said: "Fanny, darling, take care! That man is not all he seems——"

DICK *(impatient)*

FANNY *(continuing)*: "But a good-for-nothing, who will make your young life a burden to you."

(DICK *now gives signs of increasing anger, and at the word "burden" snaps a wooden paper-knife in two which he has been toying with.)*

FANNY: That is your way of answering me!

(DICK *breaks away, enraged; but mastering himself, goes to side-table, and pours out a glass of soda-water, which he slowly drinks.)*

FANNY: I must beg you not to drink brandies and sodas in my drawing-room! Only yesterday you let some drops fall upon the pink brocade sofa-cushion, my favourite wedding present.

(DICK *gives a look of polite regret, and then pours himself out another glass, this time with brandy.)*

FANNY: There isn't anything you wouldn't do to grieve me. You knew that cushion had been given to me by mother. And you choose *(sobbing)* to make me wretched to-day, on the very day of all others—my birthday!

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(DICK *looks at her with compassion, and is going to reply.)*

FANNY: Ah! Don't make matters worse by denying it! Don't tell a falsehood! Don't tell a lie!

(DICK *looks at his audience, as if to make it witness. Then turns smiling to his wife.)*

FANNY: Well! What is it? Why won't you speak?

(DICK *still silent, takes out of his pocket a velvet case, which he gives to his wife.)*

FANNY *(looks at it, and reads the inscription):* "To Fanny, on her twenty-second birthday. From her devoted husband." And you went up to London to get this for me, and were kept until the last train? Only for that! *(With a sudden revulsion.)* Oh, Dick! how good of you! Oh, Dick! I do love you, Dick! *(Throws her arms round his neck.)*



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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

VII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

PARTIES AND PLACES.

THE sub-division of parties arising out of the adoption of Home Rule as a principal plank in Mr. Gladstone's platform has worked a curious and notable effect upon conditions of debate in the House of Commons. Time was when the House was divided between two political parties, one calling themselves Whigs or Liberals, the other Tories or Conservatives. When a member took part in debate he faced the foe, having the satisfaction of being surrounded and sustained by the company of friends. Now a member rising on either side does not precisely know where he is. The whole assembly is so inextricably mixed up that whichever way one turns he is certain to find unfriendly faces. The position of affairs is akin to that of a close melée on the battle-field. A battery in excellent position is afraid to fire lest in aiming at the enemy it may slay friends.

The new departure was marked on the birth of the Parliament of 1880, and it was, as usual, the Irish who took it. Through the Parliament of 1874, the Irish members, forming in accordance with their habit and customs part of the regular Opposition, sat together below the gangway, at the Speaker's left hand. When Lord Beaconsfield was routed at the polls, and Mr. Gladstone took his place on the Treasury Bench, the Opposition in the House of Commons crossed over to the Ministerial side. But the Irish members resolved to remain where they were. A change of Ministry, more or less, was nothing to them.

Tros Tyrinsoe mihi nullo discrimine agetur. All Saxon Governments who refused to grant Home Rule to Ireland were their natural enemies, and they would remain with their back to the wall, their face to the foe.

This was a startling innovation on Parliamentary practice, made the more embarrassing by the circumstance that it brought the Irish members into close personal contact with a class that had been especially bitter in its animosity. Mr. Biggar, who, Imperial politics apart, was understood to be something in the pork and bacon line, sat on the same bench shoulder to shoulder with the son of a duke. Other members of the party similarly circumstanced at home more or less enjoyed analogous companionship. First, there was some doubt in the Conservative breast whether these things might be. Since Parliaments were, it had been the custom for the Opposition to cross over in a body on a change of Ministry, and question was raised whether the Irish members might vary the custom. The Speaker, privately consulted, declared he was powerless in the matter. A duly-returned member of the House of Commons may sit anywhere he pleases except on the Treasury Bench. Even the Front Opposition Bench, as some years later the House had occasion to learn, is not sacred to the use of ex-Ministers, although it is usually reserved for their convenience. It belongs by ancient



"SHOULDER TO SHOULDER."

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right to Privy Councillors, and any such may, if he pleases, take his seat there, even though he never served in the Ministry.

Thus when the late Mr. Beresford Hope was evicted by the Fourth Party from his corner seat below the gangway, he crossed over and found a resting-place on the Front Opposition Bench, retaining it till his death. The gentleman who is now Lord Cubitt, being a Privy Councillor, always asserted his right to address the House from the table.

The Irish members, remaining in their old quarters, got along through the Parliament of 1880 much better than was at the outset expected. The Fourth Party set up in business for themselves at the corner of the Front Bench below the gangway. On the two benches behind them the Irish members were massed, and Lord Randolph Churchill frequently found the contiguity convenient when he had occasion to consult Mr. Tim Healy or other of the allies of the Constitutional party, then making common cause against Mr. Gladstone's Government.

That arrangement was all very well in its way; was indeed not without logical justification. The Irish members were at the time in deadly opposition to the Government, and that they should sit on the Opposition side was convenient and desirable. It established and maintained the conditions that combatants should face each other. It is a different thing now, the localizing of parties being in a hopelessly intermixed state. The Irish members still keep their old places below the gangway on the Opposition side, but being there they find themselves split up into two sections. There are two kings in the Irish Brentford, and while Mr. Justin M'Carthy, leader of the larger section, sits with his friends on the third bench, Mr. John Redmond occupies the corner seat on the fourth bench. Nor does this division represent the full measure of variety. Mr. William Redmond has planted himself out in the very arcanum of Toryism, on a back bench behind ex-Ministers. There he sits, solitary among the gentlemen of England, none holding converse with him, and he, apparently, thoroughly enjoying isolation. From time to time the House is startled by hearing from this quarter explosive sentences, expressing sentiments foreign to those usually associated with Our Old Nobility, from whose citadel they fall upon the shocked ear.



MR. JOHN REDMOND.

The Labour Party is another new section developed in the modern House of Commons. They are exceedingly few in number, their political object is capable of narrow definition, and they, of all people, might be expected to sit together. But they, also, are divided. Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. John Burns rise from time to time to address the Speaker from a back bench below the gangway on the Opposition side, whilst Mr. Havelock Wilson and other accredited representatives of the working classes sit immediately opposite, on the Ministerial side. When any Minister or private member desires to address himself personally and directly to Labour questions, he is thus compelled to divide his attention between diverse sides of the House.

The position of the Dissentient Liberals is, perhaps, on the whole, most embarrassing, as being contrary to the traditions and convenient forms of the House. It is a little better in the present Parliament, since the Treasury Bench is free from the invasion to which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were subjected when they were tenants on the Front Opposition Bench. Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Heneage now sit with the rank-and-file of their party, not, as heretofore, mixed up with the Liberal leaders. But their quarters are selected on the Ministerial side. They sit surrounded by gentlemen from whom, on political grounds, they are separated by feelings of bitter animosity.

The effect of this state of things is, to a considerable extent, paralytic on debate. It affects both orator and audience. It is a habit strongly marked with Mr. Gladstone, and common in degree with other speakers, to turn and face



MR. WILLIAM REDMOND.

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supporters or Opposition according as the current passage in his argument may suggest. Now, as far as ordered lines of subdivision are concerned, there is neither Ministerial host nor Opposition. With a larger application of Mr. Bright's famous simile, it may be said that the House of Commons is like one of those hairy terriers of which it is difficult to distinguish between either extremity. Mr. Gladstone driving home an argument in favour of Home Rule, turning with eager face towards the benches opposite, finds himself preaching to the converted, being confronted by some eighty Irishmen, the very advance guard of his own party. Turning round with smiling face and palms outstretched for the sympathy and applause of the Liberal party, he meets the cold glance of Mr. Chamberlain's eye, and sees beyond that right hon. gentleman the buff waistcoat of Mr. Courtney.



CHILLING INFLUENCES.

These are chilling influences which tell even upon Mr. Gladstone, and are fatal to the success of less experienced debaters. The consequence of the existing state of things works even fuller effect upon the audience. It is responsible for the marked decline observable this Session of the practice of cheering. It will be seen from the slight sketch given of the localities of sections of party that it is now physically impossible to get up a bout of that cheering and counter-cheering which up to recent times was one of the most inspiring episodes in Parliamentary debate. That is possible only when the audience is massed in two clearly-defined sections. One cheers a phrase dropped by the member addressing the House; the other side swiftly responds; the cheer is fiercely taken up by the party who started it, echoed on the other side, and so the game goes forward. Now, as will be clearly seen, if the Conservative Opposition set up a cheer the Irish members sitting among them must remain silent, the Dissentient Liberals observing the same attitude when the Ministerialists break forth into applause. They take their turn when opportunity presents itself. But the whole thing is inextricably mixed up and loses its significance. Parliamentary cheering to be effective must be spontaneous, and, within the limits of party, unanimous. Hopelessly embarrassed by the situation, members are discontinuing the practice of cheering, thus withdrawing a wholesome stimulus from debate.

FATHERS AND SONS.

One of the minor consequences of the withdrawal of Mr. Henry Samuelson from Parliamentary life is that there simultaneously disappeared from the House of Commons an interesting and unique phenomenon. It is a common, and perhaps natural, thing that sons sharing Parliamentary honours with their fathers should feel themselves embarrassingly overwhelmed with the parental position and authority. The present House contains several examples which will instantly suggest themselves. An additional one was spared by the strategic movement of Mr. Hicks Gibbs. In the last Parliament that eminent merchant appropriately represented the City of London. At the last General Election one of his sons stood with fair chance of elec-



GIBBS AND SONS.

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tion by the St. Albans Division of Herts. Mr. Gibbs thereupon retired from Parliamentary life, transferring his safe seat for the City of London to his elder son, thus leaving two able young men to make their way in Parliamentary life, unembarrassed by the presence on the scene of the head of the firm.

SAMUELSON *père et fils.*

With Mr. Henry Samuelson and his respected father matters stood on a different footing. Mr. Bernhard Samuelson, member for Banbury in the Parliament of 1880, is a man of sterling ability, a Fellow of the Royal Society, an ironmaster at Middlesbrough, and (though no one would suspect it) a Knight of the Legion of Honour. As an authority on educational matters, Banbury always thought he took the cake. But he was nothing in the House of Commons when son Henry appeared on the scene. The Parliamentary relations of the two were in their way a realization of a phase of Mr. Anstey's immortal "Vice-Versâ." Possibly it would have been a difficult matter for anyone to impress Mr. Henry Samuelson with a sense of his own comparative smallness. Certainly his father never succeeded in the undertaking. What threatened to become an awkward situation was averted by an act of magnanimity on the part of Samuelson *fils*, for which perhaps the House, though it knew him, was not prepared. Reversing the movements in the Gibbs family, the son retired from the Parliamentary scene, leaving his father in undisturbed possession.

It was a noble act, but in this case virtue, with something less than ordinary unobtrusiveness, brought its own reward. The member for Banbury, relieved from the moral incubus of his son's superiority, speedily blossomed into a baronetcy, and the former member for Frome in his act of self-abnegation was, all unknowingly, preparing the way for his becoming the second Baronet of Bodicote Grange.

HERBERT GLADSTONE.

The most familiar and the supremest case known to the House of Commons of a son being overshadowed by the reputation and renown of a father is found in the case of the member for Leeds. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is a man of wide culture, rare knowledge of public affairs, shrewd judgment, tireless energy, and sound common-sense. Moreover, he is, as is better known in the country than in the House of Commons, an admirable and effective speaker. One of the most constant attendants on the business of the House, his name standing high in the derelict Buff Book for the number of divisions he has taken part in, he never, or hardly ever, speaks in the House of Commons.

His elder brother, when he sat in the House, occupied a precisely similar position. To him it was more natural, being of a gentle, retiring disposition, with no affinity for public life. He sat in the House of Commons for many years, but I do not remember hearing him speak. He had a curious way of entering by a doorway under the gallery and timidly making for a back seat. He habitually wore an apologetic air, as if he really begged you to excuse him going about as "Mr. Gladstone," an appellation shared in common with his father.

Herbert Gladstone is cast in another mould. He took to politics and the House of Commons with the same avidity as did William Pitt. But when Pitt entered the House his illustrious father had been dead two years. Fourteen years earlier he had quitted the Commons for the Lords, and only a few of the young member for Appleby's contemporaries were in a position to make comparisons between father and son. Herbert Gladstone is returned to the House his father still adorns, and in such circumstances has as much chance of shining there as the most reputable planet enjoys when the sun is at meridian. He long ago deliberately abandoned the approach to endeavour, and his energy, which is great, and his capacity, which is high, are devoted to the service of the party in the country.



"OVERSHADOWED."

Mr. Herbert Gladstone has, perhaps, too acute a sense of the proper feeling in his peculiar circumstances. Talking on this subject he once told me that whilst he can speak without any embarrassment

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on a public platform, he can never rise to address a meeting which numbers his father among the audience without faltering tongue and trembling knees. I remember something like ten years ago an interesting scene in which a crowded House took the kindliest interest. At that time Mr. Henry Northcote sat for Exeter, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone had at the General Election been elected for Leeds. Mr. Gladstone was Premier, and Sir Stafford Northcote sat on the Front Bench as Leader of the Opposition, daily striving with the Fourth Party, then in the plenitude of its young life. It was arranged that in some debate the two young scions of the opposing houses should in succession make their maiden speech. I forget what the occasion was, but well remember the crowded House, and on the two Front Benches, facing each other, the fathers, critical, kindly, and on the whole well pleased, each hastening to pay a compliment to the other's son.



MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

THE M'CARTHYS.

It is difficult to picture one of the gentle mood and instinctively retiring habits of Mr. Justin M'Carthy hampering anyone with a consciousness of his superiority. His modesty is even more conspicuous than his capacity, which seems an exaggerated form of speech. But undoubtedly the presence of the father, even so gentle a presence as this, operated in the direction of effacing the son. Huntley M'Carthy is a young man who might well have been expected to make a high position for himself in the House of Commons. Of good presence, with pleasant voice, a pretty turn of phrasing, a mind stored with learning, familiar with history and politics, touched with the tender light of poetry, he should have gone straight to the heart of the House of Commons. But he rarely spoke, and took an early opportunity of gracefully retiring from the scene.

MR. COLERIDGE.

Mr. Bernard Coleridge in this, at least, resembles Pitt, that he is not handicapped by the presence in the House of an illustrious father. Still like the younger Pitt, he has the further advantage of his father's disappearance from the scene at a period so remote that there are few of his contemporaries in the present House. It is doubtful, moreover, whether the member for the Attercliffe Division of Sheffield would have been embarrassed had his father still been sitting for Exeter. We must not be misled by the coincidence that he bears the same Christian name as the young gentleman who sat for Frome in the Parliament of 1874. If any movement of the kind then suggested by family devotion had been entered upon, it is not probable that Bernard Coleridge, like Bernhard Samuelson, would have retired from the scene, so that his father might have fuller scope. He is too deeply impressed with the debt he owes his country to permit natural modesty or family affection to draw him into taking a back seat. He is filled with that ambition which distinguished the acceptable youth who figures in *Le Nouveau Jeu*. "Soyons de notre époque," says Costard. "Je veux même être plus que le jeune homme d'aujourd'hui. Je veux être le jeune homme de demain, d'après-demain si possible." For Mr. Coleridge possibility looms larger even than this, nothing more than the middle of next week bounding his clear, steadfast vision.

MR. CONINGSBY DISRAELI.

Mr. Coningsby Disraeli is not handicapped in the Parliamentary race by overbearing connection with the fame of his father. That gentleman was not unknown at Westminster, he having through many years occupied a useful position in the legislative machinery, serving in wig and gown as one of the clerks at the table of the House of Lords. It was from that comparatively



MR. CONINGSBY DISRAELI.

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humble position he, on a February afternoon in 1877, watched the entrance on a new scene of his illustrious brother. It chanced that on this day the Queen opened Parliament in person, and made her entry with all the ceremony proper to the rare occasion. But for the distinguished and illustrious crowd that peopled the chamber from floor to topmost gallery the most attractive figure in the pageant was that disguised in red cloak tipped with ermine, who bore aloft a sword sheathed in jewelled scabbard, and whom the world thenceforward knew as Benjamin Earl of Beaconsfield.

It is with the Parliamentary fame of his uncle that the young member for Altrincham has to struggle. To be a Disraeli in the House of Commons is to fill a place from the occupant of which much is expected. It is to Mr. Coningsby Disraeli's credit in the past, full of hope for the future, that he has hitherto shown himself so modestly that few members know his personal appearance or where he sits. Before he found a seat in the House he threatened to fall into courses of conduct that alarmed his best friends. He took to writing in the *Times* on questions of Imperial policy, lucubrations the style of which was plainly founded on his uncle's earliest and worst style. This procedure seemed to portend that when he once took his seat he would be incessantly rising from it and putting things straight generally. Happily he has taken the wiser course, sitting attentive and watchful, endeavouring to learn before he begins to teach. Up to this present time of writing he has interposed only once in the proceedings of the House, and that was to ask a pertinent question, addressed to the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Probably for him also "the time will come when we *shall* hear him." He is judiciously preparing for it by a reasonable interval of silence.



LORD SELBORNE.

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

No one regarding Lord Wolmer would, with whatsoever imaginative fancy, be able to construct out of him the Earl of Selborne as he is known in the House of Lords and in other phases of public life. It is impossible to conceive two men of more widely different temperament, personal appearance, or modes of thought. Lord Selborne might stand as *Il Penseroso*, whilst Lord Wolmer might dance as *L'Allegro*. There are few members of the present House of Commons who recollect Sir Roundell Palmer seated on the Treasury Bench as Attorney-General. Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister at the time; Mr. Gladstone was for the third time Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir George Grey had lately succeeded Cornewall Lewis at the Home Office; Lord John Russell was Foreign Secretary; Lord Westbury was Lord Chancellor; and Sir Robert Peel was just beginning to tire of the Irish Office, because, as he found to be the case in those halcyon days, there was not enough to keep the Chief Secretary going.



LORD WOLMER.

Lord Wolmer is relieved from competition in the House of Commons with the memory of his father. He will possibly never rival his father's fame, but he really means business in the political world. He had an admirable training as Whip to the Dissentient Liberal party when it was led in the Commons by Lord Hartington. When he was returned for Edinburgh in the new Parliament, he thought the time had come when he might better serve his country in the Legislative Chamber than in the bustling Lobby. Early in his new career he received a slight check, having, with the exuberance of comparative youth and extreme conviction, spoken of the Irish members in terms that led to an awkward debate on a question of breach of privilege. But Lord Wolmer has survived that, and though it led to a momentary pause in his public conversation on current affairs, it would not be safe to regard the influence as other than temporary.

THE CHAMBERLAINS.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain supplies perhaps the most striking example in the present House of the embarrassment of a young member whose father stands in the front rank of House of Commons' debaters. On the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill the member for East Worcestershire delivered

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a maiden speech that, for any other young member, would have established a Parliamentary position. Mr. Gladstone, with keen appreciation of the peculiar personal circumstances of the case, described it as "a speech dear and refreshing to a father's heart." If the father in question had happened to be engaged, at whatever point of eminence, in some other walk of life—say, science, art, or literature—it would have been well for the new member, complimented by this high authority, and cheered by the general good-will displayed towards him by a crowded House.

The speech was in every way excellent. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has a good presence, a recommendation which Lord John Russell managed to dispense with, but which is nevertheless desirable. He has a pleasant voice, excellent delivery, and really had something to say. But close by him as he spoke sat his father, and what critics said was, not that the young member for East Worcestershire had made a notable maiden speech, but that his voice was singularly like his father's, the manner of speech almost identical, and that he much resembled him in face, only that he was perhaps better looking—this last being the solitary approval personal to the débutant that was forthcoming. Worse than all, as indicating the hopelessness of the situation, it was more than hinted that the best things which sparkled in the speech were contributions from the paternal store. The voice might be the voice of Austen. The polished antitheses, the piercing darts, the weighty arguments, were from the armoury of Joseph.



FATHER AND SON.

This is scarcely any the less unimportant because it does not happen to be true. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech, like the grace of its delivery, was his own; but that is of no matter if the House of Commons insists upon thinking otherwise. "Why drag in Velasquez?" Mr. James Whistler asked, when a gushing lady insisted upon telling him that he and Velasquez were the greatest painters of this or any age. "Why drag in my father?" the member in the position of capable young men like Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Austen Chamberlain may reasonably ask. But the protest will be in vain, and the dragging-in process will instinctively and inevitably follow whenever they chance to take prominent part in the proceedings of the House.

HOW HISTORY IS WRITTEN.

In Mr. Patchett Martin's "Life of Lord Sherbrooke," just issued, I find the following passage: "Much as he bewailed the signs of democracy in the House of Commons, Mr. Lowe grew tolerant as the years passed by, and regarded legislative folly and dulness with an amused smile. It was in this mood that he pointed to the deaf M.P. who used to skirmish all over the House with an ear-trumpet, listening to the dreary speeches on both sides. 'Good Heavens!' said he, 'to think of a man so throwing away his natural advantages.'"

The story will be familiar to the public, since there was scarcely an obituary notice in the newspapers published immediately after the death of Lord Sherbrooke which did not include it. I did not take notice of that method of enshrining a myth, but when it comes to making part of a serious book, written avowedly upon special authority, I am impelled to unbosom myself.

The fact is, Mr. Lowe is as innocent of this little jape as is Lord Selborne. One night in the Session after he had gone to the House of Lords, the keen debater whom we long knew in the Commons as Mr. Lowe re-visited the glimpses of the gas-lit roof in the Commons. As he sat in the gallery, blinking on the old familiar scene, Mr. Thomasson, then member for Bolton, happened to be sitting, ear-trumpet in hand, listening to the late Mr. Peter Rylands making one of his not infrequent speeches. Mr. Rylands was an estimable, well-meaning man, but not specially acceptable as a speaker. He had a loudly verbose way of saying nothing particular which irritated the sensitive mind, and used to render Mr. Lowe more than usually impatient. Mr. Thomasson had a way of flitting over the House (much as an

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non. baronet in the present Parliament has), and was wont to sit down drinking in, through his ear-trumpet, words that the ordinary person would willingly have let die.

It struck me at the moment that Lord Sherbrooke might be thinking, as in truth I was myself, of the pandering with Providence displayed by a deaf man putting himself to some inconvenience in order not to lose a word of one of Peter Rylands's harangues. In a London Letter to the provinces I was then contributing, I put in Lord Sherbrooke's mouth the phrase quoted —a fashion habitually and sometimes less reasonably adopted at the present time in the writing of "Toby's Diary" in *Punch*. It took on immensely, largely because it was supposed to be Lord Sherbrooke's. It has since been quoted so widely and frequently that it is not impossible Lord Sherbrooke may have come to believe he had really said it, just as King George, by dint of frequent repetitions, convinced himself that he had led a regiment in the last charge at Waterloo. But his memory is really free from the reproach.



THE LATE MR. RYLANDS.

[*The original drawings of the illustrations in this Magazine are always on view, and on sale, in the Art Gallery at these offices, which is open to the public without charge.*]

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By J. Laurence Hornibrook.

"DOCTOR," said the sick woman, with sudden eagerness, turning her wasted, bloodless face towards him, "how long have I to live?"

"Tut, tut, we're not going to talk of dying just yet," he replied, evasively, as he held up a small phial to the light, and let the liquid trickle slowly into a glass. "You mustn't give way like this, you know. It does no earthly good. Keep up a stouter heart, and you may pull through it all right."

"No," she answered, calmly, "I'm dying, and you know it! My time is short—you need not shake your head—this is my last night on earth. You'll see I'm not mistaken; I feel that death is near. And to tell the truth," she added, with a bitter smile, "I wouldn't have it otherwise, even if I was given the choice!"

She lay back wearily, and closed her eyes.



"HE HELD UP A SMALL PHIAL TO THE LIGHT."

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The doctor made no further effort to dispel her gloomy forebodings; perhaps in his heart he knew that she had spoken the truth. He looked around the bare, comfortless room in search of a water-jug.

"What sound is that?" inquired the woman, after a long pause, opening wide her large dark eyes, that glowed with a preternatural brightness. "Music! A band, isn't it?"

"Yes; it is the band of Radford's Circus. They're having a grand performance to-night. Somebody's benefit, I believe."

"Ah!"

She bent her head to catch the faint, fluctuating strains of the band. As she listened, a strange, restless, half-startled look came into her face; it almost seemed as if the sound called up memories—dark and bitter memories—of the past.

"Doctor," she said, at length, "I want you to do me a favour. It is the first I have asked, and it will be the last. Would you go down to that circus presently, and look for the ring-master, Gilbert Ferris? You'll find him somewhere about the place; you can't mistake him—a tall, fine-looking man, with honest grey eyes, and a pleasant face. Tell him I must see him to-night; tell him I'm dying, and have something on my mind that must be told. But wait. What o'clock is it now? Only nine? The performance won't be over for an hour yet, and he may be too late, after all. Sit down here, Doctor, and I'll tell you the story, while I have strength enough left."

"Very well," he replied. "But let me see you swallow off this first."

She stretched out her white, trembling hand for the glass, and gulped down the nauseous mixture.

"That's right," said the doctor, approvingly. "Now for your story."

"Twelve months ago," she began, "I had the ill-luck to fall in with that very circus. I was brought up to the life, you know—had been on the ropes ever since I was a child, and even then I was considered no bad acrobat. I and another girl—'Liz' we used to call her—were both engaged at the same time by Mr. Radford's manager. We were to perform together on the trapeze. Liz was a merry, saucy, wilful little thing; pretty enough, as far as that went, but too fond of admiration. On the trapeze she was a regular little dare-devil; didn't seem to care what risks she ran, and took a delight in scaring the people below with her foolhardy tricks.



"GILBERT FERRIS."

"She and I were never the best of friends; we didn't pull well together, somehow. She thought me too silent and stand-off, I suppose, and I—well, I have told you *my* opinion of *her*. I may have been a bit jealous of her popularity, too, for she was all the rage just then. For a time we contented ourselves with trying to out-rival each other on the trapeze. But very soon we got to be rivals in another sense, and in a way that widened the breach between us. We both fell in love, and both loved the same man—Gilbert Ferris!

"Her's was a light, thoughtless sort of love, all on the surface, while mine was hidden deep down in the darkest corner of my heart. She took no pains to conceal her fondness for him, but no power on earth could have torn such an admission from me. She threw herself in his way. I shunned him. And yet, her love was mere child's play compared to mine; if he had been out of her sight, a month—a week—might have cured her of it. She had a dozen other things to occupy her thoughts; I had but the one, and I nourished it and brooded over it in secret, until it seemed to become a part of my very life. I loved him though he was

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cold and distant to me, and—God help me! —I love him still!"

She broke down here, and wept silently for a minute or two. Then she went on :—

"Of course, in a case like this, neither of us remained long in ignorance of the other's secret. Liz saw into my heart quickly enough, just as I had seen into hers. We said nothing, but from that hour a bitter enmity sprang up between us, all the more intense because it was never allowed to vent itself in the smallest way. To see us go through our performances, one would think we were the best of friends—almost sisters, in fact. Night after night, we came out together into the ring, smiling and curtsying. We were always greeted with a burst of applause, which often lasted until we had got right to the top of the immense building. I sometimes wondered what the people would have thought if they had seen the black looks that passed between us up there, and knew the stifled hatred that raged in each heart!

"I am not sure if Mr. Ferris ever saw how matters stood. I rather fancy he had some inkling of the truth. As I have said, his treatment of me was cold and formal, though he was considerate enough in other ways. But with Liz his manner was altogether different. He chatted and laughed with her, teased her about her admirers, and seemed never to tire of her company. They never appeared to notice me as I stood in the background and watched them. How I pined for one of those smiles! How my heart yearned for a few gentle words! But, pine or yearn as I might, I knew that coldness and indifference would be my lot as long as *she* was at hand. This thought made me hate her the more, and I longed to get rid of her. If only some chance—some lucky accident—would deprive me of my rival, then I might hope to win some small share of his regard.

"One night—it was towards the close of the season—we were to have a special performance, patronized by the colonel and officers of the garrison. People began to collect early, and we had a crowded house. The officers dropped in after mess, just before it came to our turn to come on.

"When we stepped out from our dressing-room, Mr. Ferris took Liz by the hand and led her into the ring. He looked down at her with a smile, and said something that made her glance up at him in her pert, laughing way. The sight maddened me! For a moment I thought of turning back, and refusing to take part in the performance. Then I hurried forward, but it was in a fierce, reckless mood, that made my limbs



"HE LED HER INTO THE RING."

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shake and drove all trace of smiles from my face. Come what might, I would have it out with that girl, sooner or later.

"Now, as it so happened, Liz had struck against having the net under us on this particular night. Mr. Ferris wouldn't hear of it at first, but she pouted and sulked, and declared she wouldn't go up unless she was allowed to have her way. He didn't well know what to do; he felt sure she would keep her word—for she was an obstinate little thing—and it would cause a hitch in the whole performance. He talked, argued, and coaxed; but it was no good, he had to give in. After all, there wasn't much danger, for we had gone through the same thing scores of times without an accident of any kind.

"Our performance always ended up with a grand feat on the flying trapeze. I daresay you have seen something like it in other places. I hung head downwards at one end of the building, and Liz took up a position right away at the other side. The trapeze, which was hanging in the centre of the space between us, was then drawn up towards her. She grasped it in both hands, leaped out into the air, and swung across towards me. When she got as far as it would carry her, she let go her hold, turned a somersault, and dropped down upon me with outstretched hands. I caught her by the wrists. The people held their breath until they saw her safe; then the silence was broken by a wild outburst of applause, in the midst of which Liz slid down a rope to the ground, and I followed.

"We had got through the first part of our programme all right, and were preparing for our grand wind-up feat. Liz was already at her post. As I lowered myself into the proper position, I could see her white figure far away above me, right at the roof of the building. She was never in a hurry to jump off; she liked to stand there and watch the hundreds of eager faces gazing up at her. She seemed to take a childish delight in the fixed stare, the gaping mouths, and the breathless impatience of the crowds below.

"That night she held back longer than usual. She shifted her feet about, made one or two false motions as if on the point of swinging off, and then stood still again. She was trying to make believe that she was frightened, and half-afraid of the venture. But it was all pretence, of course; there was a smile on her face the whole time, and she was as sure of herself then as on every previous occasion.

"Suddenly, as I watched her, the thought sprang up in my mind—or it seemed as if the words were whispered into my ear—'How easy it would be to miss her!' A second or two would do it; to pull myself up a few inches would send her flying past me! And there was nothing below to break her fall!

"I did not come to a decision then and there; I only wavered. But the thought was still in my mind, and I made no effort to get rid of it. A hundred times in that short pause the devil within me repeated those words—'How easy it would be to miss her!' Then a smothered exclamation from the crowd below warned me that she was off, and I prepared to catch her as usual.

"Sir, I tell you—I swear to you—that not until she had swung right across, not until she had turned the somersault and was dropping down towards me, was my mind made up. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the question was settled, and—oh, my God!—it was settled against her! I let her fall!

"I heard the rush of her body through the air, I heard the horrid thud on the ground below, and the wild uproar that arose on every side. I felt faint and giddy—I wonder I didn't tumble down after her—but I managed to drag myself up to the bar from which I hung. As I sat there, clinging on to the ropes, I gave one glance below. The lights danced before my eyes, the tiers of white faces looked blurred and dim, but I could see Mr. Ferris and the ring men grouped around the white form on the ground. Then a gentleman in evening dress—a doctor, I suppose—sprang into the ring, and hurried towards the spot. I put my hand up to my face to shut out the sight.

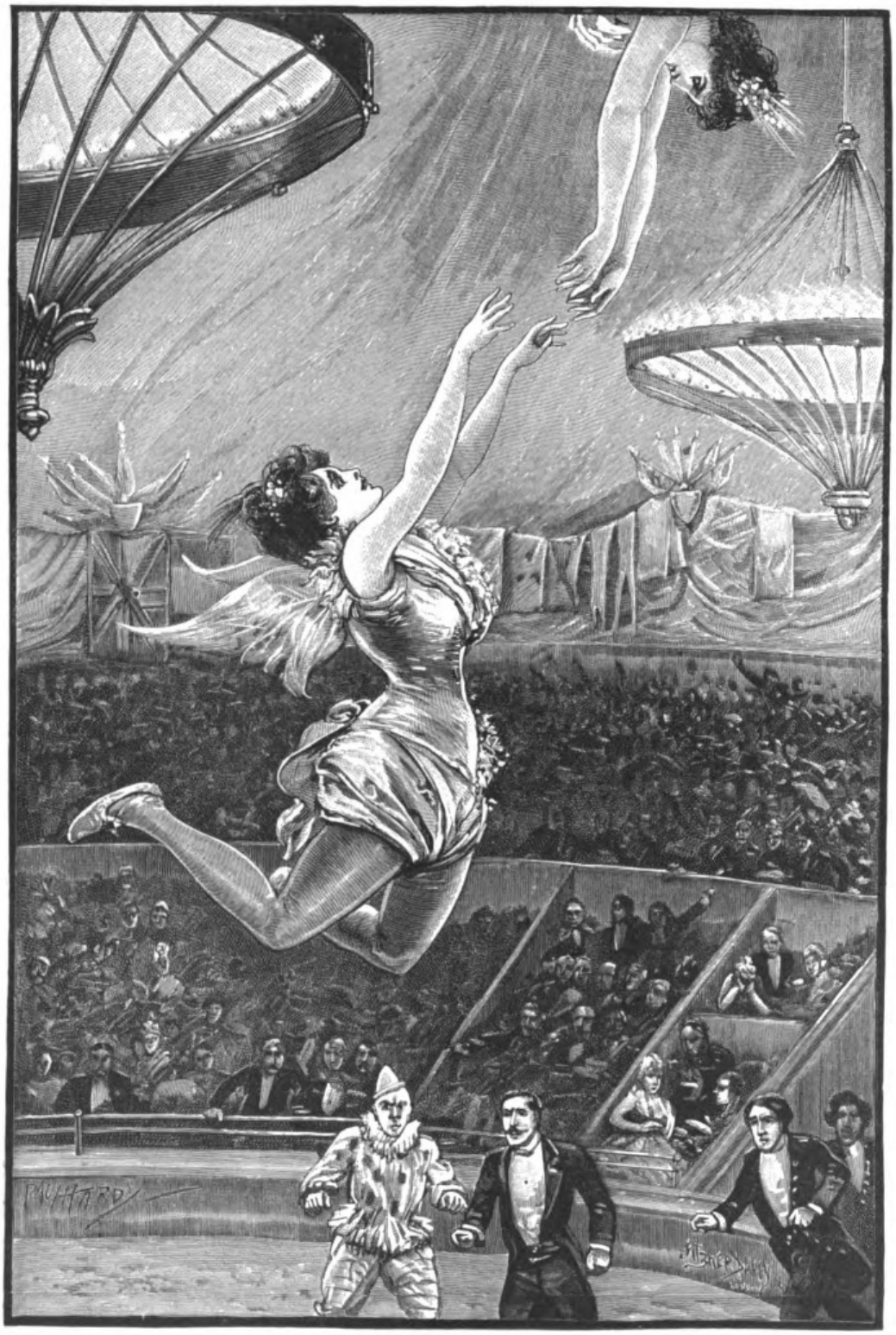
"How I got down, I don't know. All I can remember is, that as I tottered away out of the ring, I saw them place the lifeless body on a board. Nobody seemed to notice me; I was allowed to pass out without a word. The moment I reached the dressing-room, I fell in a dead faint on the floor.

"For two whole days I kept to my room. You can have little idea of the agony I suffered in that short time! Many a year of my life has seemed to pass quicker than one of those days. I don't think I either ate or slept during those forty-eight terrible hours; at least, I have no recollection of doing so. It was one long, unbroken spell of anguish and remorse! I had longed to get rid of that girl, and now that she was gone, what had I gained? What advantage had my crime brought me? None whatever. Oh, if I had

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only seen things in the same light *before* the wrong was done as I saw them afterwards!

"On the third day I plucked up heart a little, and began to bestir myself. There was no use in sitting there from morning till night, moaning and brooding over the past. All my sorrow and repentance couldn't recall that awful deed, or bring Liz back to life again. I might as well put a bold face upon it, and see what was in store for me.



"I LET HER FALL!"

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"Late in the afternoon I went down to the circus. I half hoped, and yet I feared, to meet Mr. Ferris. More than once I thought of turning back, but I felt that I must go on and learn my fate. I passed in unnoticed, and made my way along the gloomy passages without coming across a soul.

"When I got inside, the sight of the great empty space before me sent a cold chill through me. I was so accustomed to the blaze of lights, the loud music of the band, and the throng of eager spectators, that I shuddered as I looked around the bare, deserted building. The silence was awful!

"Suddenly my eyes fell upon the figure of a man. He was standing with one foot on the rail that surrounded the track—his elbow on his knee, and his chin in his hand—gazing sadly into the ring. My heart gave a wild throb; it was Gilbert Ferris!

"I must have made some hasty movement, for he turned round sharply. I crouched close into the band-stand, trembling with doubt and fear. He looked at me long and steadily—and, oh! what a look that was! Then, without a word, he turned on his heel and walked away. I think he must have partly guessed the truth.

"If he had cursed me, struck me—aye, even stabbed me!—I could have borne it; I could have gone on my knees and kissed his hand! But that look—that look of loathing and contempt—struck home to my very heart! I knew it was my death sentence; I felt it would kill me sooner or later. And it has nearly done so already!

"I managed to get through the inquest without suspicion. But I didn't much care how the matter went; it wouldn't have troubled me if I had been arrested and tried for murder. When all was over, I went and joined a wretched travelling circus. My health soon broke down, and I came back here to die!"



"MY HEART GAVE A WILD THROB."

A death-like silence followed. The effort of

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recalling those terrible scenes had completely exhausted the unfortunate creature. She closed her eyes, and lay perfectly still. She did not even wait to see the impression her story had made upon her companion; it seemed as if she was wholly indifferent to all that now.

"It must be getting late, Doctor," she said, presently, in a low, feeble voice. "Perhaps you had better go at once; there's not much time to lose."

He rose in silence, took his hat, and stole out of the room. In twenty minutes or so he climbed the stairs again, followed by Gilbert Ferris. As the two men entered, the woman raised her head languidly, and gazed at them with dull, vacant eyes. Suddenly the expression changed to a look of joyful recognition. She held out her hands, gave a short, sharp cry, and dropped heavily back upon the pillow.

She was dead!



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Beauties :—Children.



Miss Lancaster.



Louie Stott.



Dorothy Purvis.

Photo. by G. & R. Lavis, Eastbourne.

Photo. by Mills Bros., Bangor.

Photo. by Sawyer, Newcastle.

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Photo. by Hellis & Sons, Regent Street.



Ella Marsden.



Gladys May & Katie Craven.

Photo. by W. C. Bristow, Worthing.



Photo. by H. G. Pike, Lichfield.

Cicely Gardner.

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From a Photograph.



Photo. by S. J. Porter, Ventnor.

Photo. by Dickinson, New Bond Street.

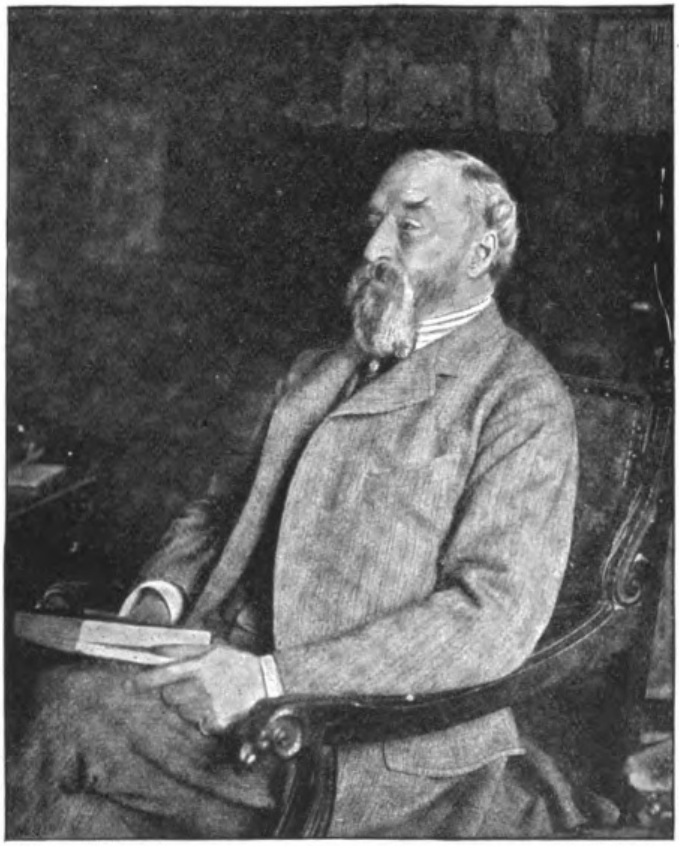
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Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXIV.—Mr. EDMUND YATES.

ONE feels all the better after spending a day with Mr. Edmund Yates. A stay at Brighton — where he lives in Eaton Gardens—is conducive to good health ; a talk with the past master of his art is an incentive to excellent spirits. Mr. Yates by no means reserves all his wit for his pen. He dispenses it amongst his visitors even more freely than he does on his sheets of foolscap. He jocularly hits and cuts himself about. Few men make merry over the troubles which have played havoc with their own particular personal appearance.

"*I* make a good picture," says every man inwardly, with a decided emphasis on the "I," when he faces the camera. But Edmund Yates sums up his regrettable illness at the moment of "sitting" by remarking that "This is the first time I have been photographed since I only weighed thirteen stone ! I used to weigh sixteen ! "



From a Photo. by] EDMUND YATES. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Merriment is an excellent medicine and good humour an incomparable tonic. But there is a limit to its doses, and during the time I was with Mr. Yates I found a strongly-marked serious side to his disposition. It was a sympathetic seriousness, and it seemed to lie in one direction. It came when looking back and remembering those whose names are world-famous and who were his dearest friends. The quietude of his home seemed more impressive as he sat looking over a volume of Dickens's letters. For some moments he turned over the pages without speaking, and then—as though suddenly remembering I was in the room—closed the book hurriedly and exclaimed : "Now, how are we getting on ? " This action revealed much.

In appearance Mr. Yates is decidedly distinguished-looking— tall and perfectly erect. His face has much altered since the time when Alfred Bryan used to picture him at dinners — and what a run there was on Edmund Yates for a speech ! It always reminded one of a specially imported sunbeam. His face is much thinner now, and he has grown a beard. But his eyes twinkle as much as ever. They are the most tell-tale eyes imaginable. He may smile when telling you of some sorrow. He doesn't want you to know he *feels* it—but his eyes speak the truth. He talks very quietly and has a delightfully mellow voice—at once distinct and enjoyable to the listener, and a marked characteristic about him is to speak ill of no man, past or present.

He met me at the door. There was a real Brighton sun shining that day, and it sent its beams through the stained glass windows of the fine hall. The sunshine seemed to single out a picture of "Nellie"—a curious omen, for, like Dickens, Edmund Yates is passion-

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From a Picture by] "TATTERS." *[Sir Henry Thompson.*

ately fond of all animals in general, and dogs in particular. "Nellie" has been dead some time, but Ashby Sterry wrote a poem on her. A very simple story. Mr. Yates was at the Dogs' Home one day. "Nellie" stood up on her hind legs and looked so pitiful that he bought her. "From that day until her death, nine years afterwards, in the summer of 1887," said Mr. Yates, "she would sleep in no other place than on my bed, or on a sofa in the room. That is 'Tatters'"—pointing to a small canvas by Sir Henry Thompson.

"He was a diminutive blue Skye terrier—and Sir Henry painted him in the act of devouring a box ticket which Sothern sent my wife for the theatre. I hope the box agreed with him! It was rather inconvenient, to say the least of it, for Sothern, in his merry way, said that if we wanted to go to the theatre we should have to present the dog at the box-office, as he carried the order!"

There are several good pictures in the hall, including "Gipsy" and "The Slut," two favourite horses of Mr. Yates, now dead.

To the right and left of the hall are the drawing-room and Mrs. Yates's room. As we enter the latter I am reminded that Mr. Yates was married in April of 1853, before he had arrived at his twenty-second birthday. He is not an opponent of early marriages, judging by the dedication of his volume of "Reminiscences," lying on a table near the window, which is inscribed:—

To My Wife:
My Constant Companion, My Wisest Counsellor,
My Best Friend:
This Book is Dedicated.

Mrs. Yates possesses a weakness, and cultivates it. Flowers! Hence the small tables are crowded with blossoms, and the corners of the room are hidden by them. Flowers and pictures harmonize. Immediately over the mantelpiece is Storey's portrait of Mrs. Yates, whilst on an easel



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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rests a pencil drawing of the same subject by Val Prinsep, R.A. The etchings are numerous —that of "Old Marlow Ferry," after Fred Walker, is a gem, and serves to remind its owners of the summer months which are invariably spent up the river. The drawing-room, whilst finding a place for many treasured works of art, is particularly noticeable for its many fine *éditions de luxe* of popular writers. In a fine old Chippendale cabinet one may turn over the pages of Thackeray, George Eliot, Fielding, and, of course, Dickens. There are some exquisite screens in this apartment, and the china and porcelain knick-knacks are scattered about in delightfully negligent profusion.

The dining-room looks out on to the lawn. It is a room which savours of hospitality and excellent company. Huge boxes of ivy fill the windows, and the birds come and provide the music at lunch whilst they trip to their own tunes on the twigs and branches. A large portrait of Mr. Yates's father is over the mantel-board, and the walls are hung with engravings after Briton Riviere, Birket Foster, MacWhirter, A. Ludovici, jun., Poynter, Rosa Bonheur, Edwin Long, S. E. Waller, Heffner, and others.

Up to now our walk through the house has been rather suggestive of the host, but the opening of a door leading from the dining-room immediately gives the first clue to the past work-a-day associations of the brilliant writer. It is a small, square apartment, and a carved ebony tablet is set against the wall on which is written: "The Gad's Hill Hogarths, from the collection of C. D., 1879." These Hogarths—which many connoisseurs consider the finest specimens existing—used to hang on the staircase at Gad's Hill, and after Dickens's death they found a place in the billiard-room. Eventually Mr. Yates bought them.

"One moment," says Mr. Yates. He returned quickly with a handsomely-bound volume, and quietly opening the book the fly-leaf revealed the following inscription :—

A Selection from the Letters of
Charles Dickens to Edmund Yates.
1854–1870.

I weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed;
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

I weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A spirit, not a breathing voice.
—*In Memoriam.*

We went through the book together. How characteristic was every single letter! His first letter to Mr. Yates began, "My dear sir," and then came the gradual growth of friendship's greeting with "My dear Mr. Yates," "My dear Yates," "My dear Edmund," and the last note but one commencing, "Dear E. Y."

"Dickens was godfather to one of my boys, who was a twin," said Mr. Yates. "Isn't this note thoroughly characteristic of him? It came in response to mine asking him to be godfather."

The note ran :—

"Paris, 49, Avenue des Champs Elysées,
"Wednesday, Second January, 1856.

"My Dear Yates,—Supposing both Corsican Brothers to be available, I think I should prefer being godfather to the one who isn't Kean. With this solitary stipula-



From a Photo. by] THE HOGARTH ROOM. [*Elliott & Fry.*

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tion, I very cordially respond to your proposal, and am happy to take my friendly and sponsorial seat at your fireside."

Mr. Yates's mind wandered back to the place at Gad's Hill. He had cause to remember its one-time occupant, for who could have proved himself a better, a kinder friend than the great novelist to the then young journalist when, perhaps, the most critical chapter of his life came? But of the Thackeray incident—later. It was pleasant to listen to some new Dickensonia. How he was constantly quoting his own characters, acting them out during those Sunday evening walks they had together, and often giving point to a sentence by saying: "As Mr. Sikes might have remarked," or, "As Mr. Micawber would probably have observed."

"Dickens always used to say," Mr. Yates remarked, "when a person, theatrical, literary, or otherwise, was talked about as coming out, 'Yes, it is easy enough to come out—the difficulty is to *keep* out!' He was always very anxious to have an opportunity of sleeping in a haunted house. Indeed, his pet subjects were ghosts and haunted houses. I well remember making one of a little party—including the dear man himself and Mr. W. H. Wills, not forgetting 'Turk,' a big dog and a great favourite of Dickens—constituted for the purpose of spending a night in a house that was reputed to be haunted; but it turned out a failure, and proved a great disappointment. Our last outing together was about two months before his death, when we together went to a circus and saw a performing elephant. He positively revelled in a circus and a cheap theatre, and often fidgeted in his seat in expectancy when some very bad actor was playing and seemed likely to forget his part. He would have been a great actor had he not been a great novelist."

The real Dickens's corner of the house, however, may be said to be the bedroom. On the landing outside is a portrait of Sir Rowland Hill—its present possessor's old chief—and a bust of Mrs. Yates by Alexander Monroe. "Dickens's Corner" is opposite the window of the bedroom. Here hang the last portrait of him ever taken, and another, "Charles Dickens to Edmund Yates, 7th February, 1859." A family group of the "Dickens Family" at the porch, Gad's Hill, is eminently interesting. Gathered together we see Dickens himself, with Miss Mamie Dickens, Miss Kate Dickens (Mrs. Perugini), Miss Hogarth (his sister-in-law, to whom he referred in his will as "the best and truest friend man ever had"), Charles Collins, and Henry F. Chorley. Portraits abound here—a sketch by Frith of Edmund Yates in 1862, a delightful miniature of his mother, and an engraving of his father, Mr. Yates soon after his marriage, with his wife and eldest son (now Major Yates), an autographed portrait of Robert Browning, a group of Mr. Yates's



From a] THE PORCH, GAD'S HILL. *[Photograph.*

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quartette of sons, and a quaint drawing of George IV. "doing the front" at Brighton.

Albert Smith, with his autograph, has a prominent place.

"He died on Derby Day, the great cockney carnival, which he had so often described," said Mr. Yates. "He was a dear friend; he introduced me to my wife, and was best man at the wedding. It was at his door—poor fellow—after leaving his widow, that I met the clergyman who had married them twelve months before, the Rev. J. M. Bellew, the father of Mr. Kyrle Bellew, the actor. That is his portrait. Bellew read the church service better than any man I have ever heard, but the way in which he read the commandments was really very humorous. When he arrived at the seventh commandment, he would thunder it out in terrible tones, as much as to say, 'It's for you, and don't you forget it!' but when he came to the eighth, he gave it out in a rapid, flippant way—'Thou shalt not steal!'—as though he wished his congregation to quite understand that it was not intended as an insult! He was curiously quaint in many ways, though always a thorough good fellow. He once arranged a performance of 'Hamlet,' in which he sat in front whilst the various characters were on the platform, moving and introducing the necessary action as he gave the words. It is impossible to describe the ludicrous muddle everybody got into."



The library, where we now repaired, is the finest room in the house. The passage leading to the work-room is lined with the original cartoons for the *World*, by Alfred Bryan. The study is almost square, and I regarded as a pleasant though simple omen the sight of the vase of flowers on the big black oak writing-table from Farnham Chase. Dickens nearly always had flowers on his table when he was writing. The flowers are by the side of a writing slope—an old writing slope much worn, but very precious. Dickens was writing on it an hour or two before he died. And the inscription reads: "This desk, which belonged to Charles Dickens and was used by him on the day of his death, was one of the familiar objects of his study which were ordered by his will to be distributed amongst those who loved him, and was accordingly given by his executrix to Edmund Yates."

The fetiches of the occupant are several and varied. A Chinaman nods his head, a tiny pig looks contemptuously on at a larkishly-inclined monkey and a trio of Shem, Ham, and Japhet from the common or garden Noah's Ark! They follow their possessor about. The room contains close upon four thousand volumes—including many valuable first editions. About the walls are etchings of Tennyson, Huxley, Darwin, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and Irving.



From a] MR. YATES'S MOTHER. [Miniature.

"When I was dramatic critic of the *Daily News*, Irving made his first appearance in 'Ivy Hall,'" said Mr. Yates. He brought a letter of introduction from John L. Toole.

"MY DEAR EDMUND, — Mr. Yates — Mr. Irving; Mr. Irving — Mr. Yates.

"Now be as good

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to Mr. I. as you always have been to "Yours, while

"J. L. TOOLE."

So the letter ran.

In addition to other pictures there is the original drawing for the cover of "Time" by Luke Fildes, works by John Leech, a Whistler and Linley Sambourne, and "Pellegrini," by himself. A massive silver bowl is engraved: "Presented to Edmund Yates on completing three-score years, by three-score friends and well-wishers, 3rd July, 1891." A small statuette of Thackeray has a place all to itself on a table, and the assurance was given that it was "the best ever done of him." Ouless's portrait of Edmund Yates is in the centre of the mantel-board, and amongst the many knick-knacks about is Mr Frank Lockwood, Q.C.'s, last year's Christmas card. A striking terra-cotta bust of Voltaire, by Carrier Belleuse, has a small history distinctly its own. It was smashed into a thousand pieces by a careless servant. Every fragment was collected—sent across to Paris from whence it came in 1878—and in a month's time it came back as it is now!



MR. YATES'S FATHER.

"Fine picture, that of Fred Burnaby, eh?" Mr. Yates remarked, as we stood for a moment looking at a striking portrait of the gallant colonel who lived and died in harness. "We used to chaff very much about a day or two he spent with us. He was just falling in love, and about to stand for Birmingham. He came to spend Saturday till Monday with us, at our house, The Temple, near Goring-on-Thames. On the Sunday we went on a launch excursion; but Burnaby was much preoccupied, and kept referring to two different papers which he had

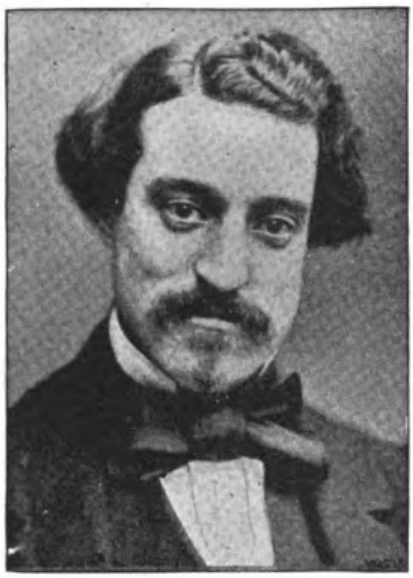


From an] GEORGE IV. AT BRIGHTON. *[Engraving.*

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in his jacket pocket. We found out, afterwards, that one was a letter from his *fiancée*, and the other a draft of a political speech which he was about to deliver that week, and we told him that he would most likely get mixed over the two—spout out to his electors the sweetest portions of his love-letter, and declare to the lady his unalterable attachment to the Constitution!"

We sat down by the black oak writing-table.



EDMUND YATES.

The conversation of Mr. Yates is as pleasant as his writings. He reviews, so to speak, his own life with the same delicacy which has been so characteristic of the pen that has travelled many miles on behalf of the lighter branches of literature, which Mr. Yates has done so much to father. He has done excellent work, honest work, work worthy of high eulogium; but its author refers to it very simply. "My name is Yates, Edmund Yates," he almost says; "and if anybody likes to tack any kind words on to that name, well, so much the happier for me." He is essentially a modest man. He works hard, but not so hard as he did a year or two ago. He likes to talk and walk, and gets through much by dictation. Would strongly advise this to those young men who aim at being good speakers. He is an early riser. The busiest day of the week with him is Monday—the day on which the *World* goes to press. This calls him to town, and he rarely leaves his paper until it is fairly well on its way to the machines. He has a remarkable memory, and frequently wires a full-stop, or a comma, or a semi-colon to the office when on his way home on press nights, should he think such would improve a sentence or make its meaning more apparent! Save when he is abroad, he reads every line that appears in the pages of his paper.

He loves old faces as he does old memories—be they either of a business or domestic nature. The publisher of the first number of the *World*—which has been established nearly twenty years—occupies that position to-day; whilst as for Spencer, his coachman, he has been in his employ twenty years last Good Friday, and was reminded of the fact by the presentation of a watch and chain. A distinct trait in his character is that he is the first to give credit to a man who has truly earned it. It is not much, perhaps, to hear a man say to you in referring to his secretary: "Splendid fellow—knows where to find everything," but it's the "Knows where to find everything" that does it.

Little Edmund was born on the 3rd July, 1831, at Edinburgh, and his early years were passed in the somewhat close atmosphere of the theatre. Both his parents were members of the theatrical profession. His father—Frederick Henry Yates—was a very eminent comedian of his day, and it was whilst fulfilling an engagement in the Scotch capital that Mrs. Yates brought a small son into the world. The engagement over, the latest addition to the Yates family was brought to London, and christened with due ceremony at Brompton Church.



MRS. YATES AND ELDEST SON (NOW MAJOR YATES).

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ALBERT SMITH.

"We used to live over the old Adelphi Theatre," he said, "and I was never allowed to go into the theatre, but there was a long staircase which connected the dwelling part with the public lobby, and I would often creep down there unobserved and listen to the talk in the boxes and pit. The lights and dresses and dancers used to bewilder me. It was at the Old Adelphi one night that a cry of 'Fire' was heard from the streets, and I was taken out of my little crib and held up to see the heavens lit up. I saw the glare caused by the Royal Exchange and Tower of London being on fire. At the time of the riots in Canada, I remember seeing the Foot Guards marched through the streets. Whether my father felt the honour of possessing me I do not know, but he used to delight in taking me by the hand and allowing me to accompany him through the streets.

"In this way I met the Duke of Wellington, who addressed my father with 'How do, Yates?' On the same day we met Dan O'Connell."

It was his aunt Eliza who taught young Edmund his A B C; the printer of the theatre, who evinced a keen interest in his welfare, having cut him out a set, which used to be placed on the floor, and Edmund would walk round like the little trained poodle at the circus and pick them out. At five years of age he went to a preparatory school at Highgate, and at nine was located at Highgate Grammar School, where his headmaster was the Rev. Prebendary Dyne, who is still alive and resident at Rogate, near Petersfield.

"Amongst my schoolfellows," he continued, "were Richard and Slingsby Bethell and Philip Worsley, who translated the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' and many other famous fellows. I was not what you might call a studious boy. I cultivated that very bad habit of smuggling pieces of candle in order that I might sit up and devour the contents of a small library of somewhat sensational literature—literature calculated to raise hair on a brass door-knob. I liked cricket, and was addicted to borrowing other boys' ponies promiscuously and exercising them for my own particular benefit. I remained there until I was fourteen or fifteen, and then went to Düsseldorf. I had been there but a few months when my mother sent for me, saying that Lord Clanricarde had been appointed Postmaster-General and I was to come home."

It meant that instead of going into the Church, as originally intended, Edmund Yates, at the age of sixteen, on the 11th March, 1847, entered the Missing Letter Department of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and remained there for exactly five-and-twenty years. They were



From a Photo. by] THE LIBRARY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

days of real happiness. Whilst working hard at the Post-office he also entered "Bohemia," and obtained a knowledge of men and manners attainable by no other means. His experiences gathered in those days, and the names of people he met, would cover many

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From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

pages, but it may be said in a word that he was received and welcomed everywhere, not only on account of the admirable reputation of his father, but more owing to his own personal geniality and versatility.

"I did not want to sit at the Post-office all my life," said Mr. Yates, "and I began to look about me for a fresh pasture where fame might be gathered. It was the reading of 'Pendennis' that suggested journalism, and my first real effort was a set of verses—the idea for which came as I sat in the family pew in church!—which were accepted by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, the proprietor and editor of *Ainsworth's Magazine*. My first paid engagement was on the *Court Journal*, at the munificent salary of £1 a-week!"

Work soon began to come in. The young author's talent was recognised and his pen appreciated and paid for. His hours were respectable—ten till four—at the Post-office, but they were drawn out into the early hours of the morning in his anxiety to succeed. His pen was soon employed in all the leading newspapers and periodicals of the day, and he became dramatic critic of the *Daily News*. His first novel was "Broken to Harness." He was editor of *Temple Bar* at the time, and having failed to find an author to write a serial, buckled to himself, the result being a work of excellent merit—followed by such dramatic productions as "Black Sheep," "Wrecked in Port," "The Forlorn Hope," etc. It would be impossible to give in the scope of this paper a detailed list of all Mr. Edmund Yates's works—his appearances and remarkable lectures on the stage and platform—and how he came to establish the *World*. His idea of the conducting of that paper always was, and always has been, that it should not be merely a light and flippant collection of paragraphs, but that every article in its pages should have some definite end in view—be it social or political. Indeed, of such moment are the political articles in the columns of the *World* considered, that one may venture to think that it was their influence which suggested his being selected by the Carlton Club as a member. I saw an album—the *World* album—containing the portraits of past and present contributors to Mr. Yates's organ. I promised Mr. Yates not to reveal their names, but they are treasure-houses of influential information, indeed.

But all the time I was sitting in the study at Brighton my mind was constantly running on the man whose statuette rested on a table immediately before us. It was during a lull in the conversation—the faithful Laker, who "knows where to find everything," wanting some letters signed—that I crossed to the



THE SILVER BIRTHDAY BOWL.

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table and examined the little statuette more closely. Edmund Yates looked up.

"The finest of all novelists," he said, earnestly. "I am an immense worshipper of him, and read him over and over again, and yet again. A wit—an epigrammatist of the first water. I was talking to him once about a matter, and the name of a gentleman cropped up—very well known in his day, but now dead. 'I never saw him,' I said; 'I believe he wrote a book called "Biscuits and Grog."' 'Oh! yes,' he replied; 'he did. Clever fellow — remarkably clever fellow! Pity he's so fond of—biscuits!'

"How well he sang—I can hear him now. How he delighted to listen to Morgan John O'Connell, a nephew of the Liberator, giving 'The Shannon Shore.'"

We were talking of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Mr. Edmund Yates has given in his biography a very complete account of the following remarkable incident, which was unquestionably a crisis in his career, but, as he crossed to the table and opening a drawer brought forth a small six-sheet paper, yellow with age, he quietly turned to page 64 and asked me to read what appeared under the heading of "Literary Talk." This is the article which appeared in *Town Talk*, Vol. I., No. 6, June 12, 1858:—



VOLTAIRE.
From a Bust by Carrier Belleuse.

LITERARY TALK.

Finding that our pen-and-ink portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens has been much talked about and extensively quoted, we purpose giving, each week, a sketch of some literary celebrity. This week our subject is

MR. W. M. THACKERAY.

HIS APPEARANCE.

Mr. Thackeray is forty-six years old, though from the silvery whiteness of his hair he appears somewhat older. He is very tall, standing upwards of six feet two inches, and as he walks erect his height makes him conspicuous in every assembly. His face is bloodless, and not particularly expressive, but remarkable for the fracture of the bridge of the nose, the result of an accident in youth. He wears a small grey whisker, but otherwise is clean shaven. No one meeting him could fail to recognise in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical, or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched—but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, *suave*, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface display of his emotion.

HIS CAREER.

For many years Mr. Thackeray, though a prolific writer, and holding constant literary employment, was unknown by name to the great bulk of the public. To *Fraser's Magazine* he was a regular contributor, and very shortly after the commencement of *Punch*, he joined Mr. Mark Lemon's staff. In the *Punch* pages appeared many of his wisest, most thoughtful and wittiest essays; "Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew" on love, marriage, friendship, choice of a club, etc., contain an amount of worldly wisdom which, independently of the amusement to be obtained from them, render them really valuable reading to young men beginning life. The "Book of Snobs," equally perfect in its way, also originally appeared in *Punch*. Here, too, were published his buffooneries, his "Ballads of Policeman X," his "Jeames's Diary," and some other scraps, the mere form of which consisted in outrages on orthography, and of which he is now deservedly ashamed. It was with the publication of the third or fourth number of *Vanity Fair* that Mr. Thackeray began to dawn upon the reading public as a great genius. The greatest work, which, with perhaps the exception of "The Newcomes," is the most perfect literary dissection of the human heart, done with the cleverest and most unsparing hand, had been offered to and rejected by several of the first publishers in London. But the public saw and recognised its value; the great guns of literature, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*, boomed forth their praises, the light *tirailleurs* in the monthly and weekly Press re-echoed the *feux-de-joie*, and the novelist's success was made. "Pendennis" followed, and was equally valued by the literary world, but scarcely so popular with the public. Then came "Esmond," which fell almost still-born from the Press; and then "The Newcomes," perhaps the best of all. "The Virginians," now publishing, though admirably written, lacks interest of plot, and is proportionately unsuccessful.

HIS SUCCESS,

commencing with *Vanity Fair*, culminated with his "Lectures on the English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," which were attended by all the Court and fashion of London. The prices were extravagant, the lecturer's adulation of birth and position was extravagant, the success was extravagant. No one succeeds better than Mr. Thackeray in cutting his coat according to his cloth; here he flattered the aristocracy, but when he crossed the Atlantic, George Washington became the idol of his worship; the "Four Georges" the objects of his bitterest attacks. These last-named lectures have been dead failures in England, though as literary compositions they are most excellent. Our own opinion is that his success is on the wane; his writings never were understood

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or appreciated even by the middle classes; the aristocracy have been alienated by his American onslaught on their body, and the educated and refined are not sufficiently numerous to constitute an audience; moreover, there is want of heart in all he writes, which is to be balanced by the most brilliant sarcasm and the most perfect knowledge of the workings of the human heart.

"*Town Talk*," said Mr. Yates, "was a small periodical edited and illustrated by Watts Phillips, and I was engaged to write for it. The first week's instalment of 'Literary Talk' was a sketch of Dickens. You must remember I was working at the Post-office at the time. I had written my matter—enough to fill up, as I thought—when I received a message saying that Mr. Watts Phillips had gone and there was a big deficit of copy. I must make it up. I rushed over to the printers in Aldersgate Street, threw off my coat—it was a very hot Saturday afternoon—sat down, and without the slightest reflection turned out that article. I was not twenty-seven then, and had but small notion of how little causes often come home to bitterly revisit you.

"Thackeray was very wroth, and was the means of gaining my expulsion from the Garrick Club. I think it was a cruel thing to do, for no personal feeling whatever prompted me to write what I did, and it was done without the faintest thought. I never met Thackeray afterwards save once in the street, and then somehow we didn't see one another. I endeavoured to put the matter right more than once, especially when I saw the *Cornhill Magazine* advertised. I sent in a set of verses, thinking that Thackeray might use them as a little tender towards reconciliation, but they came back by the next post.

"Well, let's go for a drive!"

So we forgot the troubles of Thackeray and the work of him who presides over the destinies of the *World* in our drive along "the front."

"Excellent coachman, Spencer," said Mr. Yates, "but an awful fellow for remembering names—mixes them up in a world of substitution! I had a horse which I called 'Taffy,' owing to its having been bred in Wales by Mrs. Crawshay.

"'Now don't forget, Spencer,' I said, 'his name is "Taffy"—"Taffy,"' and he repeated it half-a-dozen times. Three days afterwards he came to me and said:—

"'I think, sir, we shall want a different kind of bit for Murphy!'"

HARRY HOW.



CHRISTMAS CARD, BY FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C.

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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Author of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

I.—MY FIRST PATIENT.

BY a strange coincidence I was busily engaged studying a chapter on neurotic poisons in Taylor's "Practice of Medical Jurisprudence," when a knock came to my door, and my landlady's daughter entered and handed me a note.

"The messenger is waiting, sir," she said. "He has just come over from the hospital, and he wants to know if there is any answer."

I had just completed my year as house physician at St. Saviour's Hospital, East London, and was now occupying lodgings not two minutes off.

I opened the note hastily—it contained a few words:—

"MY DEAR HALIFAX,—Come over at once, if you can. You will find me in B Ward. I have just heard of something which I think will suit you exactly.—Yours, JOHN RAY."

"Tell the messenger I will attend to this immediately," I said to the girl.

She withdrew, and putting the note into my pocket I quickly slipped into my great-coat, for the night was a bitterly cold one, and ran across to St. Saviour's.

Ray was the resident surgeon. During my time at the hospital we had always been special friends. I found him, as usual, at his post. He was in the surgical ward, busily engaged setting a broken leg, when I put in an appearance.

"I'll speak to you in one moment, Halifax," he said; "just hand me that bandage, there's a good fellow. Now then, my dear boy," he continued, bending over his patient, a lad of fourteen, "you will soon be much easier. Where is the nurse? Nurse, I shall look in again later, and inject a little morphia before we settle him for the night. Now then, Halifax, come into the corridor with me."

"What do you want me for?" I asked, as I stood by his side in the long corridor which ran from east to west across the great hospital, and into which all the wards on the first floor opened. "Why this sudden message; what can I do to help you, Ray?"



"SHE HANDED ME A NOTE."

"You have not made up your mind as to your future?" answered Ray.

"Not quite," I replied. "I may buy a practice, or try to work my way up as a specialist—I have a leaning towards the latter course; but there is no special hurry anyway."

"You are not averse to a job in the meantime, I presume?"

"That depends upon what it is," I answered.

"Well, see here. I have just had a frantic telegram from a man in the country. His name

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is Ogilvie—I used to know him years ago, but have lost sight of him lately. His telegram recalls him to my memory—he is a clever fellow, and bought himself a large practice at a place called Saltmarsh. He has wired to ask if I can send him a *locum tenens* in a great hurry. This is what he says."

Ray began to read from the telegram :—

"'*Wife ill—can't attend to practice. Send someone with brains in his head down to-night, if possible.*'

"There, Halifax. Put this in your pocket if you mean to attend to it. You have nothing special to do just now. Will you go?"

"How far off is Saltmarsh?" I asked.

"I have an 'A B C' in my room; come and we'll look the place up."

Ray pulled me along with him. We entered his rooms at the corner of the wing, and the next moment had ascertained that it would be possible to reach Saltmarsh by the Great Eastern line in two hours and a half.

"Will you go?" he asked, "it may be an opening for you. In your state of indecision, it is well to take any chance of seeing medical life. Ogilvie will probably only require your services for two or three days, and—in short——"

"It would oblige you if I went?" I interrupted. "That settles the matter."

"No, no. You must not labour under a false impression. Ogilvie was never a friend of mine; I just knew him in the ordinary course, and never took to him in any special way. Will you go, Halifax, just for the chance of seeing life, and helping some poor beggars in the country? If you say no, I must cudgel my brains for someone else, and there is no time to be lost."

I looked at the telegram again.

"Yes, I will go," I said. "I can catch the nine train from Liverpool Street without difficulty. This will bring me to Saltmarsh at 11.45. Will you wire to Ogilvie, or shall I do so, Ray?"

"I'll take that trouble off your hands, my dear fellow. I am awfully obliged. Now then, good night, and good luck. Look me up when you return."

Ray rushed back to his ward, and I went to my lodgings to pack my portmanteau and get ready for my sudden journey. I caught the train in comfortable time, and all in due course, without hitch or hindrance of any kind, arrived at Saltmarsh, not more than five minutes after the time mentioned in the time-table.

A servant in livery was standing on the platform. The moment he saw me he came up and touched his hat.

"Are you for Dr. Ogilvie's, sir?" he asked. "Are you the doctor who is expected from London?"

"Yes," I replied.

"My master's brougham is outside," continued the man. "Will you come this way, sir?"

I followed him at once, seated myself in the brougham, which was drawn by a pair of horses, and ten minutes later had alighted from the comfortable carriage and found myself standing in a wide, handsomely furnished and brightly lighted hall. A man-servant opened the door to me.

"The doctor from London?" he queried, even before I had time to speak.

"Yes," I answered, "I am Dr. Halifax; have the goodness to take this card to your master."

"Come this way, sir. Oh, good Lord," he muttered under his breath, "ain't this a relief!"

There was a sort of terrified expression about the man's face which I had already perceived faintly reflected on the countenance of the servant who had met me at the station.

"I'll let my master know you've come, sir," he said, and then he noiselessly shut the door and left me to myself.

I found myself standing in a room which any London physician would have considered palatial. It was lofty and very large. The floor was almost covered with the softest of Turkey carpets; the walls were hung with good pictures; and the furniture was handsome, modern, and in excellent taste.

I went and stood with my back to the glowing fire. I could not quite account for my own sensations, but the words I had heard the servant utter gave me a distinct sense of nervousness. I knew that a doctor ought to know nothing of such feelings, and I was ashamed of myself for owning to them, and made a great effort to pull myself together.

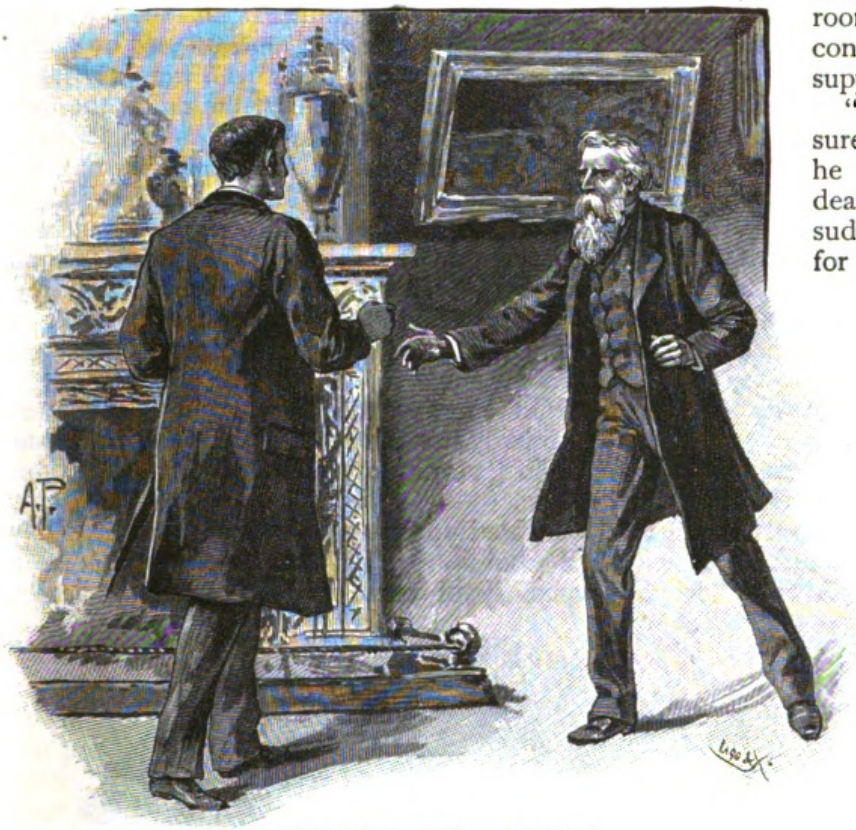
The next moment the door of the room was opened, and a gentlemanly man with silver hair and a soft, long beard entered.

"Mr. Halifax," he said, bowing to me, "I must introduce myself as Dr. Roper. I am an old resident of Saltmarsh, and have known the Ogilvies for many years. Mrs. Ogilvie is seriously ill—*seriously!*—alarmingly, I ought to add, and I am attending her."

"Is Dr. Ogilvie at home?" I asked.

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"Pray sit down, Mr. Halifax, Dr. Ogilvie is out at the present moment. He expected you, and sent the carriage to the station. He was most anxious for your arrival, and will, I am sure, be in directly. In the meantime, will you allow me to do all I can for your comfort? You would like to come to your room; let me show you the way."



"PRAY SIT DOWN, MR. HALIFAX."

"I think I should prefer to wait for Dr. Ogilvie," I said. "You are much occupied with your patient, and I must not trespass upon a moment of your time. I am very comfortable here, and can wait for my host if he is not long. I understood from his telegram that he wants someone to look after his patients."

"He does—he has an immense practice, quite the largest in Saltmarsh. His wife's sudden illness has upset him frightfully, and he cannot collect his thoughts. I suggested to him to wire to Ray, and I am truly glad that you have been able to respond so quickly."

"Thank you," I replied; "please do not trouble yourself about me. I am sorry to learn that Mrs. Ogilvie is so ill."

"She is very ill, indeed; it is a strange seizure. She is a young woman, and up to the present has always been healthy. She is suffering from embolism. This is a strange disease to attack the brain of a young woman. Well, I must return to her; I will send the servant to attend to you and get you refreshment."

He went out of the room, closing the door as noiselessly as he had entered. The man-servant who had admitted me to the house came into the consulting-room bearing a tray which contained a plentiful cold supper.

"My master will, I am sure, be back in a moment," he said; "he was a good deal flurried over the missis's sudden illness, and has gone for a ride on the mare. We expect him back each minute, for he knew the train you'd arrive by."

"When he comes in, tell him that I am here," I answered.

"Yes, sir, I won't fail to."

The man looked at me intently—his face had not the wooden expression which characterizes most of his class, it showed marked agitation and uneasiness—he opened his lips as if about to make a confidence, then, thinking better of it, closed them again and withdrew.

I ate some supper and then, sinking back in a comfortable chair, took up a book and tried to read.

Perhaps I had sunk into a doze unawares. I cannot tell. I only know that I suddenly found myself standing up; that I knew the nervous sensations of the earlier part of the evening had returned with greater force than ever; that the little clock on the mantelpiece was chiming in a silvery note the hour of one, and the fire was burning low on the hearth.

"Good heavens!" I said to myself, "I must have had a sleep. Has that man not returned yet from his ride? One o'clock—I wonder if the servants have forgotten me and gone to bed."

I pressed the button of an electric bell in the wall, and waited for the result. The answer came quickly. The man-servant,

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looking more disturbed and uneasy than ever, entered the room.

"I'm sorry to say, sir," he began, not waiting for me to speak, "that my master has not yet returned. We can't none of us account for his absence."

"You don't fear an accident?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir, that's scarcely likely. Dr. Ogilvie is the best rider in the country round, and though the mare is a bit skittish, she's like a lamb always when he sits on her. Dr. Ogilvie may have ridden over as far as Tewbury, which is a matter of eighteen miles from here; he has patients there, I know, and he may be detained for the night."

"Scarcely likely," I said, "with Mrs. Ogilvie so ill."

"She is that, sir; she's mortal bad, and we all think——" He stopped and forced back some words. "I can't tell you why my master isn't home, Dr. Halifax; but as there has been no call from any special patients this evening, perhaps you'd like me to take you to your room, sir."

"There does not seem any use in staying up longer," I said. "If you are going to sit up for Dr. Ogilvie, you can tell him that I am here, and can be disturbed at any moment if necessary. Now I will follow you upstairs."

I was shown into a comfortable room, furnished as handsomely as all the rest of the spacious house. A fire, newly made up, burned on the hearth, and several tall candles helped to make the apartment cheerful. I was dead tired, and did not take long tumbling into bed. I had scarcely laid my head on my pillow before I sank into a profound and dreamless sleep.

It seemed only to last a moment, although in reality I must have been in bed a couple of hours, when I was awakened by someone shaking me and flashing a light in my eyes.

"I wish you would get up, Mr. Halifax, and come with me," said Dr. Roper. "I cannot account for Dr. Ogilvie's prolonged absence. He has not yet returned, and Mrs. Ogilvie's condition is so unsatisfactory that I should like you to see her."

"I will come at once," I replied.

I was not three minutes getting into my clothes, and an instant later found me in the sick chamber. It did not bear the ordinary appearance of a room of illness—the darkness and the enforced quiet of such chambers were both absent.

A merry fire burned on the hearth; candles were shedding cheerful rays over the room. A young woman who wore a nurse's cap and apron leant over the rail at the foot of the bed; a middle-aged woman, with a somewhat unpleasant face, was standing by the fire and occasionally bending forward to watch the contents of a saucepan which was heating on the flames. There was a strong smell of coffee in the apartment, and I did not doubt that the nurse and the attendant were going to prepare themselves cups of this beverage.

On entering the room my attention was primarily attracted by these two women, but when I turned to the bed I forgot all about them.

Seated upright on the bed was a little boy of from four to five years of age. He had a quantity of tumbled hair of a light shade,



"SEATED UPRIGHT ON THE BED WAS A LITTLE BOY."

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which glistened in the candlelight. His eyes were preternaturally wide open; his lips were shut, so as to make a small straight line.

He glanced up at me not in alarm but in defiance, and stretching out one dimpled hand, laid it with a caressing motion on the head of the sick woman.

"That child ought to go to bed," I said to Dr. Roper.

"Oh, no, never mind him," he replied, quickly. "He is perfectly happy here, and determined to stay. He will make a noise if you disturb him."

I said nothing further, but bending over the bed prepared to examine the patient.

She was a young woman of not more than two or three and twenty. Her hair was abundant and of the same colour as the child's. Her eyes were partly closed—her face had a grey and ghastly appearance. In health she may have been pretty, but there was a look about her now which gave me again that nervous sensation which I had experienced once or twice before during the evening.

I proceeded at once to make the usual examinations. I found the skin of the patient warm and bathed in perspiration—the breathing was low and had a stertorous sound. The pulse was very slow.

I raised the lids of the eyes and looked into them. The pupils, as I expected, were considerably contracted. I took up a candle and passed it backwards and forwards before the face of the patient. She was, as I knew beforehand, absolutely insensible to light.

Dr. Roper began to speak to me in a hurried, anxious way.

"I heartily wish her husband were home," he said. "I have done all that is possible to arouse her, but in vain; each hour, each moment, the heavy stupor in which she is lying increases—in short, I have every reason to apprehend the worst consequences."

While the doctor was speaking, Taylor's opinions with regard to neurotic poisons kept flashing before my mind.

"I should like to speak to you in another room," I said; "come with me at once."

We went into the dressing-room.

Dr. Roper saw by my manner that I was disturbed, and his own uneasiness became more manifest.

"It is an awful responsibility to have a woman in this condition, and her husband unaccountably absent," he repeated.

"Never mind about her husband now," I said. "The thing is to restore her, and there is not an instant to lose."

"What do you mean; what more can we do?"

"You believe her to be suffering from embolism?" I said.

"Undoubtedly, all the symptoms point to it. There is a clot of blood in one of the arteries of the brain."

"Nothing of the kind," I said. "Your patient is suffering from the effects of an overdose of opium—not the faintest doubt on the subject."

To say that Dr. Roper turned pale is to give but a very faint idea of his appearance when I pronounced my verdict.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said, with a sort of gasp; "who would give Mrs. Ogilvie opium? She was a perfectly strong woman—she suffered no pain of any sort. There was nothing to tempt her to administer it to herself; and as to her husband, he is devoted to her. For goodness' sake, young sir, don't come down to a quiet place like this and set such scandal afloat."

"I don't want to set any scandal going," I replied. "It is nothing to me what anyone thinks. You have called me in to see the patient. I pronounce the case one of opium poisoning, and I insist on immediately using restoratives. We must make use of the stomach-pump and see what electricity will do."

My manner was so firm, and I carried my convictions so plainly written on my face, that Dr. Roper began to be convinced against his will.

"There is not a moment to lose," I said. "Is there an electric battery in the house? I suppose Dr. Ogilvie has everything necessary for our purpose in his surgery."

Dr. Roper interrupted me.

"I wish to say," he began, in a hesitating voice, "that my friend, Ogilvie, and I consulted together over this case. Our opinions are absolutely unanimous. All the symptoms pointed to a cerebral clot."

"Excuse me," I said. "The state of the pupils of the eyes, the warmth of the patient's skin, the slow and yet stertorous breathing, can all be accounted for by an overdose of opium. If nothing is done to restore that young woman she will certainly die, and if she dies in my presence I shall think it my duty to see that some investigations take place. It will then rest with the post-mortem examination to prove the truth of my diagnosis or not."

"I wish Dr. Ogilvie were home," murmured the old physician, perspiration breaking out on his brow, and his eyes growing troubled. "But, on my soul, I believe you are right

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with regard to one point, and that poor young creature, so full of life and beauty only twenty-four hours ago, is really drifting into the other world. In that case it cannot be wrong to use any means for her restoration. I will fetch what you require, Mr. Halifax, and join you in the sick room in a moment."

He ran downstairs and I quickly returned to my patient.

I was relieved to find that the beautiful child was no longer seated on the bed; his anxious vigil had probably proved too much for his tender years, and he was now doubtless calmly asleep in his cot in another room. I bent over my patient—I felt she was my patient now—and I determined not to leave a stone unturned to bring her back to life. I wanted to discover if there were any odour of opium on her breathing.

I could not find any, but the more I looked at her, the more sure I was that this illness was an unnatural one, and that the poor young woman who lay before me had been poisoned by either accident or design.

I felt myself growing hot with indignation. What kind of man was Dr. Ogilvie? Why was he absent at such a critical moment? Why did the servants look so queer and troubled; and last, but not least, why was I myself for the first time in all my medical experience actually suffering from an attack of nerves?

I felt through and through my being that something horrible had been done in this room, and I much wondered whether the strong restoratives which I meant to employ would be in time to be of the least use.

Dr. Roper entered the room, and we began our task. The first thing was to remove what portion of the poison still remained in the patient's stomach. The electric battery was then brought into force and artificial respiration resorted to. For a long time we worked without any apparent result.

One glance at the contents of the stomach-pump had caused Dr. Roper to turn so white that I thought he would have to be helped out of the room, but he speedily recovered himself and assisted me with a will and determination which showed that his opinion now fully coincided with my own.

The two nurses were like trained automatons in our hands.

There was a strange silence about our doings. We made little or no noise as we fought through the long hours of the night that awful fight with Death.

Towards morning a noise in the silent street caused Dr. Roper to utter a hurried, thankful exclamation, and to my unbounded delight had an effect on my patient.

She opened her eyes, gave a faint smile, looked full at the old doctor, and murmuring her husband's name, closed them again.

"Ogilvie has returned," said Dr. Roper, glancing at me. "Thank Heaven! Whatever detained him can now be explained. Those were his horse's footsteps which you heard just now clattering up to the door."

"And Mrs. Ogilvie is better," I said. "I have every hope that she will do now. I dare not leave her for a little, but you might go down and acquaint Dr. Ogilvie with what has occurred during his absence."

"With what we have found?" began Dr. Roper. "No, no, he is an old friend—that must be another man's task."

"Hush," I said, "Mrs. Ogilvie is becoming more conscious each minute. We must be careful; she is very weak." I looked towards the bed as I spoke.

My patient now lay with her eyes wide open. They were still dim from the effect of the drug, but the unnatural ghastly colour had left her cheeks, and her breathing was quicker and more regular.

"Stay with her," I whispered to the old doctor. "You have but to administer restoratives at short intervals; I will see Dr. Ogilvie myself, and quickly return."

I left the room. I expected to see my host mounting the stairs, and hurrying with what speed he could to his wife's sick room.

Instead of that there was commotion and alarm. Alarm on the faces of some maid-servants who, with hot haste, were hurrying downstairs. Voices raised to a shrill pitch of terror and distress sounded from the hall. There were hurrying steps, the confusion caused by doors being opened hastily and banged again regardless of sound. Dr. Ogilvie was nowhere to be seen. What was he doing? Why had he remained absent so long and at such a critical time, and, above all things, why had he returned now to turn the quiet house into noise and confusion?

Mrs. Ogilvie was better, certainly, but her heart had undergone a severe strain, and any undue agitation might undo all our night's work, and cause the feeble, fluttering breath to cease.

I ran downstairs quickly.

"Hush! hush!" I said. "I must beg of you all to be quiet! Where is Dr. Ogilvie? I must speak to him immediately."

The servant who had let me into the house the day before now came forward. He was

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only half-dressed, and his hair stood up wildly on his head.

"Will you step into this room, Mr. Halifax?" he said. "An awful thing has happened, sir. The mare has come home riderless!"

"Dr. Ogilvie's mare?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. There's no sign of my poor master, and we all fear an awful accident. The brute was that trembling as never was when it got to the door. Here's the groom—he'll tell you himself the state we found the mare in, all in a lather, and shivering from head to foot. You step in, Williams, and talk to the gentleman."



"THE MARE HAS COME HOME RIDERLESS."

"It's true what he says," remarked Williams, who had been listening to our conversation from the open doorway. "I never see a critter in such a taking as that mare. She shook like a leaf, and whinnied like a baby. I can't think as the mare 'ud throw the doctor, for though she is a skittish piece, she was always like a lamb when he rode her. It's an awful business, and I can't make head nor tail of it. Perhaps he got off to see someone and tied her up as he do, and then she made off. But then her bridle would have broken, and it isn't. Well, well, George and me, we don't know what to do."

"What would you advise, sir?" asked the footman, who went by the name of George. "I suppose we must start a search party; but how we are to get them together, and it still dark night, is more than I can make out."

"Does the coachman live on the premises?" I asked.

"No, sir; his house is at the other end of the town."

"You had better go and wake him," I said. "You, of course, know two or three men who will help you in an emergency of this sort. By the way, is there not snow on the ground?"

"Yes, sir," replied George; "a light sprinkling. The snow has been falling for an hour or so, and is now resting."

"The snow will help you," I said. "The day is already beginning to break, and you will be easily able to trace the mare's footsteps over the fresh snow. We none of us can tell what has happened, but the probabilities point to Dr. Ogilvie having been thrown from his horse. I must go back at once to your mistress, who is better, but not out of danger."

"Thank the Lord she is better!" ejaculated George, while a look of relief swept over the groom's face.

"She is better," I replied; "and now I trust to you, George, and to you, Williams, to start a search party with the least possible delay."

"Thank you, sir," the two men said. "There ain't no doubt that we'll do our very best."

They looked relieved, as people always do when they get definite and explicit directions. The men left the house immediately. I found it necessary, on re-entering the hall, to say a few words to the agitated women-servants.

"Get the house lighted up and well warmed," I said, "and do this with the least possible delay. Dr. Ogilvie is most probably hurt, and may be brought home before long. It will be well to get a bed made up in one of the downstairs rooms in case he is too much injured to be carried upstairs."

The maids were also pleased at being given work to do, and having restored a certain amount of order, I returned to my patient.

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The moment I entered the room and looked at her, my heart gave a thankful bound. Whatever had happened, whatever dark cloud was hanging over the house, her young life was saved. The natural look of faintly returning health was reviving more and more each moment on her face. She turned her head when I entered the room and asked me a question.

"Is my husband in the house?" she asked.

"No," I replied, using that latitude with regard to truth which I considered in her case absolutely necessary. "He has been called out suddenly."

"I wonder he did not come to see me first," she answered, gently.

"He had not a moment—the case was urgent. It will be nice for him to find you so much better."

"Oh, yes, I am nearly well," she said, with a smile, and then she closed her eyes peacefully and sank into a natural sleep.

I motioned Dr. Roper out of the room, and told him as well as I could what had occurred.

The circumstances of the night, the appalling discovery we had made with regard to Mrs. Ogilvie's illness, had unmanned him a good deal, and now the grave fears which we were forced to share with regard to Dr. Ogilvie's fate completely prostrated the poor old man.

"I feel dazed, Halifax," he said. "I cannot realize what all this means. There isn't a better fellow living than Ogilvie; he is devoted to his wife; and she — well, pretty dear, I have known her from a baby. Who could have given her that opium?"

"The thing now is to find Dr. Ogilvie," I said. "We will assume that he has been thrown from his horse."

"Why do you say we will assume it? Of course the mare threw him—nasty thing she always was. I often warned him about her. Why do you say we will assume that Dr. Ogilvie has met with an accident, Halifax?"

I made no reply, but the old doctor read my thoughts in my face.

"No, no," he said, "it isn't that; it can't be that. Well, I'll go myself and help to look for him."

He went downstairs, trembling and tottering.

"I will take care of Mrs. Ogilvie," I said, calling after him as he reached the lower landing. "Make your mind easy on that score, and have some wine before you start."

I then went back to the sick room. The patient still slept, and the nurses were softly moving about, putting the chamber in order, and removing all traces of the disorder which had reigned there while Death and the doctors were having their fight.

I sat down in an easy chair and, being very weary, dropped into a doze. I am sure I did not sleep long. When I awoke I observed that Mrs. Ogilvie was looking at me with a puzzled but gentle expression.

"I wish I knew your name," she said. "I have seen you in my dreams all night, but I don't know who you are."

"My name is Halifax," I said.

"Halifax," she repeated; "we don't know anyone called Halifax."

"You are unlikely to know me: I am a doctor from London; I have come down to help your husband with his patients, and as you were very ill last night and Dr. Ogilvie was away, I helped to look after you."

"Was I very ill?" she repeated. "I don't seem to remember anything, only that I was drowsy and hated to be disturbed. I had bad neuralgia yesterday morning, and my husband gave me something to drink. Soon



"HER FACE WAS VERY BLACK AND OMINOUS."

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afterwards the pain went, and I felt very sleepy, nothing more. How could I have been ill if I felt no pain?"

"People are often ill without suffering pain," I replied. "Be thankful that you are much better this morning. I am going to order some breakfast for you now." Here I raised my voice. "Nurse," I said, "will you, please, get some strong tea for Mrs. Ogilvie?"

The hospital nurse left the room, but the older woman still sat keeping guard by the fire; her face was very black and ominous.

"Are you there, Jenkins?" called Mrs. Ogilvie.

"Yes, my dear," she replied, then she came over to the bedside, bent suddenly over the young wife and kissed her.

I was amazed at the change in her face when she did this. The sullenness gave place to a hungry sort of tenderness, as if a partly starved heart had been suddenly fed.

"You'll excuse me, sir," she said, turning to me, and I noticed that her eyes were full of tears; "but I have nursed Mrs. Ogilvie since she was a baby, and she's not twenty-three yet, poor dear."

She suddenly left the room, and I noticed for the first time how child-like, how younger even than her years, were the outlines of my patient's pretty face.

She was getting better each moment, but I dreaded her making inquiries about her husband.

The nurse came back with the tea, and I was leaving the room to go to my own to have a wash and dress, when one of the maid-servants came up to me and spoke hastily.

"If you please, sir," she said, "there's a woman downstairs. She has asked for Dr. Ogilvie. She says she's one of his patients, and won't believe me when I say that he's not in and not likely to be. I showed her into the consulting-room, and I thought maybe you'd come down and see her, sir."

"Yes," I said, "I will be down immediately."

I rushed into my room, made a hasty toilet, and went downstairs. The daylight was now shedding a sickly gleam over everything, but the large consulting-room had a neglected appearance, for the shutters were only partly removed from the windows, and the ashes of last night's fire were still grey and cheerless on the hearth.

Standing in the middle of the room was a tall, middle-aged woman with a florid face. She had a defiant sort of manner, and a habit of tossing her head, which accompanied more or less all her actions. She did not look like an invalid, and my heart gave a fresh beat of alarm as though I knew, even before she spoke, that a fresh leaf in the Book of Tragedy was about to be turned.

"Sit down," I said; "I am sorry Dr. Ogilvie is out."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "as if I'm likely to believe that little game! He don't want to see me; but you tell him, young man, that Flora's mother is here, and that here Flora's mother will stay until he comes to her."

"I don't understand you," I said. "Dr. Ogilvie has been absent all night—we are



"AS IF I'M LIKELY TO BELIEVE THAT LITTLE GAME!

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all terribly anxious about him; we fear that his horse has thrown him, as it came back riderless this morning. If you will go away now and come later I may have tidings for you."

There was a vague hope in my mind that the woman might be a lunatic; the best thing was to get her quietly out of the house and warn the servants on no account to re-admit her.

"Dr. Ogilvie is out," I repeated; "I have no object in keeping the truth from you."

She looked startled for a moment when I spoke of a possible accident, but soon the old toss of the head re-asserted itself.

"Oh," she said, "you nearly took me in, but I'm too old to be gulled. I'll wait here for Dr. Ogilvie until he comes back. I gave him forty-eight hours, and the time's up: he was expecting me this morning. You send someone in to light the fire, young man, and I wouldn't object to a bit of breakfast."

There was nothing whatever for it but to humour the woman. Whether mad or sane she would not leave the house without making a disturbance. She was strong enough to fight, and she certainly seemed to have sufficient nerve to offer physical resistance if necessary.

"Very well," I said, after a pause, "if you won't go I will leave you here."

I went back into the hall, where one of the maid-servants was hovering restlessly about.

"Do you think you can get her to leave, sir?" she asked.

"No," I replied; "she insists upon waiting to see your master."

"She hints very queer things, sir," continued the servant.

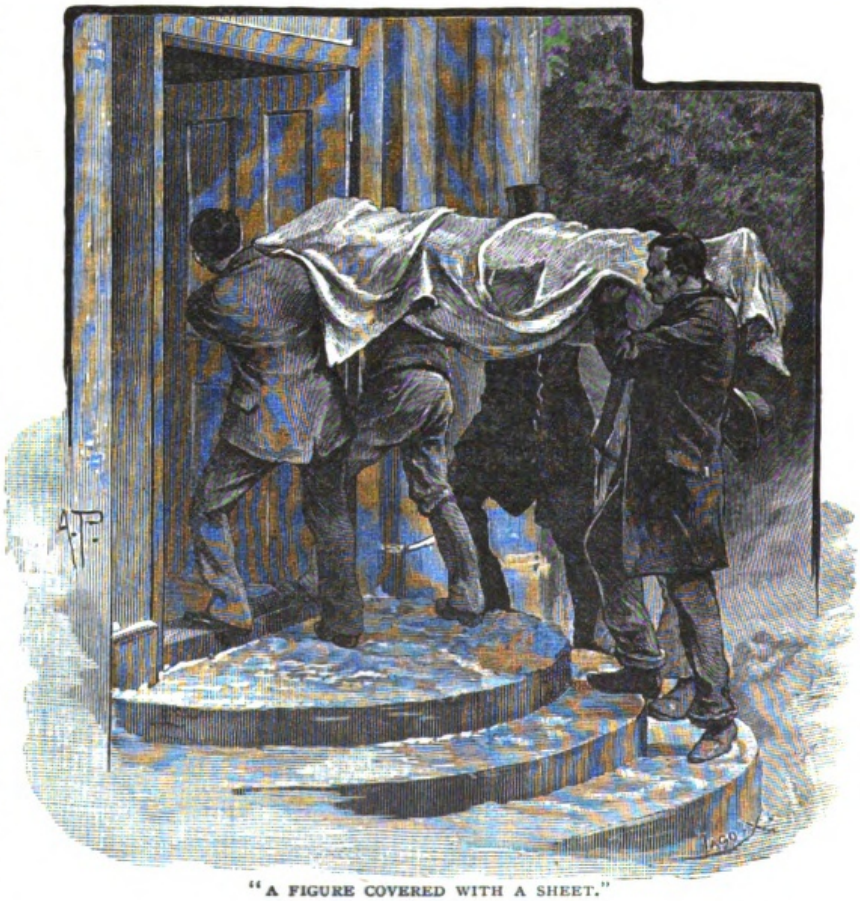
"I don't want to hear them," I answered, impatiently. "It is more than probable that the woman is deranged. Has she been here before?"

"Two days ago, sir, and just about this hour, too. She was shut up with my master in his consulting-room for a long time. We all noticed how changed Dr. Ogilvie looked after that. He seemed to turn old all of a sudden. We all saw it."

"Well," I said, "you had better take the woman some breakfast. And please don't listen to a word she says, for I do not think she is accountable."

These remarks had scarcely passed my lips, and the servant had not attempted to obey my directions, before a sound of heavy footsteps in the street caused us both to turn pale. I rushed to the hall door and opened it.

Several men bearing a burden on a shutter were ascending the steps. A motionless figure, covered with a sheet, lay on the shutter. The men, without uttering a word, brought it straight into the house.



"A FIGURE COVERED WITH A SHEET."

Dr. Roper accompanied them.

"Come in here," he said, and they carried their burden into the spacious dining-room and laid it on the centre table.

"Make no noise," whispered the doctor hoarsely to them; "go quietly away."

Then he turned to me.

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"Come into this room with me, Halifax," he said.

He pointed to a little conservatory which opened out of the dining-room. His manner had altered; it was now composed and quiet. I perceived that the shock he had received had the strange effect of absolutely steadying his nerves for the time.

"We found him," he began at once—"we found him several miles from home. The mare's footsteps were distinctly visible in the snow, and we had no difficulty in tracing them to the spot on the borders of a wood where the act was committed."

"He killed himself, then," I whispered.

"Yes, yes; my friend! my poor, poor friend! I found him myself, Halifax——"

Dr. Roper took out a handkerchief and wiped the damp from his brow as he spoke.

"I found him quite stiff and cold. The bottle that had contained the poison which he had swallowed was tightly clutched in his right hand. Poor, poor Ogilvie — oh, my God, that I should live to see this day!"

"Can you account for it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Halifax—yes—I can account for it—yes—*that* accounts for it."

He took a letter out of his pocket and thrust it into my hand.

"Read it," he said. "It is right you should know the truth. I found it in his breast pocket—it was addressed to me."

Dr. Roper turned to leave the conservatory—I opened the letter.

The words it contained were concise and calm. No trace of emotion was allowed to appear.

"MY DEAR ROPER," began the unfortunate doctor, "When you receive this I shall have died by my own hand. Life has become intolerable to me—I will tell you why.

"Two days ago there were few happier men than I. I had all, and more than I ever dreamed I could possess of happiness and the good things of life. Above and over all else, I was the husband of the sweetest wife in the world. I don't believe any two people were more devoted to each other than Maggie and I. Two days ago the storm which wrecks us both broke. I often told you that I had spent the early years of my medical life in Australia. But I never mentioned either to you or to Maggie that I was married when there. I married a handsome girl who turned out to be a virago—one of the cruellest, the most heartless, the wickedest women who ever polluted God's earth.

"After two years of absolute misery, which no words of mine can possibly describe, my wretched wife died suddenly when I was engaged on business up the country. I was given the certificate of her death, and, relieved beyond measure, I returned to England, bought a practice here, and fell in love with my sweet Maggie and married her. We have been husband and wife for nearly six years; we have one beautiful child; no people could have been happier than we were.

"Two days ago a woman called to see me. To my horror I quickly recognised her as my first wife's mother. She told me at once that her daughter had never died. She gave reasons, which I need not enter into here, for the trick which had been played upon me. Since then tidings of my prosperity had reached the wretched pair, and they came to England determined to make me acknowledge my real wife and reinstate her in the place occupied by my beloved Maggie.

"Of course, I offered money, but all in vain—my real wife must have her rights or nothing. If I did not immediately reinstate her she would denounce me for bigamy. Finally, I asked for two days' grace to decide what steps to take. This was unwillingly conceded to. During twenty-four hours I thought the whole thing over. One does not take long to make up one's mind when one is in despair.

"I resolved not to bribe the women, not to argue with them, but by one fell stroke to cut the ground under their cruel feet. Roper, I resolved to kill both myself and Maggie. My Maggie, my darling, should never live to hear of the disgrace which would more than break her heart. Maggie should go first, by easy and painless steps, into the other world. There I would quickly meet her. I made my resolve, and this morning began to carry it into effect. I gave my dear and only true wife a portion of a certain drug which resembles morphia in its effects, but leaves no smell, and might easily make those not really acquainted with its peculiar power suppose the victim to be suffering from embolism. I heard of this drug in Australia, and had a small quantity with me. I do not know its name, but it is much used by the Australian aborigines. When taken in certain quantities it causes slow and painless death.

"I have watched Maggie during the whole of this awful day; there is now no chance of her recovering for a life of misery. I am going out on the mare; I shall ride a considerable distance, and then send the horse home. I have a large dose of the same poison in my pocket. It will kill me, Roper—I am a good riddance. Farewell."

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I had scarcely finished reading this miserable letter before Dr. Roper, his eyes blazing with excitement, rushed into the conservatory.

"For God's sake, Halifax, come at once," he gasped. "That awful woman has found her way into the room where the body is. Her nerves have given way completely at sight of it. She has confessed that her whole abominable story is a lie—that her daughter, poor Ogilvie's first wife, has really been dead for years, and that she only invented her horrible fiction for purposes of blackmail."

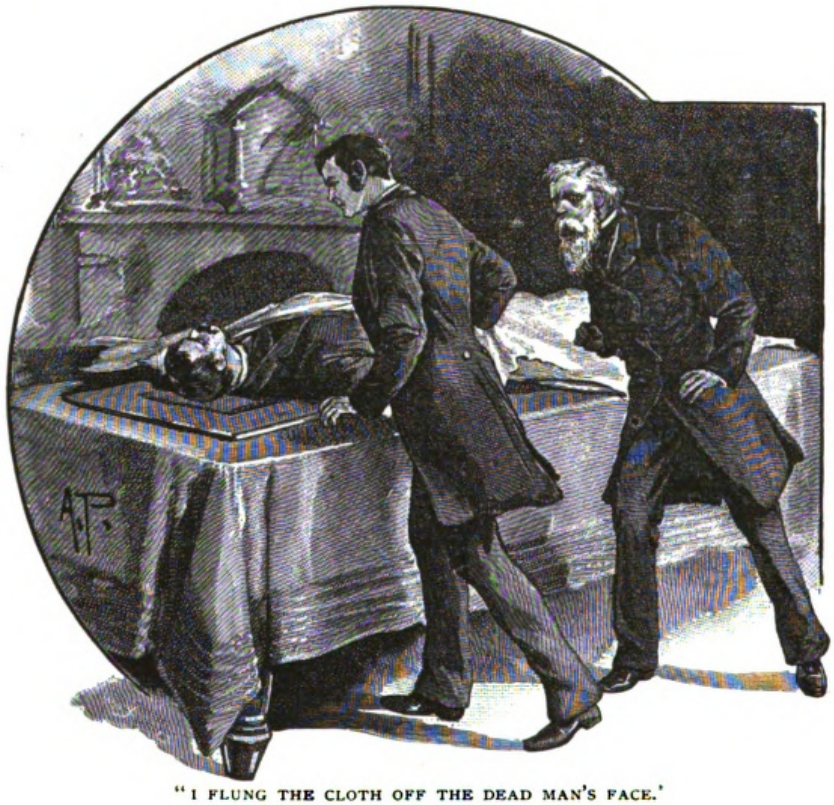
"Then—then," I said with a sudden shout, which I could not repress, "we'll have a try for it."

"A try for what? Are you mad?"

"Why, Roper, don't you see?" I exclaimed. "Don't you see that if that woman's story is false, Ogilvie has nothing to die for? The drug he has taken is slow in its effects. He may be only in a state of stupor. We saved his wife—we'll have a try for his recovery, too."

I ran from the room, and Roper, looking as if his senses had deserted him, followed me. We turned everyone out of the dining-room and locked the door. I flung the cloth off the dead man's face, and, seizing a looking-glass, held it to his lips.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed, turning to the old doctor and pointing to a faint dimness on its polished surface.



"I FLUNG THE CLOTH OFF THE DEAD MAN'S FACE."

That is the story, for of course we did save Ogilvie. We had a harder fight than even that of the night before, but in the end the grim King of Terrors withdrew, and we, the humble instruments who had brought back life almost to the dead, fell on our knees in thankfulness. And Ogilvie's wife was never told the real story of that night.

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The Queer Side of Things—Among the Freaks.



By W. L. Alden.

How I became acquainted with the door-keeper is of no consequence. He assisted me to pass away several weary hours that I once spent in Chicago. I know very well that they ought not to have been weary hours. I should have visited the pork-packing establishments, and gazed at and duly admired the fifteen and twenty-story buildings that Chicago will continue to pride herself upon until an earthquake comes and convinces the occupants of the upper stories that it would have been better for them if they had never been born. It happened, however, that I was snowbound, and waiting until the snow-ploughs should succeed in opening the way for the trans-continental trains. Being thus compelled to wait against my will, I was discontented, and took no delight in pork or tall buildings. It was in these circumstances that I met the door-keeper, and found him to be, in the words of the landlord of my hotel, "One of the nicest gentlemen and spryest fighters in all Chicago."

The door-keeper was the chief owner and manager of a Dime Museum. The American Dime Museum does not bear the most distant resemblance to the British Museum. It is simply an exhibition of monstrosities, genuine and artificial, and the public is admitted to view them on payment of a dime. These monstrosities, known in the "profession" as "freaks," seem to be produced in quantities to supply the demand. Every Dime Museum professes to have the tallest giant, the smallest dwarf, the fattest fat woman, and the most beautiful Circassian girl in existence. There are three or four Dime Museums in every city in the United States, not to speak of those that are on the road. How they all manage to find the necessary stock of genuine "freaks" is a mystery which the outside public cannot solve.

My door-keeper was, as I have said, the proprietor of his museum, but he occupied the post of door-keeper for the reason that he could thus make sure of receiving the money paid for admission, and, being a powerfully-built man, could prevent the entrance of disorderly persons, and thus preserve the reputation of his museum as an "unequalled family resort," a claim made for it by the

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handbills. He loved to talk of his professional experiences and in unfolding to me the private life of his "freaks" he opened up a new world. This is the story he told me concerning his "Wild Man of Borneo."

"Yes, sir! As I was saying, managing a company of 'freaks' ain't no picnic. They're the most quarrelsome lot that was ever got together outside of a meeting of politicians who want to bring about harmony in the party. A Fat Woman puts on more airs than any two Eyetalian primy-donners, and for bad temper there is nothing that can touch a Beautiful Circassian Girl. I have to spend about one-third of my time in keeping my people from throwing crockery and pulling hair. Except when they're falling in love, there ain't a day that some one of them don't come to me and swear that he or she'll leave if I don't discharge someone else.



THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO.

"Last year I had a Wild Man of Borneo who was dead in love with the Tattooed Lady. It was Barnum that invented the tattooed business, and for a while it was the best line of business in the profession. Every museum was bound to have a Tattooed Girl, with a yarn about her having been captured by the Indians and tattooed when she was a little girl. My Circassian Girl jumped at the chance of changing her line, for Circassian Girls don't begin to draw as they did twenty years ago, and when I proposed to her to do the Tattooed Girl act, she set to work at once to draw patterns for the tattooing, and being a mighty smart girl she got up some of the best designs that I ever saw.

"My Wild Man of Borneo was a thin, cadaverous little chap, chock-full of sentiment and poetry and all that sort of nonsense. When he got on his paint, and danced his war-dance, and howled—in what folks thought was the Borneo language—and swallowed raw meat, you'd have thought that he was about as murdering a style of savage as could be found, though he really wouldn't have hurt a fly. We kept him in a cage labelled 'Dangerous' until his part in the performance came round, and then a keeper would take him out and lead him with a chain around his waist to the platform, where he went through with his dancing and raw meat eating. I paid him a good salary, and he was worth it. I wish I had him back again in his cage. The Wild Man I've got now is an Irishman, and he can't howl without a brogue that's bound to give him away some day.

"Now this Wild Man, the first one I mentioned, you understand, was the kind of chap that is always falling in love, and of course he fell in love with the Beautiful Circassian. He wanted to marry her, and seeing as she didn't draw very well, and was getting tired of the business, and knowing that he was getting a good salary, and was a leading man in his line, she agreed to marry him. I never liked the girl, for she was bad-tempered and selfish, and I knew she didn't care a straw for the Wild Man, but I told her and him that if they'd wait six months I'd give them a bang-

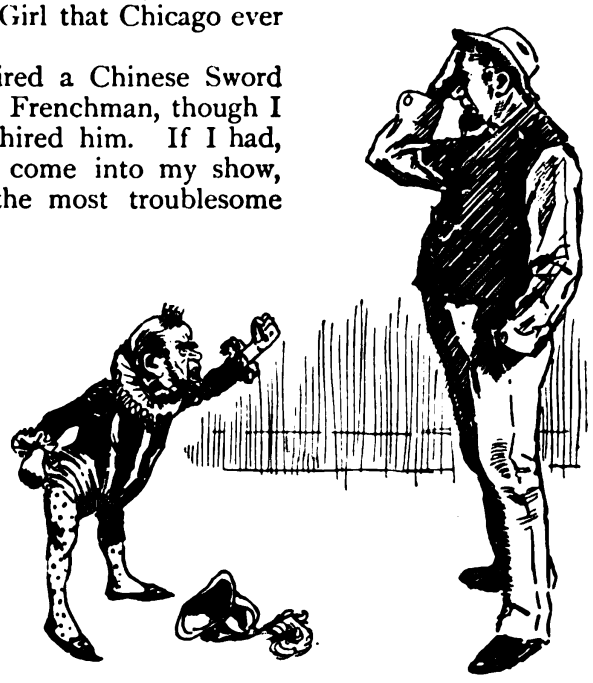

"STENCILLING."

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up wedding that shouldn't cost them a cent, and of course she insisted on waiting.

"When she went into the tattooed business, the Wild Man, being engaged to her, naturally insisted on doing the stencilling. I know you won't give it away, so I don't mind telling you that the tattooing is put on every Monday with a stencil plate and brush, and is generally washed off on Saturday night when it begins to get faded. It takes about two dozen different stencil plates to do a girl up in style, and give her a variety of patterns. These plates were always kept in the property-room, and when Monday morning came around the Wild Man would get them out and tattoo his lady-love as gently as if he was a great artist, painting a first-class, hand-made picture. He took about twice as long as was necessary for the job, and I will say that when he was done, he turned out the best Tattooed Girl that Chicago ever saw.

"Well, one day I hired a Chinese Sword Swallower. He was a Frenchman, though I didn't know it when I hired him. If I had, he would never have come into my show, for a Frenchman is the most troublesome 'freak' in the whole profession, not excepting even the Dwarf, and he's, generally speaking, a holy terror. Naturally, this Frenchman began to make love to the Tattooed Girl. I don't blame him for that, for, being a Frenchman, he had to act according to his nature; but he knew she was engaged to the Wild Man, and he had no business to meddle with an engaged girl, especially as there was the Fat Woman who hadn't anybody attached to her, and would have been thankful even for a Frenchman.



THE DWARF.

"Now this Sword Swallower was a rather handsome young fellow, with lots of swagger about him, and he gathered that Tattooed Girl in without the least trouble. She threw over the Wild Man and wouldn't have anything more to do with him. She wouldn't even let him tattoo her, and said that the Sword Swallower was twice the artist that he was in handling a stencil brush. The poor chap came to me and said that he had made up his mind to commit suicide or to leave the business. He said that Jemima, for that was the girl's name, seemed to hate him. 'Once she used to admire me in my great meat-eating act,' said the Wild Man. 'Now she says that it is perfectly disgusting to eat raw meat, and she can't endure my black paint. She tells me that it's a low line of business to be a Wild Man, and that she thinks that sword swallowing is perfectly lovely. I say it ain't nothing of the sort. A sword ain't half as digestible as raw beef, and I don't care who says it is.'

"'You give her up, my boy,' I said. 'Don't waste your time over her. You're in the very front rank in your line, and that is something to be proud of.'

"'I know it,' said he; 'but I can't stay in this show if that Sword Swallower stays. My contract will be up next month, and you might as well let me off now. If you don't, there is nothing for me except the cold and silent grave.'

"'You drop that nonsense!' said I. 'The grave's no sort of place for a man of talent like you. Leave this business to me, and I promise you that inside of a week Jemima will give that Frenchman his walking ticket, and you'll have the field to yourself again.'

"He was a trusting little beggar, and had no end of confidence in me. What I said brought up his spirits again, and that afternoon he howled better than he had ever howled before, and two women fainted away when he jumped at them with his spear, as if he was going to run them through then and there.

"Now I happened to have a lot of stencil plates that I used to mark boxes with, and knowing that the Frenchman couldn't read or write, I felt pretty sure that I could put up a job on him that would settle his business with the Tattooed Girl. In the course of the day I took six of her stencil plates out of the drawer where they were kept and put six of mine on the top of the pile in

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"TWO WOMEN FAINTED AWAY."

their place, and waited for next Monday morning to come round.

"Naturally it came round, and naturally the Frenchman was on hand at eleven o'clock to stencil the girl, so as to be ready for the afternoon exhibition. He never noticed any difference between the plates he had been using and the ones I had furnished, for besides not being able to read, he was so taken up with making love to the girl, that he never had no time to notice anything else. It was the same way with her. She supposed that the stencilling was going on all right, and she never so much as looked at the plates, knowing that the Frenchman always used them in regular order, beginning with the top of the pile.

"He always began with her back, and when he had used up six of the stencil plates, he had her shoulders and forehead stencilled, and then went to work on her neck. The plates he used for this part of his work were the regular ones, and as the girl couldn't see her forehead or her back, she supposed they were all right. Which they wasn't, as you will presently understand.

"After the tattooing was over, and the Frenchman had gone to dinner, I took the girl into my office and kept her there till the performance began, so that nobody should be able to see her. While the show was going on she had to sit in a chair on a raised platform, where everybody could see her, and when her turn came the chair was slowly twisted round, while the lecturer told the yarn about her having been captured by Indians, and explained her diagrams. She couldn't help noticing that people stared at her more than usual when they came in, and she supposed that the stencilling must have been done extra particular well.

"What they were staring at, however, was her forehead, which was stencilled 'J. H. M.,' being my initials, and they naturally wondered how the Indians came to tattoo a girl with English letters. But it was when the lecturer began to explain her, and turned her chair round so as to show her back, that the fun began. Across the back of her neck was 'Keep Dry,' in big letters; a little farther down was 'Very Fragile' and 'Handle With Care.' One arm was marked 'Strictly Private,' and the other 'This Side Up,' and, as good luck would have it, the Frenchman had not got a single plate upside down.

"Well, when the people saw it they first laughed themselves sick, and then got mad. They said they had been swindled, and that the girl had never been near no Indians. One fellow said that seeing as she wasn't a leopard she couldn't change her own spots,



"HOW THEY CHAFFED THAT POOR GIRL!"

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and that, consequently, I had changed them for her, and was a thief and an impostor. And how they chaffed that poor girl! I really felt sorry for her, though I knew she deserved it all. As for the lecturer, he left as soon as the first egg hit him on the head, and the girl would have left too, if she had been able to get out of the crowd.

"I let the row run along a little in hopes that the Frenchman would get mixed up in it, but he was no such man, and he bolted the minute it began. So seeing as there was danger that the crowd would wreck the establishment, I went in with three policemen and my four teamsters, and we cleared out the people without much trouble. I told them that there had been a mistake, and that the Tattooed Girl being sick couldn't show that day, and my secretary, not wishing to disappoint the people, had got a substitute without consulting me. What with offering them free tickets for the next day, and licking half-a-dozen or so of the most cheeky, I settled the affair up, and the next day the show was as peaceful as ever.

"What became of the Wild Man! Oh! I 'most forgot to tell you. When the Tattooed Girl found out what the row had been about she swore that the Frenchman had done it on purpose, and that she would never see him again, barring such time as might be necessary to tear his eyes out. He heard of this and had sense enough to keep on his side of the house, and she never had a chance to get at his eyes. After the month was up he left me, and that was the last I ever saw of him. The field being clear, the Wild Man makes up to the girl again, and she takes him back, making it a condition, however, that he should give up the Wild Man business and go into some other. So he set to work and learned the sword swallowing act, though a Sword Swallower doesn't command more than half the average wages of a first-class Wild Man. He's doing sword swallowing in my museum now, and don't like it very much. He told me the other day that he hankered for his old life. 'Thishyer swallowing business is too conventional for me,' he said. 'There ain't no room for the display of histrionic talent like there was in that raw meat act. But she won't have it, and I must do what pleases her.'



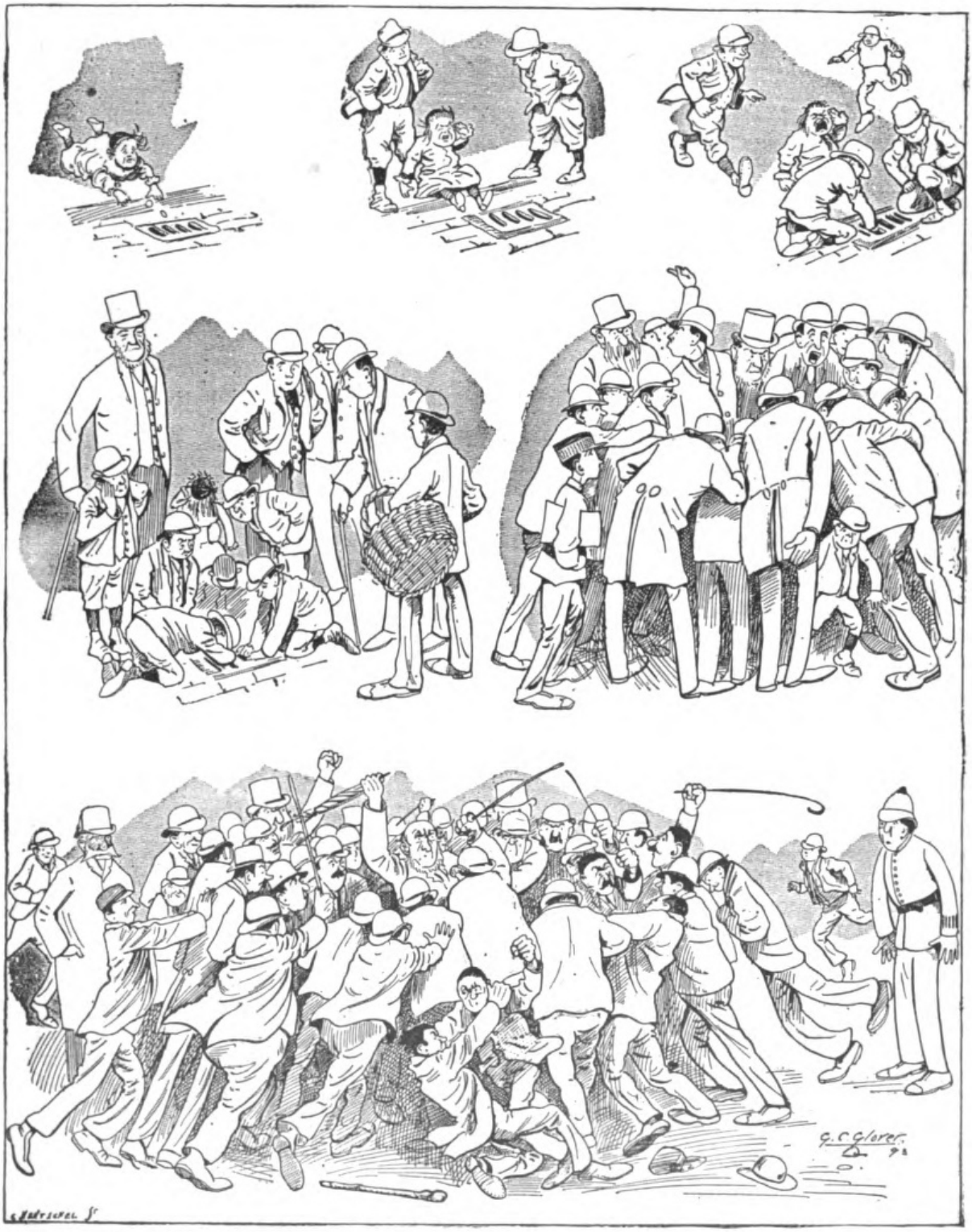
"SHE WOULD TEAR HIS EYES OUT."

"They calculate to be married in about two months, and then I'll lose them both, for of course they'll quarrel, so that I shall have to get rid of the pair of them. Well, it was what might have been expected after letting a Frenchman into the show. If it wasn't that she is a mighty handsome woman, and has got the best stencilling in the profession, I'd bribe her to leave on the sly, and I'd get her lover to go back to the Wild Man business. It's the only line fit for a man of his talent, and he's just throwing himself away, as you might say, now that he is only a Chinese Sword Swallower."



THE CHINESE SWORD SWALLOWER.

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ALL THROUGH A LOST PENNY.

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Illustrated Interviews.

XXV.—MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A.

MELBURY ROAD, Kensington, has for some years past been completely converted into a colony of eminent artists and sculptors in general, and R.A.'s in particular. Pedestrians seldom pass by that way. It is a corner of London which the birds seem to have singled out as a fitting place for early and impromptu concerts —a Kensingtonian nook, where the flowers bloom and the trees are positively patriotic towards our sister isle in a constant "wearing of the green." It is altogether an ideal spot for the artist. One house in the Melbury Road cannot fail to cause both eyes to "take it in." You cannot mistake it. It stands next to a habitation of the Norman period. It is of red brick, and its windows are brimming over with scarlet geraniums and marguerites. It is of Queen Anne design, and bears visible marks of the skill of Norman Shaw, who designed it some sixteen years ago. But, then, there are many other "Queen Annes" in Melbury Road. Still, there is no mistaking it; for if you listen at the gate you may sometimes hear little voices. You cannot see the owners of them, for they are playing about on the lawn at the back, and hidden by evergreens and bushy shrubs.

"Phyllis! Phyllis! if you're not quick you'll miss this butterfly."

"Is it a big one, Dorothy?"

"Yes — there — there it goes!" and you hear a delightful shriek go up, and you feel you would part with all your small earthly possessions if you could but laugh as happily as that. You were just then listening to the two little daughters of Luke Fildes, R.A.

The true chord of a genial spirit is struck immediately you meet the Royal Academician. He looks exactly what he is—an artist. Tall, well-built, with expressive features, and eyes that never fail to gather in "life" —he is undeniably handsome. His beard and moustache are brown, his hair black, and tinged with the very faintest sign of silver on the way. He talks to you earnestly, as though he considered that nothing should be said or uttered without thought. Every word, with him, has its due weight and value. Yet, notwithstanding this wise and commendable seriousness, there is a jollity of disposition, a keen appreciation of the merry side of things always apparent. That he is in love with his work is unquestionable, but the studio — and only an artist knows its fascinations — has not severed him from home ties. His wife is his constant companion. She will spend hours with him in the studio. Mrs. Fildes is herself an admirable artist; hence her advice and criticism on an important detail of work are often of the greatest value. The children, too. There are four boys—Val, a godson of Mr.



From a Photo. by] MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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THE GARDEN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Val Prinsep, Paul, Geoffrey, and Dennis; and two little girls, of whom we have heard before. The two youngest boys and the girls are still at home, and lead a life of homely happiness. I like to weigh results from natural causes. Perhaps the helpful aid of wife and the pleasures of childhood, allowed a free and unfettered course, have something to do with the fact that Mr. Luke Fildes looks ten years younger than he really is!

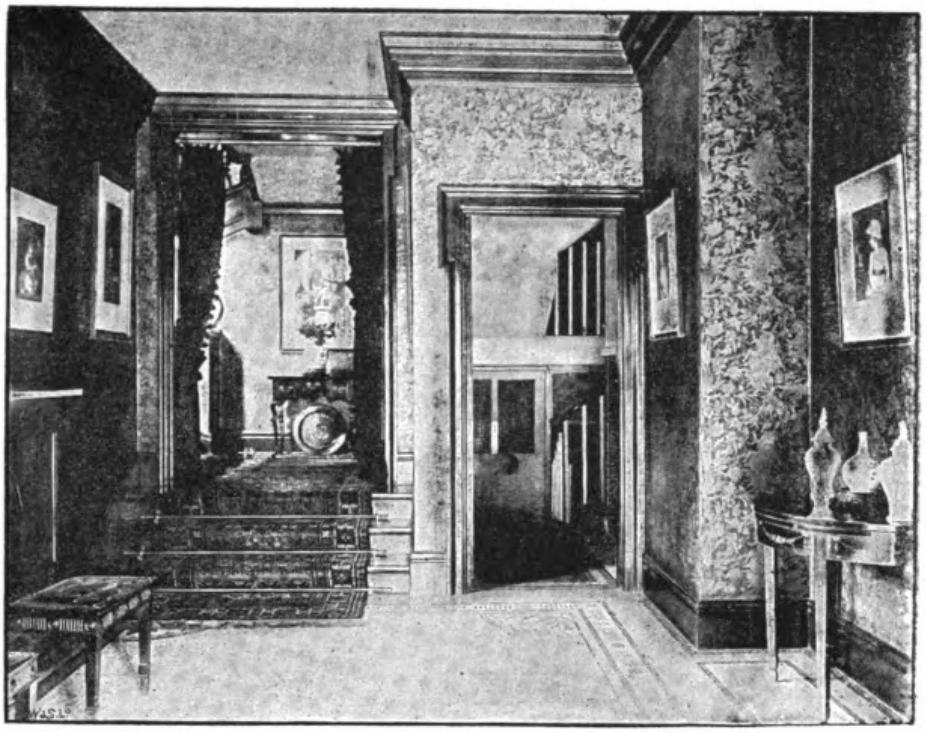
His home is that of the artist—everything has its own artistic place and corner; nothing fails to harmonize, nothing comes short of gaining the effect wanted. It is a cosy and compact hall you enter. The walls are encrusted with crimson and gold. Engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds are in abundance—Penelope, Lavina, Simplicity, the Countess Spencer, and many more. A quaint old Venetian lantern finds a place amongst knick-knacks in blue china, and here it may be said that Mr. Fildes has an exquisite collection of blue china scattered throughout the house. He had a hobby for collecting it before he was married, and they range from the tiniest of vases to heavy and massive jars. Here hangs the only framed original "black and white" in the house—an illustration for Victor Hugo's "L'Homme Qui Rit."

Passing beneath the crimson curtains, on either side of which are proofs after Marcus Stone, R.A., you reach the body of the house. Brass plates from Venice line the staircase in delightful negligence. They are all over the house, intermingled with blue china and other ware. Immediately facing you is a magnificent pear-wood cabinet of Italian workmanship. The school-room is to the left. Specimens of the work of the artist, whose children occupy this apartment, are not missing; and the drawing-room is right before you. It is a



From a Photo. by] MRS. FILDES AND CHILDREN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

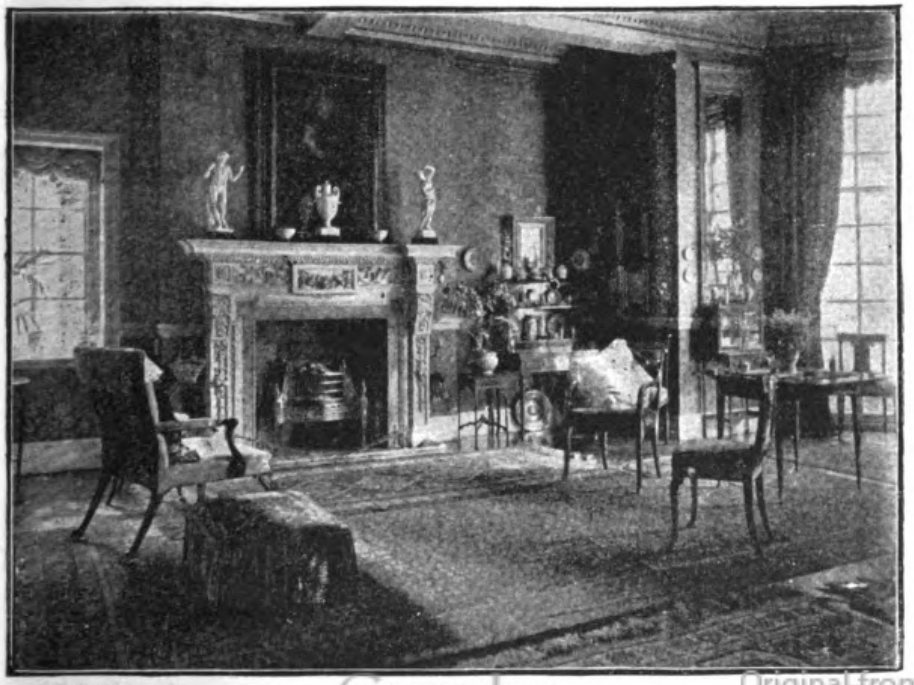
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From a Photo. by] THE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

room filled with the perfume of flowers: for not only are the vases filled with them, but the scent comes in through the open balcony door from the garden. From here you may now catch sight of the happy hunting ground of the little heroines of the butterfly adventure. The entire back of the garden is shut in by trees. The great green lawn, the gravel walks, the ivy and Virginia creeper trailing up the balcony and trying to fight their way into the drawing-room, and absolute quietude, take one miles from a noisy metropolis.

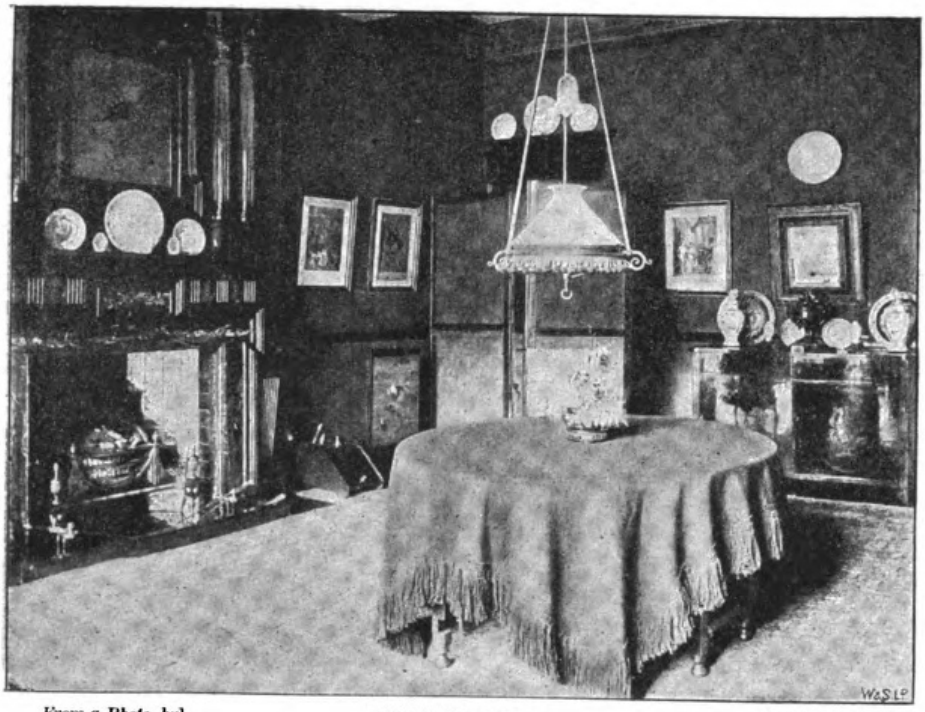
The white ceiling of this apartment and the golden bronze on the walls produce a beautiful effect. The Chippendale furniture is very fine, the chairs being upholstered in plush of a glorious blue. A cabinet near the window contains the early playthings of the little ones—the silver bells on coral stems and silver christening mugs. Over the mantelpiece hangs a portion of a canvas of the Maroni period. The figure of a boy is shown with a hand resting on his shoulder. The owner of the hand has disappeared. The original sketch for Mr. Fildes' "Betty" is given a prominent place, and a delicate etching after Corot. David Murray, A.R.A., and Henry Woods, R.A., are well represented; and a piece of convent needlework, purchased in Venice, is pointed out for its striking selection and beautiful blending of the silken threads employed in its making.



From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

We pass through the dining-room on our way to the nursery. The pictures here are the famous French series of Rubens in the Louvre, which include "L'Éducation de la Reine," "La Reine prendre le parti de la Paix," "La Conclusion de

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From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

la Paix," "La Félicité de la Régence," etc. The prevailing tone of this room is Indian red, and the furniture—mostly Chippendale — corresponds to perfection.

What is unquestionably one of the brightest and biggest of the rooms in the house is devoted to the use of the children. The goldfinch is singing away as we enter. It seems quite as happy as its feathered friends outside in the open. It is named "Joe," after a canary who used to roam about the house, but one day hopped on a stove in the studio, and was burnt. The toy cupboard is a small edition of the Lowther Arcade, and a rocking-horse is resting in the corner. The mantel-board is given up to some figures of "The Blue Boy" type, and a funny little Chinaman nods his head, and often brings a smile to the faces of the younger members.



"VAL."



"PAUL."

Over a big black chest hangs an unfinished picture by Henry Woods. This chest has a small interest. It has been the repository of drawings and sketches ever since its owner was eighteen years of age. Its drawers are brimming over now—Studies for "Edwin Drood," "The Casuals," "Fair, Quiet, and Sweet Rest," and many more. We are in the midst of looking at them when the children troop in from the lawn.

It is a natural question to ask Mr. Fildes if any of his children have ever found their way into his pictures. The golden curls of little Phyllis seem familiar to me, and I am wondering where I have seen that old lamp before which now stands on the top of the big black case.

If you look at the frontispiece of this magazine, you will find a reproduction of a picture which is the most beautiful in sentiment and exquisite in pathos of any painted in modern times. A little girl is lying on the two chairs, her head propped up by a pillow. The shade of the lamp is raised so that the light may fall on her face. Yes, they were Phyllis's curls, but the sleeping child was Mr. Fildes' little boy Geoffrey!

"When he wanted his morning sleep," said Mr. Fildes, "he used to be brought up to the studio. The nurse would watch him as he lay on the chairs. As he slept I painted. You see the hand falling

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From the Picture by] THE VILLAGE WEDDING. *[Luke Fildes, R.A.*
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down by the side helplessly? One day, I had just finished the picture with the child's hands tucked up close together at the neck, as children sleep, when I noticed my boy's hand fall over the side. I thought it exquisite—so pleading and pitiful. I altered the hands in the picture at once, and painted the left one as you see it now."

The nurse asked for the lamp as a little memento of the painting of "The Doctor," hence its presence in the nursery.

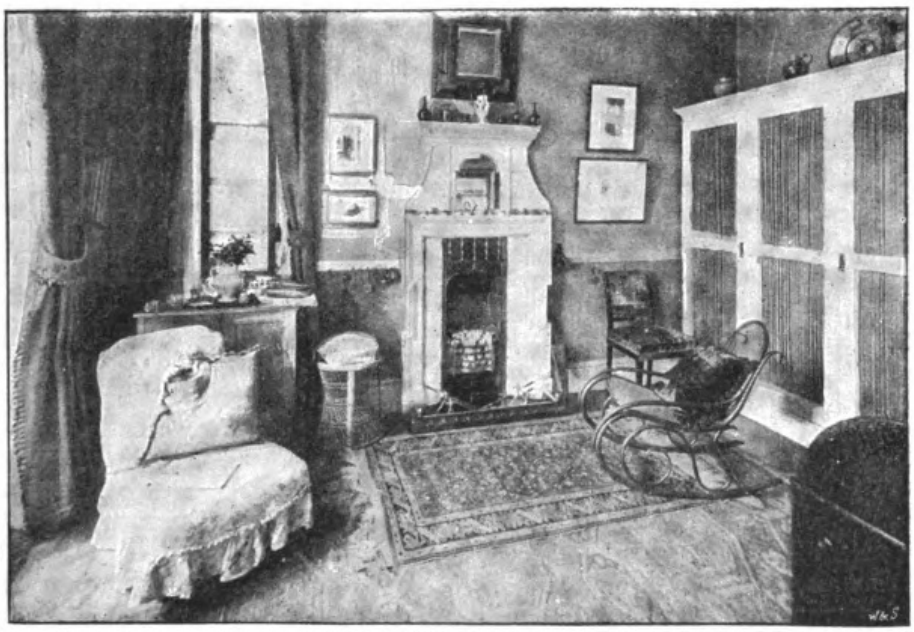
The staircase leading to the studio is lined with many proofs of Mr. Fildes' work; the tapestry which hides the walls is very choice and beautiful. Here are "The Casuals," "The School Girl"—the diploma picture—and many Venetian views and figures. "The Village Wedding"—you remember it, the bridegroom holding the parasol of the bride, who looks down demurely, the stalwart guardsman with his mother resting proudly on one arm, and a young woman on the other who wishes "it was her"? The soldier came from Knightsbridge barracks—a fine fellow over six feet high. How he used to blush as he stood with the two ladies when being painted! He went out to Egypt and came back invalided. What a trouble the bridegroom was to the artist!

"I have in my studio," said Mr. Fildes, "a picture of a boy who figures in 'The Penitent.' When I was making studies for 'The Village Wedding,' some ten years afterwards, I put up at Aston Tirrold, in Berkshire. I secured, as I thought, the very man for the bridegroom. He was a shepherd, and only recently married. A farmer, with whom I was very friendly, let me use his barn as a studio, but on this particular occasion I was painting in the apple orchard. I secured my shepherd friend, and soon after I had started sketching him I noticed he went deadly pale.

"'Are you ill?' I asked.

"'No, zur,' he said, 'I think it's th' smell o' that stuff you're using!'

"I suggested he should rest. He did so for ten minutes, and we resumed work Suddenly he went more ghastly than ever.



From a Photo. by] MRS. FILDES' BOUDOIR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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"'You don't seem well,' I remarked.

"'I'm a' right, zur,' he answered, '*only for holding my breath so long?*'

"The poor fellow thought he had to hold his breath. But that is not all.

"'Haven't I seen you before?' I asked.

"'Yuz, zur, you painted me ten year ago on a horse. Why, I knew you th' minit I saw you!'

"He was the same lad I had painted for my 'Penitent,' at South-Stoke-on-Thames, all those years back."

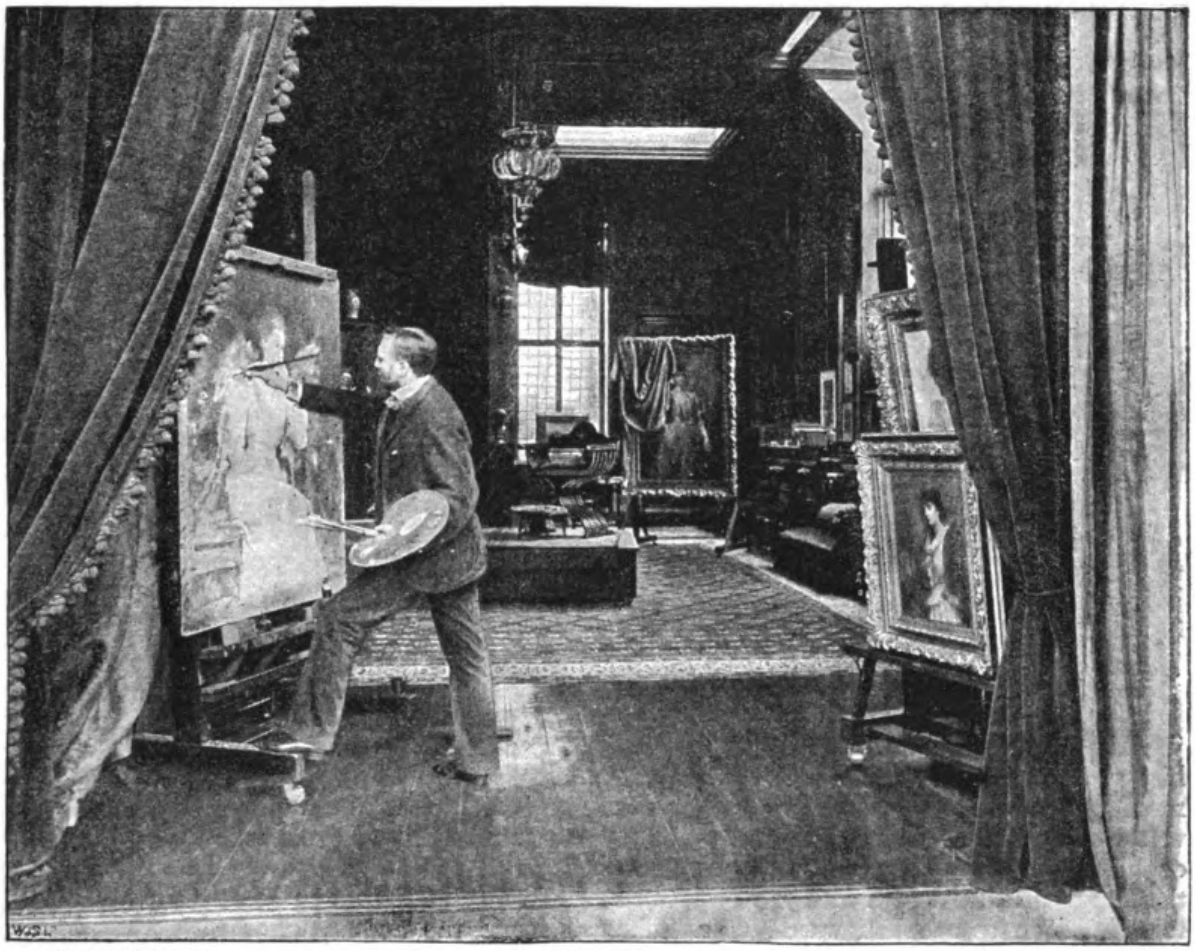
We just looked for a moment into Mrs. Fildes' room. It is a curiously interesting apartment. Notice the children's tiny birthday presents, all bright and highly polished, carefully displayed in the vicinity of the fireplace — the little gridirons, candlesticks, and pots and pans. Even a rabbit with one leg gone is treasured. Several of Mrs. Fildes' pictures hang here. Close by the window is a portrait of her eldest boy, done in Venice in 1881. A small but choice David Murray is confessed to being the only picture Mrs. Fildes ever bought. Linley Sambourne appears as a photographer, with portraits of Val and Paul. The photographs are many, and of course Henry Woods has a canvas or two in this delightful nook which looks down upon the Melbury Road.



From the Picture by] MRS. FILDES. *[Luke Fildes, R.A.*

We entered the studio, the work-room of a man who has painted with a truer touch of humanity than any artist of recent years. It is a grand studio, subdued in colour, yet withal relieved by numerous bright touches. On an easel rests the portrait of Mrs. Fildes, the artist's first portrait, painted in 1887. Mrs. Fildes is in black silk and jet; a fur cloak is wrapped about her. A single diamond butterfly, a bracelet, and the wedding ring are the only jewellery displayed. The two portraits of the Duke of York and the Princess May are just finished; and as we look at them, the painter tells me how much impressed he was with the desire of the Duke that his mother should be satisfied with them. There are a dozen unfinished canvases about. The walls are lined with the works of intimate friends and engravings of the artist's own labours. Some of the etchings, particularly those of Jules Breton and Van der Meer, are very fine, whilst all the component parts of a painter's workroom—the great gilt and crimson chairs, the Florentine couches and tables, elaborately inlaid, together with the model's "throne"—are all picturesquely arranged upon the rugs which cover the floor. A charming bronze by Gilbert, A.R.A., is in a niche close by the shepherd lad who figured in "The Penitent." Mr. Fildes bought it at the Academy before Mr. Gilbert was as famous as he is now. There are many works of reference and other volumes, and the framed Diploma of the Royal Academy, dated 8th December, 1887, "whereby in consideration of your great skill in the art of painting, it is our pleasure that your name be forthwith inserted in the roll of Academicians," is given a prominent place. Suspended

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From a Photo. by] THE STUDIO. *[Elliott & Fry.*

from the ceiling are two quaint old-time Venetian lamps.

You pass beneath crimson plush curtains, and here is the light studio. Scattered about, with combined negligence and neatness, are countless tubes of colour; curious old pots are filled with brushes; oils, knives, frames, and what not, are all here. More unfinished canvases, mostly portraits, have their faces turned to the wall, for the sun is shooting its beams through the glass roof, and refusing you admission, so to speak, to the very inviting wicker chairs which suggest "sit down and make yourself comfortable."

But we selected a cosy nook, a little summer-house for two, at the bottom of the garden, and it was there I listened to the story—a story of intense interest—of the artist's life. It was told without the slightest suggestion of "see what I have become" about it. A huge fact was stated—a life led set forth—and from that statement made it was no difficult matter to discern the true cause of success. "Discreet independence" has always been the motto of the artist from the first moment he took his pencil in hand. Every man must make his own life, argues Luke Fildes, and he beat this thought into all his actions from his earliest youth. He, therefore, started on a good ground-work, and he has never looked back. His methods of working are practical. There are scores of cottages in the country where there is always a chair at the table and a cup of tea for him. He loves to paint the people—the country folk who live amongst the meadows and sleep beneath the thatch. He goes amongst them, becomes friends with them; he lives their life, and his brush chronicles it on the canvas. He strives to paint history—history in its most artistic up-to-date aspect. "The Doctor" is history. It is the medical man as he was at the end of 1890.

That doctor in the picture is no sentimental fellow. He is not thinking of the father and mother, though they be broken-hearted; the suffering child is his one thought. Perhaps he brought it into the world. He is wondering how science can meet the little one's wants. Still he keeps the cup on the table close at hand. It is the doctor of 1890. So with "The Casuals,"

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From a Photo. by] THE GLASS STUDIO. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"The Widower," "The Penitent" — the history of those who are unhistorical at the moment the painter puts it on the canvas. His versatility is great. Dickens was the first to recognise that. It is a wide bridge that connects the flower-girls of Venice with the applicants for admission to a casual ward! Mr. Luke Fildes is altogether an artist who can fascinate with the beautiful as truly as he can make one almost shudder at the pictures of life where the beautiful is seldom found.

Luke Fildes was born on St. Luke's Day, 18th October, 1844. Hence he was called Luke, his family having a strong leaning towards biblical names.

"I cannot trace any inclination towards painting in the family," said Mr. Fildes, as he lit up a little Italian cigar, a box of which Henry Woods occasionally dispatches from Venice. "I was only about ten when my father died, and soon after his death I went to school at Chester, and lived with my grandmother, whom I shall always think of as 'the indulgent one.' I quite unconsciously turned towards drawing. Even before I went to school, my chief delight was copying and colouring pictures; my great ambition was to become the possessor of a big box of paints. At school, drawing became a passion with me. Whilst most of the boys were taught drawing, this subject was not included in my curriculum. But it was my happiness to watch them, and I used to draw by myself."

The little artist was discovered, and at the suggestion of friends he was sent to the School of Art at Chester. His progress was very rapid, and at the end of three months his master saw his ability, and said to his grandmother: "He ought to be educated for an artist."

"Now," said Mr. Fildes, smilingly, "I come from a stock who knew very little about artists — whose only notion of an artist was the travelling portrait-painter who in those days put up at the local inn, drank and got into debt, and had a poor, long-suffering wife with a quiver full! So my grandmother was not impressed with the notion. She suggested something more substantial; but—always the indulgent one—she gave in to whatever I said. I should tell you that while at Chester I made the acquaintance of a water-colour painter, who gave me my first lessons in painting. He first opened out to me what picturesque art might be; we worked and talked together, and he showed me a new world. So, at last, in October, 1860, a few days before my birthday, hearing there was a good school and a capital master there, I migrated to Warrington—my first launching out into life by myself. I was then about sixteen."

At the Warrington School of Art he met a boy named Henry Woods — a younger student than he, very clever, very companionable. And they became chums, and have never ceased to be so. As to what this very important meeting led to—more anon. There he worked under an excellent teacher. He began to *think*. He had in his heart decided upon what his profession should be, but how was it to be brought about? The Great Exhibition of 1862 drew him to London! London! It played havoc with him — made him restless, dissatisfied—and when, at the end of ten days, he returned to Warrington he was tired of the place, and surprised his master at the School of Art by telling him that he was going to leave the town.

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"What are you going to do?" his teacher asked.

"I don't know; but I'm going to London!" was the answer.

The teacher gave him good advice, and advised him to try for a scholarship at South Kensington—then just established.

"If you get it," said the master, "you will have a definite object in view—you will have a right to your education."

So young Fildes came to the City of All Things in October, 1862, and went in and won a scholarship worth £50 a year.

"I had by this time," said Mr. Fildes, "formed very definite opinions of what art meant with me. I found the illustrated journal—*Cornhill* was just in the height of its popularity—*Once a Week*, for which Millais used to draw, and many more; and here I thought I saw a stepping-stone. I followed out my studies at Kensington badly, my heart and soul lay in a desire to be an "Illustrated" artist. A year went by—my scholarship was renewed for another year, when a momentous chapter in my life came, which led me to leave South Kensington, much to the disappointment of Mr. Burchett, the head-master under whom I was studying religious art, with a view to employing it in decorating frescoes. I got an introduction to Mr. William Thomas, an engraver. I sent him some sketches, and he gave me some work. More followed, until at last he said, 'Why don't you go in for it altogether? I'll guarantee you enough work.' So I threw in my lot, and began to draw for the illustrated journals. I did all sorts of work. I selected my own subjects, and they were written up to, making a speciality of London street life—'The Street Juggler,' 'The Street Doctor,' and things of that kind. All this time I was practising painting — going to life-class in the evening; gradually improving; always plenty to do. Then came the summer of 1869."

The summer of 1869 was a great year for the R.A. in embryo. One night Mr. Thomas confided to him a scheme he had for a new illustrated weekly newspaper. He was the first spoken to on the subject. He was asked to draw something.

"What?" the artist asked.

"Anything you like," replied Mr. Thomas, "as long as it's effective and good drawing."

"I went home—I hadn't a studio then," continued Mr. Fildes. "It was a terribly hot night when at ten o'clock I sat down with a piece of paper and scribbled out the idea for 'The Casuals.' Some few years before, when I first came to London, I was very fond of wandering about, and never shall I forget seeing somewhere near the Portland Road, one snowy winter's night, the applicants for admission to a casual ward. It lived in



PEGGOTTY AND LITTLE EMILY.

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STUDY FOR DRAWING OF EDWIN DROOD.

my mind, and as I sat there in my room I tried to reproduce it. I believe that very night was my turning point—everything dated from that. On the 4th December, 1869, the first number of the *Graphic* appeared, and in it was a full-page drawing of 'Applicants for admission to a Casual Ward.'"

Just about this time Dickens was on the look out for somebody to illustrate "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." He had asked both Millais and Frith to help him. One night Millais surprised the great novelist by going to his house just after dinner, and throwing him a copy of a paper —the first number of the *Graphic*— shouted :—

"I've found your man!" and he showed Dickens the picture of "The Casuals."

"Yes, but can he draw a pretty girl?" asked Dickens.

So it came about that Dickens requested his publishers to write to young Fildes, asking him if he would undertake the work, at the same time requesting him to submit one or two sketches of "girls." Two special sketches of incidents from "David Copperfield" were made — one of which, "Old Peggotty and Little Emily," is reproduced in these pages—and Dickens was satisfied. They began work together.

"He was very kind to me," said Mr. Fildes. "He was then living opposite the Marble Arch, and he asked me to many of his entertainments. He was almost fatherly, he seemed to throw a protecting air over me, and always elaborately introduced me to his guests. Soon after he went to Gad's Hill he wrote asking me to come and spend a week with him there. He mentioned the day I was to go, and that he would meet me. He wanted to show me some scenes he intended introducing in 'Edwin Drood,' particularly one for the 24th drawing, a cell in Rochester Gaol he remembered seeing when a child, and had never seen since. He wished me to do John Jasper in the condemned cell—what bearing that may have upon the true mystery of Edwin Drood will never be known, for it never appeared. I had packed up—preparatory to starting that same day—was just finishing



A STUDY.

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STUDIES FOR DRAWING OF DURDLES.
("Edwin Drood.")

off some drawings, when I picked up a newspaper and read, 'Death of Charles Dickens!'"

Unquestionably Luke Fildes was friendly with the Dickens family, for at this time Miss Hogarth—Dickens's sister-in-law—wrote to him to the effect that as his contemplated visit was one of the last wishes of the dead, would he come all the same before the home was broken up? He went. From this visit much, very much, resulted. The last work of Charles Dickens was to complete the sixth number of "Edwin Drood," so that he might be quite free for the companionship of the young artist. Whilst Mr. Fildes was in the house of mourning he sketched the desk and study where Dickens worked—he drew "The Empty Chair." As he was doing the desk the thought occurred to him how much better it would look in colour. He hurried to London, got his water-colours, returned to Gad's Hill, and painted it—every detail, every little particular. And all with no object, only with a view to filling up the time. But it proved to be the first picture of note ever painted by Luke Fildes, and came out as the Supplement to the Christmas number of the *Graphic* of 1870.

We left the summer-house for a moment and returned to the house. Mr. Fildes showed me a little memorandum porcelain slate bound round with black leather, a quill pen with the blue ink still upon it, and a square sheet of unlined blue paper. They were on the desk just as Dickens left them, and were given to their present owner by Miss Hogarth.

We returned to the garden once more.

"The death of Dickens," said Mr. Fildes, "had an extraordinary effect upon me. It seemed as though the cup of happiness had been dashed from my lips. I was tiring of wood-drawing, and being now fairly well off—for my work secured good prices—I determined to become a painter. I went to Millais and showed him two subjects. One was 'The Casuals,' the other an illustration I had drawn for *Once a Week*. Either of these, I considered, would make a good picture. Millais evidently thought, without saying so, that I was rushing in where angels fear to tread. He advised the *Once a Week* illustration, as there would be a better chance of getting rid of it. I took his advice—and also a studio in King Henry's Road, Haverstock Hill, and Henry Woods took another in the same house. I should tell you that two years after I left Warrington, Woods joined me in London, and we became inseparable, going about everywhere together. I started work on a 9-ft. canvas—rather a cool

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STUDY FOR DRAWING OF MR. SAPSEA.
("Edwin Drood.")

thing to do—and whilst working on this I still continued illustrating stories for *Cornhill*, and did many incidents in the Franco-German war for the *Graphic*, including that of 'The Dead Emperor.'"

Then came a pretty little story. Mr. Fildes and Henry Woods went by the Thames to sketch. Henry Woods had two sisters, and they came up on a visit to their brother, and stayed where the two young artists were working. Miss Fanny Woods often sat to one of these artists. She is the girl sitting down in the stern of the boat in the picture of "Fair, Quiet, and Sweet Rest," which was hung on the line and "centred" in the Royal Academy of 1872. The picture was quickly "noticed"—it was the first work of an unknown painter. And 1873 brought "The Simpletons"—two lovers in a boat! But it was not until the summer of 1874 that Miss Fanny Woods became Mrs. Luke Fildes.

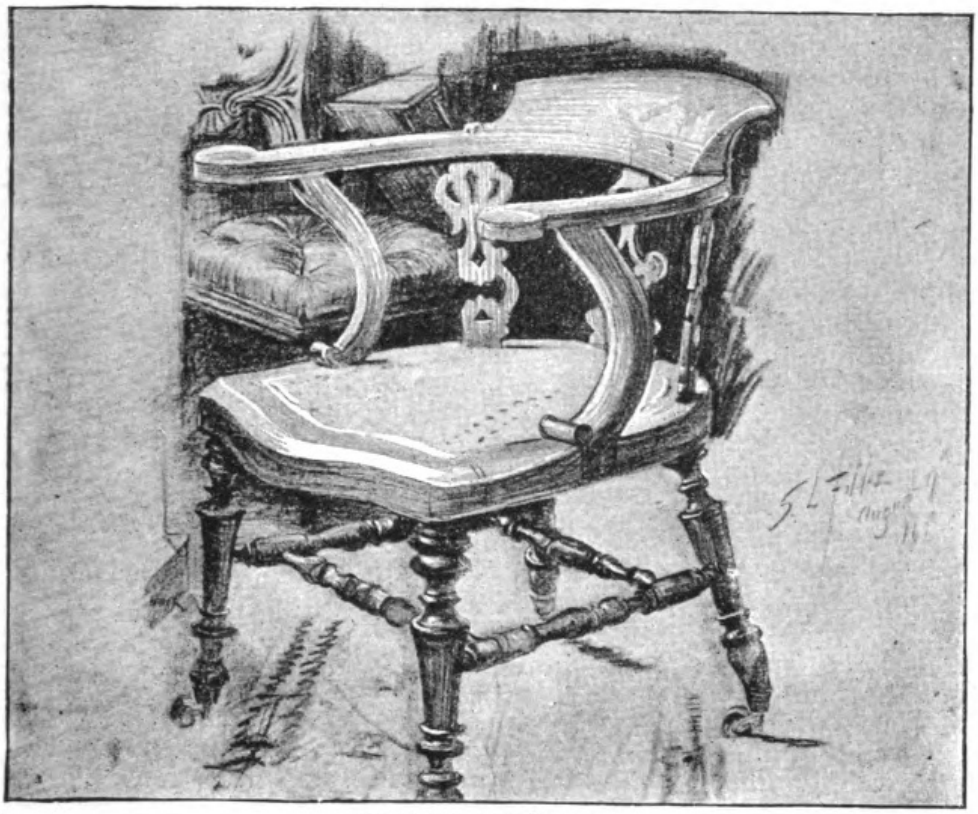
Mr. Fildes always had a leaning towards "The Casuals," and in 1874 he painted it. That, too, was a 9-ft. canvas. The picture is too well known to need description here—the mud and slush of the street, the suggested fog, the drunken loafer, the ruffian who "wants work, but wouldn't do it," the long, thin youth in the background, the sham soldier, the wife and husband cuddling up their children, the widow (who perhaps had never been a wife) hastening along, the policeman, and the bitter sarcasm of the "notices"—posted immediately above the poor fellow who holds his little one so tightly to him—of "Child Deserted, £2 Reward!" and "Lost a Pug Dog, £20 Reward!" But what stories the artist has to tell of his models for that remarkable work.

"I used to go out night after night," said Mr. Fildes, "and seek for types. I visited the various casual wards, and soon got to know the inspectors. If I saw anybody who took my fancy I gave him my card, and asked him to come round after he had picked his oakum. You notice that fellow with



STUDIES FOR DRAWING OF MR. JASPER.
("Edwin Drood.")

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CHARLES DICKENS'S CHAIR.

his head bent down in the picture? He came to see me one morning wringing wet, and after sitting for a few minutes in the hall he was surrounded by a pool of water! Some of these people I had to stand in my studio on brown paper, and put disinfectants round them. The drunkard — that fellow with his hands thrust deep into his pockets— was a perfect character. He would not sit to me without a quart pot by his side, which I had to keep continually filled.

"One day he said to me, 'What this country wants is a good war — that's what it wants!'

"'Why?' I asked.

"'Why,' he answered, contemptuously, as he took another pull from the pot—'Cos it 'ud stir up trade.'

"'What is your trade?' I questioned.

"'I'm a army accoutrement-maker!'

"The policeman I borrowed from Bow Street. The long, thin lad at the back, whom I found in a casual ward, was a stowaway. He was a lad of sixteen, and 6ft. high. He had tramped everywhere. He stowed himself away on a boat going to America, was discovered, flogged, tran-



From the Picture by "FAIR, QUIET, AND SWEET REST." [*Luke Fildes, R.A.*

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STUDY FOR DRAWING OF MR. GREWGIUS.
("Edwin Drood.")

shipped on another boat, pitched ashore at Liverpool, walked to London, and slept in the parks until I came across him. One of these fellows in the picture walked up and down outside my house all night, so that he shouldn't be late in the morning! How he escaped the police is a mystery."

"The Casuals" created a great sensation. It made a wonderful impression. Nothing at once so dramatic and real had been seen for years. The status of Mr. Luke Fildes arose at a bound. It was bought by the late Mr. Thos. Taylor, who also purchased "The Widower." Mr. Taylor's collection was eventually sold at Christie's, and "The Casuals" was sold to Sir George Holloway for 2,000 guineas, who stated afterwards that he had made up his mind to buy it, and was prepared to go to £4,000 for it. The picture now hangs in the Royal Holloway College, Egham.

A winter-spring stay in Paris in 1874 resulted in "The Milkmaid," the original studies being made in England. Whilst painting this, "The Widower" was maturing in his mind for the exhibition of 1876.

"'The Widower,'" said Mr. Fildes, "arose out of an incident which happened in my studio when painting 'The Casuals.' I was painting in a rough-looking fellow with his child. He got tired of standing, so I suggested he should rest. He took a chair behind the screen. I went on with something else—no movement reached me, so I peeped behind the screen and there I saw the motive for 'The Widower.' The child had fallen asleep, and there was this great, rough fellow, possibly with only a copper or two in the world, caressing his child, watching it lovingly and smoothing its curls with his hand.

"'If I could but paint that,' I cried inwardly."

How Mr. Fildes succeeded may be gathered from the fact that it was "The Widower" which recommended him for his Associateship of the Academy. The model for "The Widower" was picked up on the streets—a countryman who had "come to London." Whilst painting this picture, Mr. Fildes began to build his present house, and "the model" was employed for some time in helping to



STUDY FOR "THE CASUALS."

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lay the bricks. But he vanished into thin air.

In 1877 Mr. Fildes painted "Playmates," a strong and marked change from his previous work. In 1878 there was no picture in the Academy. He was in Venice.

"I had visited Venice previously in 1874," he said, "when I made my first visit to the Continent. It was there that I saw my artistic ideal of all that was beautiful. At first I was disappointed. I went there hot after painting 'The Casuals'—I was steeped in Casuals—and I did not find the Queen of the Adriatic as Turner and Byron defined it. But the squalor was soon transformed into the romantic, the gay and buoyant. It took my fancy, and I made up my mind to some time come and paint there. This opportunity came in 1878, and I soon began to flirt with Venetian art. I think my experience in this glorious city influenced me very much in my choice of a subject for the Academy of '79. Now, I always work best if I have a definite motive in my mind. 'The Return of the Prodigal' had been painted again and again—the picture of the man returning home once more was known; but what would be the attitude towards a poor woman under like circumstances? — how would *she* be treated? Then people were beginning to chide me. Why were my pictures always so gloomy? How could I expect such subjects to go with the curtains in the drawing-room? So I thought I would paint a strong dramatic picture in pleasant places.

"One day I was in a Berkshire village. Whilst talking to an old dame at her door, I noticed a pale-faced girl walking along the path. When anybody came along she crossed to the other side; she cast her eyes upon the ground, and people looked her up and down. She seemed to tremble beneath their gaze.

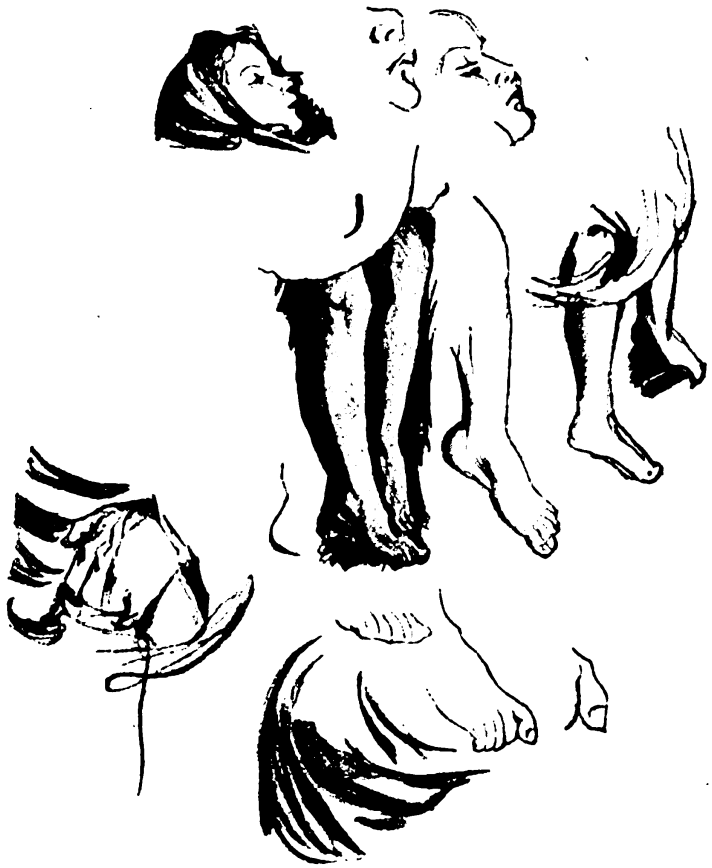
"'Who is that?' I asked.

"'That's Mary Brown, sir. She's just come out of Reading Gaol!'

"'What for?'

"'Well, sir—well, she had a baby, and—*and it died. This is her first day home!*'

"That gave me the idea for 'The Penitent.' So I painted the home-coming of the prodigal daughter, the village and the villagers, the woman who knew all about her as she looked upon the form of the poor girl who, in an agony of grief and despair at finding the old cottage deserted, sinks down upon the threshold. But, somehow, few people saw my point. I don't think Piccadilly liked it, though it was a big success in other places. I was going to call it 'The Return of a Prodigal'; but the gentleman for whom I painted it insisted that there was no such thing as a 'Prodigal *Daughter!*'"



STUDIES FOR THE CHILD IN "THE CASUALS."

"The Village Wedding" was exhibited in 1883. In 1883–84–85 Mr. Fildes made considerable stays in Venice, painting many pictures, chief amongst them being a large one for Mr. John Aird, one now in the possession of the Corporation of Manchester, "A Venetian Flower Girl," which hangs in the Schwabe Gallery, Hamburg, "The Daughter of the Lagoons," etc., etc., and since then he has been much engaged in portraiture.

Then came the story of "The Doctor," which is reproduced in these pages for the first time in any publication.

"Some six or seven years ago," Mr. Fildes said, "I met Mr. Henry Tate.

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STUDY OF THE STOWAWAY FOR "THE CASUALS."

"'I would like you to paint me an English subject,' he said.

"I made up my mind there and then—'The Doctor'—a subject I had thought over for some years. He should be *the* actor in the little drama I had conceived—father, mother, child should only help to show *him* to better advantage. 'The Doctor' remained in my mind for a very long time, though it eventually proved the quickest painted picture I have ever done. Mr. Tate had to wait several years; I had other commissions. You see, I had painted my wife's portrait in 1887, and that gave me a run on portraits. At last, after four years of waiting, Mr. Tate came to me and asked, 'What about my picture?'

"'I'm going to begin *now*,' I assured him, and he saw nothing of the work until it was quite finished and ready for the Academy of '90. I travelled to many places, from Devon to Inverness, to get thoroughly acquainted with the character of the cottages and people. Whilst on my journeyings I had been picking up odds and ends in furniture—even the cup and basin were specially purchased. I made many sketches of fishers' huts, returned to town, and had the room built up exactly to size at the far end of the studio. It was a most substantial structure—even the massive rafters were there—and I painted a great cloth to look like a flooring of red bricks. The scene was just as you see it. The lamp was lit, and the light of approaching day coming through the window."

"And the models, Mr. Fildes?" I asked.

"You know who the little girl was. The woman was a professional model, and the same man who sat for 'The Father' also sat for 'The Doctor.' 'The Doctor' was painted practically from a model with a clean shaven face, a young man—very unlike what I wanted, but so selected that my model might not interfere with the impression I had in my mind of the kind of man I really wanted. When it was finished, to all intents and purposes, in expression and character, yet lacking that decision of manner that can be only attained by working direct from Nature, I levied freely on my friends who may have had a feature resembling my ideal, got them to sit for it, and thus compiled, from five or six persons, 'the doctor' in the picture as you have



STUDY OF WOMAN AND CHILD FOR "THE CASUALS."

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him. Many are the letters I have received asking for the name of 'the doctor,' whilst one came from somebody who was ill, assuring me that she would be very thankful to have his address, for if she only had a doctor like *him* to attend her she felt sure she should soon get better!"

We left the summer-house, and on returning to the studio I saw an engraving of the picture of which we had just been talking. I looked at the doctor's face, then at Mr. Fildes. I compared them again, and yet again. There was no mistaking it. Numerous people had posed for the medical man, many were the borrowed features, but unwittingly the eminent Royal Academician had —at any rate, to my mind—chronicled on the canvas what his own face will probably look like ten years hence!

HARRY HOW.



THE CASUALS.

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The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

By A. Conan Doyle.

XXI.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE RESIDENT PATIENT.

IN glancing over the somewhat incoherent series of memoirs with which I have endeavoured to illustrate a few of the mental peculiarities of my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I have been struck by the difficulty which I have experienced in picking out examples which shall in every way answer my purpose. For in those cases in which Holmes has performed some *tour-de-force* of analytical reasoning, and has demonstrated the value of his peculiar methods of investigation, the facts themselves have often been so slight or so commonplace that I could not feel justified in laying them before the public. On the other hand, it has frequently happened that he has been concerned in some research where the facts have been of the most remarkable and dramatic character, but where the share which he has himself taken in determining their causes has been less pronounced than I, as his biographer, could wish. The small matter which I have chronicled under the heading of "A Study in Scarlet," and that other later one connected with the loss of the *Gloria Scott*, may serve as examples of this Scylla and Charybdis which are for ever threatening his historian. It may be that, in the business of which I am now about to write, the part which my friend played is not sufficiently accentuated; and yet the whole train of circumstances is so remarkable that I cannot bring myself to omit it entirely from this series.

I cannot be sure of the exact date, for some of my memoranda upon the matter have been mislaid, but it must have been towards the end of the first year during which Holmes and I shared chambers in Baker Street. It was boisterous October weather, and we had both remained indoors all day, I because I feared with my shaken health to face the keen autumn wind, while he was deep in some of those abstruse chemical investigations which absorbed him utterly as long as he was engaged upon them. Towards evening, however, the breaking of a test-tube brought his research to a premature ending, and he sprang up from his chair with an exclamation of impatience and a clouded brow.

"A day's work ruined, Watson," said he, striding across to the window. "Ha! the stars are out and the wind has fallen. What do you say to a ramble through London?"

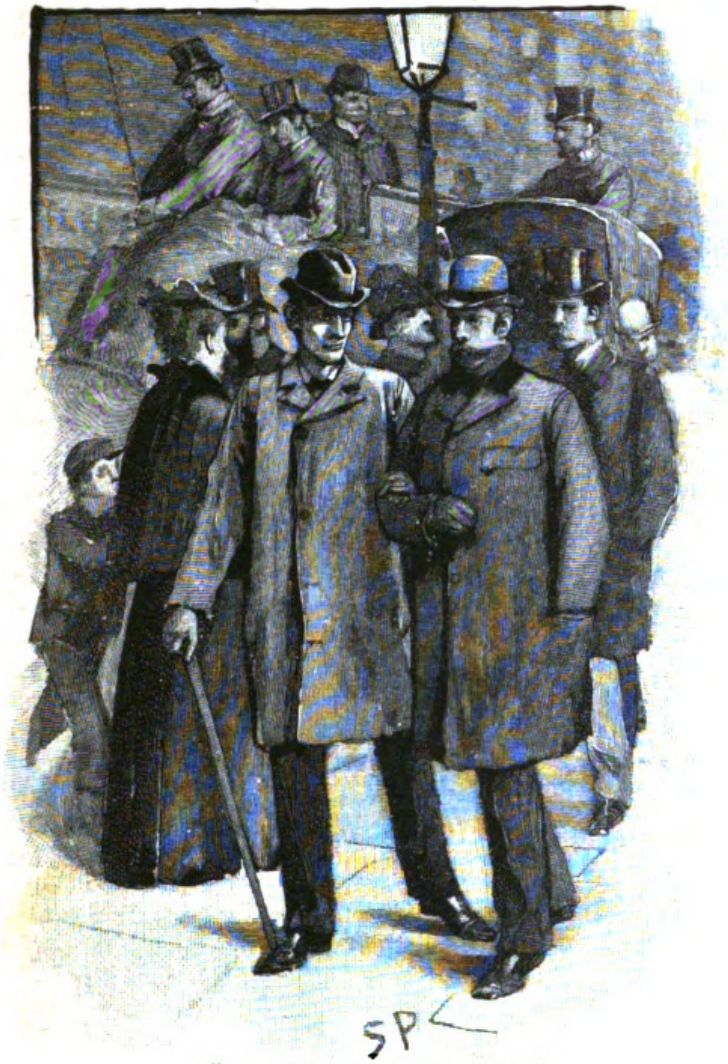
I was weary of our little sitting-room, and gladly acquiesced, muffling myself nose-high against the keen night air. For three hours we strolled about together, watching the ever-changing kaleidoscope of life as it ebbs and flows through Fleet Street and the Strand. Holmes had shaken off his temporary ill-humour, and his characteristic talk, with its keen observance of detail and subtle power of inference, held me amused and enthralled. It was ten o'clock before we reached Baker Street again. A brougham was waiting at our door.

"Hum! A doctor's—general practitioner, I perceive," said Holmes. "Not been long in practice, or had much to do. Come to consult us, I fancy! Lucky we came back!"

I was sufficiently conversant with Holmes's methods to be able to follow his reasoning, and to see that the nature and state of the various medical instruments in the wicker basket which hung in the lamp-light inside the brougham had given him the data for his swift deduction. The light in our window above showed that this late visit was indeed intended for us. With some curiosity as to what could have sent a brother medico to us at such an hour, I followed Holmes into our sanctum.

A pale, taper-faced man with sandy whiskers rose up from a chair by the fire as we entered. His age may not have been more than three or four and thirty, but his haggard expression and unhealthy hue told of a life which had sapped his strength and robbed him of his youth. His manner was nervous and shy, like that of a sensitive gentleman,

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"WE STROLLED ABOUT TOGETHER."

and the thin white hand which he laid on the mantelpiece as he rose was that of an artist rather than of a surgeon. His dress was quiet and sombre, a black frock-coat, dark trousers, and a touch of colour about his necktie.

"Good evening, Doctor," said Holmes, cheerily; "I am glad to see that you have only been waiting a very few minutes."

"You spoke to my coachman, then?"

"No, it was the candle on the side-table that told me. Pray resume your seat and let me know how I can serve you."

"My name is Doctor Percy Trevelyan," said our visitor, "and I live at 403, Brook Street."

"Are you not the author of a monograph upon obscure nervous lesions?" I asked.

His pale cheeks flushed with pleasure at hearing that his work was known to me.

"I so seldom hear of the work that I thought it was quite dead," said he. "My publishers give me a most discouraging account of its sale. You are yourself, I presume, a medical man?"

"A retired Army surgeon."

"My own hobby has always been nervous disease. I should wish to make it an absolute specialty, but, of course, a man must take what he can get at first. This, however, is beside the question, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and I quite appreciate how valuable your time is. The fact is that a very singular train of events has occurred recently at my house in Brook Street, and to-night they came to such a head that I felt it was quite impossible for me to wait another hour before asking for your advice and assistance."

Sherlock Holmes sat down and lit his pipe. "You are very welcome to both," said he. "Pray let me have a detailed account of what the circumstances are which have disturbed you."

"One or two of them are so trivial," said Dr. Trevelyan, "that really I am almost ashamed to mention them. But the matter is so inexplicable, and the recent turn which it has taken is so elaborate, that I shall lay it all before you, and you shall judge what is essential and what is not.

"I am compelled, to begin with, to say something of my own college career. I am a London University man, you know, and I am sure you will not think that I am unduly singing my own praises if I say that my student career was considered by my professors to be a very promising one. After I had graduated I continued to devote myself to research, occupying a minor position in King's College Hospital, and I was fortunate enough to excite considerable interest by my research into the pathology of catalepsy, and finally to win the Bruce Pinkerton prize and medal by the monograph on nervous lesions to which your friend has just alluded. I should not go too far if I were to say that there was a general impression at that time that a distinguished career lay before me.

"But the one great stumbling-block lay in

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my want of capital. As you will readily understand, a specialist who aims high is compelled to start in one of a dozen streets in the Cavendish Square quarter, all of which entail enormous rents and furnishing expenses. Besides this preliminary outlay, he must be prepared to keep himself for some years, and to hire a presentable carriage and horse. To do this was quite beyond my power, and I could only hope that by economy I might in ten years' time save enough to enable me to put up my plate. Suddenly, however, an unexpected incident opened up quite a new prospect to me.

"This was a visit from a gentleman of the name of Blessington, who was a complete stranger to me. He came up into my room one morning, and plunged into business in an instant.

"'You are the same Percy Trevelyan who has had so distinguished a career and won a great prize lately?' said he. I bowed.

"'Answer me frankly,' he continued, 'for you will find it to your interest to do so. You have all the cleverness which makes a successful man. Have you the tact?'

"I could not help smiling at the abruptness of the question.

"'I trust that I have my share,' I said.

"'Any bad habits? Not drawn towards drink, eh?'

"'Really, sir!' I cried.

"'Quite right! That's all right! But I was bound to ask. With all these qualities why are you not in practice?'

"I shrugged my shoulders.

"'Come, come!' said he, in his bustling way. 'It's the old story. More in your brains than in your pocket, eh? What would you say if I were to start you in Brook Street?'

"I stared at him in astonishment.

"'Oh, it's for my sake, not for yours,' he cried. 'I'll be perfectly frank with you, and if it suits you it will suit me very well. I have a few thousands to invest, d'ye see, and I think I'll sink them in you.'

"'But why?' I gasped.

"'Well, it's just like any other speculation, and safer than most.'

"'What am I to do, then?'

"'I'll tell you. I'll take the house, furnish it, pay the maids, and run the whole place. All you have to do is just to wear out your chair in the consulting-room. I'll let you have pocket-money and everything. Then you hand over to me three-quarters of what you earn and you keep the other quarter for yourself.'

"This was the strange proposal, Mr. Holmes, with which the man Blessington approached me. I won't weary you with the account of how we bargained and negotiated. It ended in my moving into the house next Lady Day and starting in practice on very much the same conditions as he had suggested. He came himself to live with me in the character of a resident patient. His heart was weak, it appears, and he needed constant medical supervision. He turned the two best rooms on the first floor into a sitting-room and bedroom for himself. He was a man of singular habits, shunning company and very seldom going out. His life was irregular, but in one respect he was regularity itself. Every evening at the same hour he walked into the consulting-room, examined the books, put down five and threepence for every guinea that I had earned, and carried the rest off to the strong box in his own room.



"I STARED AT HIM IN ASTONISHMENT."

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"I may say with confidence that he never had occasion to regret his speculation. From the first it was a success. A few good cases and the reputation which I had won in the hospital brought me rapidly to the front, and during the last few years I have made him a rich man.

"So much, Mr. Holmes, for my past history and for my relations with Mr. Blessington. It only remains for me now to tell you what has occurred to bring me here to-night.

"Some weeks ago Mr. Blessington came down to me in, as it seemed to me, a state of considerable agitation. He spoke of some burglary which, he said, had been committed in the West-end, and he appeared, I remember, to be quite unnecessarily excited about it, declaring that a day should not pass before we should add stronger bolts to our windows and doors. For a week he continued to be in quite a peculiar state of restlessness, peering continually out of the windows, and ceasing to take the short walk which had usually been the prelude to his dinner. From his manner it struck me that he was in mortal dread of something or somebody, but when I questioned him upon the point he became so offensive that I was compelled to drop the subject. Gradually as time passed his fears appeared to die away, and he had renewed his former habits, when a fresh event reduced him to the pitiable state of prostration in which he now lies.

"What happened was this. Two days ago I received the letter which I now read to you. Neither address nor date is attached to it.

"'A Russian nobleman who is now resident in England,' it runs, 'would be glad to avail himself of the professional assistance of Dr. Percy Trevelyan. He has been for some years a victim to cataleptic attacks, on which, as is well known, Dr. Trevelyan is an authority. He proposes to call at about a quarter-past six to-morrow evening, if Dr. Trevelyan will make it convenient to be at home.'

"This letter interested me deeply, because the chief difficulty in the study of catalepsy is the rareness of the disease. You may believe, then, that I was in my consulting-room when, at the appointed hour, the page showed in the patient.

"He was an elderly man, thin, demure, and commonplace—by no means the conception one forms of a Russian nobleman. I was much more struck by the appearance of his companion. This was a tall young man, surprisingly handsome, with a dark, fierce face, and the limbs and chest of a Hercules. He had his hand under the other's arm as they entered, and helped him to a chair with a tenderness which one would hardly have expected from his appearance.



"HELPED HIM TO A CHAIR."

"'You will excuse my coming in, Doctor,'

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said he to me, speaking English with a slight lisp. 'This is my father, and his health is a matter of the most overwhelming importance to me.'

"I was touched by this filial anxiety. 'You would, perhaps, care to remain during the consultation,' said I.

"'Not for the world,' he cried, with a gesture of horror. 'It is more painful to me than I can express. If I were to see my father in one of those dreadful seizures, I am convinced that I should never survive it. My own nervous system is an exceptionally sensitive one. With your permission I will remain in the waiting-room while you go into my father's case.'

"To this, of course, I assented, and the young man withdrew. The patient and I then plunged into a discussion of his case, of which I took exhaustive notes. He was not remarkable for intelligence, and his answers were frequently obscure, which I attributed to his limited acquaintance with our language. Suddenly, however, as I sat writing he ceased to give any answer at all to my inquiries, and on my turning towards him I was shocked to see that he was sitting bolt upright in his chair, staring at me with a perfectly blank and rigid face. He was again in the grip of his mysterious malady.

"My first feeling, as I have just said, was one of pity and horror. My second, I fear, was rather one of professional satisfaction. I made notes of my patient's pulse and temperature, tested the rigidity of his muscles, and examined his reflexes. There was nothing markedly abnormal in any of these conditions, which harmonized with my former experiences. I had obtained good results in such cases by the inhalation of nitrite of amyl, and the present seemed an admirable opportunity of testing its virtues. The bottle was downstairs in my laboratory, so, leaving my patient seated in his chair, I ran down to get it. There was some little delay in finding it—five minutes, let us say—and then I returned. Imagine my amazement to find the room empty and the patient gone!

"Of course, my first act was to run into the waiting-room. The son had gone also. The hall door had been closed, but not shut. My page who admits patients is a new boy, and by no means quick. He waits downstairs, and runs up to show patients out when I ring the consulting-room bell. He had heard nothing, and the affair remained a complete mystery. Mr. Blessington came in from his walk shortly afterwards, but I did not say anything to him upon the subject, for, to tell the truth, I have got in the way of late of holding as little communication with him as possible.

"Well, I never thought that I should see anything more of the Russian and his son, so you can imagine my amazement when at the very same hour this evening they both came marching into my consulting-room, just as they had done before.

"'I feel that I owe you a great many apologies for my abrupt departure yesterday, Doctor,' said my patient.

"'I confess that I was very much surprised at it,' said I.

"'Well, the fact is,' he remarked, 'that when I recover from these attacks my mind is always very clouded as to all that has gone before. I woke up in a strange room, as it seemed to me, and made my way out into the street in a sort of dazed way when you were absent.'

"'And I,' said the son, 'seeing my father pass the door of the waiting-room, naturally thought that the consultation had come to an end. It was not until we had reached home that I began to realize the true state of affairs.'

"'Well,' said I, laughing, 'there is no harm done, except that you puzzled me terribly; so if you, sir, would kindly step into the waiting-room, I shall be happy to continue our consultation, which was brought to so abrupt an ending.'

"For half an hour or so I discussed the old gentleman's symptoms with him, and then, having prescribed for him, I saw him go off on the arm of his son.

"I have told you that Mr. Blessington generally chose this hour of the day for his exercise. He came in shortly afterwards and passed upstairs. An instant later I heard him running down, and he burst into my consulting-room like a man who is mad with panic.

"'Who has been in my room?' he cried.

"'No one,' said I.

"'It's a lie!' he yelled. 'Come up and look.'

"I passed over the grossness of his language, as he seemed half out of his mind with fear. When I went upstairs with him he pointed to several footprints upon the light carpet.

"'D'you mean to say those are mine?' he cried.

"They were certainly very much larger than any which he could have made, and were evidently quite fresh. It rained hard this afternoon, as you know, and my patients were the only people who called. It must have been the case, then, that the man in the

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"HE BURST INTO MY CONSULTING-ROOM."

waiting-room had for some unknown reason, while I was busy with the other, ascended to the room of my resident patient. Nothing had been touched or taken, but there were the footprints to prove that the intrusion was an undoubted fact.

"Mr. Blessington seemed more excited over the matter than I should have thought possible, though, of course, it was enough to disturb anybody's peace of mind. He actually sat crying in an arm-chair, and I could hardly get him to speak coherently. It was his suggestion that I should come round to you, and of course I at once saw the propriety of it, for certainly the incident is a very singular one, though he appears to completely overrate its importance. If you would only come back with me in my brougham, you would at least be able to soothe him, though I can hardly hope that you will be able to explain this remarkable occurrence."

Sherlock Holmes had listened to this long narrative with an intentness which showed me that his interest was keenly aroused. His face was as impassive as ever, but his lids had drooped more heavily over his eyes, and his smoke had curled up more thickly from his pipe to emphasize each curious episode in the doctor's tale. As our visitor concluded Holmes sprang up without a word, handed me my hat, picked up his own from the table, and followed Dr. Trevelyan to the door. Within a quarter of an hour we had been dropped at the door of the physician's residence in Brook Street, one of those sombre, flat-faced houses which one associates with a West-end practice. A small page admitted us, and we began at once to ascend the broad, well-carpeted stair.

But a singular interruption brought us to a standstill. The light at the top was suddenly whisked out, and from the darkness came a reedy, quavering voice.

"I have a pistol," it cried; "I give you my word that I'll fire if you come any nearer."

"This really grows outrageous, Mr. Blessington," cried Dr. Trevelyan.

"Oh, then it is you, Doctor?" said the voice, with a great heave of relief. "But those other gentlemen, are they what they pretend to be?"

We were conscious of a long scrutiny out of the darkness.

"Yes, yes, it's all right," said the voice at last. "You can come up, and I am sorry if my precautions have annoyed you."

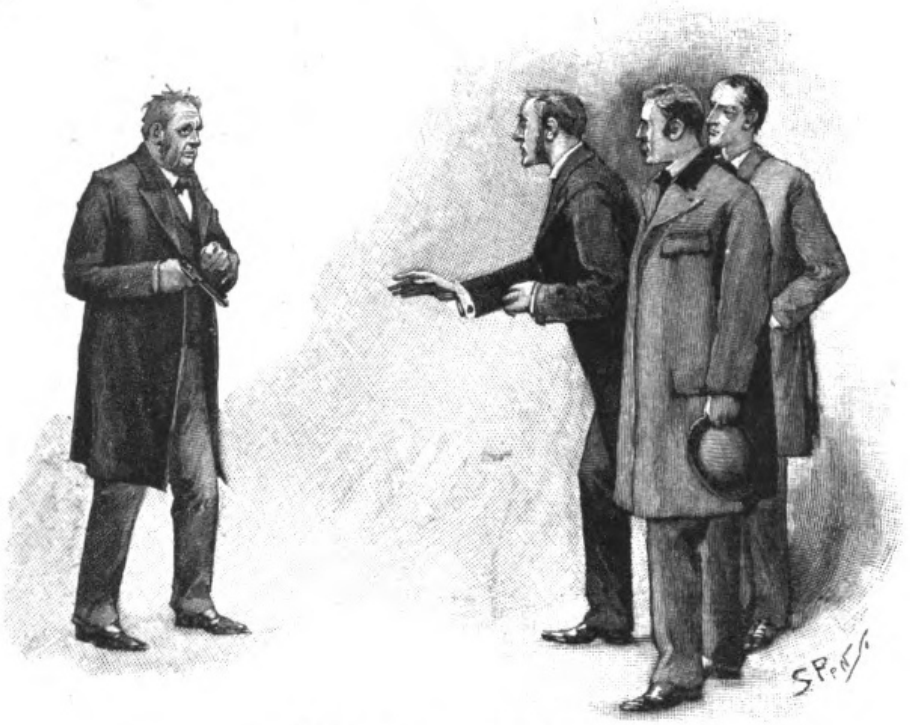
He re-lit the stair gas as he spoke, and we saw before us a singular-looking man, whose appearance, as well as his voice, testified to his jangled nerves. He was very fat, but had apparently at some time been much fatter, so that the skin hung about his face in loose pouches, like the cheeks of a blood-hound. He was of a sickly colour, and his thin sandy hair seemed to bristle up with the intensity of his emotion. In his hand he held a pistol, but he thrust it into his pocket as we advanced.

"Good evening, Mr. Holmes," said he; "I am sure I am very much obliged to you for coming round. No one ever needed your advice more than I do. I suppose that Dr. Trevelyan has told you of this most unwarrantable intrusion into my rooms."

"Quite so," said Holmes. "Who are these two men, Mr. Blessington, and why do they wish to molest you?"

"Well, well," said the resident patient, in a nervous fashion, "of course, it is hard to say

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"IN HIS HAND HE HELD A PISTOL."

that. You can hardly expect me to answer that, Mr. Holmes."

"Do you mean that you don't know?"

"Come in here, if you please. Just have the kindness to step in here."

He led the way into his bedroom, which was large and comfortably furnished.

"You see that," said he, pointing to a big black box at the end of his bed. "I have never been a very rich man, Mr. Holmes—never made but one investment in my life, as Dr. Trevelyan would tell you. But I don't believe in bankers. I would never trust a banker, Mr. Holmes. Between ourselves, what little I have is in that box, so you can understand what it means to me when unknown people force themselves into my rooms."

Holmes looked at Blessington in his questioning way, and shook his head.

"I cannot possibly advise you if you try to deceive me," said he.

"But I have told you everything."

Holmes turned on his heel with a gesture of disgust. "Good-night, Dr. Trevelyan," said he.

"And no advice for me?" cried Blessington, in a breaking voice.

"My advice to you, sir, is to speak the truth."

A minute later we were in the street and walking for home. We had crossed Oxford Street, and were half-way down Harley Street before I could get a word from my companion.

"Sorry to bring you out on such a fool's errand, Watson," he said at last. "It is an interesting case, too, at the bottom of it."

"I can make little of it," I confessed.

"Well, it is quite evident that there are two men—more, perhaps, but at least two—who are determined for some reason to get at this fellow Blessington. I have no doubt in my mind that both on the first and on the second occasion that young man penetrated to Blessington's room, while his confederate, by an ingenious device, kept the doctor from interfering."

"And the catalepsy!"

"A fraudulent imitation, Watson, though I should hardly dare to hint as much to our specialist. It is a very easy complaint to imitate. I have done it myself."

"And then?"

"By the purest chance Blessington was out on each occasion. Their reason for choosing so unusual an hour for a consultation was obviously to insure that there should be no other patient in the waiting-room. It just happened, however, that this hour coincided with Blessington's constitutional, which seems to show that they were not very well acquainted with his daily routine. Of course, if they had been merely after plunder they would at least have made some attempt to search for it. Besides, I can read in a

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man's eye when it is his own skin that he is frightened for. It is inconceivable that this fellow could have made two such vindictive enemies as these appear to be without knowing of it. I hold it, therefore, to be certain that he does know who these men are, and that for reasons of his own he suppresses it. It is just possible that to-morrow may find him in a more communicative mood."

"Is there not one alternative," I suggested, "grotesquely improbable, no doubt, but still just conceivable? Might the whole story of the cataleptic Russian and his son be a concoction of Dr. Trevelyan's, who has, for his own purposes, been in Blessington's rooms?"

I saw in the gaslight that Holmes wore an amused smile at this brilliant departure of mine.

"My dear fellow," said he, "it was one of the first solutions which occurred to me, but I was soon able to corroborate the doctor's tale. This young man has left prints upon the stair carpet which made it quite superfluous for me to ask to see those which he had made in the room. When I tell you that his shoes were square-toed, instead of being pointed like Blessington's, and were quite an inch and a third longer than the doctor's, you will acknowledge that there can be no doubt as to his individuality. But we may sleep on it now, for I shall be surprised if we do not hear something further from Brook Street in the morning."

Sherlock Holmes's prophecy was soon fulfilled, and in a dramatic fashion. At half-past seven next morning, in the first dim glimmer of daylight, I found him standing by my bedside in his dressing-gown.

"There's a brougham waiting for us, Watson," said he.

"What's the matter, then?"

"The Brook Street business."

"Any fresh news?"

"Tragic but ambiguous," said he, pulling up the blind. "Look at this—a sheet from a notebook with 'For God's sake, come at once—P. T.' scrawled upon it in pencil. Our friend the doctor was hard put to it when he wrote this. Come along, my dear fellow, for it's an urgent call."

In a quarter of an hour or so we were back at the physician's house. He came running out to meet us with a face of horror.

"Oh, such a business!" he cried, with his hands to his temples.

"What, then?"

"Blessington has committed suicide!"

Holmes whistled.

"Yes, he hanged himself during the night."

We had entered, and the doctor had preceded us into what was evidently his waiting-room.

"I really hardly know what I am doing," he cried. "The police are already upstairs. It has shaken me most dreadfully."

"When did you find it out?"

"He has a cup of tea taken in to him early every morning. When the maid entered about seven, there the unfortunate fellow was hanging in the middle of the room. He had tied his cord to the hook on which the heavy lamp used to hang, and he had jumped off from the top of the very box that he showed us yesterday."

Holmes stood for a moment in deep thought.

"With your permission," said he at last, "I should like to go upstairs and look into the matter." We both ascended, followed by the doctor.

It was a dreadful sight which met us as we entered the bedroom door. I have spoken of the impression of flabbiness which this man Blessington conveyed. As he dangled from the hook it was exaggerated and intensified until he was scarce human in his appearance. The neck was drawn out like a plucked chicken's, making the rest of him seem the more obese and unnatural by the contrast. He was clad only in his long night-dress, and his swollen ankles and ungainly feet protruded starkly from beneath it. Beside him stood a smart-looking police inspector, who was taking notes in a pocket-book.

"Ah, Mr. Holmes," said he, heartily, as my friend entered. "I am delighted to see you."

"Good morning, Lanner," answered Holmes. "You won't think me an intruder, I am sure. Have you heard of the events which led up to this affair?"

"Yes, I heard something of them."

"Have you formed any opinion?"

"As far as I can see, the man has been driven out of his senses by fright. The bed has been well slept in, you see. There's his impression deep enough. It's about five in the morning, you know, that suicides are most common. That would be about his time for hanging himself. It seems to have been a very deliberate affair."

"I should say that he has been dead about three hours, judging by the rigidity of the muscles," said I.

"Noticed anything peculiar about the room?" asked Holmes.

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"Found a screwdriver and some screws on the wash-hand stand. Seems to have smoked heavily during the night, too. Here are four cigar ends that I picked out of the fireplace."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "Have you got his cigar-holder?"

"No, I have seen none."

"His cigar-case, then?"

"Yes, it was in his coat pocket."

Holmes opened it and smelled the single cigar which it contained.

"Oh, this is a Havana, and these others are cigars of the peculiar sort which are imported by the Dutch from their East Indian colonies. They are usually wrapped in straw, you know, and are thinner for their length than any other brand." He picked up the four ends and examined them with his pocket lens.

"Two of these have been smoked from a holder and two without," said he. "Two have been cut by a not very sharp knife, and two have had the ends bitten off by a set of excellent teeth. This is no suicide, Mr. Lanner. It is a very deeply-planned and cold-blooded murder."

"Impossible!" cried the inspector.

"And why?"

"Why should anyone murder a man in so clumsy a fashion as by hanging him?'

"That is what we have to find out."

"How could they get in?"

"Through the front door."

"It was barred in the morning."

"Then it was barred after them."

"How do you know?"

"I saw their traces. Excuse me a moment, and I may be able to give you some further information about it."

He went over to the door, and turning the lock he examined it in his methodical fashion. Then he took out the key, which was on the inside, and inspected that also. The bed, the carpet, the chairs, the mantelpiece, the dead body, and the rope were each in turn examined, until at last he professed himself satisfied, and with my aid and that of the inspector cut down the wretched object, and laid it reverently under a sheet.

"How about this rope?" he asked.

"It is cut off this," said Dr. Trevelyan, drawing a large coil from under the bed. "He was morbidly nervous of fire, and always kept this beside him, so that he might escape by the window in case the stairs were burning."



"HOLMES OPENED IT AND SMELLED THE SINGLE CIGAR WHICH IT CONTAINED."

"That must have saved them trouble," said Holmes, thoughtfully. "Yes, the actual facts are very plain, and I shall be surprised if by the afternoon I cannot give you the reasons for them as well. I will take this photograph of Blessington which I see upon the mantelpiece, as it may help me in my inquiries."

"But you have told us nothing," cried the doctor.

"Oh, there can be no doubt as to the sequence of events," said Holmes. "There were three of them in it: the young man, the old man, and a third to whose identity I have no clue. The first two, I need hardly remark, are the same who masqueraded as the Russian Count and his son, so we can give a very full description of them. They were admitted by a confederate inside the house. If I might offer you a word of advice, Inspector, it would be to arrest the page, who, as I understand, has only recently come into your service, Doctor."

"The young imp cannot be found," said Dr. Trevelyan; "the maid and the cook have just been searching for him."

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"He has played a not unimportant part in this drama," said he. "The three men having ascended the stair, which they did on tiptoe, the elder man first, the younger man

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second, and the unknown man in the rear——"

"My dear Holmes!" I ejaculated.

"Oh, there could be no question as to the superimposing of the footmarks. I had the advantage of learning which was which last night. They ascended then to Mr. Blessington's room, the door of which they found to be locked. With the help of a wire, however, they forced round the key. Even without a lens, you will perceive by the scratches on this ward where the pressure was applied.

"On entering the room, their first proceeding must have been to gag Mr. Blessington. He may have been asleep, or he may have been so paralyzed with terror as to have been unable to cry out. These walls are thick, and it is conceivable that his shriek, if he had time to utter one, was unheard.

"Having secured him, it is evident to me that a consultation of some sort was held. Probably it was something in the nature of a judicial proceeding. It must have lasted for some time, for it was then that these cigars were smoked. The older man sat in that wicker chair: it was he who used the cigar-holder. The younger man sat over yonder: he knocked his ash off against the chest of drawers. The third fellow paced up and down. Blessington, I think, sat upright in the bed, but of that I cannot be absolutely certain.

"Well, it ended by their taking Blessington and hanging him. The matter was so prearranged that it is my belief that they brought with them some sort of block or pulley which might serve as a gallows. That screwdriver and those screws were, as I conceive, for fixing it up. Seeing the hook, however, they naturally saved themselves the trouble. Having finished their work they made off, and the door was barred behind them by their confederate."

We had all listened with the deepest interest to this sketch of the night's doings, which Holmes had deduced from signs so subtle and minute, that even when he had pointed them out to us, we could scarcely follow him in his reasonings. The inspector hurried away on the instant to make inquiries about the page, while Holmes and I returned to Baker Street for breakfast.

"I'll be back by three," said he when we had finished our meal. "Both the inspector and the doctor will meet me here at that hour, and I hope by that time to have cleared up any little obscurity which the case may still present."

Our visitors arrived at the appointed time, but it was a quarter to four before my friend put in an appearance. From his expression as he entered, however, I could see that all had gone well with him.

"Any news, Inspector?"

"We have got the boy, sir."

"Excellent, and I have got the men."

"You have got them!" we cried all three.



"'YOU HAVE GOT THEM!' WE CRIED."

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"Well, at least I have got their identity. This so-called Blessington is, as I expected, well known at headquarters, and so are his assailants. Their names are Biddle, Hayward, and Moffat."

"The Worthingdon bank gang," cried the inspector.

"Precisely," said Holmes.

"Then Blessington must have been Sutton?"

"Exactly," said Holmes.

"Why, that makes it as clear as crystal," said the inspector.

But Trevelyan and I looked at each other in bewilderment.

"You must surely remember the great Worthingdon bank business," said Holmes; "five men were in it, these four and a fifth called Cartwright. Tobin, the caretaker, was murdered, and the thieves got away with seven thousand pounds. This was in 1875. They were all five arrested, but the evidence against them was by no means conclusive. This Blessington, or Sutton, who was the worst of the gang, turned informer. On his evidence, Cartwright was hanged and the other three got fifteen years apiece. When they got out the other day, which was some years before their full term, they set themselves, as you perceive, to hunt down the traitor and to avenge the death of their comrade upon him. Twice they tried to get at him and failed; a third time, you see, it came off. Is there anything further which I can explain, Dr. Trevelyan?"

"I think you have made it all remarkably clear," said the doctor. "No doubt the day on which he was so perturbed was the day when he had read of their release in the newspapers."

"Quite so. His talk about a burglary was the merest blind."

"But why could he not tell you this?"

"Well, my dear sir, knowing the vindictive character of his old associates, he was trying to hide his own identity from everybody as long as he could. His secret was a shameful one, and he could not bring himself to divulge it. However, wretch as he was, he was still living under the shield of British law, and I have no doubt, Inspector, that you will see that, though that shield may fail to guard, the sword of justice is still there to avenge."

Such were the singular circumstances in connection with the resident patient and the Brook Street doctor. From that night nothing has been seen of the three murderers by the police, and it is surmised at Scotland Yard that they were among the passengers of the ill-fated steamer *Norah Creina*, which was lost some years ago with all hands upon the Portuguese coast, some leagues to the north of Oporto. The proceedings against the page broke down for want of evidence, and the "Brook Street Mystery," as it was called, has never, until now, been fully dealt with in any public print.

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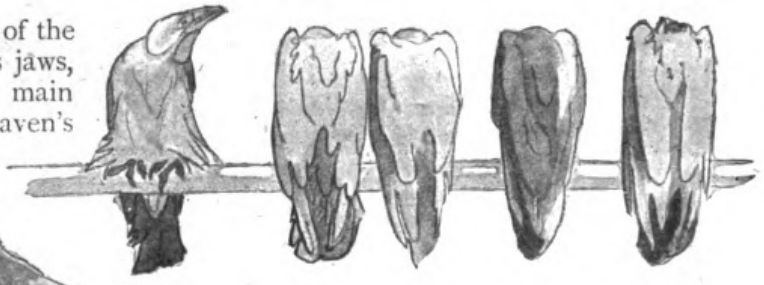


XIV.—ZIG-ZAG CORVINE.

A SENSE of humour is a vastly saving grace. Long has it saved all the Corvidæ from extermination at the hands of outraged man. The raven, the jackdaw, the magpie, the rook — what would their thievishness, their malignant mischief, earn were it not for their sense of humour? Thieves all, they are still Artful Dodgers and Charley Bateses, and we smile though they snatch our

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very dinner. The snatching of the dinner from somebody else's jaws, friend's or enemy's, is the main plot of most of the raven's jokes, causing him also to secrete a spare morsel in the baggy part of his lower beak, when other ravens are about.



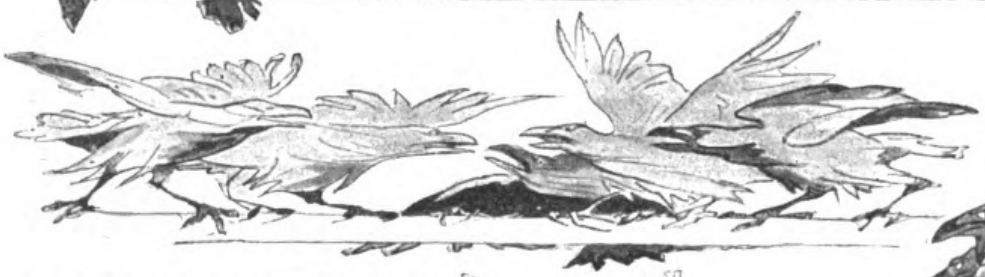


Extreme quickness lends additional quaintness to the pranks of the raven. The ravens at the Zoo, ever changing in *personnel*, remain true to a sort of mixed game of coddam and hunt the slipper.



Let one of their number produce his stored morsel, and instantly it has been snatched, snatched, and snatched again, all along the line and





back. With whom it at last rests only one mortal creature knows—the raven who has it. In him a natural exultation struggles with an attempt to look as though he had lost the tit-bit. In the others the chagrin of loss wars with a desire to look triumphant; so that the net result is a very level appearance of general stolidity.



Sardonic joker as he is, the raven has an immense sense of personal dignity. He is the greatest of the Corvidæ, and he knows it. Not for him the scrambling hilarity of his small cousin, the jackdaw. Don't injure the raven's self-esteem, or he will be revenged, at some time or another. I have known a tame raven wait for months for an opportunity of plucking off, before a large company, the wig of a lady of doubtful age who had referred to

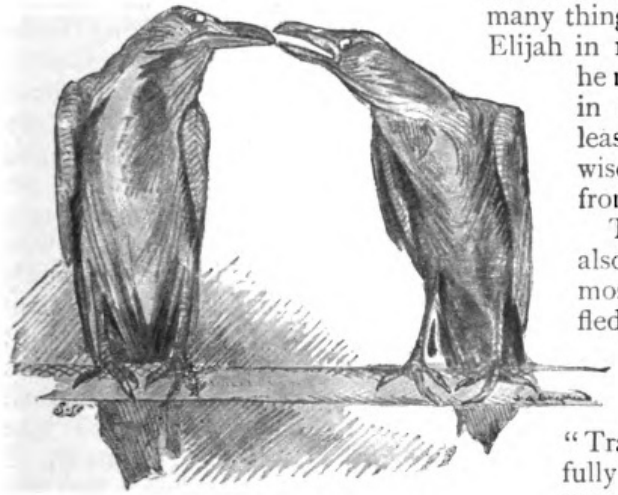
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him disrespectfully as "that thieving beast." Also, when an innocent little boy at the Zoo has asked his mother if the raven were a blackbird, I have observed a look of indignation that carried with it a distinct threat to bite that little boy's little red legs. Never will a raven forget his dignity. Even a raven in love won't do it.



AM I A BLACKBIRD!

He has, after all, considerable excuse for pride. A bird on such familiar terms with the great Odin as to sit on his shoulder every evening and retail to him the day's gossip is naturally proud. One Scandinavian legend mentions two such ravens, but I imagine that they are a sort of prophetic allegory, intended to typify successive editions of the evening paper. The belief in the raven as a bird of ill-omen probably arose from the fact that he was never known to turn up anywhere without stealing something, or doing mischief in some other way; just as one may consider a nitro-glycerine bomb an unlucky article to find on the cellar stairs. His fame as a prophet—and he was chief of the ancient augurs—may be due to many things. Perhaps he had a wrinkle or two from Elijah in recognition of the supply of provisions; or he may even have felt a motive for his generosity in a certain fellow-feeling; which would at least seem a plausible conjecture, since otherwise it is impossible to conceive of his refraining from stealing the supplies *en route*.



PERFUNCTORY COURTSHIP.

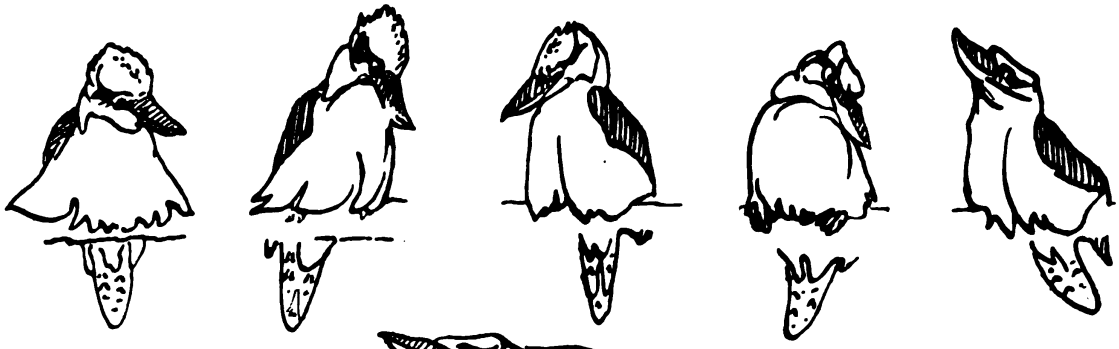
Travis is the keeper of the crows' cages, as also of the great Western Aviary. He is a most surprising authority on birds, and is no fledgeling himself; he is the oldest keeper in the service, as his "No. 1" testifies, and has been here since the year 1851. I have been lingering over the name "Travis" for some time, separating it thoughtfully into T. R. Avis, with an ultimate idea of a pun, or an acrostic, or a rebus, or a charade, or conundrum, or something of the kind, but have regretfully given up the notion. Still, considering his almost unique knowledge of birds—not to mention the ability of his brother as a bird-stuffer—I think Travis might arrange, by deed-poll, for some such name as *Terrae Rara Avis*, if the equal mutilation of name and catch-phrase be tolerated



NUMBER ONE.

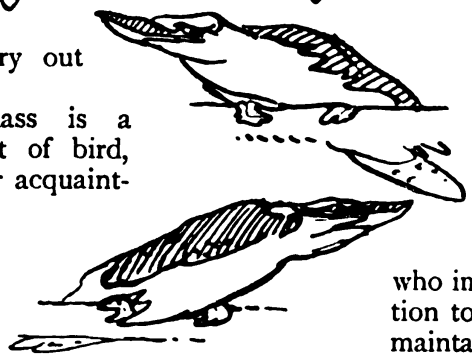
Among the many curious birds in the domain of Travis is the laughing jackass. Now, there are several reasons why something should be said here of the laughing jackass. In the first place, this is a Zig-zag, and since it is headed "Zig-zag Corvine," it is proper and in accordance with the correct spirit of Zig-zaggedness that something should be included that isn't corvine at all. Moreover, it is fitting that a bird which is called a jackass and is indeed a kingfisher, and being a kingfisher doesn't catch fish, should be classed with something that is neither jackass nor king-

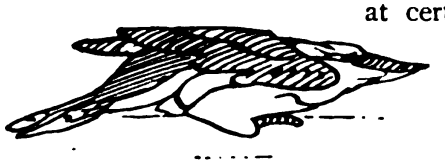
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fisner nor fish, to carry out the original principle.

The laughing jackass is a broad low-comedy sort of bird, who usually makes your acquaintance in a little game of spoof of his own. He knows that you have come to the cage to hear him laugh, so he won't do it. But in order to keep you there in expectancy as long as possible, he pretends to have discovered an enemy, or something to eat, or the ghost of some other jackass, close by. He stares intently at nothing, and then turns round and inspects it on the other side. He crouches cautiously on his perch and looks at it cornerwise. He organizes an elaborate plan of strategy, and makes a beginning of approaching nothing on tip-toe. He finds that it has observed him, and forthwith ducks his head and looks out warily. It moves, and he follows it intently with his eyes; he seems about to spring at nothing, and you become excited;









when he suddenly lets it go and grins at you, and you realize that you are sold.

The laughing jackass is not a distinguished joker, like the raven. He is a very frantic sort of buffoon; one who imagines he has a funny reputation to maintain, and who strains to maintain it at all hazards. Which is why he bursts into his demoniac laugh at certain regular times of the day—a habit which has earned him the unflattering name of the "Settlers' Clock." The fact is, he has been trying for hours, unsuccessfully, to think of a joke, and laughs to make the world believe that he has made one.

It is noticeable that with these birds laughing is highly infectious, and that when one starts the rest join at once, each trying to outscream the others. Every individual is trying to claim the joke for himself. Personally, I incline to the belief that the laughing jackass, as a tribe, has only one joke. Mutual admiration societies are formed, and the members



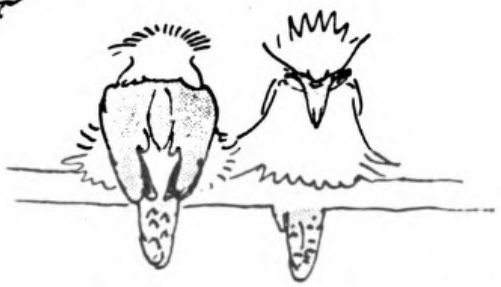


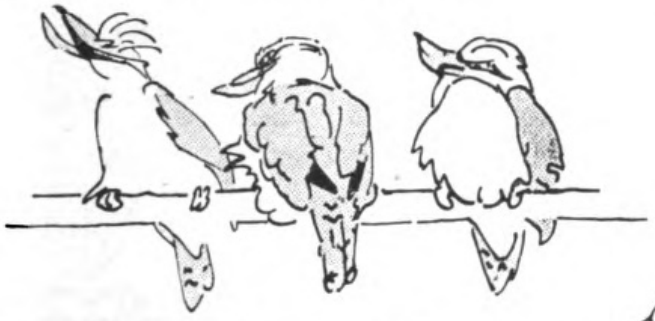


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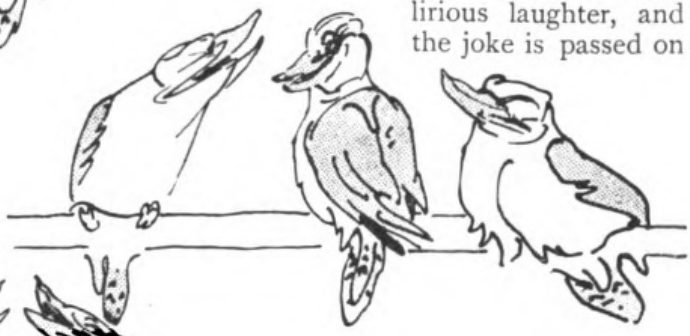
tell each other this joke in turn, and laugh unanimously. You may see the system in operation here. One bird will burst upon a few friends with the air of a breathless discoverer and a vast number of chuckles. He tells the







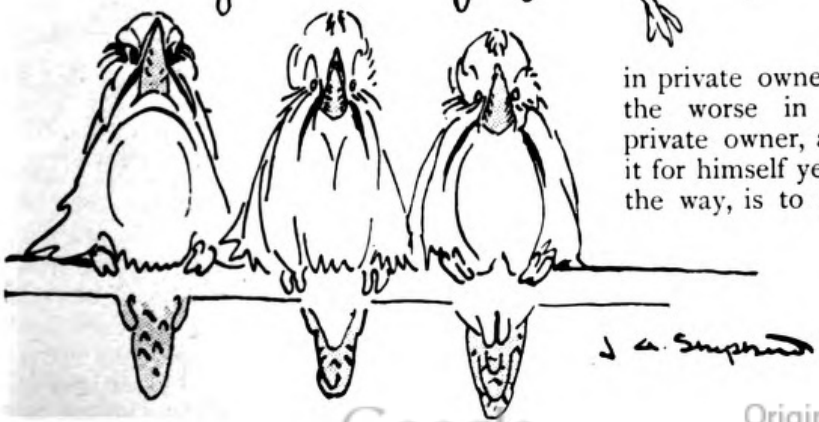
ancestral joke, in confidence, to jackass the second. Then the two scream and choke with delirious laughter, and the joke is passed on



to jackass the third, and so forth—and fifth, and sixth—till every jackass is screaming for a minute together, till the regular amount of mutual admiration has been ex-





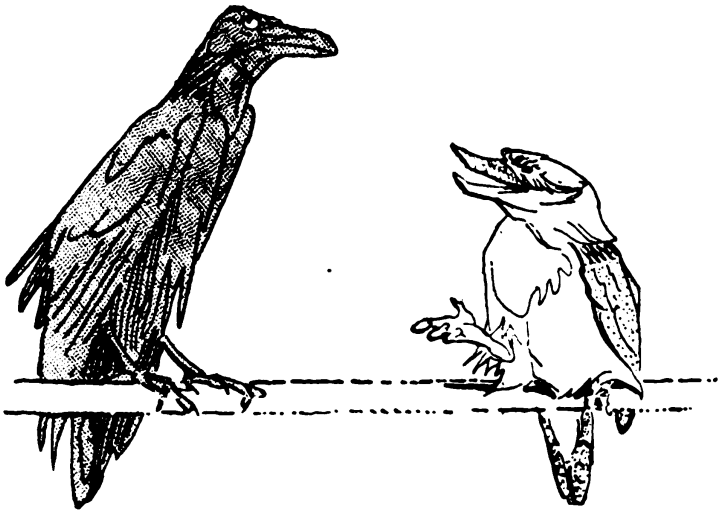


pended, and they stop suddenly and cock their beaks demurely for the approbation of visitors.

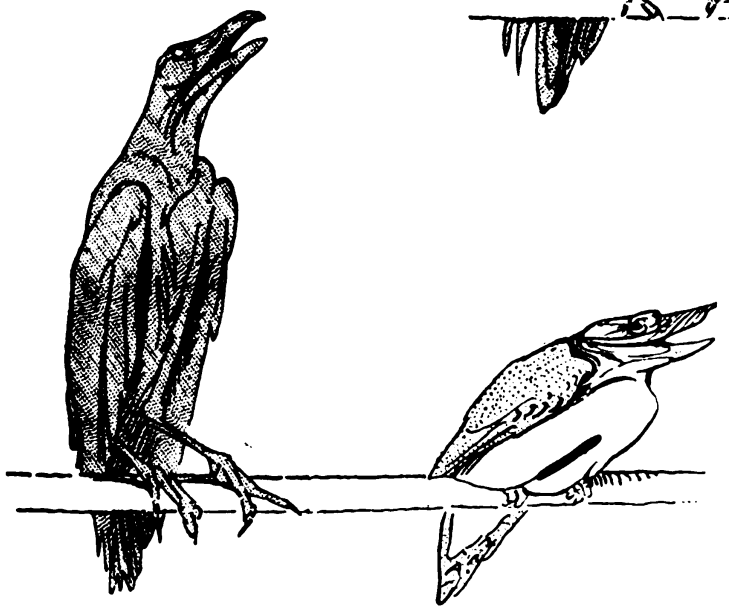
For the laughing jackass's own sake, I wouldn't introduce him to a raven: because the jackass would be sure to repeat the joke to his new acquaintance, and the raven, a sardonic and superior joker, would be apt to deal savagely with him; and this more because of the badness of the joke than its age. I know a raven named Elijah (there would appear to have been some confusion of Scriptural history at his christening) who would be a bad subject for the laughing jackass's joke. He is not at the Zoo, but in private ownership, which is a great deal the worse in general devilment for the private owner, although he hasn't discovered it for himself yet. Elijah's chief delight, by the way, is to run loose in a flower garden or a conservatory, where the surroundings may be reduced to a salad in about five minutes. "Do you know why they call me a laughing jackass?" *Dacelo gigantea* might ask Elijah;

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for this conundrum, I am convinced, is the ancestral wheeze. "Perhaps it's because you're a jackass to laugh so much," Elijah would say, severely. "No, you're wrong!" would scream that fatuous kingfisher. "It's because they think Jack—as good as any other name! Ha! ha! How's that? Isn't Jackass good as his master?" and he would guffaw deliriously while Elijah sharpened his big beak. "H'm," Elijah would grunt, with savage calmness, when the laugh was over. "Just make another joke like that, will you?" And the unhappy jackass would have to save himself as best he might.

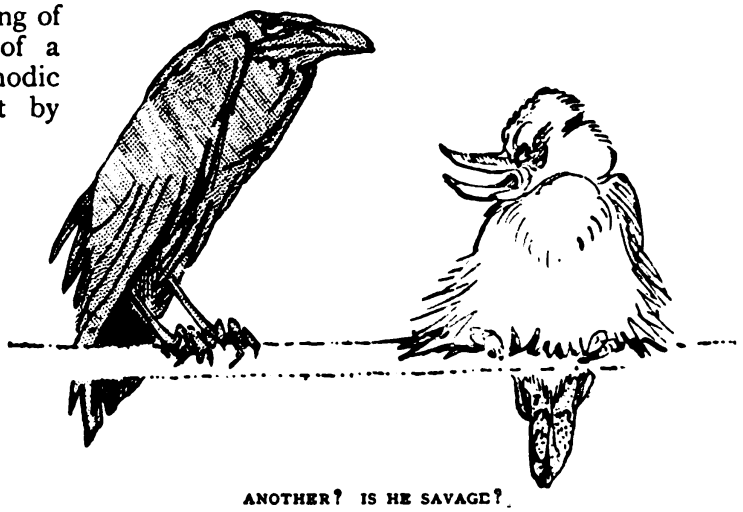


A CONUNDRUM.



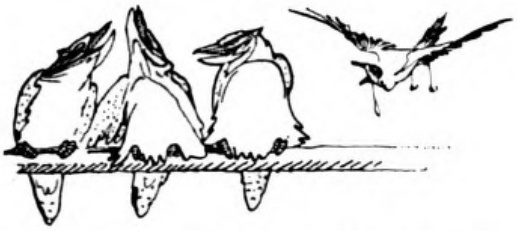
HA! HA!

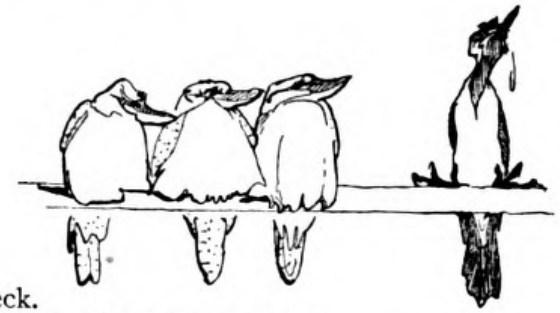
The laughing jackass is all very well as a chorus, but he can't sustain a separate low-comedy part. The raven can, the jackdaw and the magpie can, the jay can, and even the rook and the ordinary crow have their humoursome talents. The chaplain crow becomes a very passable Stiggins, under the influence of the sun, which acts as his pineapple rum. Hot sunshine opens the mouth of the chaplain crow, and causes a rolling of the head and eyes, suggestive of a lachrymose sermon; and a spasmodic croak that is an overcharged rant by itself. You grow more serious at each step nearer the chaplain crow on these occasions, and you pull up with a start at the thought of a collection. I am not sure that much of his distress is not caused by the laughing jackasses, who have an impious practice of laughing at their conundrum on Sunday. There is a temptation to call the three worst offenders among the jackasses Tom, and Bob, and Billy, and the chaplain crow Sir Macklin, by compliment or with apologies to the "Bab Ballads"; but, in good truth, there is no other name for the chaplain crow but Stiggins. His white choker is



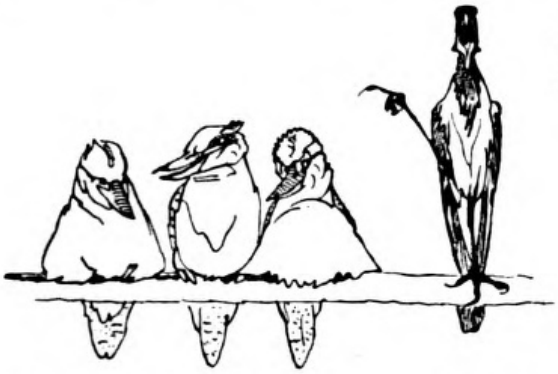
ANOTHER? IS HE SAVAGE?

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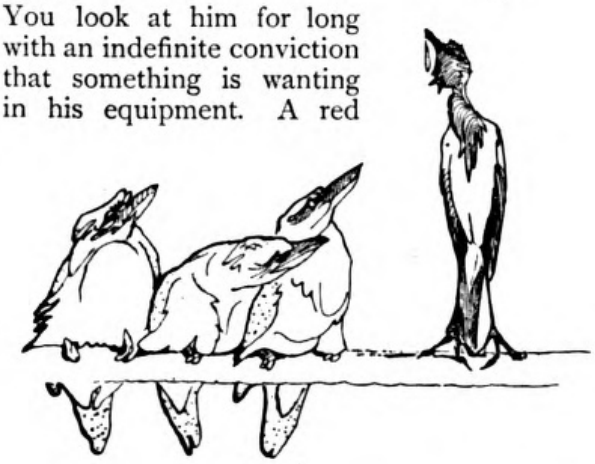




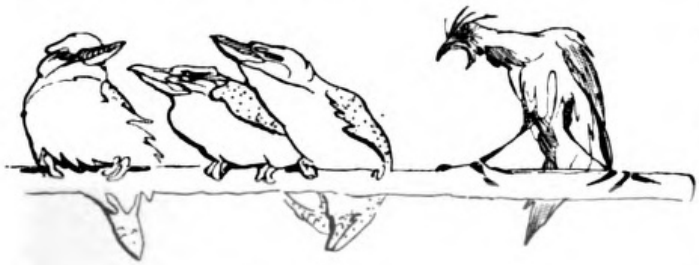
ragged and soiled and pulled askew on his neck.



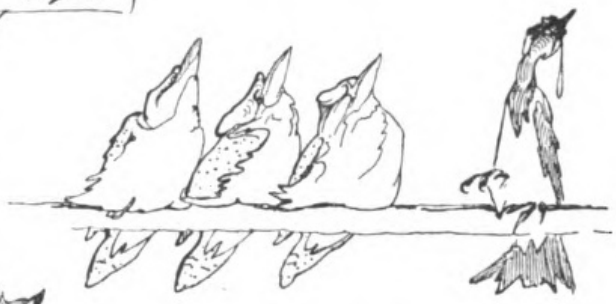
You look at him for long with an indefinite conviction that something is wanting in his equipment. A red



beak would be an improvement, certainly, and to secure it a cross with the chough might be tried; but what you really miss in Stiggins is a black bottle and a bad umbrella.

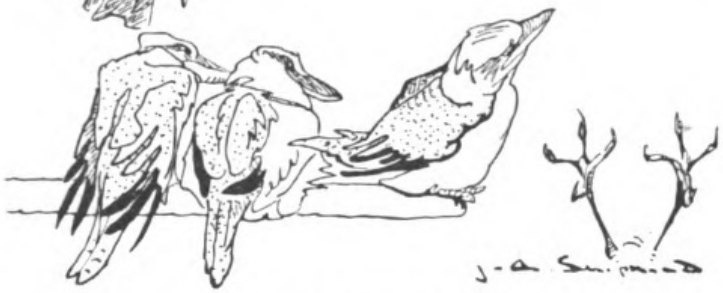


The raven was once white, Ovid tells us, but Apollo turned him black for tale-bearing. The rook and the crow must have told tales, too, unless Apollo condemned the lot at once, from un-





certainty as to the actual culprit. The magpie and the chaplain crow are only partly black — offence not specified. Perhaps they told white lies. Here at the Zoo are two perfectly white jackdaws, and I have spent some time in an effort to discover for what conspicuously virtuous exploit they have been so distinguished. I can find nothing in their histories



WICKED TOM AND BOB AND BILLY.

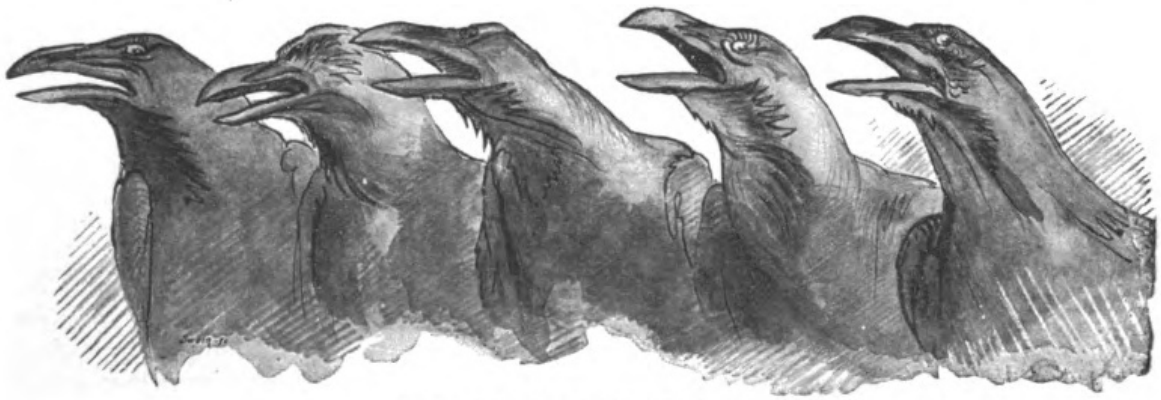
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greatly to distinguish them from other jackdaws except the colour of their feathers. I have known many jackdaws and have possessed a few, but cannot, by any effort, imagine one of them doing anything particularly virtuous; jackdaws by nature are not intended to be pious. I have a jackdaw now who is a most interesting and pleasing thief, liar, and bully, but he neglects the more usual moral qualities. As a thief and a liar his performances are probably no more remarkable than those of other jackdaws, but as a bully he has ways of his own. He bullies every living thing with less brains than himself, irrespective of size, and eats such of them as are small enough. He hectors cats tremendously — merely by force of superior intellect. When a cat perceives a bird—the size of some she is in the habit of trying to catch—pelting headlong toward her down a garden-path, with furious eyes and beak, shouting "Hullo, Jack! Shut up! Shut up! Come along, old girl! Hi! hi! hi!"—that cat has some excuse for hastily retiring over the wall to think things over; and Jack cocks his head and chuckles. He bullies dogs when they will allow it; when he meets one that won't, he finds a safe perch and abuses him violently. He will even bully a housemaid who is afraid of having her heels pecked. Once he went on a visit and tried to bully Elijah, but that was very nearly being another tale. Elijah is not the sort of bird anyone would bully for pastime, and Jack found speed as useful as intellect, for once in a way. But if he came to the Zoo to-morrow, he would probably begin by bullying Jung Perchad.



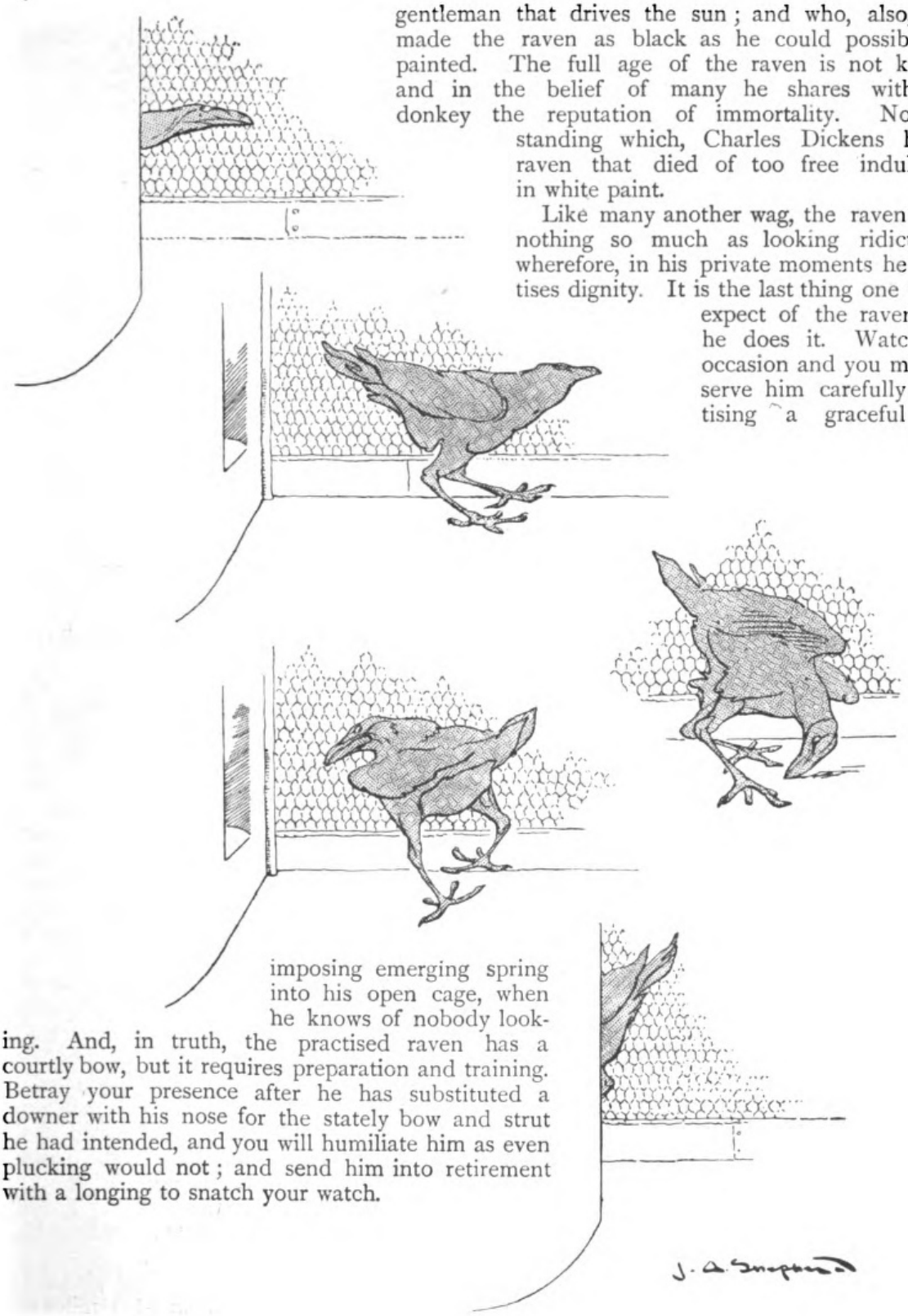
STIGGINS.

The raven was never meant to be bullied. He is a wag, certainly, but a wag of a satanic sort. His very chuckle is fierce; and when the heat makes him open his mouth to pant, it isn't with a lachrymation, as the chaplain crow, nor with a grin, as the magpie, but with a severe and business-like seriousness, that says plainly that somebody's heels must be bitten for this; preferably, I imagine, Apollo's, as the



A GASP OF BUSINESS-LIKE SERIOUSNESS.

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gentleman that drives the sun; and who, also, first made the raven as black as he could possibly be painted. The full age of the raven is not known, and in the belief of many he shares with the donkey the reputation of immortality. Notwithstanding which, Charles Dickens had a raven that died of too free indulgence in white paint.

Like many another wag, the raven hates nothing so much as looking ridiculous; wherefore, in his private moments he practises dignity. It is the last thing one would expect of the raven, but he does it. Watch the occasion and you may observe him carefully practising a graceful and imposing emerging spring into his open cage, when he knows of nobody looking. And, in truth, the practised raven has a courtly bow, but it requires preparation and training. Betray your presence after he has substituted a downer with his nose for the stately bow and strut he had intended, and you will humiliate him as even plucking would not; and send him into retirement with a longing to snatch your watch.

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By Richard Marsh.

I.

"CONVICT'S escaped!"

"Oh—when?"

"Last night. Didn't you hear the guns?"

I had not heard them. I don't think that Ted had heard them, either. We had not gone to bed with the intention of lying awake to listen to guns.

We sat down to breakfast, Ted and I, thinking rather of the food in front of us than of the unfortunate or fortunate individual who, according to our landlord, had quitted Princetown Prison, in the small hours of the morning, without first going through the form of obtaining his host's permission. But the landlord was full of the subject. He went on talking while we went on eating.

"They'll catch him, safe enough. I've been here a few years, and I've seen a few of 'em escape, I tell you. But I've never known one that wasn't brought back yet. You see, there's five pounds to anyone who gives the screws the office—they call the warders 'screws,' them chaps up here. So pretty near everyone's hand's against them. And then Princetown isn't like Millbank. You can't drop over the wall and find a pal waiting for you round the corner. It's when they're out that their troubles begin. They don't know their way about Dartmoor any more than they know their way about the moon."

Mr. Pethick paused to take in a little breath. So Ted asked a question: "Have you heard who it is has got away?"

Mr. Pethick winked.

"They keep that dark just at first, you know. They like to lay their hands upon him before anybody gets to know who it is has tried to slip his collar. But I was told it was a 'lifer'—a chap who, if he'd got his rights, would have been hung. I shouldn't be surprised if he made a bit of a fight for it before he lets them lay their hands on him."

Ted Lane and I were staying at a certain little inn within two miles of Princetown Prison, which is not unknown to brethren of the rod and the line, and of the palette and the brush. It stands just at the junction of the tiny stream which they call the River Cowsick with the River Dart; in the heart of a country which, at least in summer, is as beautiful as it is wild. We had gone there ostensibly to sketch, but we had done a little fishing, and to tell the truth, I don't think that we had done much of either.

I was a lazy man in those days. I don't know that I am much more hard-working now.

But that particular day we had planned a ten-mile walk over the moor—ten miles out and ten miles home—to Erme Head. And if we felt in the mood, and not too lazy, and that sort of thing, we had vague intentions of pushing on to Red Lake, about a mile farther on.

It was good walking weather, a clear sky

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overhead, and just breeze enough to keep one cool; and I need scarcely observe that we did not allow the fact of a man having escaped from the convict establishment at the top of the hill to make any alteration in our plans.

The man, however, seemed to be running in Mr. Pethick's mind. There is not much to talk about at Two Bridges except the weather, and an escape from Princetown is undoubtedly an event.

"You are sure to meet him," our landlord remarked, as we set out. I will only hint that if I had only been as sure of this as our host professed to be, at least one of those pedestrians would have stayed at home. I am not at all sure that the stay-at-homes would not have extended to two. I am not a thief-catcher. I had no desire to earn five pounds by what Mr. Pethick had termed "giving the 'screws' the 'office.'" As for the members of the criminal classes, I have always felt that the less I have to do with them, the better I am pleased. I do not know how it is with other men. It has always been that way with me. And I am sure—on that point there cannot be the slightest possible doubt!—that if I had anticipated having an interview, in the remotest and most secluded fastnesses of wild Dartmoor, with a gentleman who would have been hung "if he had had his rights," I, for one, should have postponed that little excursion *sine die*. Indeed, I should not have minded if it had never come off at all. Ted Lane, however, gave me the impression that he was not of my way of thinking. I am persuaded that if you had listened to the remarks which he made as we went along—casual remarks, as it were—you would have supposed, as I supposed at the time, that nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to capture, or recapture, all the inmates of Princetown Prison single-handed. Nor do I deny that I might have dropped a hint, a distant hint, that under certain circumstances I should do, or endeavour to do, my duty to my Queen and to my country. But when Ted Lane declares, as he since has declared, that I said that I should be only too glad, five pounds or no five pounds, to have a chance of taking the blood-stained villain by the throat, and "scrunching the life right out of him!" he libels me. I hope and I believe, in fact I know, that I would "scrunch the life" out of no man, whether convict or, so to speak, layman.

We had gone five miles, it may be; perhaps a little more, because we had passed For Tor. We were not talking about convicts—nothing of the kind. We were in the middle of a discussion about the Whistlerian theories of art, when I turned round, the better to get a light to my pipe. As I turned I saw, or thought I saw, someone or something drop down behind a hillock some two hundred yards away. But as I continued to look steadily in that direction and saw nothing and no one, I concluded that I was mistaken, and that some chance object had deceived my eye. Having lit my pipe, I rejoined Lane, who had gone on and was a few yards ahead.

We resumed the thread of our discussion; but as we argued I could not rid myself of the impression that, after all, I might not have been mistaken, and that someone had dropped down behind the hillock. To make quite sure, I glanced backwards, over my shoulder. As I did so I gave an exclamation.

"What's the matter?" inquired Ted.

I had stood still and turned. He also stood still and turned.



"CASUAL REMARKS."

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"It's very queer," I said, "but I could have sworn that I saw somebody peeping over the top of that hillock."

"Which hillock?"

"That one—with the patch of gorse at the side."

Ted looked in the direction in which I pointed.

"There's nothing there."

It was true that there was nothing there just then; but if there had not been something there a moment before, then I had been the victim of an optical delusion, and of an optical delusion of a curious kind. But for some reason, on which I need not dwell, I did not altogether relish the idea of there being someone in that wild place who, while he was anxious to look at us, was even more anxious that we should not look at him. So I did not think it worth while to insist that I could scarcely have been twice deceived, in broad daylight, in such a very singular manner.

Ted went on talking in his light-hearted way.

"You were dreaming, my dear fellow." He recommenced his forward march. "In Whistler's portrait of his mother——"

My thoughts were not with Whistler's portrait of his mother. They were behind my back. As Ted went prosing on, I gave another glance over my shoulder. What I saw—well! I do not wish to use exaggerated language, so I will not say that it made my blood run cold, but I do affirm that it did not increase my sense of comfort. I saw that a man was following us, as it seemed to me, upon his hands and knees. He must have been well on the alert, because directly I looked round he dropped down, so that he lay concealed among the ferns and grasses. But I had seen him, though he might not think it. Upon that point I had no doubt.

I was at a loss as to what was the best course to pursue. I am aware that it may seem obvious enough on paper. I can only state that I did not find it quite so obvious in fact. I am not a fighting man, and what is more, I never have been. I do not know that that is anything to be ashamed of, though, to listen to some people, and to some ostensibly respectable people, you would think that it was. There is nothing I object to so much as a row; and, in fact, although I may be an artist, I am a peace-loving and peace-abiding citizen. And I defy even a cross-examining barrister to prove that I am otherwise.

After a few moments of what I will call inward meditation, I gathered myself together, moistened my lips, and said, "Ted!"

"Yes?" He looked at me. I suppose he saw that there was something in my face. "What's up?"

"Keep cool, old man."

"Keep cool! What do you mean?" I caught his arm.

"Don't turn. Perhaps it would be as well not to let him think we see him."

"See him? See whom?"

"Keep cool. Don't get excited, Ted." I dropped my voice to what I have seen described as a "lurid" whisper. "The gentleman who escaped from Princetown last night is just behind. He's following us."

I used the word "gentleman" advisedly; because, although, of course, I knew that he could not hear what we were saying, still I did not wish him even to *think* that we were using towards him the language of discourtesy.

I had not imagined that my observation would have had the effect it did have upon Ted Lane. He pulled up short.

"Don't stop," I said. "Don't let him think we've noticed him."

Ted went on again, as it seemed to me, a little hurriedly.

"You're sure it's the man?"

"Quite sure."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know where he is now. When I just looked back he was rather more, perhaps, than fifty yards behind us."

"Fifty yards? That all? Why is he following us?"

"I'm sure I don't know why he's following us. I say, Ted, I wish you wouldn't walk so fast. I can scarcely keep up with you."

"I'm not walking fast." I did not see how he could walk much faster, unless he ran. But I said nothing. I did my best to keep at his side.

After we had walked a dozen or twenty yards at the rate of about seven miles an hour, Ted gasped out:—

"What sort of man is he?"

"I didn't see. I only just had a peep at him."

"Look where he is!"

"Then don't go tearing off like that."

I caught him by the arm, to make sure that he did not walk on and leave me behind. I glanced behind. As I did so I uttered an exclamation. What I saw was enough to make any man exclaim. A truculent-looking scoundrel, apparently about eight feet high,

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attired in the hideous costume of a convict, was striding after us as if he were in possession of the seven league boots, and was wearing them just then.

My exclamation caused Ted to look behind him. When he saw that murderous-looking monster bearing down upon us in a manner which inevitably suggested a bloodthirsty pirate bearing down upon an inoffensive trading craft, Ted tore his arm out of my grasp, and, without giving me the slightest hint of what his intentions were, made off as fast as his legs would carry him. When that convict saw that Ted had taken to his heels, he took to his, and, of course, when he took to his heels, I also took to mine.

"Stop!" I cried to Ted. "Don't run away from the man."

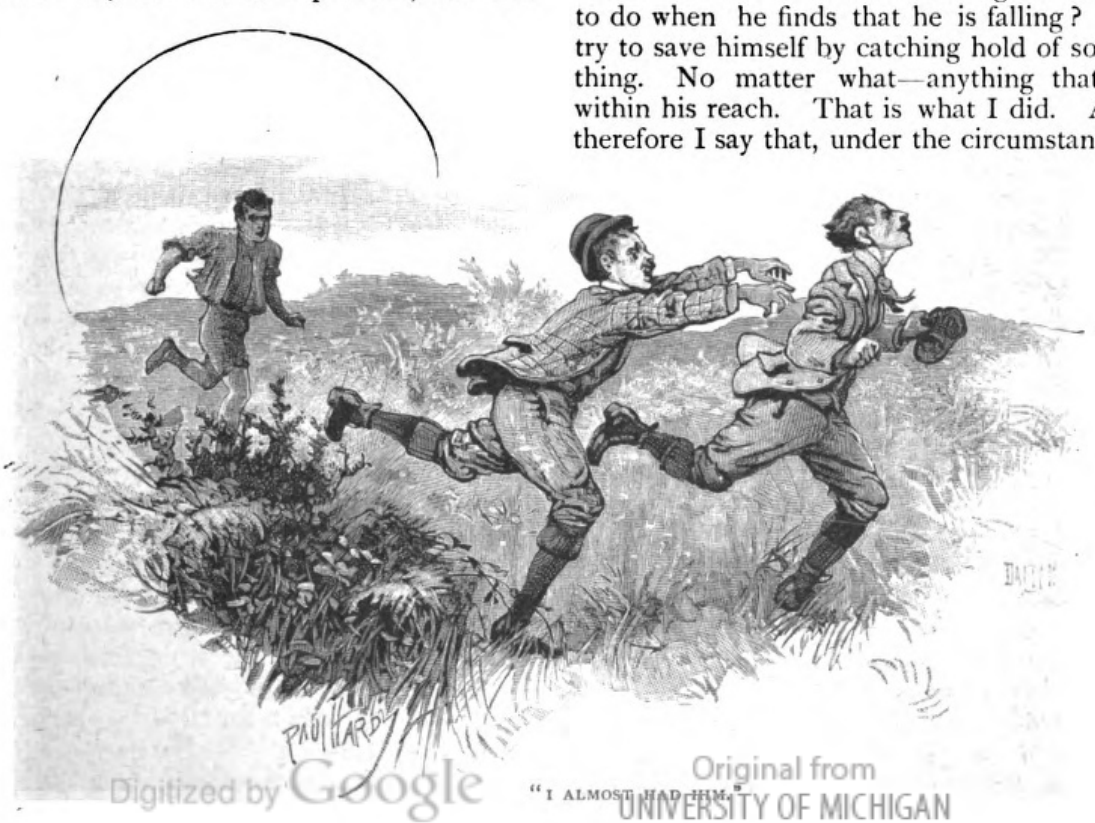
I protest that I shouted this with the full force of my lungs, although—in this way is history told—Ted denies that I did so to this hour.

I had no idea that Ted Lane could run so fast. He simply flew over the ground. All I did was to try to catch him, and, I need scarcely observe, I had to strain every nerve if I wished to have a chance of doing that. As for that convict, no sooner had the procession started, than that audacious villain gave utterance to an ear-piercing yell, which must have been audible all the way to Princetown. When that sound fell upon Ted Lane's ear, he stood, if possible, still less upon the order of his going even than before. He tore off the light knapsack which held his sketch-book, his palette, and his lunch, and cast it to the winds. When he let his knapsack go, of course, I let mine go too. But, merely on that account, it is absurd to suppose that I was running away from the man behind. I repeat that my sole desire was to catch Ted Lane, who was in front. And how could I expect to be able to catch him if I was more heavily weighted than he was?

That convict, instead of pausing as he might have been expected to do, to see what the knapsacks contained, came on, if anything, faster than before. He moved so much faster than I did that I already seemed to feel his outstretched hand upon my collar, which is a sufficient refutation of the ridiculous suggestion that, in the *true* sense of the words, I was running away from him.

So, as it was plainly a case of at once or never, I increased my already almost superhuman efforts to catch Ted Lane. I gained upon him, perceptibly, inch by inch—though seldom was a man more winged by fear than he was then. I almost had him. In another second we should have been side by side, when my foot caught against some obstacle on the uneven turf, and I fell headforemost to the ground.

What is the most natural thing for a man to do when he finds that he is falling? To try to save himself by catching hold of something. No matter what—anything that is within his reach. That is what I did. And therefore I say that, under the circumstances,



"I ALMOST HAD HIM."

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Ted Lane's simulated indignation is simply nonsense.

When I felt myself going, I did the most natural thing in the world—I made a snatch at something. I suppose it is not my fault if Ted Lane's leg was the only thing there was to snatch. I presume that even Ted Lane himself will not venture to suggest that I put his leg where it was. Nor, when I touched his leg, if he chose to go sprawling forward on to his face, was that any affair of mine. Anyhow, he did go forward. And there we both of us lay.

"So I've got you!"

This observation was made in a tone of voice which induced me, after a short interval for reflection, to look round. The speaker was the gentleman—but why should I write "gentleman"? I will write it plainly. The speaker was the unmitigated ruffian who had escaped from Princetown Gaol.

I sat up, feeling a little out of sorts. In my sanguine way, I imagined that the time had not yet passed for peaceful overtures. So I spoke to the fellow as I would have spoken to an ordinary Christian.

"Good-day! Warm weather for walking."

"I'll make it warmer for you before I've done."

That was what the crime-stained wretch replied. Yet, such was the extent and fulness of my Christian charity, still I did not wish him to look upon us as his natural enemies.

"You need not be afraid of us, my dear sir," I remarked, in that friendly and affable way I have. "We have a fellow feeling for a fellow creature in distress, and rather than re-consign you to the dungeons which you appear to have so recently quitted——"

"Afraid of you!" he yelled. He gave a whoop which would have done credit to a Red Indian on the war-path. He also bounded about four feet from the ground. "I am Jim Slim, the Camden Town murderer. I have slain nine people with this right hand—seven women, three men, and a boy." His arithmetic reminded me of a dining-room waiter's, but that is what he said. "And why should I not add you to the number of the slain?"

This inquiry was such a peculiar one, even proceeding from an escaped convict in the middle of Dartmoor, that I was induced to look more carefully at the speaker. He was quite worth looking at, from the point of view of the people who derive satisfaction from gazing at the ladies and gentlemen in the "Room of Horrors."

A more horrible and malignant-looking scoundrel I never saw. I am not prepared to state what were his exact measurements in inches, but he was certainly head and shoulders taller than I am. I should say, if we had been placed rear to rear, that the top of my head would have reached somewhere about the middle of his back. And, what is more, he was *more* than broad in proportion.

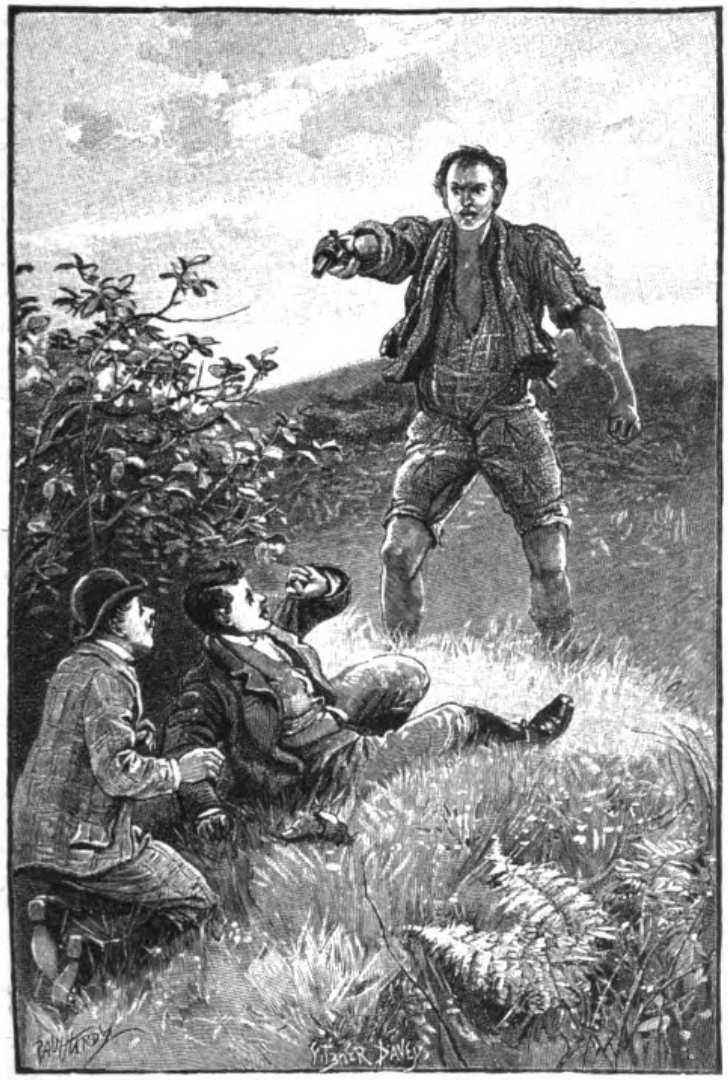
But he was not only a dreadful object as regards his physical configuration, but, if the thing was possible, his attire lent to his appearance an added charm. He was, of course, clad in convict's clothing, but, although one does not expect that clothing to be "cut" in Savile Row, one certainly does expect to see about it *some* sort of a fit. For instance, one does not expect to see a man of, say, seven foot in a suit of clothes which would not be large enough for a man of three foot six. The hideous miscreant in front of us had been crammed into garments which had apparently been intended for his infant brother. I don't know, but I had always supposed that they provided even convicts with boots or shoes. This individual had neither. He had on a pair of stockings, the whole of which was scarcely large enough to contain his feet. His knickerbockers stopped short about ten inches above his knees. They looked more like curtailed bathing drawers, of novel design and pattern, than any other garment I ever saw. He had apparently cut them open at the back to induce them to meet in front, and the result was singular. He had cut his jacket open at the seams to enable him to get into it. Between the bottom of that garment and the top of his knickerbockers was a vacant space of about two feet. This was scantily covered by the ragged remnants of a parti-coloured shirt. No waistcoat was visible to the naked eye. As for hat or cap, perhaps the gentleman had come away so hastily that he had forgotten to bring that with him.

I felt that if that is the costume in which a grateful country attires her criminals, honesty may be the better policy, after all.

While Ted and I regarded the guilt-smirched scoundrel with eyes of wonder and admiration, he plunged his hand into the bosom of what, I presume, was intended for his shirt. When that hand reappeared it held what I have seen described as a "shooting-iron." A revolver was flashed in our faces. It only needed that to make the situation perfect.

"What shall I do with you?" he de-

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"A REVOLVER WAS FLASHED IN OUR FACES."

manded, in a manner which, so far as I was concerned, required no reply whatever.

Ted, however, seemed to think otherwise.

"I haven't brought much money with me; but so far as half a sovereign is concerned——"

"Half-sovereign me no half-sovereign!"

Ted ducked. He appeared to be under the impression—which, I am bound to own, I shared—that that ideal candidate for Falstaff's ragged regiment was about to "take a shot" at him. Our new acquaintance, however, restrained his zeal.

"My dear sir," cried Ted, "don't fire! I assure you that my sympathy is yours. I have always been conscious that a gentleman in your position may be, if all were known, a better man——"

"Sympathy me no sympathy!" (Another duck from Ted.) "What I want," yelled the stranger, as if he were addressing a meeting in Hyde Park, "is clothes!"

I felt that this was true; indeed, we both of us felt that this was true. But none the less, we were not prepared for what immediately followed.

"Take off your coat!"

Ted chose to take the request as being addressed to him.

"I am afraid you will find my coat too small for you."

"The two of you take off your coats. I will sew them both together."

The proposition did not commend itself to me as being of a practicable kind, nor as one which was likely to lead to a satisfactory result. I did not see how he proposed to provide himself with a well-fitting garment even when the two coats were sewn together. However, as Ted took off his coat, of course I took off mine. I had always regarded that man as my friend, and I was not going to desert him then. I have some consideration for the claims of friendship, whatever other men may have.

But the stranger was not content when he had got our coats.

"Take off your waistcoats," was his next demand.

Here Ted made a stand; not such a stand as I should have made—still, he made a stand.

"You really must excuse me, my dear sir, but if you wouldn't mind——"

"Strip!" roared the stranger.

And—well, I may say, in fact, I do say it, without the slightest hesitation, that if Ted had not stripped first, I should not have stripped: I should have remonstrated with that ruthless ruffian. I should have pointed out to him that there are circumstances which an escaped convict ought to consider even in the centre of Dartmoor. I should have done this in a manner which would have commended itself to his sense of what was right and what was wrong. But, as I have already pointed out, I am not a man to desert a friend, especially in the hour of his need. So, when Ted stripped, I stood to him, shoulder to shoulder, and I stripped too.

There was one thing—the weather was tolerably warm, and the spot was a secluded

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"TAKE OFF YOUR WAISTCOATS."

one, ten miles from anywhere, so that there was nothing to shock the proprieties. Otherwise, if I know myself, I should certainly have refrained.

I must confess, though, that I did not understand why he would not allow us to keep our socks. Even if he had sewn the two pairs together he would not have been able to get into them. And as for our shoes, the idea of his ever being able to wear them was simply ridiculous. But no, he would not even allow us to keep a pocket-handkerchief. He would only allow us to keep our hats. And that was absurd. A man cannot do much in the way of outdoor exercise if he only has a hat on. The thing would make the absence of the rest of his apparel more marked than ever.

"Take six steps to the left," observed the stranger.

We took six steps to the left; or, rather, Ted took six steps to the left, and, of course, I followed him. I never *would* desert a friend.

When we had taken six steps to the left, the stranger tucked my clothes under one arm, and Ted's clothes under the other. He turned away. He disappeared among the heather, down a winding path which led, with a sharp descent, to some lower ground upon the right.

I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which we watched him disappear. We waited for him to reappear. But we waited in vain. We saw nothing more of him, or of our clothes. We spent the greater part of that day, in the heart of Dartmoor, with "nodings on" except our hats. And what is even a Lincoln and Bennett when you have no other garments with which to keep that article in countenance?

II.

"STAND! or we fire!"

This was the agreeable observation which was addressed to us from the rear, when we had become more than a little tired of wandering about a rough, and a rugged, and a thorny country in a state of arcadian simplicity. Our first impression was that the gentleman who had replenished his wardrobe at the expense of ours, after carefully considering the matter, desired the pleasure of our further acquaintance. Perhaps he had come back after our hats.

But our first impression was a mistaken one, as we perceived when we looked behind us.

A little distance off stood a small group of warders, evidently a search party from the prison. Their guns were raised to their shoulders, and the muzzles were pointed in our direction, with evident and obvious intent. But we had no objection to "stand." Not the slightest. We had already been standing for some time, chiefly because we had experienced a difficulty in sitting or lying on the prickly turf with "nodings on."

As the warders advanced they stared at us with unmistakable and increasing surprise, which conduct, on their part, was not altogether without excuse. In front of them walked a superior officer, perhaps a "chief" warder, or something—I don't know; I have

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"STAND, OR WE FIRE!"

myself not yet "done time." At his side was an individual who, as he was attired in the ordinary costume of every-day life, was, apparently, a civilian. When he had come close enough to make quite sure that our attire was represented by a minus quantity, he addressed us:—

"Who are you; and what are you walking about like that for?"

We told him who we were. We also told him why we were walking about like that. We explained, with a certain dignity, that we had encountered the gentleman he was in search of, and that he had relieved us of what we would charitably hope he had supposed to be our superfluities.

That officer's surprise, for some occult reason, appeared to increase rather than to diminish.

"You don't mean to say that you two men allowed a little man like that to strip you both stark-naked?"

Little man! I don't know what he called a little man. I pointed out to him, with sarcastic and even cutting emphasis, that a man seven foot six could be only called "little" in a land of giants.

"Seven foot six! Why, he scarcely tops five foot."

Scarcely topped five foot! Then that was the most liberal five foot I ever yet encountered. I said so.

The individual who was attired in civilian costume interposed:—

"If the man these gentlemen are speaking of was unusually tall, it is possible that it was Mr. Mogford, and if so——"

He got no further; because just then there came sauntering out from among the gorse and the heather "Jim Slim, the Camden Town murderer." His appearance created a sensation. His costume, in particular, seemed to occasion almost as much surprise as ours had done. He carried under each arm a bundle of clothing. Ted Lane and I recognised those bundles without a moment's hesitation. The fellow had been wise enough not to attempt to clothe himself with our belongings. With an air of the most perfect tranquillity he approached the group of warders. Then he stretched out his arm, letting Ted's garments tumble to the ground, and he shook the civilian by the hand.

"How do, Pierce?" he observed. "I'm Jim Slim, the Camden Town murderer."

He said he was—but he wasn't. There have been moments since then when I have almost wished he had been.

The man was a lunatic—in a legal, not merely in a colloquial sense. His name was Mogford. He was residing, for the benefit of his health, in a cottage, somewhere—I cannot say exactly where; I never knew, but somewhere upon Dartmoor. The individual in civilian clothes, Mr. Pierce, was his keeper. Mr. Mogford had risen at a very early hour that morning and, unknown to his keeper, gone out upon the moor. He

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"I'M JIM SLIM."

had not been heard of since. Mr. Pierce was looking for him when he had encountered the search party from the prison.

That lunatic, Mogford, had met that convict, who was probably then in the first ardour of his flight. The chaste beauty of the flying convict's costume had filled his lunatic soul with longing. He had insisted upon a change of clothing. What that convict thought of the transaction history does not record. Although the fit must have left something to be desired, he probably needed but slight coercion.

Mr. Mogford, having got himself in—and very much in—his new garments, somehow, felt himself bound to act up to his attire. Coming upon us he had insisted not exactly upon another exchange, but upon rank robbery.

I have heard it whispered since that my conduct on that occasion did not exactly merit the cross for valour. I have even heard it insinuated that it showed rank cowardice for two men to allow one man to strip them to the skin. That sort of observation merely denotes inexperience. If you go to the United States, that great country, you will find that a couple of men with "shooters" can, and do, "hold-up" a whole train full of passengers, and among them men of valour.

I beg to observe, with emphasis, and without hesitation, that it is only when ten miles away from anywhere you meet a bloodthirsty, blood-guilty, gigantic, murderous, truculent, reckless ruffian, who has everything to win and nothing to lose, and who is in possession of a revolver which he shows every intention of using on the slightest possible pretext, that you learn what force of persuasion there is in a certain kind of argument.

Ted Lane *may* have been a coward. I wish it to be understood that I say nothing to the contrary. For myself, I spurn the paltry suggestion with the withering contempt which it deserves.

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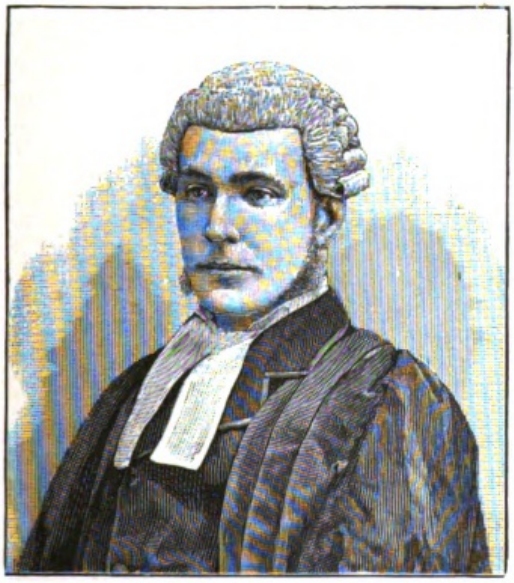


AGE 15.
From a Photo. by W. Woodbury, Manchester.

SYDNEY GRUNDY.

BORN 1848.

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY was born in Manchester, and devoted himself to playwriting at the early age of twelve. He practised for six years as a barrister in his native city; but his one-act piece, "A Little Change,"



AGE 22.
From a Photo. by Calvert Bros., Manchester.

having been produced by Buckstone, with Madge Robertson and Mr. Kendal in the



AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Deneulain & Blake, Strand.

leading parts, he came to London in 1876, and has produced a play almost yearly ever since. His first remarkable success was "Mammon," produced at the Strand Theatre in 1877. In 1882 he wrote the comic opera, "The Vicar of Bray," recently revived, with considerable alteration, at the Savoy. "Clito," produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett in 1886, was the beginning of a series of almost uniform successes, of which, perhaps, the most popular have been "The Arabian Nights," "A Pair of Spectacles," and "Haddon Hall."



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Lombardi & Co., Pall Mall East.

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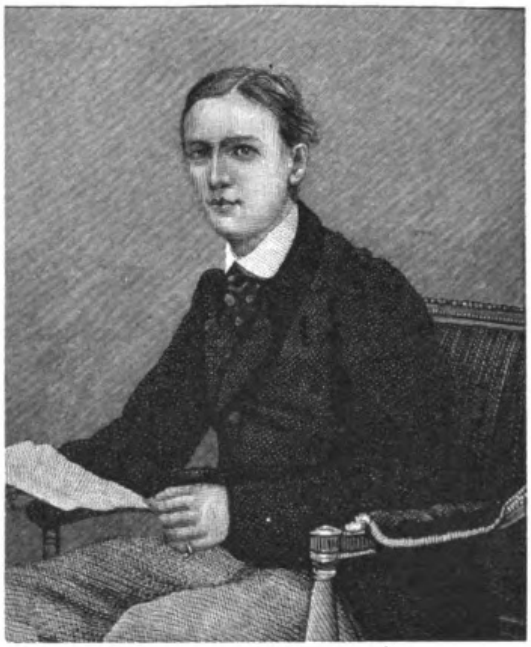


AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Southwell Bros., Baker Street, W.

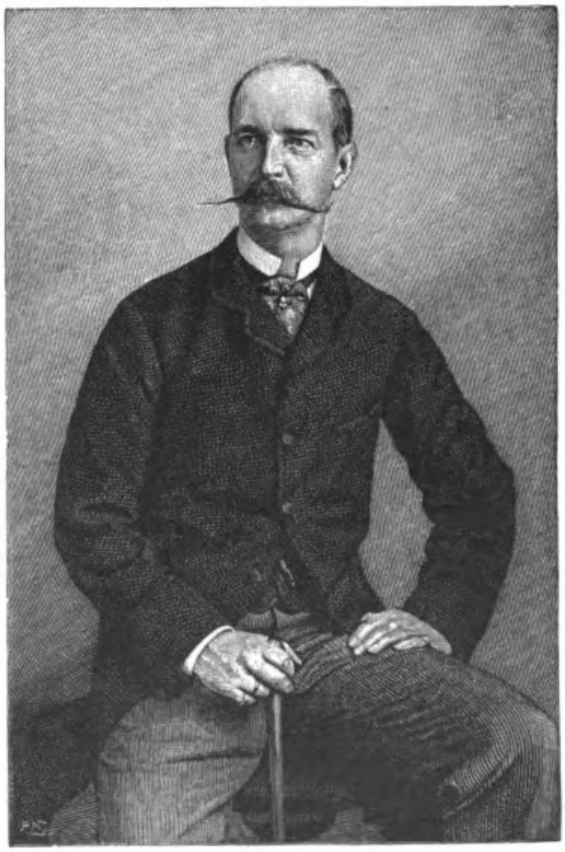
THE KING OF GREECE.

BORN 1845.

GEORGE I. (CHRISTIAN WILLIAM FERDINAND ADOLPHUS GEORGE), King of the Hellenes, second son of the King of Denmark, and brother of the Czarina and of the Princess of Wales, was born December 24th, 1845, and served for some time in the Danish navy. After the abdication of Otho I., the late King of Greece, in 1863, the vacant throne was first tendered by a majority of the Greek people to Prince Alfred of England, whose nomination the English Government refused to accept. It was then offered to Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who declined it; and eventually to Prince Christian, who, with the concurrence of his own family and the consent of the Great Powers, accepted it, and began to reign as King George I. on June 6th, 1863. Since the year 1876, when active trouble broke out in the Balkan Peninsula, King George's position has been very difficult; but as yet he has maintained it without going to war.



AGE 28.
From a Photograph.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

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AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

THE QUEEN OF GREECE.

BORN 1851.

PRINCESS OLGA, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, was married at St. Petersburg, at the age of sixteen, to George I. of Greece. Her eldest son, Constantine, Duke of Sparta, was born in



AGE 26.
From a Photo. by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

the following year at Athens. He married in 1889 Princess Sophia of Prussia, the sister of the German Emperor. The Queen of Greece has five other children living, her eldest daughter, Princess



AGE 32.
From a Photo. by Moraïtes & Co., Athens.

Alexandra, who married the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, having died two years ago.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Pasetti, St. Petersburg.

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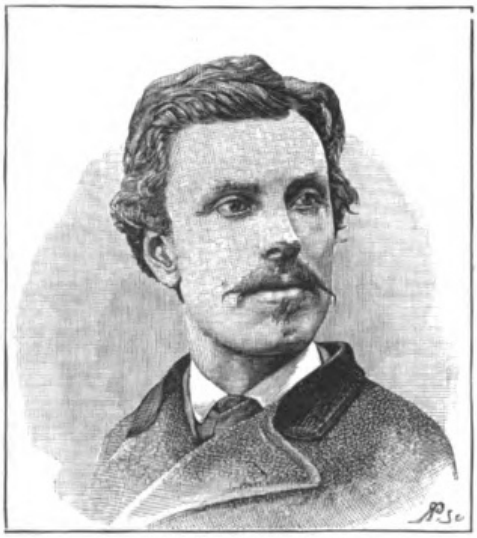


From a] AGE 13. *[Daguerreotype.*

WILLIAM EWART LOCKHART, R.S.A.

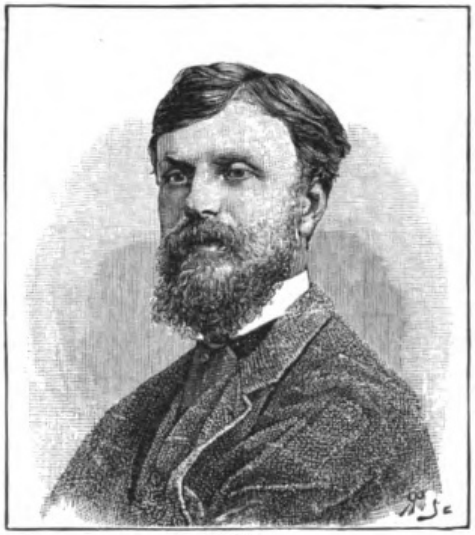
BORN 1846.

MR. WILLIAM EWART LOCKHART, R.S.A., was born in Dumfriesshire on February 14th, 1846. He exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy at the early age of fourteen, and a few years later in the Royal Academy. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1870. Eight years later, in 1878, Mr. Lockhart was made a full Academician. He is the representative of the Scottish Academy among the Trustees



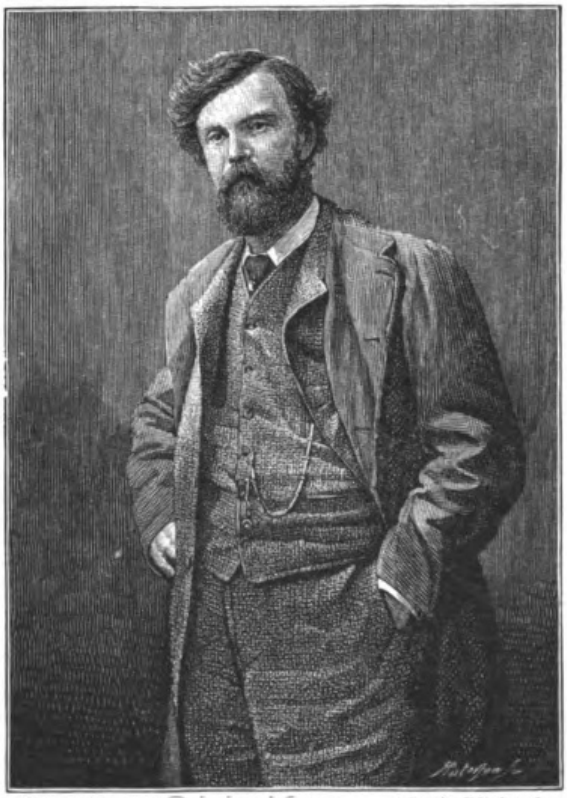
AGE 21.
From a Photo. by Nesbitt & Lothian, Edinburgh.

of the British Institution, and is a member of the Royal Water-Colour Society. In June, 1887, Mr. Lockhart was commissioned by Her Majesty the Queen to paint, for the Royal galleries at Windsor, a picture of the "Jubilee Celebration in Westminster Abbey," which large work engrossed his whole attention for almost three years. His principal works exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy are: "Priscilla," 1870; "Don



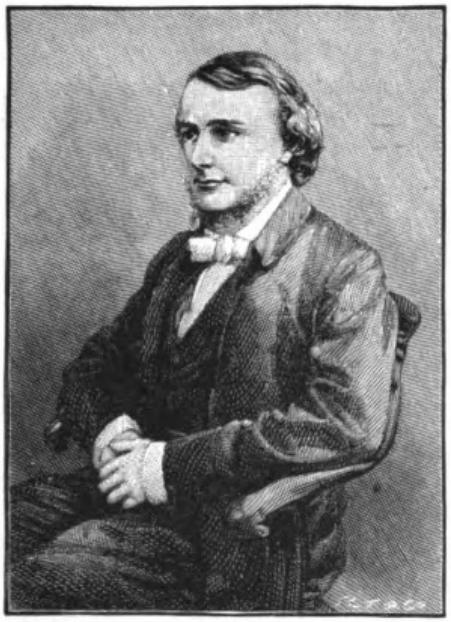
AGE 31.
From a Photo. by T. Rogers, St. Andrews, N.B.

Quixote," 1875; "Gil Blas," 1878; "Alnaschar," 1879; "Cardinal Beaton," 1881; "The Cid," 1882; "Swineherd," 1885; "Church Lottery," 1886; "Glaucus," 1887; and "The Jubilee Celebration in Westminster Abbey," 1887.



From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. *[Crook, Edinburgh.*

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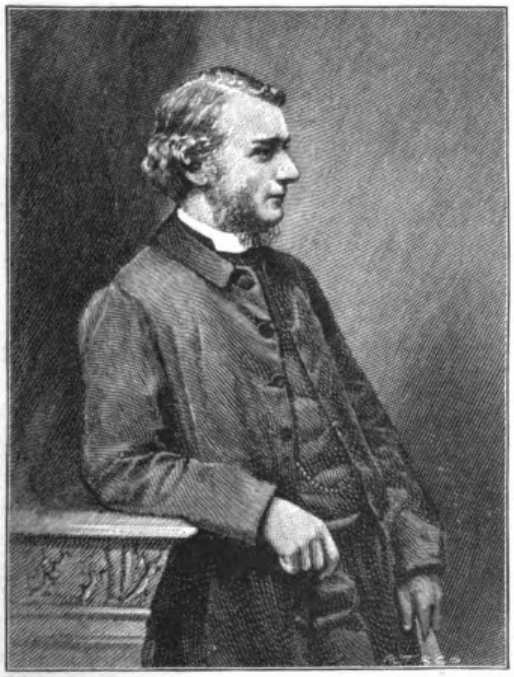


From a] AGE 27. *[Photograph.*

THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

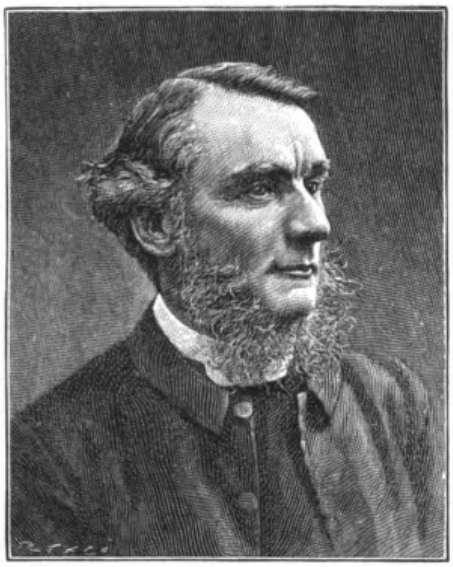
BORN 1825.

THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, D.D., Bishop of Exeter, son of the late Edward Bickersteth, author of the "Christian Psalmody,"



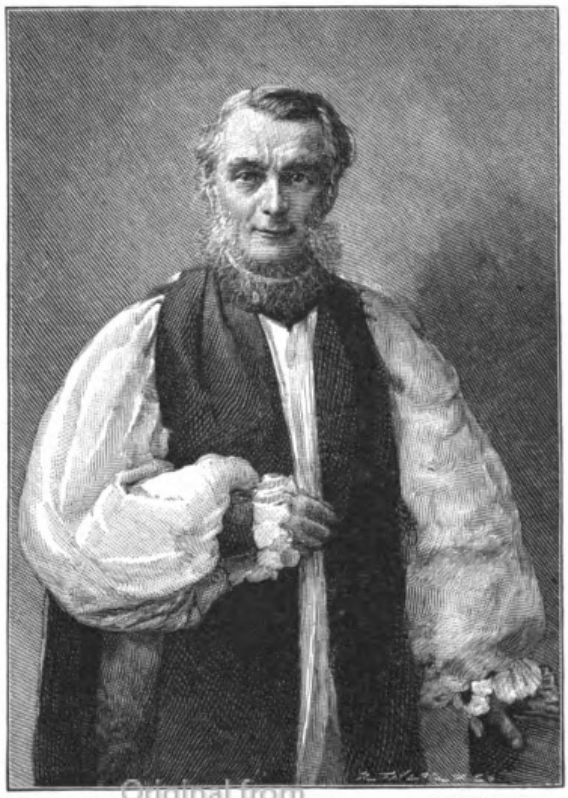
From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[Debenham, Regent St.*

took his degree at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1847. Having entered the Church, he held the curacies of Benningham, Norfolk, and of Christ Church, Tunbridge Wells; in 1852 he became rector of Hinton Martell, Dorset, and vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, in 1855. He had published some poems in 1848, but his most celebrated poetical work did not appear till 1866. It is entitled "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever." This was followed, in 1870, by



From a] AGE 52. *[Photograph.*

the popular collection of hymns known as "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer." Early in 1885 Mr. Bickersteth, at Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, was created Bishop of Exeter as successor to Dr. Temple.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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AGE 7.
From a Daguerreotype by W J. Benham.

W L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

BORN 1852.

MR. WILLIAM LIONEL WYLLIE is the son of Mr. W. M. Wyllie, the artist, and became a Royal Academy student at the age of fourteen. From the first his inclination was for drawing ships and seas, which he has been doing ever since, with a success which is familiar to every lover of art. At seventeen his first Academy picture appeared, and shortly afterwards he won the Turner Medal, awarded to him for a picture of a wreck. In 1876 his picture, "Tracking in Holland," was hung on the line; but the pictures which chiefly sent up his reputation were "Our River," in the Academy of 1882, and the still finer "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide," which was bought for the Chantrey collection, of which it is one of the best works. In 1889 Mr. Wyllie



AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Mrs. W. L. Wyllie.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Mrs. W. L. Wyllie.

was elected an A.R.A., an honour which his bold, fresh, effective work had thoroughly earned. He has literally lived with boats, and long before he was twenty he had learned to sketch from the deck of a yawl. To this habit of working on a level with the water, instead of seeing it from above, or merely from the shore, his work owes much of its originality and firmness.

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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Author of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

II.—MY HYPNOTIC PATIENT.

"VERY well," I said, "I will call to-morrow at the asylum, and you will show me round."

I was talking to a doctor, an old chum of mine. He had the charge of a branch hospital in connection with the County Asylum, and had asked me to take his post for a few days. His name was Poynter—he was a shrewd, clever fellow, with a keen love for his profession, and a heart by no means callous to the sufferings of his fellow-beings. In short, he was a good fellow all round, and it often puzzled me why he should take up this somewhat dismal and discouraging branch of the profession.

Poynter had been working hard, and looked, notwithstanding his apparent *sang-froid*, as if his nerves had been somewhat shaken.

When he begged of me to take his post, and so to secure him a few days' holiday, I could not refuse.

"But I have no practical knowledge of the insane," I said. "Of course, I have studied mental diseases generally; but practical acquaintance with mad people I have none."

"Oh, that is nothing," answered Poynter, in his brisk voice; "there are no very violent cases in the asylum at present. If anything unforeseen occurs, you have but to consult my assistant, Symonds. What with him and the keepers and the nurses, all we really want you for is to satisfy the requirements of the authorities."

"I am abundantly willing to come," I replied. "All the ills that flesh is heir to, whether mental or physical, are of interest to me. What hour shall I arrive to-morrow?"

"Be here at ten to-morrow morning, and I will take you round with me. You will find some of my patients not only interesting from a medical point of view, but agreeable and even brilliant men and women of the world. We keep a mixed company, I assure you, Halifax, and when you have been present at some of our 'evenings,' you will be able to testify to the fact that, whatever we fail in, we are anything but dull."



"I WILL TAKE YOU ROUND WITH ME."

This statement was somewhat difficult to believe, but as I should soon be in a position to test its truth, I refrained from comment.

The next morning I arrived at Norfolk House at the hour specified, and accompanied Poynter on his rounds.

We visited the different rooms, and exchanged a word or two with almost every inmate of the great establishment. The padded room was not occupied at present, but patients exhibiting all phases of mental disease were not wanting to form a graphic and very terrible picture in my mind's eye.

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I was new to this class of disease, and almost regretted the impulse which had prompted me to give Poynter a holiday.

I felt sure that I could never attain to his coolness. His nerve, the fearless expression in his eyes, gave him instant control over even the most refractory subjects. He said a brief word or two to one and all, introduced me to the nurse or keeper, as the case might be, and finally, taking my arm, drew me into the open air.

"You have seen the worst we can offer at present," he said; "now let us turn to the brighter picture. The people whom you will meet in the grounds are harmless, and except on the one mad point, are many of them full of intelligence. Do you see that pretty girl walking in the shrubbery?"

"Yes," I said, "she looks as sane as you or I."

"Ah, I wish she was. Poor girl, she imagines that she has committed every crime under the sun. Her's is just one of the cases which are most hopeless. But come and let us talk to Mr. Jephson: he is my pet patient, and the life of our social evenings. I have considerable hopes of his recovery, although it is not safe to talk of giving him his liberty yet. Come, I will introduce you to him. He must sing for you when you come here. To listen to that man's voice is to fancy oneself enjoying the harmonies of Heaven."

We walked down a broad grass path, and found ourselves face to face with a gentlemanly man of middle age. He had grey hair closely cropped, an olive-tinted face, good eyes, and a fine, genial, intelligent expression.

"How do you do?" said Poynter. "Pray let me introduce you to my friend, Dr. Halifax. Dr. Halifax, Mr. Jephson. I am glad to be able to tell you," continued Poynter, addressing himself to Jephson, "that I have just made arrangements with Halifax to take my place here for a week or so. You will be interested, for you have kindly wished me a holiday. I start on my pleasure trip to-night."

"I am delighted," responded Jephson, in a genial tone. "If ever a man deserves a holiday, you do, doctor. Your patience, your zeal, your courage, fill me with amazement at times. But such a life must be wearing, and a complete change will do you a world of good."

"You will do what you can for my friend here," said Poynter. "At first, of course, he will be a stranger, but if I place him under your wing, Jephson, I have no fear for the result."

Jephson laughed. The sound of his laugh was heart-whole. His full, dark eyes were fixed on me intently for an instant.

"I'll do what I can for you, Dr. Halifax," he said. "Come to me if you are in any difficulty. Poynter will assure you that I have a certain influence at Norfolk House. There are few of its unhappy inmates who do not come to me for advice—in short, who do not count me among their friends."

At this moment Poynter was called away to speak to someone.

"Yes, I'll do what I can to make your stay amongst us pleasant," continued Jephson. "But, dear, dear, at the best it's a sad life, and those who come under its influence must at times be troubled by melancholy reflections. When all is said and done, Dr. Halifax, what are we but a set of prisoners?



"WILL YOU COME AND TALK TO MISS WHITTAKER?"

Banished from those we love, and who love us! If there is a class of human beings whom I truly pity, it is the insane."

"Mr. Jephson, will you come and talk to Miss Whittaker for a minute?" said the shrill voice of a quaintly-dressed lady,

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who I was told afterwards imagined herself to be Bathsheba.

He turned at once, bowing courteously to me as he did so.

Poynter returned and took my arm.

"Well, what do you think of him?" he inquired.

My reply came without hesitation.

"He is one of the handsomest and most intelligent men I have ever spoken to. Why is he here, Poynter? He is no more insane than you or I."

"In one sense you are right, but he has his mad, his very mad, point. He imagines that he is the richest man in the world. Acting on this delusion he has done all kinds of eccentric things—written out cheques for sums which never existed, misled no end of people, until at last his friends found it necessary to confine him here. But I have hopes of him—he is better, much better, than he was. Let us take this path to the left, and we will come upon him again. I see he is talking just now to poor Miss Whittaker. Introduce the subject of money to him while I have a chat with Miss Whittaker, and note his reply."

We very quickly came up to the pair. Mr. Jephson was holding an earnest conversation with a very pretty, very sad-looking, young girl. He was evidently trying to cheer her, and his fine face was full of sympathy.

"How do you do, Miss Whittaker?" said Poynter, as we came up to them. "Allow me to introduce my friend, Dr. Halifax. Jephson, I am sorry to interrupt your chat, but as I am going away to-night, I want to have a word with Miss Whittaker. Will you come this way, Miss Whittaker? I shall not detain you for an instant."

The doctor and the girl turned down one of the many shady paths. Jephson sighed as he looked after them.

"Poor, poor girl," he said; "hers is one of the saddest cases in the whole of this unhappy place."

"And yet she looks perfectly sane," I replied.

"She is sane, I am perfectly convinced on that point. Ask our doctor to tell you her story. Would that it were in my power to help her!"

His eyes sparkled as he spoke, and a smile of profound pity lingered round his lips.

I felt almost sure that the man himself was sane, but to make doubly certain I must press my finger on the weak point.

"Allow me to remark," I said, "that to be confined here must be a great deprivation to a man of your wealth."

When I said this a quick change came over Jephson's face. He came close to me, looked fixedly into my eyes, and said, with sudden, grave emphasis:—

"My dear sir, your remark is more than just. A man of my exceptional wealth must feel this confinement acutely. I do feel it for more reasons than one—you will understand this when I tell you that my income is a million a minute. Fact, I assure you. I have often thought seriously of buying up the whole of England."

He spoke with great emphasis, but also with great quietness, and his eyes still looked sane and calm. I knew, however, that Poynter was right, and hastened to change the subject.

We followed Miss Whittaker and Poynter at a respectful distance. They came to a part of the grounds where several paths met. Here they paused to wait for us. Miss Whittaker raised her eyes as we approached, and fixed them, with an eager, questioning gaze, on my face.

The moment I met her eyes, I felt a thrill of quick sympathy going through me. She was certainly a very pretty girl, and her dark grey eyes, well open and set rather wide apart, were full of the pleading expression I had only seen hitherto in a dog's. Her lips were beautifully curved, her abundant soft brown hair shaded as gentle and intelligent a face as I had ever seen. There is a peculiar look in the eyes of most mad people, but if ever eyes were sane, Miss Whittaker's were as they looked pleadingly at me.

"I will say good-bye for the present, Dr. Poynter," she said, holding out her hand to my friend, "for if you have nothing more to say, I must go into the house to give Tommy his reading lesson."

Her voice was as sweet as her face.

"Who is Tommy?" I asked of Poynter after she had left us.

"An idiot boy whom Miss Whittaker is more than kind to," he replied, "and whom she is developing in the most marvellous manner."

"Look here, Poynter," interrupted Jephson, "be sure you give Halifax a right impression of that poor girl."

He turned away as he spoke. I immediately raised eyes of inquiry to my friend.

"Why is Miss Whittaker here?" I asked at once. "I seldom saw a more beautiful face or a more intelligent-looking girl. When I

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look at her, I feel inclined to say, 'If she is insane, God help the rest of the world.'"

"And yet," said Poynter, speaking in a low voice which thrilled me with the horror of its import, "that gentle-looking girl is so insane that she was guilty of murder. In short, she is under confinement in a lunatic asylum during the Queen's pleasure, which of course may mean for life."

Just then some people came up, and I had not a moment to ask Poynter for any further particulars. I had to catch the next train to town, but I arrived at Norfolk House again that evening prepared to stay there during the week of my friend's absence.

This happened to be one of the social evenings, and immediately after dinner I had to put in an appearance in the immense drawing-room which ran right across the front of the house. There were from seventy to eighty people present. Most of them were nice looking. Some of the girls were really pretty, some of the men handsome. They all wore evening dress, and dancing, music, and song were the order of the hour.

My quick eyes at once singled out Jephson's fine figure. He looked more striking than ever in his evening dress, and when he sang, as he did twice during the evening, the quality of his tenor voice was so rich and sweet that I abundantly indorsed Poynter's verdict with regard to it.

There was a sudden hush in the rooms when Jephson sang. Restless people became quiet and talkative ones silent. A pleasant melancholy stole over some faces—a gentle peace over others. On the last of these occasions Miss Whittaker approached close to the piano and fixed her beautiful, sad eyes on the singer's face.

If ever eyes told a tragic story, hers did.

"Poynter says that this girl has been accused of murder," I muttered to myself. "There must be a mistake—if Jephson knows her story he will probably tell it to me, but I wish I had had time to ask Poynter to give me full particulars."

During that first evening I had no opportunity to say any special word to the young girl, but her image followed me when I retired at last to my own room, and I saw her sad, pale face again in my dreams.

I am not a coward, but I took care to lock and draw the bolts of my door. To say the least of it, a lunatic asylum is an eccentric sort of place, and I felt that I had better prepare against the vagaries of my immediate neighbours.

I fell asleep almost the moment my head touched the pillow. In my sleep I dreamt of Miss Whittaker. At first my dream was of the tranquil order; but gradually, I cannot tell how, my visions of the night became troubled, and I awoke at last to find myself bathed in cold perspiration, and also to the fact that the noises which had mingled with my dreams were real, and very piercing and terrible.

Shrieks of agonized human beings, the quick, hurrying tread of many feet—and then a rushing sound as of a body of water, smote upon my ears.

I sprang to my feet, struck a light, dressed in a moment, and hurried down the corridor in the direction from where the noises came.

Lights were flashing, bells were ringing, and terrified faces were peeping round doors in all directions.

"Keep back, keep back!" I exclaimed to one and all. "There has been an accident of some sort. Stay in your rooms, good people. I will promise to come back presently and tell you what it is about."

A few of my patients had the courage and self-control to obey me, but others seemed com-



"KEEP BACK! KEEP BACK!"

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pletely to lose their heads, and laughed and shrieked as the case might be, as they followed me in the direction from where the noise came.

I found myself at last in a large room which was evidently used as a sort of general store-room, for there was a huge linen press occupying nearly the whole of one side, while the other was taken up with big cupboards filled with different stores.

My eyes took in these details in a flash. I remembered them distinctly by-and-by, but now all my thoughts were occupied with the scene of confusion which arrested my attention in the middle of the floor. Several nurses, keepers, and attendants were bending over the prostrate figure of a woman who lay stretched in an unconscious state on the floor. Another poor creature was jabbering and talking in a distant corner. I looked quickly at him and saw that he was a boy. He was shaking and sobbing, and pointed his finger at the woman.

"This is Tommy, sir," exclaimed one of the attendants; "he's our idiot boy, and is quiet most times, but sometimes he takes a contrary sort of fit, and once or twice before now we thought he meant mischief. He took a wonderful fancy to her," pointing to the unconscious woman, "and she seemed to be doing him a power of good; but to-night he broke loose, and crept about setting places on fire. That's his craze, and he's always locked up at night. How he got loose to-night there's no telling; but, there—he's more sly and cunning nor a fox. He escaped, and might have had the whole building in flames but that she saw him, or smelt something, or found out. We can't say what did happen, for when I and my mate Jones rushed in here, we found her on the floor all unconscious as you see her, and dripping wet as if she was deluged with water; and here's Tommy—Tommy won't utter a word for the next twenty-four hours, so there ain't no use trying to pump him."

"How do you know there has been a fire?" I asked.

"You look here, sir—this wood is all charred, and we found a box of matches in Tommy's pocket. Oh, and here's her dress burnt too, poor thing. I expect she turned on the water tap and then lost her senses. She gets very nervous at times. Dear, dear—it was brave of her to tackle the fire alone, and Tommy in one of his mad fits."

"Stand aside now, please," I said. "I must see what can be done for this lady; I am afraid she is seriously hurt."

The attendants made way for me at once, and I knelt on the floor, to discover that the pale, unconscious face over which I bent belonged to the pretty girl whom I had admired so much in the drawing-room that evening.

With the assistance of a couple of men, and a kind-looking elderly nurse of the name of Hooper, I had Miss Whittaker conveyed back to her bedroom, and in a very short time we had her wet things removed, and she was lying in bed.

As I feared, she was very badly burnt about her left arm and side. Her right hand, too, was swollen and cut, and one of her fingers was dislocated.

"It must have been with this hand she held Tommy," exclaimed Mrs. Hooper. "Well, she is brave, poor thing; everybody likes her, she's that obliging and tractable. Do you think she is much hurt, sir?"

"We must get her round before I can say," I replied. "I don't like the look of this continued unconsciousness."

The nurse helped me with a will, and in about an hour's time a deep breath from the patient showed that her spirit was slowly returning to a world of suffering. The breath was followed by one or two heavily-drawn sighs or groans of pain, and then the dark grey eyes were opened wide.

They had a glassy look about them, and it was evident that she could not at first recall where she was or what had happened to her.

"I think I have fully surrendered my will," she said, in a slow voice. "Yes, fully and absolutely. Yes—the pains are better. There is comfort in resting on you. Yes, I submit my will to you. I obey you—absolutely."

"What are you talking about?" I said in a cheerful tone. "I don't want you to submit your will to mine, except to the extent of allowing me to dress this bad burn. Will you move a little more round on your right side? Ah, that is better."

She submitted at once. A faint blush came into her cheeks, and she said in a tone of apology:—

"I beg your pardon. I thought you were my friend, Dr. Walter Anderson."

I made no reply to this, but having made the poor thing as comfortable as I could, I administered an opiate, and, telling Hooper to sit up with her, went away to see after Tommy and to quiet the rest of the excited household.

There was very little more sleep for me

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that night, for the event which had just taken place had aroused more than one refractory patient to a state bordering on frenzy. I found I had to use my soothing powers to the best advantage.

Early in the morning I went to Miss Whittaker's room to inquire after her. I found her in an alarming state, highly feverish, and inclined to be delirious.

"Pore thing, it's partly her madness, no doubt," remarked Nurse Hooper; "but she do talk queer. It's all about giving up her will—as if anyone wanted to take it from her, pore lamb, and that she'd like to see Dr. Anderson."

"Do you know who he is?" I inquired.

"No, sir, I never heard his name before."

I looked again at my patient, and then beckoned the nurse to the door of the room.



"I BECKONED THE NURSE TO THE DOOR."

"Look here," I said, "I see by your manner that you are anxious to be kind to that poor young girl."

"Kind? Who wouldn't be kind?" exclaimed Hooper. "She's the nicest young lady, and the least selfish, as I ever come across."

"But you know what she is here for?"

"Yes." Nurse Hooper tossed her head disdainfully. "I'm aware of what they *say*. You don't catch *me* believing of 'em. Why, that young lady, she wouldn't hurt a *fly*, let alone kill a man. No, no, I know the good kind when I see 'em, and she's one."

"I will sit with her for a little," I said. "You can go and have some breakfast."

While the nurse was away Miss Whittaker opened her eyes. She looked full at me, and I saw that she was quite conscious again.

"You are the new doctor?" she said.

"Yes," I replied, "Dr. Halifax."

"I can't quite remember, but I think you were very kind to me last night?" she said again, and her sad eyes scrutinized me anxiously.

"I naturally did all I could for you," I replied. "It was very brave of you to put out the fire: you saved us all. I was bound to help you."

"I remember about Tommy now," she said, with a little shudder. "Tommy was awful last night. I cannot soon forget his face."

"Try not to think of it," I said. "Shut your eyes and let your imagination wander to pleasant things."

She gave a long shiver.

"What pleasant things are there in an asylum?" she answered. "And I am, you know I am, shut up here for life. I am only twenty-three, and I am shut up here for life!"

There was not a scrap of excitement in her manner. She never even raised her voice, but the dull despair of her tone gave me a sort of mental shiver.

"Forgive me for forgetting," I said. "Some time, perhaps, you will be well enough to tell me something of your story. In the mean time, believe in my sympathy. Now I must attend to your physical condition. Are your burns very painful?"

"Not for the last hour, but I feel weak and as if I were drifting away somewhere, and it seems to me that my life must be nearly over."

"Don't say that," I replied. "At your age, life is little more than really begun." Then I added, driven by an impulse which I could not resist, "It is my earnest wish and desire to help you. I have a strong feeling that there is some terrible mistake here. I would do anything to prove your innocence, and your sanity."

"Thank you," she answered. Her eyes grew dim for a moment—she turned her head away. "Thank you," she repeated again, more faintly.

Nurse Hooper came into the room, and I hurried downstairs.

After breakfast I spoke to Jephson.

"Did you ever happen to hear of a man of the name of Walter Anderson, a doctor?" I inquired.

"Only from Miss Whittaker," he replied.

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"We all know, of course, that he is her greatest friend."

"I should wish to know more about him," I answered.

Jephson fixed his fine eyes on my face.

"I am glad you are going to be kind to that poor girl," he said.

"I am not only going to be kind to her, but I mean to get her out of this place," I answered, stoutly. Jephson laughed.

"The kind of speech you have just made is often heard at Norfolk House," he replied. "For at Norfolk House nothing is impossible to anyone—no feat is too daring, no exploit too vast. But you will pardon me for laughing, for this is the very first time I have heard the doctor of the establishment go into heroics. You are, of course, aware under what conditions Miss Whittaker is confined here?"

"You know the story, don't you?" I retorted.

"Yes, I know the story."

"Can you tell it to me in a very few words?"

"In as few or as many as you please."

"The fewer words the better. I simply want to be in possession of facts."

"Then I can give them to you very briefly. Miss Whittaker has come here from London. Her story can be told in half-a-dozen sentences. She was a gentle, modest, rather nervous, very highly-strung girl. One day she went to the house of a man with whom she had little in common, who had, as far as we can make out, never in any way injured her, for whom she had no apparent dislike, to whom she bore no apparent grudge, and forcing her way into his private sitting-room, deliberately fired at him."

"She killed him?" I exclaimed.

"She fired at his head; he died at once—and Miss Whittaker is here for life. It is a short story—none shorter—none sadder, in the whole of this terrible place."

"You believe that she did it?" I said.

"Yes, I believe that she did it—the papers gave full accounts of it—there were witnesses to prove it. Miss Whittaker was brought to trial. As there was no motive whatever for the act, it was put down to dangerous homicidal insanity, and she was sent first of all to the criminal asylum, afterwards, through the influence of friends, here."

"I cannot make head or tail of it," I exclaimed. "You believe that pretty, sweet-looking young girl to be guilty of a horrible deed, and yet you don't think her insane?"

"I think she is as sane as you are, sir."

"Believing this, you tolerate her—you can bear to be friends with her!"

"I tolerate her—I like her much. The fact is, Mr. Halifax, the solution of this story has not yet been arrived at. My firm belief is this, that when it comes it will not only clear Miss Whittaker of any responsibility in the crime she has committed, but also re-establish her sanity."

"Nonsense, nonsense," I said. "If she did this deed, she is either insane or wicked. You say you are convinced that she did fire at the man?"

"She undoubtedly fired at a man of the name of Frederick Willoughby with intent to take his life. She fulfilled her purpose, for the man died; still I believe her to be sane, and I believe that there is something to be found out which will establish her innocence."

"You talk in riddles," I answered, almost angrily. I turned on my heel and walked away.

The whole episode worried and distressed me. I found that I could scarcely attend to my other duties. Jephson's words and manner kept recurring to me again and again. He stoutly declared that Miss Whittaker was both innocent and sane, and yet she had killed a man!

"Why should I bother myself over this matter?" I murmured once or twice during that morning's work. "Jephson is mad himself. His ideas are surely not worth regarding. Of course, Miss Whittaker is one of those unfortunate people subject to homicidal mania. She is best here, and yet—poor girl, it is a sad, sad, terrible lot. I told her, too, that I would try to clear her. Well, of course, that was before I knew her story."

As I busied myself, however, with my other patients, the look in the gentle young girl's grey eyes, the expression of her voice when she said "Thank you—thank you," kept recurring to me again and again.

Try as I would, I found I could not force her story out of my mind. Towards evening I went to see her again. Nurse Hooper told me that my patient had passed a restless and feverish day, but she was calmer now.

I found her half sitting up in bed, her soft hair pushed back from her forehead, her face very pale—its expression wonderfully sweet and patient. The moment I looked at her I became again firmly convinced that there was some mistake somewhere—so refined and intelligent a young girl could never have attempted senseless murder.

"I am glad you are easier," I said, sitting down by her side.

When she heard my voice a faint, pink colour came to her cheeks, and her eyes grew a shade brighter.

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"I am almost out of pain," she answered, looking at me gratefully. "I feel weak—very weak; but I am almost out of pain."

"Your nervous system got a severe shock last night," I replied; "you cannot expect to be yourself for a day or two. You will be glad to hear, however, that Tommy is better. He asked for you about an hour ago, and told me to give you his love."

"Poor Tommy," replied Miss Whittaker—then she shuddered, and grew very pale—"but oh!" she added, "his face last night was terrible—his stealthy movements were more terrible. I cannot forget what he has done."

"How did you first discover him?" I asked.

"I was going to sleep, when I heard a slight noise in my room. I looked up, and there was Tommy—he had hidden in that cupboard. He was trying to set the bed on fire. When he saw me, he laughed, and ran away. I followed him as far as the store-room—I don't think I remember any more."

"You must try to forget what you do remember," I replied, in a soothing tone. "Tommy had a mad fit on. When people are mad they are not accountable for their actions." I looked at her fixedly as I spoke.

"I suppose that is true," she answered, returning my gaze.

"It is perfectly true," I replied. "Even a gentle girl like you may do terrible things in a moment of insanity."

"They tell me that I once did something dreadful," she replied. "It comes over me now and then as if it were a dream, but I cannot distinctly recall it. Perhaps I *am* mad. I must have been if I did anything dreadful, for I hate, oh, I hate dreadful things! I shudder at crime and at cruelty. You said you believed in me, Dr. Halifax."

"I earnestly desire to help you," I said.

"I have learned patience," she continued, falling back upon her pillows and clasping her hands. "I lost all—all, when I came here. I have nothing more to fear, and nothing more to lose; but I do wish to say one thing, and that is this: If I am insane, I don't feel it. Except for that one dark dream which I cannot distinctly recall, I have none of the symptoms which attack other members of this unhappy establishment. It is my own impression that if I was insane for a moment I am sane again. Dr. Halifax, it is terrible, terrible, to be locked up for all your life with mad people when you are not mad."

"It is too awful to contemplate," I answered, carried out of myself by her pathos and her words. "I wonder you kept your reason, I wonder you did not become really mad when you came here."

"For the first week I thought I should do so," she replied; "but now I am more accustomed to the people here, and to the sights which I see, and the terrible sounds which come to me. For the first week I was rebellious, fearfully rebellious; but now, now, I am patient, I submit—I submit to the will of God."

"Pardon me," I interrupted. "Your speaking of submitting your will reminds me of an expression you made use of when you were recovering consciousness last night; you spoke then of submitting your will to—to a certain human being. Is that the case?"

"Don't! don't!" she implored.

Her eyes grew bright as stars, her face became crimson.

"You must not speak of him. To speak of him excites me beyond reason."



"YOU MUST NOT SPEAK OF HIM."

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"Tell me his name, and I won't say any more," I replied.

She looked fearfully round her. The emotion in her face was most painful to witness. She was evidently frightened, distressed, worried; but gazing at her intently, I could not see, even now, that there was anything in her actions or attitude which might not be consistent with perfect sanity.

"I wish you would not try to get his name from me," she said; "and yet, and yet, you are good. Why should not I tell you? He is my friend. Dr. Walter Anderson is my dearest friend, and I shall never, never see him again."

"You would like to see him again?" I retorted.

"Like it!" she replied. She clasped her hands. "Oh, it would be life from the dead," she answered.

"Then I will find him and bring him to you. You must give me his address."

"But he won't like to come here; I dare not displease him. You understand, don't you, Dr. Halifax, that where we—we revere, we—we love, we never care to displease?"

"Yes, yes," I replied, "but if Dr. Anderson is worth your friendship, he will come to see you when he knows that you are in sore trouble and need him badly."

"You can't understand," she replied. "My feelings for Dr. Anderson are—are not what you imagine. He is a physician, a great physician—a great healer of men. He soothes and strengthens and helps one, when all other people fail. He did much for me, for I was his patient, and he my physician. I love him as a patient loves a physician, not—not in the way you think. I am only one patient to him. It is not to be expected that he would give up his time to come to me here."

"Let me have his address, and I will try if he will come," I answered.

When I said this, Miss Whittaker was much perturbed. It was more than evident that I presented to her a strong temptation, which she struggled to resist. The struggle, however, was brief, for she was weak both in mind and body at that moment.

"You tempt me too much," she said, in a faltering voice. "The address is in that note-book. Turn to the first page and you will see it. But, oh, remember, if he fails to come after you have gone to him, I shall die!"

"He will not fail to come," I replied. "Keep up your heart. I promise to bring him to see you."

I spent some time arranging matters that night in order to make myself free to attend to Miss Whittaker's affairs on the morrow. After my interview with her I was quite resolved to take up her case; nay, more, I was resolved to see it out to the bitter end.

There was a mystery somewhere, and I meant to fathom it. Queer, excitable, nervous, this young girl undoubtedly was, but mad she was not. She had killed a man, yet she was neither mad nor cruel.

With Dr. Walter Anderson's address in my pocket-book I started for town on the following morning. I told my assistant doctor to expect me back in the middle of the day at latest.

"Attend to all the patients," I said when I was leaving, "and in particular, visit Miss Whittaker. Tell her she is not to get up till I see her."

Symonds promised faithfully to do what I wished, and I stepped into my train. I arrived at Charing Cross a little before ten o'clock, and drove straight to the address which Miss Whittaker had given me.

Just before I reached my destination, a sudden thought occurred to me. This Dr. Anderson, whose name was quite unknown to me, was doubtless in his own way a celebrity. Miss Whittaker had spoken of him with reverence as well as affection. She had used the expressions which we employ when we speak of those who are far above us. She had alluded to him as a great physician, a wonderful healer of men. Now, I, a brother physician, had never heard the name, and the address to which I was driving was in a poor part of Fulham. It would help me much in my coming interview if I knew something of the man beforehand.

I pushed my umbrella through the window of the hansom, and desired the driver to stop at the nearest chemist's.

I went in, and asked to be directed to the house of Dr. Anderson.

"Do you mean Dr. Walter or Dr. Henry Anderson?" asked the chemist.

"Dr. Walter," I said. "Do you know him?"

"Well, yes—not that we dispense many of his medicines." Then the man looked me keenly in the face, and I looked back at him. He was young and intelligent, and I thought I might trust him, and that perhaps he would be willing to help me.

I took out my card and gave it to him.

"If you can tell me anything with regard to Dr. Walter Anderson, I shall be very much indebted," I said.

"Do you mean with regard to his special line?" asked the chemist.

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"Yes, that and anything else you like to tell me. I am about to see him on behalf of a patient, and as I do not know him at all, anything you can say will be of use."

"Certainly, Mr. Halifax," said the chemist, reading my name off my card as he spoke. "Well, the fact is, Dr. Walter Anderson is a gentleman with whom we haven't much to do. He is not, so to speak, recognised by the faculty. Now, Dr. Henry——"

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, "but my business is with Dr. Walter. Is his practice anything out of the common?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you what I know, but that isn't much. Dr. Walter Anderson went in for family practice when first I settled in these parts. He did fairly well, although he never placed, in my opinion, enough dependence on drugs. One winter he was unfortunate. There was a lot of illness about, and he lost several patients. Then all of a sudden he changed his mode of treatment. He went in for what you in the profession call fads, and Dr. Henry Anderson and other doctors who have large practices round here would have nothing more to do with him. I cannot but say I agree with them, although my wife holds by Dr. Walter, and says he did her neuralgia a world of good."

"What are his fads?" I inquired.

"He has taken up what we used to call mesmerism, but what is now known as hypnotism. Lots of women swear by him, and my wife is one. I shouldn't suppose you'd place much faith in such quackery, sir?"

"Hypnotism can scarcely be termed quackery," I answered. "It is a dangerous remedy with small advantages attached to it, and possibilities of much evil. Thank you for your information," I added.

I took my leave immediately afterwards, and five minutes later had rung the bell at Dr. Walter Anderson's modest door.

"So he is a hypnotist!" I muttered under my breath. "That accounts for poor Miss Whittaker's surrender of her will. I must say I don't like the complexion of things at all. The hypnotist is one of the most dangerous productions of modern times."

I sent in my card, and was shortly admitted to Dr. Anderson's sanctum.

I was greeted by a tall man, with silvery white hair, an olive-tinted face and brown eyes, which gave me at once a mingled sensation of attraction and repulsion. They were the kind of eyes which a woman would consider beautiful. They were soft like brown velvet, and, when they looked full at you, you had the uncomfortable, and yet somewhat flattered, sense of being not only read through but understood and appreciated. The eyes had a queer way of conveying a message without the lips speaking.

When I entered the room they gave me a direct glance, but something in my answering expression caused them to become veiled—the hypnotist saw even before I opened my lips that I was not going to become one of his victims.

"I must apologize for taking up some of your time," I said; "but I have come on behalf of a lady who is ill, and who is very anxious to see you."

Dr. Anderson motioned me to seat myself, and took a chair at a little distance himself.

"I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance until now," he said. "Is the lady known to me?"



"IS THE LADY KNOWN TO ME?"

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"Yes, she is a great friend of yours—she tells me that you know her well. Her name is Miss Whittaker."

Dr. Anderson turned hastily to ring an electric bell at his side. A servant immediately answered his summons.

"If any patients call, Macpherson, say that I am not at home."

Having given these instructions he turned to me.

"Now, sir," he said, "I am ready to give you my best attention. I knew Miss Whittaker; hers is one of the saddest cases I have ever come across. I shall be glad to hear of her, poor soul, again. Are you her physician at the asylum where she is confined?"

"I am her physician *pro tem.* I am interested in her, because I do not believe her to be insane."

Here I paused. Dr. Anderson was looking down at the carpet. His face appeared to be full of a gentle meditation.

"She was always a very nervous girl," he said, after a pause; "she was easily influenced by those whom she respected. I took an interest in Miss Whittaker: she was my patient for some months. My treatment was highly beneficial to her, and the outburst which occurred was the last thing to be anticipated. When you speak of doubting her insanity, you forget——"

"No, I forget nothing," I said, speaking with some impatience, for I did not like the man. "After all, Dr. Anderson, my opinion on this point is quite wide of the object of this visit. Miss Whittaker is ill, and wants to see you. She has a bodily illness, which may or may not terminate fatally. She wants to see you with great earnestness, and I have promised to do all in my power to bring you to her sick bed."

Dr. Anderson raised his eyes and looked full at me. There was a steady reproach in them, but his lips smiled, and his words were gentle.

"I don't know you," he said, "and I am quite sure you don't know me. I am more than anxious on all occasions to obey the call of suffering. I will go to see Miss Whittaker with pleasure."

"When can you come?" I asked.

"When do you want me to come?"

"Now—if it will at all suit your convenience."

"Miss Whittaker's convenience is the one to be considered. You heard me give orders a moment ago to have my patients dismissed. That means that I am at your service. If you will excuse me for five minutes, I will be ready to accompany you."

He went out of the room in a dignified fashion, and I sat and looked round me. No one could have been kinder or more prompt in attending to what must have been an inconvenient summons; yet I could not get over my prejudice against him. I tried to account for this by saying over and over to myself:—

"He practises hypnotism, and my natural instincts as a doctor are therefore in arms against him."

But when he returned to the room prepared to accompany me, I found that my instinctive dislike was more to the man than to his practices.

We had a very uneventful journey together, and arrived at Norfolk House early in the afternoon. I was met by Symonds in the avenue. I introduced him at once to Dr. Anderson.

"I am glad you have come," he said, looking at the doctor and then at me. "Miss Whittaker is worse. She is very weak. She has fainted two or three times."

I was startled at the effect of these words on my companion—he turned white, even to the lips—his expressive eyes showed the sort of suffering which one has sometimes seen in a tortured animal. He turned his head aside, as if he knew that I witnessed his emotion and disliked me to see it.

"This is too much for her, poor child," he muttered. "My God, who could—who *could* have foreseen?"

"I will just go up and tell my patient that you are here," I said to him. "She longed so for you that doubtless you will have a reviving effect upon her immediately."

"You need not prepare her," he said; "she knows I am here already. You are perhaps aware, or perhaps you do not know, that I study a science as yet in its infancy. I am a hypnotist by profession. Over Miss Whittaker I had immense influence. She knows that I am here, so you need not prepare her."

"Well, come with me," I said.

I took him upstairs and down a long, white corridor which led to the young girl's room.

It was a pretty room looking out on the lovely garden. The western sun was shedding slanting rays through the open window.

Miss Whittaker was lying flat in bed, her arms and white hands were lying outside the

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counterpane; her eyes, bright, restless, and expectant, were fixed on the door.

The moment she saw Dr. Anderson they became full of a sudden intense and most lovely joy. I never saw such a look of beatitude in any eyes. He came forward at once, took her two little hot hands in one of his, and sat down by her side. I followed him into the room, but neither he nor she saw me. The physician and the patient were altogether absorbed with one another.



"HE CAME FORWARD AT ONCE."

I went away, closing the door behind me.

I did not like Miss Whittaker's look. I had already found she was suffering from a critical heart condition owing to the repeated strains and shocks which her delicate temperament had undergone.

I could not attend to my other patients, but moved restlessly about, wondering how long Dr. Anderson would remain with her.

He came out of the room much sooner than I expected.

The look of real trouble and distress was still most apparent on his face.

"She is asleep now," he said, coming up to me.

"You have mesmerized her, then?" I answered.

"Only very, very little, just sufficient to give her repose. She is extremely weak, and I am anxious about her. I should like to talk over her case with you, if you will allow me."

"With pleasure," I replied. "Come with me to my consulting-room."

We went there. I motioned the doctor to an easy chair, but he would not seat himself.

"You do not like me," he said, looking full at me. "You distrust me: I am an enigma to you."

"I do not understand you, certainly," I replied, nettled by his tone.

"That is evident," he retorted. "Notwithstanding, I am going to put implicit confidence in you. I am a man in a great strait. Since Miss Whittaker's arrest, and since the severe sentence pronounced against her, I have been one of the most unhappy men on God's earth. There was one right and straight course before me, and day after day I shrank from taking it. All the same, I knew that a day would come when I should have to take it. When you called on me this morning and mentioned Miss Whittaker's name, I knew that the day and hour had arrived. That was why I desired my servant to dismiss my patients—that was why I, a very busy man, leaping into popularity day by day, gave up my time at once to you."

Here he paused. I did not interrupt him by a single word. I looked full at him, as he restlessly paced up and down the room.

"My opinion of Miss Whittaker is this," he said, stopping abruptly and fixing me with his dark, curious eyes. "My opinion is this, that if she stays here much longer, she will die. Do you agree with me?"

"I have not studied her case as carefully as you have," I replied. "Nevertheless, my opinion coincides with yours. Miss Whittaker is not strong—she is more than usually nervous. The sights she cannot help seeing in this place, the sounds she must hear, and the people she must associate with, cannot but be injurious to her health. Even if she

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lives, which I doubt, she is extremely likely to become mad herself."

"That is true," he retorted. "She is quite sane now, but she cannot with impunity live day and night, for ever, with the insane. She will die or go mad unless she is liberated."

"She cannot be liberated," I replied. "She was tried for murder, and is here during the Queen's pleasure."

He was quite silent when I said this. After a brief pause in his restless pacing up and down, he turned on his heels and walked to the window. He looked fixedly out for a moment, then turned full upon me.

"You must listen to an extraordinary confession," he said. "In very deed, if justice were done, I ought to be now in Miss Whittaker's place."

"You!" I answered, jumping from my seat.

"Yes—I repeat that I ought to be in her place. Mr. Halifax, you don't believe in hypnotism?"

"I believe it to be a little known science full of dangerous capabilities," I answered.

"Yes, yes; you have not studied it, I can see. You talk from an outsider's point of view. I believe in hypnotism, and I have acquired the powers of a hypnotist. I can exercise great power over certain people—in short, I can hypnotize them. As a physician I was somewhat of a failure; as a hypnotist, I have been an enormous success. I have cured mind troubles, I have made drunkards sober, I have comforted folks who were in trouble, and I have removed by my influence the desire of evil from many hearts. Some of my patients speak of me as little short of an angel from Heaven. I have an extraordinary gift of looking right down into the souls of men; I can read motives, and I can absolutely subdue the wills of those over whom I have influence to my own will.

"This is a great power, and except in the case of Miss Whittaker, I can conscientiously say that I have only used it for good. She was the patient over whom I had the most complete influence. She was the most extraordinary medium I ever came in contact with. Circumstances arose which tempted me to use my power over her in an evil way. The man Willoughby, whom she killed, happened to have been an enemy of mine. It is unnecessary to go into particulars—I hated the fellow for years—he did me untold mischief—married the girl I had already wooed and was engaged to, amongst other trifles.

"Miss Whittaker came completely under my influence. Her health improved rapidly, and I found that by my will I could make her do anything that I pleased.

"It so happened that by an accident Miss Whittaker and Willoughby met together in my presence. She had never seen the man before. I observed that when he came into the room she shuddered, trembled, grew very pale, and turned her head away. I guessed at once that my will was influencing her, and that because I hated him she did the same.

"Instantly the desire came to strengthen her dislike. I willed her to hate him more and more, and so great was my power over her, that she made an excuse to leave the room, being unable to remain in his presence. The next time I met her, she said to me impulsively, 'I cannot get over the terrible horror I feel of the man whom I met when I was last in your house.'

"I made no reply whatever, but hastened to turn the subject.

"She had not the faintest idea that I had any cause to detest him.

"Willoughby had come to live near me—we were friends outwardly, but his hateful presence came between me and all peace. The temptation grew greater and greater to exercise my will over Miss Whittaker in this matter—at last, with the result you have heard. It is true that I did not go to the length of willing her to kill him. This was but, however, the natural result of the hate I had inculcated. On a certain morning, this innocent, gentle, affectionate girl went to the man's rooms, and because I hated him, and because I willed her to hate him too, she took his life.

"That is the story of Miss Whittaker's insanity."

When Dr. Anderson had finished speaking, he sat down and wiped the moisture from his brow.

"I am willing to tell this story again in open court, if necessary," he said. "My agony of mind since Miss Whittaker was arrested baffles any powers of mine to describe. I am abundantly willing now to make her all reparation. Do you think there is a chance of her being saved?—in short, is there any hope of the sentence against her being reversed?"

"It is impossible for me to say," I replied. "Had you given the evidence you have now favoured me with in open court at the time of the trial, the result might have been very different. May I ask you, Dr. Anderson, why your remorse did not lead

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you to make this reparation to your unhappy victim at the only time when it was likely to help her?"

"I can give you a plain answer to that question. At the time of the trial I had not the moral courage to deliberately ruin myself by making the confession which I now make to you. You can, or perhaps you cannot, understand what it is to struggle with remorse—what it is daily and hourly to bid your conscience be quiet. In my case, it would not obey me; it would keep calling loudly on me to repair the awful mischief I had done. I have spoken to you to-day—I have reposed full confidence in you. The question now is this: Can Miss Whittaker be liberated, and, if so, how soon?"

"You will stand to the confession you have just made me, even though it lands you in the prisoner's dock?" I answered.

A queer smile crept into his face.

"That will not be my punishment," he retorted. "I shall lose my patients and my chance of success in life, but there are no laws at present to punish hypnotists. Even if there were, however, I think—I think now—that I should be willing to abide the issue."

"In that case we must draw up an appeal to the Home Secretary," I began; "your statement must be taken down in writing——" I was interrupted by an imperative knock at the door. Even before I could reply it was pushed open and Nurse Hooper, very pale and frightened-looking, put her head in.

"Will you come at once to Miss Whittaker?" she said. "She's in a very queer state."

"Let me come with you," said Anderson, springing to his feet.

We rushed up the stairs and entered the sick girl's room.

Dr. Anderson had left her sleeping quietly, but she was not asleep now. She was sitting up in bed, gazing straight before her and speaking aloud with great rapidity. From the look in her eyes, it was evident she was gazing intently at a vision we could not see.

"I gave up my will," she said. "I gave it up when first you asked me. It is yours to do whatever you like with. I have heard you telling me day and night to hate him. To hate him! I do hate him. Now you tell me to kill him. Please don't tell me that. Please stop before you ask that. I'll have to do it if you insist, but *don't* insist. Don't lay this awful, awful command on me. Did you say you must? Did you say you would have to lay it on me? Then I'll do it! I'll borrow my father's pistol, it is over his mantelpiece. I can get it easily. No one will suspect me of hating that man, so I can easily, easily kill him. I know, of course, where this will lead—to prison first, and then to death. But if you ask me, I'll go even there for your sake. Yes, I'll go even there."

Her words were low, intensely horrible to listen to, her face was deadly white. The fierceness, the hungry glare of a tiger gleamed in the eyes which were generally so sweet in their glance.

"This is the house," she went on, in a hoarse voice. "I am knocking at the door. It is opened. I see the servant's face. Yes, he is at home. I am going in. That is his room to the left. Oh, how dreadful, how dreadful is the thing I have got to do! Dr. Anderson, I submit my will to yours. I obey the voice which tells me to——"



"WE RUSHED UP THE STAIRS."

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"Stop—hold!" cried Dr. Anderson, suddenly. "Take back your will. See, I give it back to you."

He took her hands and forcibly laid her back on the bed. She stared up at him fixedly, and he gazed intently into her wide-open eyes.

"Take back your will, Ursula," he repeated in an imperative voice. "Here it is—I return it to you. Be the gentle—the loving Ursula of old once again."

His words acted as magic. The hungry, angry light died out of the beautiful eyes—they grew soft—then they filled with tears.

"I had a bad dream," she said, speaking as if she were a child. "It is over—I am glad to be awake again."

"I'll stay with you until you are better," he answered—"until you fall into a gentle, healing sleep."

But, strange to say, when Anderson gave Miss Whittaker back her will, his power over her had vanished. Try as he would, he could not soothe her to sleep; by the evening she was more feverish than ever, and her condition was highly critical.

She lay in a state of delirium all through the night, but she did not talk of any more horrors. Her troubled spirit had evidently entered into a happier and more peaceful phase of memory. Her conversation was all of her mother who was dead, and of her own life as a light-hearted schoolgirl.

When the sun rose the next day, Miss Whittaker died.

I have not seen Dr. Anderson since. It is my belief that he will never again try hypnotism, either for good or evil.

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Beauties.



From Photos. by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street.

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From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

Miss Gilpin.





From a Photo. by Turner & Drinkwater, Hull.



Miss Vivien Travis Cook.

Miss Margaret Macintyre.

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From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co. From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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THE too familiar words "Declined with thanks," however unpleasant to receive, are scarcely supposed under ordinary circumstances to excite despair. Something, however, akin to that passion was legible upon the face of Elsa Vane, as she sat trying to master their curt significance.

They were written upon a sheet of large note-paper, bearing in print the address of the offices of the *London Month*. On the table lay a torn envelope, directed with decisive clearness in the same hand to "Mrs. Thos. Vane, The Elms, Stamworth, Surrey."

There were no signs, however, of the usual MS., but beside the envelope lay a few sprigs of dried lavender. There could be no mistake. She, Elsa, was Mrs. Thomas Vane; she knew with too great certitude whose hand had written those words, and she was sitting in the dining-room of "The Elms, Stamworth."

It was a pretty, home-like room, and the table was laid daintily for her solitary breakfast. She poured herself out a cup of tea, and drank it, but she pushed the food away untasted. Then she returned to the contemplation of the ill-fated words. No, there could be no mistake. She held, only too clearly, the clue to their meaning. The evil wrought was beyond remedy, and the doing of it had been hers; yet her unpreparedness had been terrible.

She saw there written the ruin of her own life, and of another, which only last night she had told herself she held more dear. At last she rose and went over to the fire, still holding the paper; the sprigs of lavender, also, she had gathered into her hand. For a moment she looked at these, as though she would have thrown them into the blaze, and so finished their decay for ever. Instead, she thrust them into the bosom of her dress. Then she took her accustomed seat in a low chair by the hearth. Her husband's chair was opposite, and she looked at it as though she could see there the handsome, clever face which had fascinated her. His nature was so calm—sleepy, she had called it—she had never imagined it possible to anger him beyond recall. She had known his love for her to be so deep, even when to herself she had professed to doubt it, that, in truth, the

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idea of its failure under trial had never reached her.

She recalled painfully the story of the last two years. Her husband was nearly fifteen years older than herself when he had asked her to be his wife. His talent, his acknowledged position, had lent almost the character of condescension to the act. Not on his side; he was the most humble-minded of men—but she had already idealized him through his writings. Yet he had told her that she was absolutely needful to him, that she ran through his conceptions as the model for all fairness. It had seemed to her as the voice of a god.

Latterly, he had ceased to say these things.

She had pictured a life of intellectual excitement and constant variety when she exchanged the old Garden House in Cambridge, where she had lived with her aunt, Miss Poyntz, for the home of a man holding the literary and artistic position in the London world, of Tom Vane. Instead, she had been excessively dull. Her husband was much from home; he was the proprietor and editor of the *London Month*—and he was collecting material for a new work. He liked the house twenty miles out of town for the sake of change and refreshment; she hated it. The deadness of the suburban village had much to answer for; she grew morose and depressed, brooding in her solitude over her wrongs.

She told herself finally that her marriage had been a mistake; that she was no more to her husband than a source of occasional relaxation—and that she was deteriorating. The views imbibed from girl friends, chiefly graduates, lacking at any rate in personal experience, revived. The development of woman was checked, and aspiration stifled, by the merging of her identity in the will of a man to whom she was a mere toy.

Theories of this kind, somewhat superficially grafted on to a nature that craved incessantly, not only for affection, but for its expression, bade fair to work complications in the fate of Mrs. Vane. She was utterly unable to conceal even momentary feeling, and she let her husband see plainly the effects of the phase through which she was passing, without attempting any explanation.

So far, her idea of change in him was purely imaginary; he was placid and restful by nature. She still ran, like the finest thread, through the whole woof and web of his life; but as daily widening interests claimed him, he did not forecast that she would need daily assurance of the fact. He felt the change in her, and feared with a dumb, aching pain that she was disappointed; that she regretted having married a man so much her senior, imagining that she was tired of his affection, rather than that she needed more of it. The thought was present with him in the pauses of his work; in his journeys to and from town; he grew more reserved, and less hopeful, losing buoyancy daily.

In this way the breach widened, and a crash became inevitable.

One night he returned, after nearly a week's absence, only to tell her that he was starting for Edinburgh two days later. Her sense of injury culminated, and she, at last, gave it vent in no very measured terms. She said many things bitter for Tom Vane to hear and to remember. She told him that she had married him under a girlish illusion, before she knew what life meant; she also spoke of her aspirations, and of her individual development. Finally, she begged for freedom, that she might live her life, that she might realize—herself. How far she understood her own meaning was doubtful. He heard her patiently to the end. She saw that he was deeply moved, whether with pain or anger she could not tell.

"You must be mad," he said, when she paused; "but it shall be as you wish. Certainly, I will not detain you against your will." Then he had left her abruptly; the blow had fallen upon him when he was wearied both physically and mentally.

Later he had come back, and put before her, as a brother or a friend might have done, the irretrievable consequences of her act, but he had not sought to influence or persuade her. His calmness exasperated her; and although growing rather frightened at the definiteness which her desire had taken, she would not draw back.

Finally he had ceased all argument; he had entered, still with the same quietude, upon the easiest method of carrying out her wish. He had suggested that at first, at any rate, she should return to her aunt's house at Cambridge. She could go as if on a visit while he was in the North, future arrangements could follow, but he would lose no time in securing her comfort and freedom, as far as possible.

She ventured no further opposition. The next day he went to town as usual—he was to remain that night in London, starting on the following afternoon for the North. Their farewell was quite unemotional; he had the

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traditional horror of a scene, and she was thoroughly subdued. After he was gone, she busied herself with her preparations, collecting a few treasures, her own special property. She tried to feel some gladness, some foretaste of a possible future awaiting her, but her heart sank, aspiration seemed dead. Her thoughts turned persistently to the past and to the present; the future was an utter blank.

Was Tom really as indifferent as he seemed? What would he feel when he next came home—after she was gone? He had always seemed glad to come home, even last night before——

Going through the house was a fresh trial. She was a careful housewife in spite of loftier aims; now, everything would be left to the servants, there would be terrible waste and disorder. Even this accentuated the sense of general disturbance and undoing.

In opening a box to look for some trinkets she came upon a packet of old letters. She knew them well enough — Tom's letters before they were married; and tied up with them a little bunch of dried lavender. She had not looked at the letters for a year, nor smelt the lavender. She sat down now on the floor in the midst of the disorder she had created, with the packet in her lap. She would read them to herself, she called it taking a last look into an open grave, which was rather a strong expression; afterwards she would—burn them. She began to read, with the lavender in her hand, and the tender, living words of a great love spoke to her anew, moving her nobler nature as they had moved it in the old days, and the dried sticks in her hand bloomed again, and she was back in the old garden where the lavender bushes grew, and the sun was shining, and Tom was there—and——



"SHE CAME UPON A PACKET OF OLD LETTERS."

The poor girl flung herself sobbing upon the couch; oh! what had she done—had he really changed so, and forgotten everything in this short while, or was it all through the fault of her own unrestful heart? With the quick rebound into extremes that belonged to her nature she suddenly saw herself utterly in the wrong, false to her wifely duty, and the sacredness of her love. To be the wife of Tom Vane again seemed the highest of all aspirations. The days and hours in which he had left her were forgotten. She looked at her watch; she was longing now to throw herself into her husband's arms and sob out all her folly and her repentance. But it was already too late in the afternoon to find him at his office if she went to town; but for her wickedness he would soon have been coming home. She would write; he would receive the letter the first thing in the morning, if not that night. There would be time for him to reply before starting North — perhaps even to come. She wrote as sweet and penitent a letter as woman could write; her tears, the realities of the step which had been so fatally near, and the recurrence of the old strain of half-forgotten happiness, had deepened her nature. She humbled herself utterly, only asking him to remember her youth and impetuosity, promising that if he would bear with her she would strive to be to him the help and companion that he needed. She laid bare the doubts and distrust of the past months, and the revival

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of the truth in her heart through the old letters.

As she wrote, it seemed to become clear that she had never seriously intended to leave him; development that could lead a woman away from the man to whom she had sworn fidelity, could be nothing but a false growth.

The game had been "dangerous," if it had been anyone but Tom! But, with him, now that she had owned herself in the wrong, she had no fear.

When her letter was finished, she bethought her of the lavender; she folded it within the sheet, and added a postscript, recalling to his memory the day in the garden when they had plucked it together. He had told her that to his mind she was like it for softness of colour—he could see the purple shadows beneath the greyness of her eyes. Also in the endurance of its sweetness it was a fitting type of the quiet strength of their love; and many other pretty things he had conjured out of the homely flower. Alas! how miserably had she failed. Now she sent it to him, as a reminder and the strongest pleading, stronger than her words could be.

She had posted her letter that night, and all the next day went happily about the house, feeling reinstated.

Then—this morning—the answer had lain upon the breakfast table. The envelope, with the direction in the hand she knew so well, and within, the withered lavender and those three pregnant words.

She pressed her hands to her bosom as she recalled that pain.

Not the least part of it was the destruction of her faith, the irony of the official message was so untrue to the belief in her husband's nature which she had cherished, even when she was most rebellious. She was forced soon to rouse herself, for she felt clearly that there must be no further delay. She could plead no more; the last breath of the fragrance of their love was dead, and she had nothing to urge. Tom had finished the work she had begun, taken her at her word finally. She had laid bare before him the inner sanctuary, and he had looked back at her scornfully and derisively. It was a cruel wrong. Beneath it, his suggestion that she should return to her aunt's roof became intolerable; she was in no mood to bear question or criticism, and the avoidance of scandal became a small matter where all was wrecked. She felt no responsibility towards Miss Poyntz, she was only her great-aunt, and, so long as Elsa could remember, had been feeble and querulous, often finding the presence of her niece a burden. The life of the outer world touched her but faintly; probably, unless her niece returned to her roof, she would never fully understand what had occurred.

Mrs. Vane was scarcely a strong-minded woman, but she gathered strength from a certain persistency of will that enabled her to surmount weakness when the need of action was clear. The beacon lights of aspiration had become painfully misty, but she was not long in forming her plans.

She could take no help from her husband; her private income would suffice to keep her from actual want, and she had education, with—she had been told—some talent, to fall back upon. She would go to Paris, and complete the studies she had begun at the Cambridge local school of painting, in connection with South Kensington. She had her certificates, and she knew the address of a Home for Students, to which she had once petitioned her aunt to send her. There, if she could not be received, she would, at any rate, be directed to a suitable *appartement*, and to the best studios. She wrote a few lines to her husband.

"Your reply has convinced me that my first judgment was right; you will not be surprised that I have acted upon it. I beg to be relieved of all offers of assistance."

These she inclosed and sealed, and laid the packet where she knew he could not fail to see it on his return.

No further hesitation or avowed regrets delayed her preparations; the following day she went to town, as the first stage upon her journey.

Mrs. Crawley, of 131, Marlborough Road, had not always let apartments. She was one of those unfortunate people who had come down in the world, and her descent had been rapid, and entirely owing to the speculative tendencies of Mr. Crawley. Although she had faced the position bravely enough, she was keenly alive to the discernment of her new lodger, Mrs. Poyntz; who with rare delicacy ignored the landlady in the hard-worked gentlewoman. Mrs. Poyntz's own means limited her to rooms on the third floor, and her great loneliness may have led her to welcome her landlady's visits when the latter found leisure for rest after the toils of the day. For, although young, and more than ordinarily good-looking, the new lodger seemed strangely friendless. No one called upon her, and she rarely

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left the house save on business visits to the City. She had chosen her present abode because the rooms were large and inexpensive, because she had chanced to hear something of the antecedents of Mrs. Crawley, and because she thought that here she was not likely to encounter anyone who had known her as Elsa Vane.

She had had no very clear reason for adopting her mother's name in preference to her own, save that the latter had grown distasteful, and painfully suggestive. Now, Elizabeth Poyntz was a useful signature, and she retained it. Five years' struggle with fortune had wearied her; as a painter she had met with no very marked success; latterly she had added the writing of fiction to her original profession, and here old associations came to her aid, helping to lift her out of the rawness of amateur effort. Still, at five-and-twenty life seemed a dull, monotonous plane, and an uncontrollable longing drove her home. She had developed at any rate in patience, and realized, if not herself, some of the harder truths of life. She would not own to herself a desire to tread the same pavement, breathe the same air as Tom Vane; she said that the fascination of the great town, murky and fog-laden, was upon her. She had occasionally heard of her husband through the newspapers. He had written another novel, realistic and philosophic, which had been well reviewed, and he still edited the *London Month*. She read the book, and judged that he had deteriorated; she thought the tone cynical and worldly, and could detect nothing favourable to any second overture on her part, had she felt the desire to make it.

For the rest, she was utterly alone; her aunt, Miss Poyntz, was dead, and the house at Cambridge in the hands of strangers That news had reached her when in Paris Since that time she had travelled constantly, studying both in Belgium and in Rome, until her restless craving led her back to England. She thought she had attained indifference, and had grown quiescent; but the vitality of sensation is apt at startling revival, oversetting all calculation.
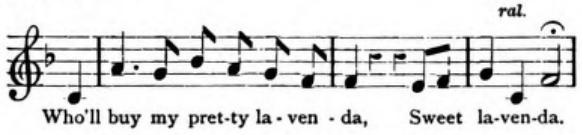
One afternoon she returned from the City with a face strangely moved from its usual passivity. She had seen Tom Vane in the Strand. She, herself, had been unnoticed; she had watched him pass from the doorway of a shop. He was very much aged; more than the lapse of five years would reasonably account for. His beard was grey instead of black, and he stooped slightly. Elsa watched him until he was out of sight; she felt a sort of rage against her fate and against his hardness, against the man he was walking with, which must have been a form of unreasonable jealousy. When disturbance has once set



"SHE HAD SEEN TOM VANE IN THE STRAND."

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in there follows often a slight hurrying up of incident—effects succeed quickly, as small clouds gathering, and the swift splash of rain on a sultry day. Perhaps an unquiet atmosphere lends significance to every whisper of the coming storm rush. A further stirring of hushed memories had awaited Elsa Vane before she reached the door of 131. Near the corner of Old Queer Street a lame boy carrying a basket paused a few paces in front of her, and gave in a rich, mellow voice a cry that was almost a refrain :—



Sweet La-ven-der. The words died away with plaintive appeal, for the voice was rarely sweet. Elsa was very tired, and the tears rose to her eyes. She stopped and spoke a few words to the lavender merchant before she turned into the gate. His face, like his voice, was refined. He told her that he had learned his cry from an old woman whom he used to hear calling in the streets; he added, rather sadly, that his voice was wearing, although he only used it for this trade; he was not so young as he looked, and the cry tried it. When Elsa had turned towards the house, he paused a few steps further on and gave his call twice with clear, prolonged sweetness. Elsa felt that it was for her.



"SWEET LA-VEN-DA."

Such peace as she had gained was at an end from that day; memory grew vivid, quick-fingered, torturing; and under this hand her present surroundings showed repulsive and sordid. The sounds from the tavern ground their way into ears grown suddenly appreciative of only their hideous vulgarity, the daily routine of her life seemed harsh and unlovely. Behind it all, the refinement and sweet-scentedness of the home that had been hers shone far away, a rainbow-tinted vista beyond thoroughfares which were thronged and grey-hued. She felt jostled and wearied, and upon that mud-stained, fog-laden way the cry of the lavender merchant sounded very sweetly, like a song from home. She listened daily for its recurrence, but it came no more. It had been a mere street-cry, crossing her life like other incidents of the streets, pregnant with impression, but it dwelt in her mind with curious persistency.

This limitation of the God-given gift of song to the carrying of sweetness into sordid ways, waking Heaven knew what memories of pure life in tired hearts, grew to her somewhat strained imagination into a parable, losing nothing from the unconsciousness of the singer, and bearing heavily upon her own failure; the homely sweetness had been hers to disdain and cast aside.

One evening depression and hopelessness seemed to have reached their climax. She had been to the Strand that day, and many times since she had seen Tom Vane, but had never encountered him again. She began to feel that unless she wished to become a mere ghost haunting the confines of his life she must wander away again in search, at any rate, of numbness. An aching of keen desire was becoming habitual, and scarcely to be borne. She leaned her head upon her arm, folded over the blank

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page—where the words refused to be written—and longed to sob out her loneliness, her grief and her despair, her great wrong, for surely Tom had wronged her.

Mrs. Crawley's knock upon the door startled her, and she tried to smooth away the signs of her trouble before she bade her landlady enter.

"I hope I am not disturbing you, Mrs. Poyntz. I fear you were going to write?"

"I cannot write a word; pray come in," said Elsa. She pushed aside her papers impatiently and drew forward an easy chair for her visitor.

"You seem, as a rule, to find your work so easy," said Mrs. Crawley presently, with something of a sigh. "I used to try at one time, but I never had anything accepted."

"Perhaps you did not persevere long enough."

"Well, the last thing I sent was a poem. All my troubles came upon me not long after, and since that I have had no time to think about writing. Something very strange happened about that poem too."

"What was that?" asked Elsa, indifferently.

"A matter in which I have always felt guilty, although it was not altogether my fault, but I will show you the paper—it is in my desk. I can lay my hand on it easily."

Elsa sat on, listless and idle, while Mrs. Crawley was gone in search of the paper. She expected to be asked to read some verses; it would not have occurred to her that Mrs. Crawley could write poetry.

That lady came back shortly, an old mahogany desk in her hand.

"I thought I would bring the desk," she explained. "There are two or three little things here I might ask your advice about; but this is the paper I was referring to, it was inclosed with my returned poem."

She had been searching among the bundles of letters while she spoke; now she handed to Elsa an open envelope.

Mrs. Vane took it carelessly; then she gave a little cry, for she saw that it had come from the *London Month*. Within was a short MS. poem and a folded sheet. She opened the latter hastily. It bore the date February ——, 188—, in Tom Vane's hand, and was closely written on three sides. There was no superscription, but after the first word she read on eagerly. At last she stood up, holding the back of her chair, and looking, almost fiercely, at Mrs. Crawley.

"You—you have kept this letter for five years—after reading it—and knowing it was not yours."

Mrs. Crawley glanced up quickly.

"I am not so much to blame as you think. We were living in —— Street then, at our old home. When that letter came I was lying very ill; my husband just glanced at it, and seeing one of my MSS. returned, threw it aside. He always laughed at my trying to write. Afterwards, my little baby died. It was months before I even saw the letter, not till the crash came and everything was being turned out for the sale, then I



"AT LAST SHE STOOD UP."

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found it lying in the study among a heap of bills. I thought I would write then, but I was in great trouble and perplexity; somehow I put it off and forgot. It was six months old, and I thought if it had been of consequence inquiries would have been made; then, later, it seemed absurd to rake up the matter. I did not know how to account for the delay. Of course, I was to blame, but I never read more than the first few lines. It suddenly came into my mind to-night, and I thought there could be no harm in showing it to you after all this time. I had almost forgotten it."

Elsa had listened to this explanation in perfect stillness. When Mrs. Crawley said that she had not fully read the letter, her face showed signs of relief. She leaned over a little, her outspread hand pressed heavily upon the table, palm downwards.

"It was a slight want of honour," she said, quietly, "that was all. I have noticed that we women are apt to fail in that way towards each other; but there were great excuses. Forgive me, if I speak harshly. This letter, it is mine. It was meant for me five years ago."



"MRS. CRAWLEY SPRANG UP, SCATTERING HER BALLS OF YARN."

Mrs. Crawley sprang up—scattering her balls of yarn, and dropping her knitting.

"For you—oh! Mrs. Poyntz. May God forgive me—can you? Ever?"

Elsa did not seem to see the outstretched hands.

"If you don't mind," she said, measuring her tones, "will you leave me alone for a little while—quite alone."

There was no sign of agitation save the pitiful gather in the brows, the slightest tremor in the last words. Mrs. Crawley stooped and picked up her knitting. She had seen enough of the letter to know what its loss might mean; perhaps even the key to the solitary life that had sometimes perplexed her. Her eyes were full of tears when she had recovered her balls of yarn.

Elsa never moved until the door closed, leaving her to the blessed solitude; then she sank down upon her knees, the sobs that had been so far away all these years shaking her, as she wept out her grief upon the friend's heart that she had found—Tom's letter.

If, as has been said, the essence of tragedy is the nearness of joy, then had the fates of Tom Vane and his wife been tragic for the last five years, with a tragedy hinging upon an incident that might have been burlesque. The words of the letter that all this time had lain in Mrs. Crawley's old mahogany desk—and but for the curious chain of circumstances called chance, might so have lain until it crumbled into dust, and the sorrows that it cancelled were for ever dead—were these:—

"I thank God, my darling, for your sweet words, and for the renewal of your confidence. I have such a short time to write, to say all that must be said. You reproach yourself too much, the burden of what you have suffered lies heavily upon me. My love has never faltered or lessened for one moment—bear this in mind in what I have yet to say—also that from my tried middle age I can swear that it never will falter or slacken until death. But I have watched you and felt the change in you. God knows I hold our vows sacred, but I have a horrible fear lest the impulse of the moment should have wrung from you the truth—and the renewal of your tenderness been dictated only by a sense of duty. I will put my love for you to the test—the hardest. If your heart allows that this is so—if you feel that

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your consent to our marriage sprung from your untried ignorance, and that you were robbed of your youth, I offer you such freedom as can still be yours, uncomplainingly, ungrudgingly. Although in some ways you are a child still, I trust you unhesitatingly, as I would trust one of God's angels. I know the pure uprightness of your nature. I have already told you that everything you can need shall be at your disposal. I am in hopes that you will feel that I would be to you something more than husband or lover—your most faithful friend.

"All this I say only to set your mind at rest, to free you from self-reproach. But if, my wife, if your heart should desire to cling to me from deliberate choice—then—if ever the love of man compassed the life of woman, my love shall compass yours. I fear to urge you, to put before you the selfishness of my great desire.

"I send you back a part of the lavender, a renewal of my faith until the days or years of our separation are ended, for that in the end you will come back to me I feel assured."

Here the letter broke off suddenly, evidently through some interruption. Below had been added in pencil, now scarcely legible:—

"Oh, my love, think well—something more than life is at stake."

The whole was finely and closely written; the sheet was large and folded in three, the fourth side was blank. Elsa saw plainly enough how it had happened, and in the hurry of the last hours among the numberless interruptions and distractions of the office, the folded sheet had been placed in the wrong envelope. She remembered that the lavender had been separately inclosed.

Perhaps impotent grief at the wasted years, the loss of joy, was the strongest feeling just at first; then a sense of wonder at the great, unselfish heart that had been so wronged, with sorrow and tender pity for the pain it must have laid at her door.

Was it possible that its fidelity had survived even the needless cruelty of her farewell, the silence of these five long years? Five long years—how could she approach him, and tell him all the truth, not knowing if she would be welcome? She tried to form the words of a letter, but it seemed full of bald surprise. They had grown strange to each other, and their wooing must begin again; she could not tell him now that she had loved him all along.

Then an idea came to her. She would weave their story, his and hers, into a tale and send it to him. He would surely read it when he saw the writing, and the signature—Elsa Vane.

In this way she would discover his feeling towards her; if he let it pass unheeded, unanswered, she would know——

And if—but here she could not follow out the conclusions, for her heart trembled. She went back to her writing-table and began to write; she wrote far into the night, until indeed the winter's day was near breaking, no longer hesitant for words or for matter. And when her task was done, she laid down for an hour of happy dreams, with Tom's letter beneath her pillow.

She herself took the MS. to the office on the following morning, and saw it carried into his room.

She had addressed it to him personally, and put her own name and address on the outside of the fly-leaf. She had also added a few lines in which she spoke of herself as "the writer," and begged him to give the MS. his personal attention. She felt she could do no more—only wait. At any rate, she would have the right to ask for the return of the MS., and in that way she would be assured. She had tried to prepare herself for days of uncertainty, but wondered how she would bear them before the first hours of the afternoon were over.

She walked the room restlessly, like a caged creature, starting at every sound, and feeling a sense of despair as every half hour chimed softly by her little clock. The dinner, which she had made some pretence of eating, had been carried away, and she had gathered herself over the fire. She knew that Mrs. Crawley would not trouble her to-night, when the servant came to say a gentleman wished to see her.

It was over then. She had heard no summons, nothing, but there was the hasty step upon the stair, and he was in the room—and they were alone.

"Elsa—Elsa—do you mean to say I did that idiotic thing?"

"Indeed then, Tom, you did."

But he could hardly have heard the words, although the whisper was not far away.

Tom Vane had traced his wife to Paris. He resented bitterly what appeared mere groundless obstinacy and contempt, both of himself and all common sense. Partly in anger, and partly because he thought that through his silence she would the more quickly realize her folly, he refrained from all insistence of his desire for her greater

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comfort, and from any interference. An income amply sufficient for her wants had been paid to her account at the Bank had she chosen to draw it.

When, subsequently, he lost sight of her in her restless journeyings, he blamed himself bitterly. The darkness had never seemed more hopeless than when she was nearest—when he passed her in the Strand.

Were those five years wasted? was the question they sometimes asked themselves.



"DO YOU MEAN TO SAY I DID THAT IDIOTIC THING?"

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From Behind the Speaker's Chair

VIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

"OLD MORALITY."

ONE of the most interesting books of the forthcoming season will be the "Life of W. H. Smith," a work undertaken by his friend and colleague, Sir Herbert Maxwell. Sir Herbert, who combines the qualities of an excellent Whip with those that go to make up a successful literary man, will doubtless have found himself hampered in his task by the exceptional goodness of the subject of his memoir. I suppose the most depressing work of biography still in print is that which many years ago had considerable vogue under the title "The Dairyman's Daughter." Mr. Disraeli, a keen judge of public taste, desiring at one time to say something pungently deprecatory of Mr. Gladstone, observed that he had no pleasant vices. Mr. Smith more fully and accurately came within this category. It will be impossible even for so attractive a writer as Sir Herbert Maxwell to make his biography as interesting as, for example, that of Becky Sharp.



LORD SALISBURY AND MR. W. H. SMITH.

Mr. Smith was, in truth, monotonously good. Yet what was meant to be a placid life had its stream unexpectedly turned into turbulent courses. Prosperity made him acquainted with some notable work-fellows, and led him to take a part in making the history of England. It was a strange fate that drew this modest, retiring, gentle-minded bourgeois citizen into being a colleague, first of Mr. Disraeli, and at last the very pivot of an Administration which had the Marquis of Salisbury for its motive power.

I remember more than a dozen years ago, crossing Palace Yard, seeing Lord Salisbury and Mr. W. H. Smith enter the precincts of the House by the archway leading to the Ladies' Gallery. Mr. Smith had at that time, doubtless to his own modest surprise, been nominated First Lord of the Admiralty, the first of a series of uses made of him whenever the Government were in difficulty. "When in doubt play trumps" is a time-honoured maxim, the wisdom of which some players are inclined to dispute. "When in difficulties play W. H. Smith" was a game Mr. Disraeli first led, and was followed up to the last by Lord Salisbury with unfailing success. It was doubtless a mere accident, but I noticed that Lord Salisbury strode along silent, taking no notice of his companion, who walked just half a pace behind him, as if feeling that he had no right to intrude on the meditation, or even the company, of the great patrician by whose side in the Cabinet an inscrutable Providence had led him to take his seat.

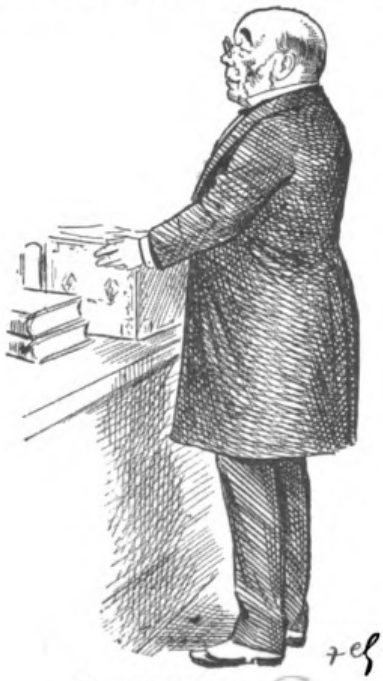
This is a trivial incident which only riotous fancy could invest with significance. It often came back to my mind watching Mr. Smith steadily yet surely marching to the first place in the aristocratic Cabinet, progress involuntarily made, impelled not more by sheer capacity than by force of simple, honest, upright character. In course of time it came to pass that the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury could have better withstood the shock of the Premier's withdrawal than of the resignation of plain Mr. Smith.

Though the study of such a character is apparently lacking in dramatic incident, what may be done with it by competent hands has

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been triumphantly proved in another branch of literature. Mrs. Walford has made a charming and touching sketch, which not only in many respects recalls the sterling qualities of "Old Morality," but, by a strange coincidence, bore his surname. "Mr. Smith; a Part of His Life" was published long before the member for Westminster came to think he might succeed Pitt, Wellington, and Palmerston in the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports. Yet if Mrs. Walford had used him as a model she could not have come to a closer or more striking appreciation of the subject. Naturally enough, she never dreamed of placing her Mr. Smith in the turmoil of political life, surrounding him more appropriately with the placidity of village life. But in respect of simplicity of character, sterling capacity, generous mind, and unfailing loving-kindness, her Mr. Smith and ours of the House of Commons are identical. The coincidence is completed by the fact that both unexpectedly died just at the time when everyone had discovered how good they were, and when the highest aim of their desire was within their reach.

There is one episode in the life of this good man in which his biographer will find the element of tragedy the more striking when found ruffling the serenity of the commonplace. Those most intimate with Mr. Smith firmly believe that had he been less resolute to do his duty to his Queen and country he would have been alive at this day, a placid pillar of strength to his party in the House of Lords. He died at the post of duty, with a heroism that need not shrink from comparison with the most brilliant deeds recorded in the annals of war by sea or land. He had meant to retire at the close of the Session of 1889, when the wearying illness that finally wore him away was beginning to sap his strength. At that time the Salisbury Government were already amid the breakers. The House of Commons was growing restive; the Ministerialists were disheartened; the Opposition growing in strength and audacity. Not only was Mr. Smith the only man who could be counted upon to ride upon the gathering storm, but his withdrawal from the scene would have led to extremely inconvenient competition for the vacant post of Leader of the House of Commons.



"AT THE POST OF DUTY."

So he stayed on, suffering and patient, making his little jokes, declaiming his cherished copybook headings, sometimes genially laughed at, always trusted, and managing the peculiarly difficult business of the Leadership with an art the consummation of which was its perfect concealment—perhaps even from himself. The last time he appeared in the House was on a sultry afternoon in July. Members around him were gay in summer garb. He had brought with him his carriage rug, and as he sat on the Treasury Bench he tucked it round his knees, remaining there through the sitting with haggard eyes, pale face, still bravely smiling.



"THE LAST TIME."

"A pitcher that goes often to the well will be broken at last," was a little tag he characteristically used about this time when one of his colleagues cheerily remarked that he was

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looking better, and would be all right again after the recess.

He was never seen in the House of Commons again, though this was not his last appearance in public. The final journeying forth of the pitcher, the occasion when it, doubtless, received the final fracture, was on Monday, July 13th, 1890. The Shah was on a visit to London, and this day was fixed for a reception at Hatfield. All the world were bidden to the festivities, which culminated in a great luncheon party on the Monday. Mr. Smith was one of the house party, arriving on the Saturday. He would have been much better in his bed, but the occasion was important, and if he could only crawl along the path of duty, he would go. One of his fellow guests, a colleague in the Cabinet, tells me of his appearance at the dinner on Sunday night. As he sat at the table he was evidently in acute pain.

"We could see death written on his face," said his colleague.

But he talked and smiled and made-believe that nothing was the matter. He was induced to withdraw as soon as the ladies left the dining-room. So acute was his agony, his ancient trouble having developed in an attack of gout in the stomach, that he could not go to bed, passing a sleepless night in a chair. But there was the luncheon next day, with the big company down from London, a fresh call of duty which he obeyed. He sat through the meal, and gallantly went home to die.

The end came at Walmer, after three months' additional suffering, borne with unfailing courage and patience. He was always sanguine that on the morrow he would be able to go out for a cruise in his beloved *Pandora*, lying at anchor just off the battlements of the castle waiting for the Master. It seemed quite a natural and appropriate thing that on the very day the newspapers contained the announcement of his death, news came of the tragic end of Mr. Parnell, and as newspaper space is strictly limited, and the British public can give their minds to only one excitement at a time, there was hardly room to do justice to the quietly noble life just closed at Walmer.

PETITIONS.

Colonel Kenyon is not, except by chance, and unconsciously, a humorist. But there was one day in the Session when he flashed upon the pleased House a gleam of genuine humour. Being charged with the presentation of a number of petitions against the Welsh Suspensory Bill, he borrowed from the Library a huge waste-paper basket, stuffed the bundles of circulars therein, and, marching round the table in full view of a crowded House, deposited them in the sack which hangs at the corner of the table by the Clerk's seat.

This was premature, and, in the circumstances, sardonic. Colonel Kenyon being



"PREMATURE."

in charge of the petitions, might, but for the unaccustomed temptation of humour, have let them go along the ordinary course to oblivion. All petitions presented to the House of Commons are predestined for the waste-paper basket. Colonel Kenyon, with a promptitude learned in tented fields on which forty centuries looked down, scorned circumlocutory habits, and put the petitions in the waste-paper basket to begin with.

The right of petitioning the House of Commons is ancient, and at one time may have had some significance, even importance. It must have been prior to the time of Dr. Johnson, that shrewd observer having in the hearing of Mr. Boswell gone to the root of the matter.

"This petitioning," he genially observed, when the subject cropped up in conversation, "is a new mode of distressing Government, and a mighty easy one. I will undertake to get petitions either against quarter-guineas or half-guineas with the help of a little hot wine."

At this *fin-de-siècle*, whilst a stable Government is in no wise distressed by a shower of petitions, the process of bringing them to bear on the House of Commons remains a mighty easy one, in some cases not

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without suspicion of the help of a little hot wine.

This Session, concurrent with the introduction of a hotly contested measure such as the Home Rule Bill, there has been a notable recrudescence of petitions. It is true nothing in the way of petition presenting has equalled the famous scene in the Session of 1890, when "the Trade" demonstrated against an attack by the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon their preserves. On that occasion the floor of the House, from within the Bar to the shadow of the Mace, was packed with gigantic wooden frames, containing massive cylinders reported to enshrine the signatures of 600,000 citizens anxious that the poor man should not have his noggin of neat spirits enhanced in price. It turned out upon inquiry, hotly made, that the Speaker, having been approached on the subject, had given his consent to the petitions being brought in. But, as he apologetically observed, he had not taken into account the wooden cases. These, towering full six feet high, entirely obscured the view between the two sides of the House.

Mr. Bartley was, by chance, making a few preliminary observations, and one at this day



MR. BARTLEY.

remembers with pleasure the keen solicitude displayed by the Radicals that the hon. member should not be embarrassed, and that they should have opportunity not only of hearing his remarks, but of benefiting by full view of the orator whilst they were delivered. They stood up in their places craning their necks so that they might catch a glimpse of him, over what one irreverently alluded to as "these vats." Suggestion was made that he should cross the gangway and continue his observations from the Treasury Bench. Mr. Labouchere bettered this by proposing, in softest voice and most winning manner, that the member for North Islington might scramble on to the top of the cases, and from that coign of vantage address the Speaker. In the end, the six House messengers who had brought in the cases one by one were summoned, and the things were ignominiously removed.

WHAT BECOMES OF PETITIONS.

That demonstration, which must have cost much hot wine, was not so successful as to induce repetition on similar lines. But petitions have, through the Session, still flowed in, and have, from time to time, been made the occasion for objurgatory remarks. Just after the House resumed at the close of the Easter holidays, the subject came up in piquant fashion with intent to show how vastly petitions against the Home Rule Bill preponderated. The Chairman of the Petitions Committee, whose withdrawal from Parliamentary life is regretted on both sides of the House, was asked to state the number of petitions for and against the Bill. Mr. McLagan set forth statistics which demonstrated the overwhelming activity in this field of the opponents of the measure. When the cheers this statement elicited subsided, Mr. Dalziel interposed, and read a letter



MR. DALZIEL.

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which would have interested Dr. Johnson had he been privileged to peruse it. Written by the secretary of a Conservative Association, it was addressed to hotel-keepers at places of popular resort on the southern coast. Accompanying it were printed petitions against Home Rule, and the hotel-keepers were begged to obtain as many signatures as possible, "whether by man, woman, or child." "Your Easter visitors," the shrewd Conservative agent added, "should be able to fill up several sheets."

To a conversation which followed, Mr. McLagan contributed an interesting recollection of how a couple of years ago the Petition Committee had been called upon to deal with a case where a whole school of children had impartially signed a petition for (or against) some measure then engrossing public attention. Another member was able, as the result of his own investigation, to state that many petitions presented to the House of Commons were signed in a good flowing hand by infants in arms.

These facts, familiar enough in the House of Commons, would seem to suffice to put a stop to the industry of petitioning. But, as the experience of the Session shows, that anticipation is not realized. The cry is, "Still they come," and the labours of the Petition Committee, over which for many years the late Sir Charles Forster presided, are as exacting as ever. It must, I suppose, be to someone's interest and advantage to keep the thing going. In what direction the interest lies is indicated in the statement, more than once made in conversation on the subject in the House, that the labour of obtaining signatures is remunerated at the rate of so much per hundred.

That, with the rarest exceptions, petitions presented to the House of Commons have not the slightest effect upon its deliberations is an affirmation that may be made with confidence. One of the exceptions is to be found in the popular movement that demanded the Reform Bill. But that was sixty years ago, a time when the public voice had not such full opportunities of expression as are found to-day in the Press and on the platform. For the most part, petitions addressed to the House of Commons do not secure even the compromising attention attained by the comicality of the situation created by the appearance on the floor of obstructive packing-cases, or the reading by a member of letters disclosing the indiscretions of too zealous agents.

What happens in the majority of cases is, that a petition being forwarded to a member, he quietly drops it in the sack at the corner of the table. When the sack is full it is carried out to one of the Committee rooms, and entry is made of the place whence each petition comes, of the number of signatures, and of the name of the Bill for or against which it is launched. The clerks attached to the Committee on Petitions subsequently glance over the list of names, and if there is anything in the array glaringly suggestive of irregularity, the Committee have their attention called to it, and occasionally think it worth while to bring the matter under the notice of the House with intent to have somebody punished. Otherwise the document unobtrusively proceeds on its way to the paper mill, the House of Commons, all unconscious of its existence, voting "Aye" or "No" on the various stages of the Bill with which it had concerned itself.



"CARRIED OUT."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The most striking feature in the Session has been the position achieved by Mr. Chamberlain. Nothing seen in his travels by Baron Munchausen, nothing recorded in the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland," exceeds this marvel. Mr. Balfour has been the titular Leader of the Opposition; but Mr. Chamberlain has ordered the plan of campaign, and has led in person all the principal attacks on the enemy's entrenchment. Mr. Balfour has reigned; Mr. Chamberlain has governed.

Here is where the marvel comes in. It is no unusual thing for a prominent member of a party to break away from his colleagues in the Leadership and set up in business for himself. But he invariably opens his shop on the same side of the street. Mr. Chamberlain has gone over bag and baggage, has been received into the inner councils of

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

his ancient adversary, and, being there, rules the roost. There was a time within recent memory when he was of all public men the most detested in Conservative circles. In this respect he succeeded to the heritage of his friend and colleague, Mr. Bright. Mr. Gladstone they distrusted and detested. Mr. Chamberlain they loathed and feared.

The scenes that took place in the House of Commons in connection with the Aston Park riots, which for bitterness and fierce resentment have not been equalled during the Session by any attack on an individual made from the "Unionist" ranks, forcibly illustrate Mr. Chamberlain's position this time eight years ago in view of the Conservative party. He for his part joyously accepted the situation, hitting back swinging blows at the House of Lords that has "always been the obsequious handmaid of the Tory party," and at the larger body in the Commons and the country, the "men whom we have fought and worsted in a hundred fights, men who borrow our watchwords, hoist our colours, steal our arms, and seek to occupy our position." That the relentless foeman of 1870–1885 should be to-day the foremost ally, the most prized captain of the host he then fought, seems to be a phantasy of nightmare.



"BLOWS AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS."

> Who but must laugh, if such a man there be;
> Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

How the miracle was wrought is a story that will doubtless some day be written large. Pending authoritative chronicle, there are not lacking those who trace the whole story back to troublous days in May, 1882. At that time Mr. Forster, long at issue with some of his colleagues in the Cabinet, resigned the office of Chief Secretary. A new pathway had been selected by the Government in their relations with Ireland. Coercion had been tried and had failed. Kilmainham Treaty had been signed. Mr. Parnell had come out of prison "prepared to co-operate cordially for the future with the Liberal party in forwarding Liberal principles." Lord Cowper had resigned the Lord Lieutenancy, and Earl Spencer reigned in his stead.

In bringing about this transformation scene Mr. Chamberlain had been principally active. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should succeed Mr. Forster at Dublin Castle. That he was prepared to do so and expected the appointment were matters certainly understood in the House of Commons at the time. A member of the Irish party, then as now predominant in its councils, tells me that on the 4th of May, 1882 (the day Mr. Forster announced in the House of Commons the reasons for his resignation), Mr. Chamberlain had an interview with him and sought his counsel as to the course he should take in the contingency of the Chief Secretaryship being offered to him. This gentleman, with characteristic bluntness, asked whether the offer had been made. Mr. Chamberlain, with a meaning smile, said "No."

That the offer would be made was as-

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sumed, as a matter of course, by both parties to the conversation. The friendly Irishman, whilst welcoming, as all his political friends did, the prospect of accession to the Chief Secretaryship of a statesman then above all others pledged to Home Rule, on personal grounds advised Mr. Chamberlain not to take the office, foreseeing, as he said, that it would bring upon him incessant trouble and possibly political ruin. On the next day, Friday, the 5th of May, the writ for a new election for the West Riding was moved consequent on the acceptance by Lord Frederick Cavendish of the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. The Irish member whom I am quoting added the amazing and, save on such authority, the incredible statement that the first intimation of this arrangement Mr. Chamberlain received was when, from his place on the Treasury Bench, he heard the writ moved.

If this story is true—and if I were at liberty to mention the authority it would be accepted as unimpeachable—it does much to explain, if not to excuse, Mr. Chamberlain's subsequent action, and the attitude of relentless animosity he has since exhibited towards Mr. Gladstone.

THE DUELLO.

The long fight in the Commons over the Home Rule Bill has been rather a duel than a pitched battle. Night after night the forces were marshalled on either side; firing was incessantly kept up; brigades engaged, and now and then, from other quarters than the Treasury Bench and the corner seat of the third bench below the gangway, a speech was made that attracted attention. For the most part it was dull, mechanical pounding, varied now and then by a personal contest between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. The House was invariably crowded when Mr. Chamberlain spoke. For him the audience was comprised in the one figure on the Treasury Bench. Mr. Gladstone, when he spoke, habitually turned round to the corner seat below the gangway, and personally addressed his "right hon. friend."

It was jarring throughout to hear the use of this phrase bandied across the gangway. Mr. Gladstone used it sparingly. Mr. Chamberlain interlarded his speech with it, investing the simple phrase with many shades of meaning, none particularly friendly. Once Mr. Gladstone, contrary to his habitude, moved to a personal jibe, audibly interposed with the remark, "Which 'right hon. friend'? The right hon. gentleman has so many right hon. friends."



"ONE OF HIS RIGHT HON. FRIENDS."

That hint would have been taken by some more sensitive people. Mr. Chamberlain is not inclined to forego one of his advantages. He has never quarrelled with Mr. Gladstone. He still reveres him as the greatest statesman of our time, still thinks of him in connection with a lofty mountain, whose magnitude we do not appreciate whilst we are still close to it. Still he resents the action of "men who, moved by motives of party spite, or eagerness for office, have not allowed his age, which should have commanded their reverence; his experience, which entitles him to their respect; his high, personal character, or his long services to his Queen and his country, to shield him from vulgar affronts and lying accusations." But Mr. Gladstone has gone wrong on the Home Rule Question, as, in quite another sense, he was wrong in the spring of 1882. Mr. Chamberlain, giving the first place to the interests of his country and sternly loyal to a sense of duty, has found himself leading the Conservative party against its former chief. But it is only the political leader from whom he has parted. He still retains the "right hon. friend."



"THE RIGHT HON. FRIEND."

There was a time when it seemed that Mr. Chamberlain, in stepping outside the pale of the Liberal party, had voluntarily suffered political

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ostracism. It was a view in which to a certain extent he appeared to acquiesce. For a considerable period approaching the term of the last Parliament he was content to take a back seat in politics. Occasionally he appeared at a public meeting in the country. In the House of Commons he was not often seen, and still more rarely heard. He came down for the questions, went off in good time for dinner, and was seen no more through the sitting. If a division were pending, or any interesting speech expected, he broke through the rule, coming down in evening dress, dined and debonair.

It is apparently a small matter, really of profound significance, that, during the present Session, Mr. Chamberlain, whilst in nightly attendance, has not half-a-dozen times been seen in dinner dress. He must needs dine; but he performs the incidental duty as the Israelites fed at Passover time, with loins girded and staff in hand. He has been the backbone of the opposition to the Home Rule Bill, tireless, unfaltering, and ruthless. It is probable that but for him the Conservative gentry, weary of the monotony of constant attendance and incessant divisions, would have retired from the fight, content to leave the final destruction of the Bill to the House of Lords. Mr. Chamberlain has been pitiless. No point has been too minute for his criticism, none too large for his virile grasp. Through it all he has never swerved from the urbane, deferential manner with which he has turned to discuss successive points with his "right hon. friend" on the Treasury Bench.



"PITILESS!"

Now and then a quick ear might detect metallic notes in the ordinarily soft voice, or a watchful eye might observe a gesture that mocked the friendly phrase and the almost reverential attitude. These were idle fancies, possibly born of meditation on what may never have taken place in those far-off May days, when Mr. Forster was fighting forlornly at his last outpost.

MORE ABOUT A PREMATURE REPORT.

M. P. writes: As I read THE STRAND MAGAZINE month by month through the Session I come to the conclusion that you must have either a marvellous memory or a priceless note-book. I remember very well O'Connor Power's prematurely reported speech in the House of Commons, but thought others had forgotten it. It was published, not, as you suggest, in a local paper, but in *Freeeman's Journal*, then in the plenitude of its power and the full tide of its circulation. May I add to the details you give that the speech, evidently elaborately prepared, finished up by way of peroration with the not unfamiliar lines from Tennyson about "Freedom broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent"? In the too-previous report it was stated that this passage was received with "enthusiastic cheering."

O'Connor Power actually got off the speech on the following night. As, at the hour when he caught the Speaker's eye, no copy of *Freeman's Journal* had reached London, he was presumably safe from immediate consequences of the accident. But some of his compatriots, learning by telegraph what had happened, gave him away, and when he arose to deliver the cherished oration, he was met by hilarious cries of "Spoke! Spoke!"

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"An Awkward Fix."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



"WHEREVER CAN CHARLOTTE BE?"

"CONFOUND it! Wherever can Charlotte be?"

It is M. Chapoulot who speaks, and, as the words show, M. Chapoulot is out of humour. Ordinarily M. Chapoulot is as good-tempered and easy-going as one would expect in a man of sixty, who, having been, like John Gilpin in his day, a linen-draper bold, has in good time retired to enjoy a modest competency in repose. Your wealthy London tradesman, now, who has grown rich beneath the shadow of St. Paul's, if he retires at all before death or disease puts him suddenly *hors de combat*, flies off to spend his fortune at Brighton, or Bath, or Cheltenham — anywhere rather than in the great Metropolis where he has made it. But M. Chapoulot, like the true Parisian he is, will never desert his Ville Lumière, and has retired no farther than from the bustle of the boulevards to the more peaceful Rue de la Trocadéro.

There he now lives with his only daughter Charlotte and an old faithful servant of the family, and it is the former whom he is at this moment impatiently awaiting.

It is dinner-time with the Chapoulots, who dine at six. One might see it by the snowy table-cloth, the neatly rolled serviettes with their little ivory rings, the plates, the glasses, and there, lifting its head in sovereignty over all, the tall wine-bottle with its *petit blanc vin*, which is to the Parisian what tea and coffee, and beer, and all the beverages of the day are to the average Englishman.

M. Chapoulot always begins his dinner with punctuality, but he has never begun it without Charlotte. And Charlotte comes not. Five minutes past six, and M. Chapoulot's impatience becomes annoyance; ten minutes, and it is even anger; a quarter past, and he

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is furious. Hunger, they say, will tame a lion, but it will none the less ruffle the equanimity of a saint. Wherever can Charlotte be? She has gone this afternoon to take her music-lesson in the Boulevard Barbesse. She goes three times a week, and always returns in ample time for dinner. Twenty past, anger begins to give way to nervousness; five-and-twenty, it is alarm; half-past six and no Charlotte, M. Chapoulot is trembling with anxiety. Hurriedly he summons the old servant, asks for his hat and boots; he will go out himself and see whatever may have happened.

But suddenly there was a merry little rap at the door, and Charlotte enters. No evil can have come, for there she stands in the doorway, smiling, radiant, in all the ease and grace of *la petite Parisienne.*

"Oh! papa—I——"

But M. Chapoulot's fear gone, his impatience again usurps supremacy, and reassured about the safety of his daughter, he begins to feel anxious for the flavour of his dinner.

"Come to table first. You can tell me while eating. I shall understand better then."

"Oh! but, papa! you don't know. I have had an adventure!"

"An adventure!" exclaims M. Chapoulot, starting from his seat, and dropping his spoon into the soup upon which he has already commenced.



"'AN ADVENTURE!' EXCLAIMS M. CHAPOULOT."

"Yes, papa! an adventure in the omnibus with a young man."

"The omnibus—with a young man! *Parbleu!*"

"But with a young man *comme il faut*, papa, I can assure you."

"You ought to know, Charlotte, that a young man *comme il faut* has no adventures, above all in an omnibus. Whatever do you mean?"

"It is very simple, papa. You need not make such a cruel face. I had forgotten my purse. That is a thing which happens often enough——"

"Yes, yes; especially to those who haven't got one. Go on."

"I never discovered it until the conductor held out his hand to take my fare. What could I do? What could I say? I should be taken for a pauper—for an adventuress, perhaps. I was crimson, I was pale, I felt that I should faint; when, happily, a young man who sat next to me gave the conductor a piece of silver, saying, 'Take for two.' This gentleman, seeing my embarrassment, had kindly paid for me."

"Well, miss, you have done a nice thing. Accept six sous from a stranger! You had better have explained to the conductor, to the driver, to all the company. But people should not forget their purses—I never do. And now, how will you return his money? You will never think of keeping it?"

"I have his card, papa: M. Agénor Baluchet, clerk at the Ministry of——"

But papa, without hearing another word, has snatched the piece of pasteboard from her hand, exclaiming:—

"What? This *gentleman*, not content with insolently lending his six sous, has had the impudence to force his card upon you into the bargain! He is a very scoundrel, your young man *comme il faut.*"

"But, papa, I could not return his money if I did not know his address."

M. Chapoulot has not a word to answer to this ingenuous argument, but, with a gesture of the intensest irritation, throws down his serviette upon the table.

"It is written that I shall not dine this evening," he says to the old servant. "Find me a cab at once. I am going to restore to this Agénor his six sous immediately, and to tell him a few truths as well."

"But, papa, that will be ingratitude. You must remember that this young man has saved your daughter from *un faux pas.*"

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"*Un faux pas!* He has rather led you into one. But, silence, miss! I am not going to receive lessons, above all lessons in memory, from a silly girl who forgets her purse."

M. Chapoulot has taken his hat, and looks even more enraged than ever.

The old servant comes back. "A cabman is at the door, but he will only agree to a single journey."

"Oh! that will do. I can easily find another to return."

And M. Chapoulot goes out in furious haste, while Charlotte timidly confides to the sympathizing servant that she knows even more of the young man than she has dared to say. For a month past he has regularly travelled in the same omnibus, and she has noticed that he has noticed, etc., etc.

Agénor, in his bachelor apartment, sits thinking over his experience of the evening, and vowing he will not wash until the morning the hand that had been touched by the dainty fingers of Charlotte when she received the card.

Suddenly a sharp rap at the door, a violent opening, and a stout gentleman, out of breath, his hat upon his ears and cane in hand, breaks in upon his dreaming.

"Monsieur!" exclaims the invader, "your conduct is scandalous. You are not worthy the name of a French gentleman. An honest man would never take advantage of the embarrassment and inexperience of a young lady. To profit by the absence of a father and a purse, to offer your money—and your card into the bargain—to an unprotected girl, it may be a good investment, but it is a bad action. I have brought you your six sous again, and would have you to know, sir, that, as for my daughter and myself, we wish to have nothing to do with you."



"MONSIEUR! YOUR CONDUCT IS SCANDALOUS."

And the stout gentleman, trembling with his vehemence, puts his hand into his pocket to get the money, when, before Agénor has time even to recover from his bewilderment, a new actor enters upon the scene. It is the cabman, all furious, with an oath upon his lips, and brandishing his whip in a threatening manner.

"Eh! you! What do you mean? You engage me for a single journey. I tell you I cannot stay. You even order me to hurry. And then you jump from my cab like a madman, and rush in here without a word. None of that for me. I have only one thing to ask. Pay me my money quickly, or ——" And the whip goes round again more emphatically than before.

Agénor understands nothing of it. But the stout gentleman, who has searched vigorously in all his pockets, becomes suddenly pale, then red, then redder still, then crimson, then violet. He is silent in stupefaction a minute, and then, in answer to a more vigorous demand from the cabman, he manages to falter:—

"I have—forgotten—my—purse!"

"Oh, yes! I know," cries the enraged *cocher*. "I have seen that dodge before. You needn't try it on with me. Come along! you shall tell your tale at the police-office." And he begins to drag away by the shoulders the unfortunate Chapoulot, who is ready to fall into an apoplectic fit.

But Agénor, a true providence for the family, draws from his pocket the necessary sum, and dismisses the driver.

"You will allow me, sir," he says to M. Chapoulot, who, all at once understanding that it is possible to forget one's purse, and that of all friends a friend in need is one indeed, can only reply with a smile:—

"Monsieur — M. Baluchet, I believe — thirty centimes for the omnibus and one

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franc seventy-five for the cab, that makes forty-one sous I owe you. If you will be good enough to dine with me this evening, we will settle our affairs at once. As an old business man, I like not outstanding debts. Besides, ready reckonings always make good friends."

A quarter of an hour later the servant puts a third plate upon the table in the Rue de la Trocadéro. A month later there is a still larger party, when the wedding of Charlotte and Agénor is celebrated. And M. Chapoulot will often say to those who care to hear him :—

"Beware of borrowing, oh! fathers of families. *C'est un faux pas.* I made once a debt of forty-one sous, and could only repay it with a dowry of twenty thousand francs."



"YOU SHALL TELL YOUR TALE AT THE POLICE-OFFICE."

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From London to Chicago.

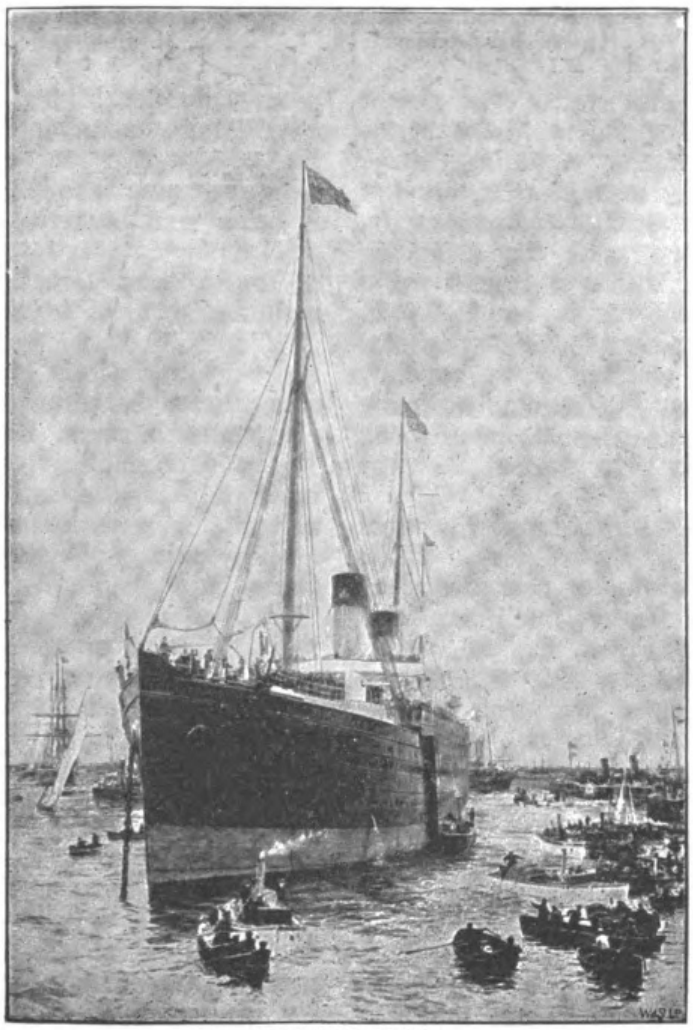
By James Mortimer.

FROM the greatest capital of the Old World to the young giant city of the Western Hemisphere is now, comparatively speaking, only a step. The tourist may leave London, for example, on Wednesday or Saturday morning, and, with average fair weather, will cross the Atlantic in six or seven days from Liverpool. Arriving at New York in the morning, he will have ample time to take his place in a car the same day at noon, and, without any change of train, travel a thousand miles westward during the next twenty-four hours, finding himself the next day in Chicago, scarcely more than a week after his departure from London.

As a matter of fact, in this age of rapid locomotion on land, sea, and river, the voyage from England to America is an undertaking of scarcely more importance than a trip to Vienna, Rome, or St. Petersburg. It is certain that the last two or three decades have witnessed an astounding development of the means provided for transporting the travelling public with ease and comfort across the broad waters which roll between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres.

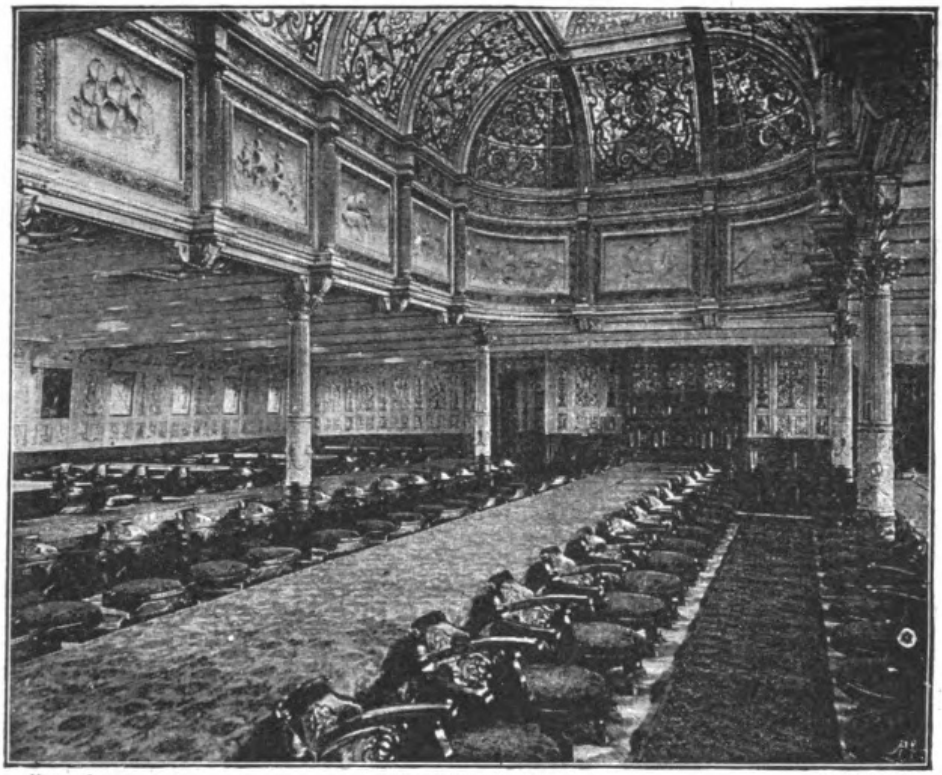
My last previous journey from Liverpool to New York was made in 1865, twenty-eight years ago; and the difference between one of the crack Atlantic steamers of that period and the splendidly-appointed modern steamship which recently carried me across the Atlantic seemed to me almost incredible. I do not propose here to institute a comparison which would offer to the reader only a retrospective interest. Suffice it to say that the advantages of the change which has taken place in ocean steam navigation during the past thirty years rest entirely with the improved methods employed at the present day for increasing the rapidity, the security, and the luxury of modern travel.

Through the courtesy of the "White Star" authorities at Liverpool, my companion and myself were permitted to go on board the *Majestic* some hours before the time appointed to receive the saloon passengers, and were thus enabled to witness the embarkation of nearly a thousand emigrants, on their way to America. Of these a large majority were Scandinavians, mostly Swedes, the remainder being of different European nationalities, including a relatively small proportion of English. We stood at the surgeon's elbow as these sturdy passengers filed past and were subjected to the usual rapid exa-



THE "MAJESTIC."
From a Painting by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

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From a] THE GRAND SALOON. *[Photograph.*

mination, the vigilant eye of the doctor immediately detecting any apparent symptoms of unhealthiness requiring closer scrutiny, which in the instance of a very few amongst the number seemed to be necessary. These were detained until the remaining emigrants, together with the second cabin passengers and the ship's crew, had filed past, after which the suspicious-looking symptoms of two or three children were carefully examined and found to require no more serious remedy than soap and water, which the anxious parents were ordered to apply without delay.

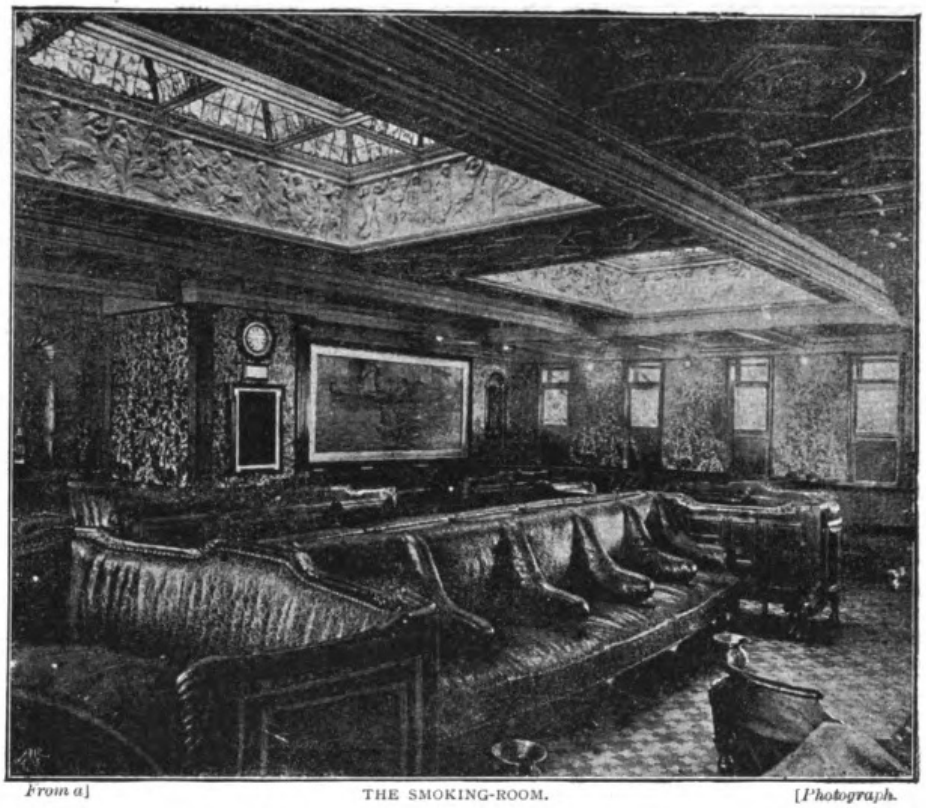
All the passengers, luggage, and Liverpool mails were on board by two o'clock. There was the customary waving of hats and handkerchiefs, from the tenders and other small craft in the broad river, as the stately *Majestic* glided slowly, and without the slightest vibration from her great engines, past the long vista of Liverpool docks and warehouses, on her voyage towards the shores of the Western World. The total number of souls on board, passengers and crew, was 1,415. When we were fairly under way, the first cabin passengers were summoned by sound of trumpet to luncheon in the saloon, which is in reality a spacious banquet-room over 60ft. long and nearly as wide. On all sides of this magnificent hall, and adorning the immense canopy which covers it, is a sea of ivory and gold, crowned with a dome of elegant ornamental panels. The remaining ornamentation is a profusion of tritons, nymphs, and, as Sam Weller would put it, "fabberlous animals of that sort," whilst the light of numberless electric lamps flashes across the ceiling at nightfall. The fore and aft ends of the saloon are decorated with fine specimens of carved oak, and the couches and seats are luxuriously upholstered.

Adjoining the main entrance of the saloon, on the promenade deck, is a large and comfortable library, containing an excellent collection of standard and contemporary books. This apartment is panelled in light oak, and is bright and attractive, being lined at the sides by windows covered with glass shutters of Italian design, admitting a subdued and mellow light, further augmented by the stained-glass dome. Large panels artistically ornamented with different tapestries, relieved by soft colours that attract the eye, add to the elegance of the room. Further aft, on the deck below, is the smoking-room, one of the most comfortable apartments of the ship, and the favourite lounge of the male passengers, a large proportion of whom whiled away many hours daily within its pleasant precincts. Here was nightly held the auction sale of the pool, based on the figures of the ship's run each twenty-four hours—a mild species of speculation which appeared to meet with general leniency, even amongst those who took no part in it.

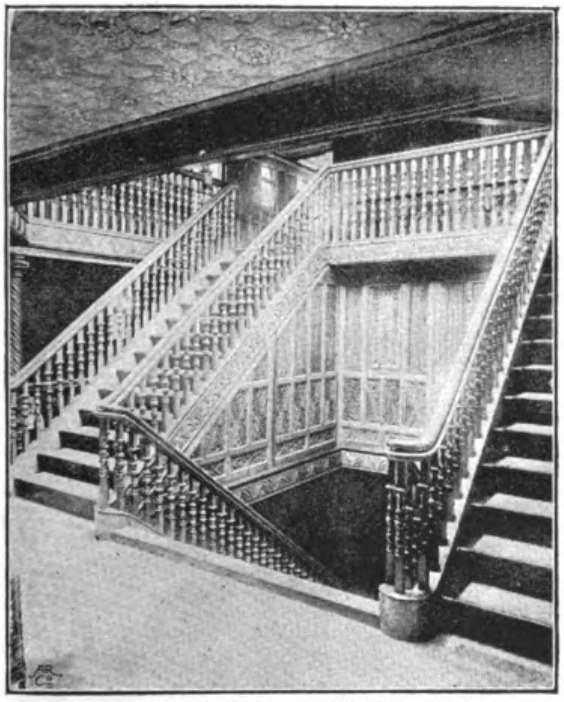
Our first day's log from Queenstown, whose harbour we left about two o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, announced 480 miles, and these figures, posted at noon on the following day, were the foundation of a very lively competition for the possession of the numbers immediately approaching or exceeding 500, which it was expected would be the sea-mileage of the *Majestic* during the next

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twenty-four hours, should she be favoured with tolerably fair weather. The sequel proved the prognostications of those who pinned their faith to daily runs of about 500 miles to be correct, the distances accomplished during the next four days being successively: 508 knots* on Saturday, 502 knots on Sunday, 509 knots on Monday, 501 knots on Tuesday, and the remaining distance of 336 knots to Sandy Hook was accomplished before daylight on Wednesday morning — a fine passage for the time of year, though it must be admitted that few voyages across the Atlantic in the early spring have been favoured with such magnificent weather as we enjoyed from first to last of our six days' trip from land to land. The *Majestic* has previously made a voyage westward, in July, 1891, in five days and eighteen hours, whilst her sister ship of the "White Star Line," the *Teutonic*, in August of the same year, made the run in five days and sixteen hours.



From a] THE SMOKING-ROOM. *[Photograph.*



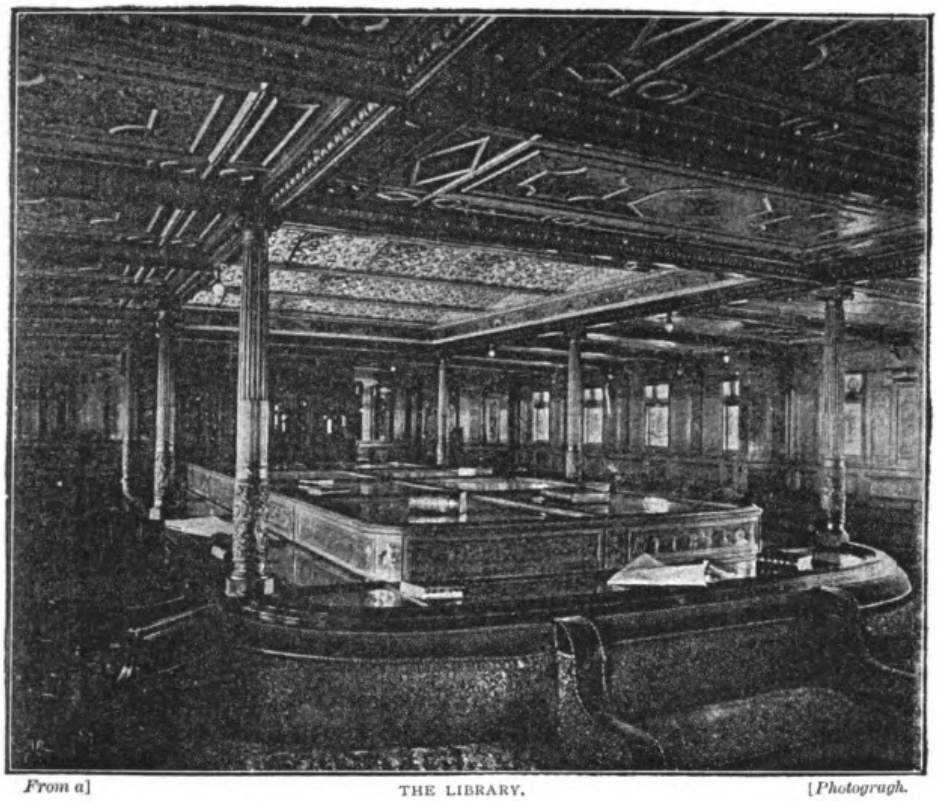
THE GRAND STAIRCASE.
From a Photograph.

Any description of the *Majestic*, however cursory, would be incomplete without some details concerning the really exceptional accommodation provided for all the passengers, including even those in the steerage, where a large number of the poorer class of travellers are, in every way, better treated than is usually the lot of the poor European emigrant. In common with all other parts of this fine ship, the steerage is lighted throughout by electricity, and there is plenty of space on the *Majestic*, without overcrowding or incommoding, for about a thousand passengers of this class. The married people have their own separate quarters, with separate entrances and dormitories, baths for the women and children, and a smoking-room for the men, together with a large pantry provided with a constant supply of hot and cold water and other comforts.

For daily exercise and recreation the entire upper deck is reserved for the exclusive use of the steerage passengers; and along each side, under the bulwarks, runs a sheltered bench, where they can sit in comfort. In other

* Equal to 585 statute miles.

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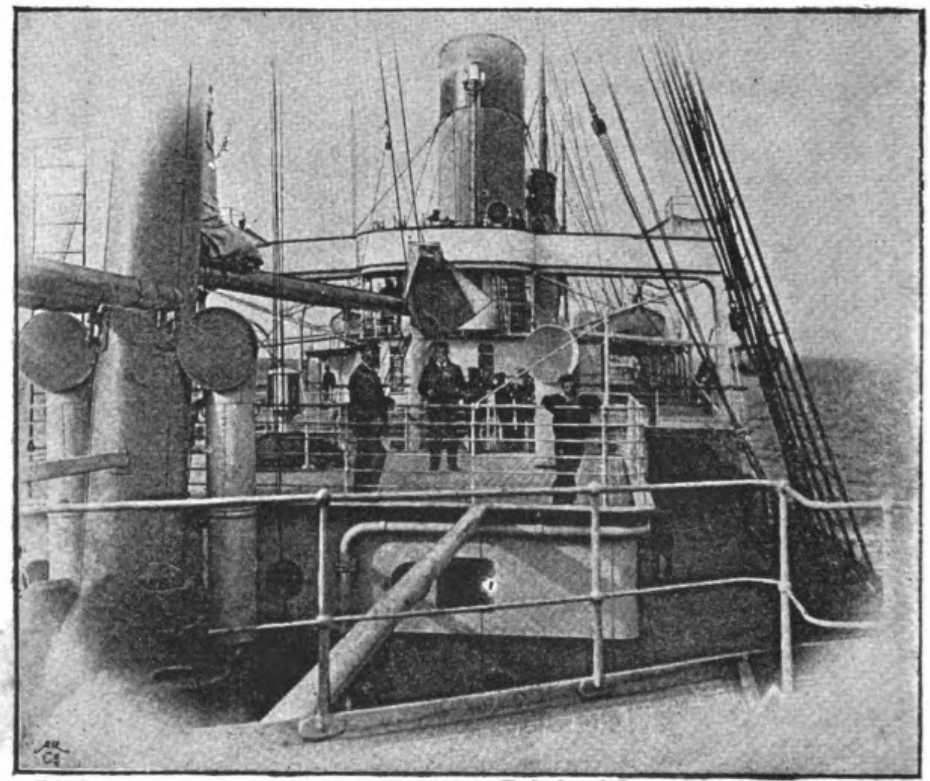


From a] THE LIBRARY. *[Photograph.*

terms, they have provided for them over a sixth of a mile of covered and sheltered deck space. Single passengers, male and female, are isolated in quarters at either end of the ship. An ample provision of electric lamps (by which, indeed, the whole ship is lighted), perfect ventilation, and an elaborate system of lavatories, complete the list of substantial comforts enjoyed by the humblest of the *Majestic's* passengers.

The second-class department of the ship is capable of accommodating one hundred and seventy passengers. The second cabin dining saloon is on the upper deck, and there is also a smoking and reading room on the deck. The sleeping arrangements for these passengers are in every way superior to the first-class accommodation of the steamships which carried the Atlantic traffic of a quarter of a century ago. The second-class passengers of the *Majestic* have an ample promenade deck devoted exclusively to their use, and are also provided with bath-rooms and other comforts, which in former years would have been considered unheard-of luxuries.

As regards the first-class passengers, all are, of course, furnished with quarters infinitely better than has ever previously been known in the history of Atlantic navigation; whilst the lucky few whose means permit them to indulge in the extra grandeur of special state-



From a] PROMENADE DECK AND BRIDGE. *[Photograph.*

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rooms find themselves as pleasantly and as sumptuously housed as they would be in the best hotels of either continent.

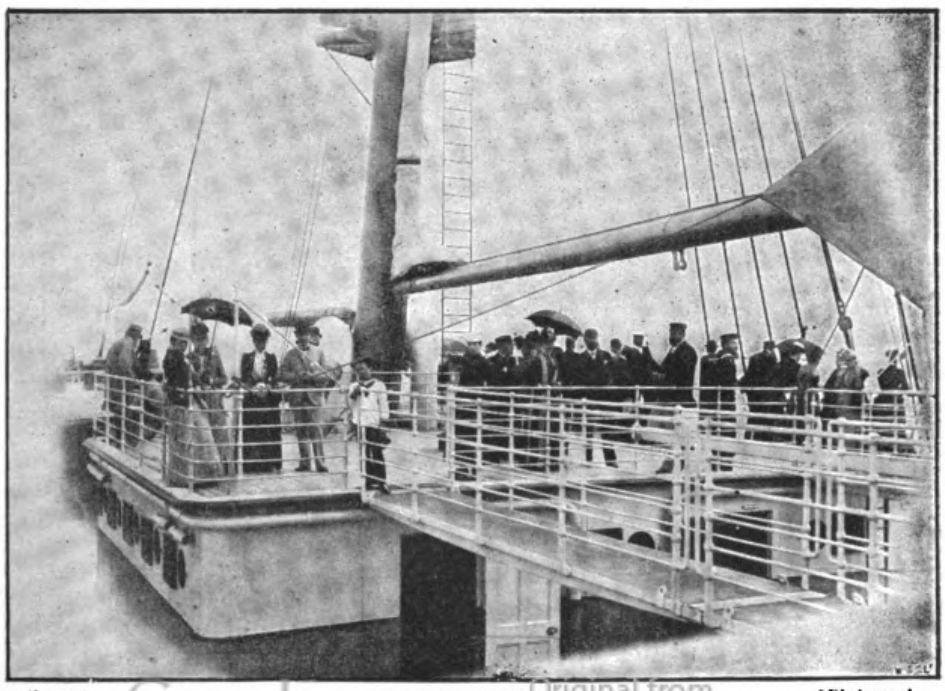
The *Majestic* and the *Teutonic* belong to the Naval Reserve of Great Britain, and in the event of war both these magnificent vessels would undoubtedly render inestimable services to the Government. The circumstances under which these twin steamships became included in the British Navy are simple enough.

Mr. Ismay, founder and chairman of the White Star Line, having been long convinced of the necessity of applying Napoleon's theory of army supplies to our diffusive commerce, eventually submitted his views to the Government, offering to realize the practical demonstration of the idea with two ocean steamers to be constructed nearly on the same lines as the *Teutonic* and *Majestic*. Though the offer was at first declined, the Admiralty was induced some years later to reconsider it, and ultimately Mr. Ismay's proposition was accepted. The *Teutonic* was then constructed without delay, and the *Majestic*, her sister ship, similar in every respect, was built a few months later.

The value of these vessels as troopships will be readily understood from the following facts. The *Teutonic* or the *Majestic* could provide accommodation for one thousand cavalry or two thousand infantry, and could, if required, reach Canada in five days, or Cape Town in twelve and a half days. Through the Suez Canal, they could land troops at Bombay in fourteen days, at Calcutta in seventeen and a half days, at Hong Kong in twenty-one and a half days, and at Sydney in twenty-two days.

The coal supply of either ship is sufficient for seventeen days' steaming at full speed, or for three months' cruising at half speed. The immense amount of attention which the *Teutonic* received from all classes of experts during the Naval Inspection in 1889 sufficiently establishes her great importance. The German Emperor, well informed as to what deserved examination, devoted himself principally to the *Teutonic*, of all the powerful war vessels then assembled in the Solent. She was at that time commanded by Captain Henry Parsell, himself an officer of the Royal Navy on the reserve list, and now in command of the *Majestic*, the flag-ship of the White Star Line. Captain Parsell is as good a specimen of the British sailor as one would wish to meet. That his ship is managed with an eye to the strict performance of his duty to his owners, and at the same time with every regard to the comfort and enjoyment of all who intrust themselves to his care, many hundreds who have had the good fortune to cross the Atlantic under his vigilant charge and agreeable companionship will eagerly testify.

In fact, Captain Parsell is one of the most popular sea officers afloat, and whether on the bridge of his ship, or amongst the passengers in the saloon, he is distinctly the right man in the right place. I should not, however, advise anyone taking passage in the *Majestic* to ask Captain Parsell superfluous questions, a sample list of which was thoughtfully supplied to me, probably with the benevolent view of maintaining cordial relations between the worthy captain and myself during the voyage. I quote a few of these doubtful queries, with a view to placing such of my readers as intend to cross



From a] DECK VIEW—FORWARD. *[Photograph.*

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the Atlantic on their guard against what may be technically described as "putting their foot in it":—

"Do you remember my aunt, who crossed with you in 1889?"

"What time do you get up in the morning?"

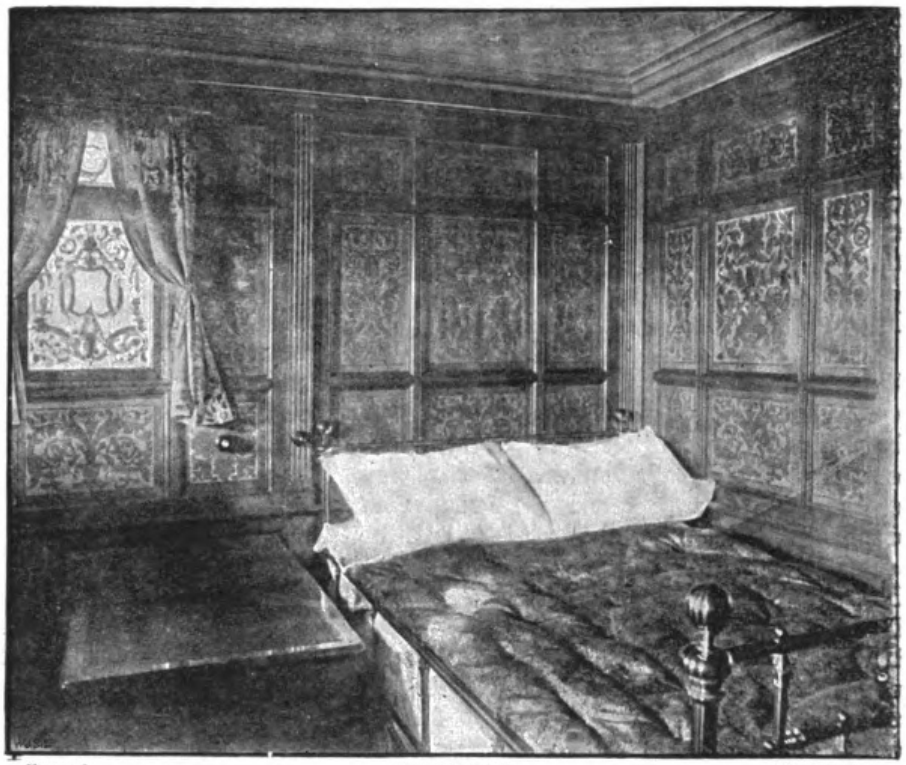
"How much does your uniform cost?"

"What kind of oil do you pour on the waves in storm — cod-liver, olive, or linseed?"

"Have you ever been to Chicago?"

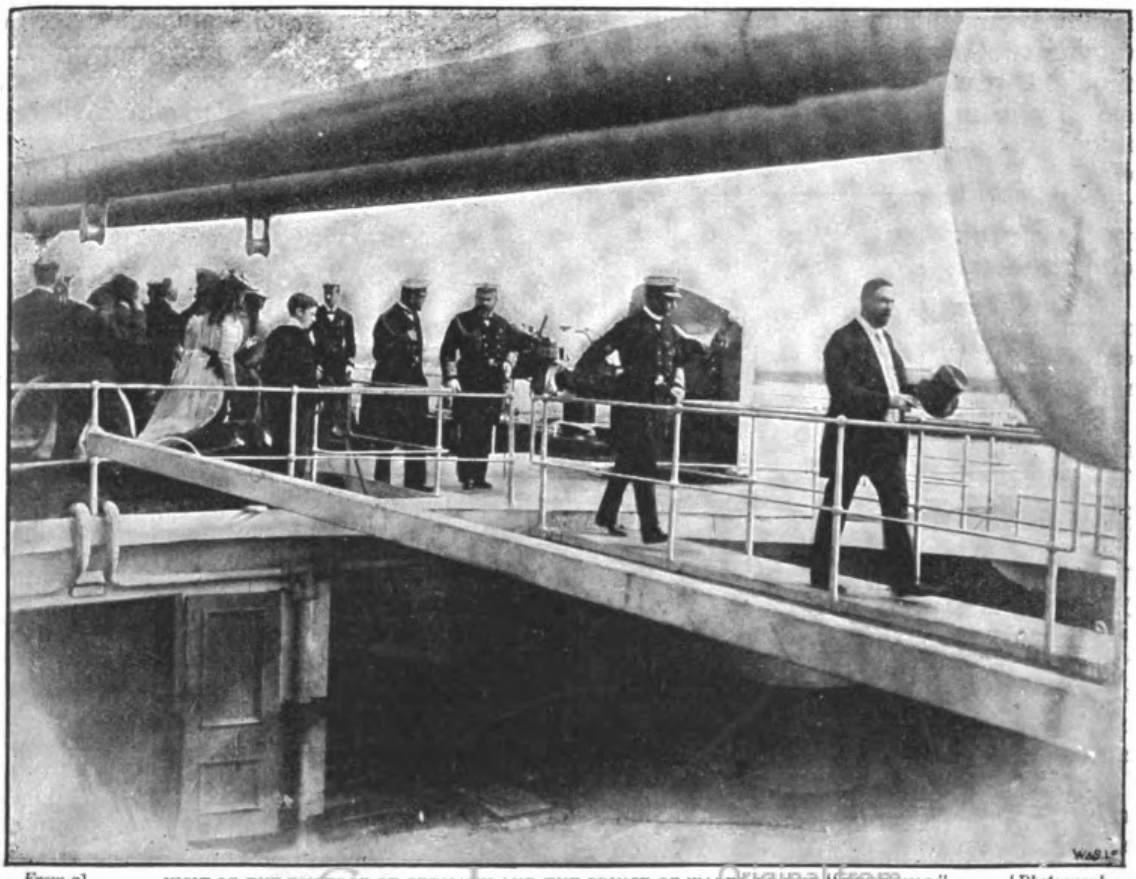
"What line of business were you in before you became a captain?"

"Are you acquainted with John Smith, of London?"



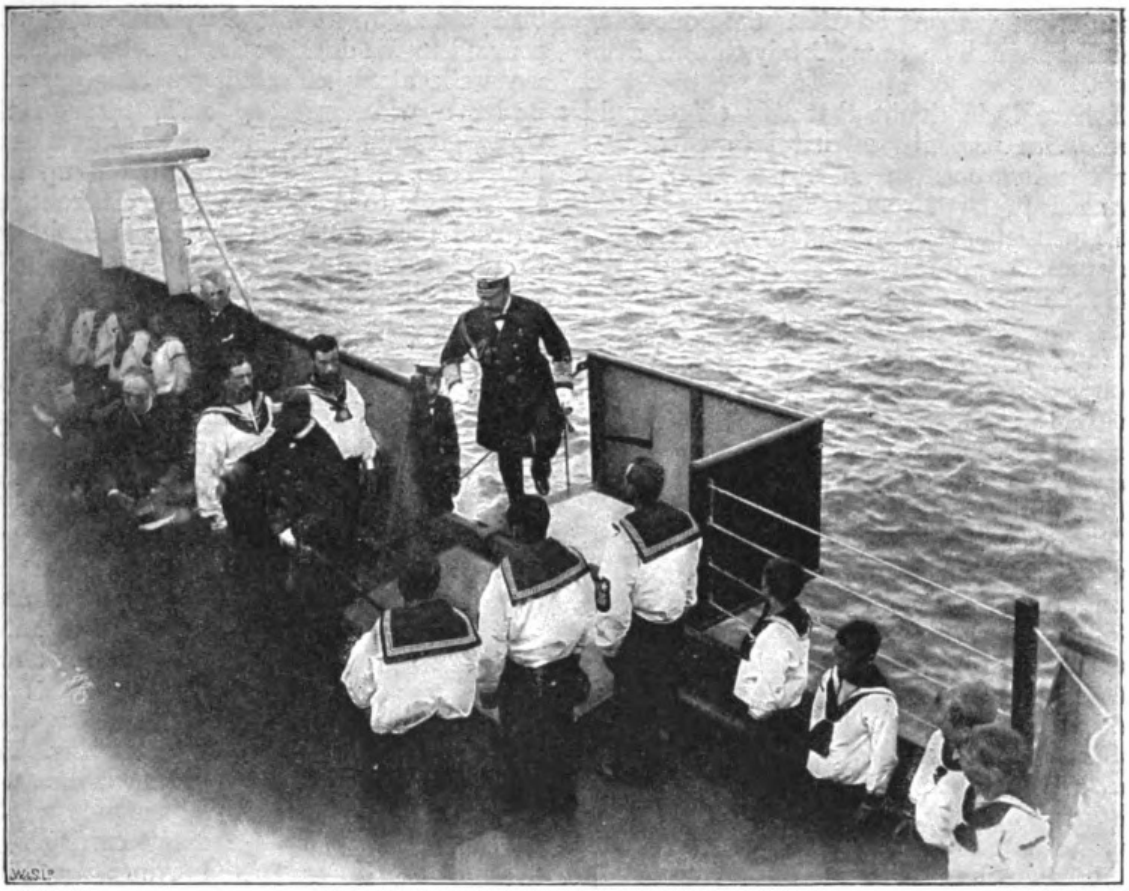
From a] STATE-ROOM *[Photograph.*

"Do you know a good shirtmaker in Piccadilly?"



From a] VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE "TEUTONIC." *[Photograph.*

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From a] THE PRINCE OF WALES BOARDING THE "TEUTONIC." *[Photograph.*

"Were you ever drowned?"

"When you go to sea, don't your friends at home miss you dreadfully?"

And a few others, which I leave to the imagination of inquisitive people.

Our voyage from first to last was so delightful that, if I interpret the feelings of others by my own, every passenger on board was sorry when it came to an end. The only approach to a *contretemps* during the entire trip occurred one evening in mid-Atlantic, in the heat of the auction sale in the smoking-room to which I have previously alluded. The proceedings on this occasion were partially interrupted by a somewhat hilarious young gentleman, who donned a false nose and proceeded to treat the company to a song, not having been invited to contribute to the general entertainment by any vocal effort whatever.

After several amicable attempts had been fruitlessly made to calm the musical ardour of this callow youth, he was, as a last resort, incontinently ejected from the room, accompanied by a chorus of threats of future punishment, deferred only for a brief period, until the serious labours of the pool committee should be completed. In fact, later in the evening a sort of drumhead court-martial was held on deck, the speedy result of which was a verdict of guilty and a sentence by which the members of the court



MR. ISMAY.
From a Photograph.

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unanimously adjudged that the offending vocalist should be immediately thrown overboard.

I have little doubt that this edict would have been promptly carried into effect but for the interposition of a passenger, who chanced to be a room-mate of the culprit. This gentleman, presuming to dissent from an eminently proper verdict, remarked that, although he had no personal acquaintance with the convicted person, yet, as he occupied a berth in the same room with himself, he felt bound on general principles to "stand by him."

The court, on hearing this audacious plea, was on the point of ordering a double execution, when it was discovered that the new offender was a Kentucky cowboy, very highly respected in virtue of the fact that he was reputed to carry about his person a ·42 calibre revolver.

Under these special circumstances, the court graciously reconsidered its decision, and magnanimously proclaimed a general amnesty.

We reached New York without further incident of importance, and having spent a few pleasant weeks in the Empire City of America, our journey was resumed towards the great West.



CAPTAIN HENRY PARSELL, R.N.R.
From a Photo. by Medrington, Liverpool.

At the foot of Desbrosses Street, on the Hudson River, we went on board one of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's ferry-boats, plying between the Jersey City station of that line and the terminus at either Desbrosses or Courtlandt Street, the latter about a mile lower down the river, near Bowling Green and the Battery. These boats are large and commodious, with handsomely-furnished upper saloons and broad decks, from which an excellent view of the busiest part of the Hudson River can be enjoyed. The wide bow of the ferry-boat is quickly secured to the dock on the opposite side, and we walk along elevated passage-ways and under a wide-spreading arch, through the white glass of which the light gleams upon long lines of passenger-cars, made up into trains ready to start for widely different sections of the country. Our tickets entitle us to places in the "Pennsylvania, Limited," which is claimed to be the most perfect and luxurious railway train in the world.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock we are comfortably installed in our section of an admirably-appointed drawing-room and sleeping car, in which each division is represented by a space of about six feet by four, reserved for two passengers only. The car is much the same in appearance as the sleeping carriages of the American Pullman type now largely used on the principal English lines. But here the comparison with English railways ends. This "Pennsylvania, Limited," certainly possesses in its entirety no peer in the Old World, nor, so far as I am aware, is it equalled by any other special train in America.

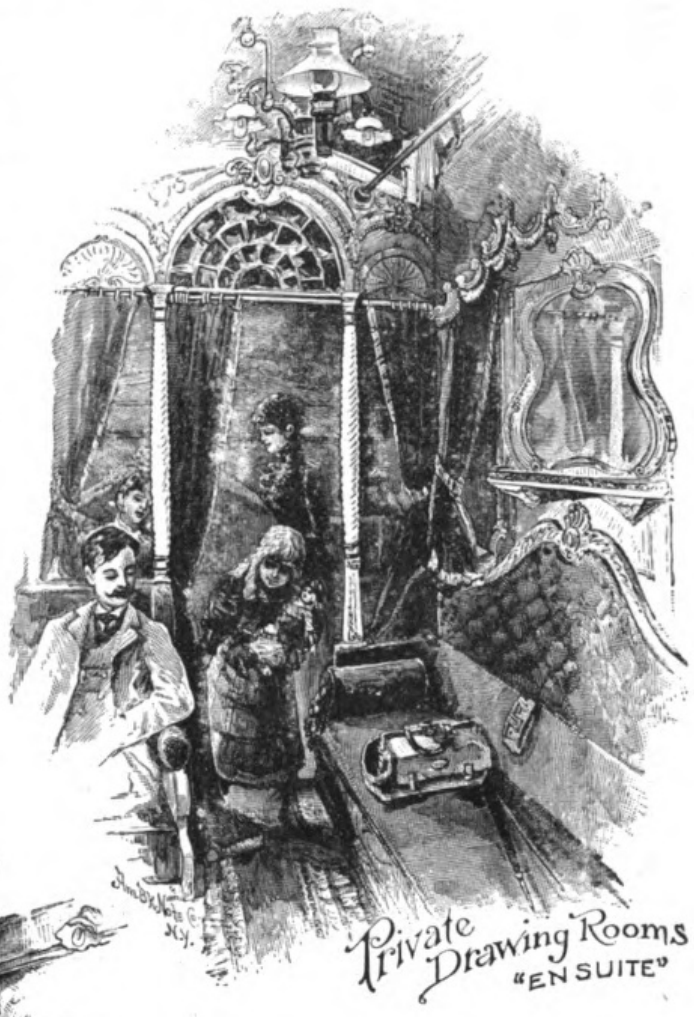
Through an inclosed vestibule between each of the cars as they are coupled together, the traveller may pass with ease and safety from one end of the train to the other. These vestibules are constructed of a strong steel framework, which serves as an additional safeguard against "telescoping," by which the greatest number of lives are lost in railway collisions. The car between the one we occupied and the dining-car, located further in the rear, is similar in appearance to our own, but in passing through it we observed one or two special features.

A coloured woman, in a neat blue serge

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frock, white apron, and snowy cap, is arranging a pillow for a lady, evidently an invalid, reclining upon a couch in a snug little separate drawing-room, the door of which is standing open at present, and reveals a cosy apartment, which, at the will of the occupant, may be entirely secluded from the remainder of the car. The coloured woman is the ladies'-maid of the train, and it is her business during the journey to make herself useful to the ladies and the children.

All the sleeping-cars are supplied with two state-rooms, such as I have above described, and the exclusive use of these may be obtained, for the entire journey of nearly one thousand miles, on the supplementary payment of a sovereign. In addition to the state-rooms, each car is divided into twelve sections, rendered entirely separate by means of draperies and curtains when the berths are made up at night. Separate toilet-rooms are also provided, and one car has a fully-equipped bath-room for the use of ladies only.





Next to the rear sleeping-car is the dining-car, which is exclusively devoted to the purposes indicated by its name. The meals served in this perambulating restaurant, and, indeed, the restaurant and all its appointments (due proportions being observed), will compare favourably with similar accommodations in the best hotels. There is a sparkle of glassware, and polished silver reflecting snowy linen, a glint of china, frail and transparent as an egg-shell, a breath of fresh flowers, and an agreeable clicking of knives and forks.

White-coated and white-aproned coloured waiters move quickly to and fro with deftly-balanced trays of smoking viands, and when the conductor of the dining-car has provided us with a seat, one of these darky waiters places a napkin and a menu before us. We give our order from an ample bill of fare, and while

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From a] DINING CAR, "PENNSYLVANIA, LIMITED." *[Photograph.*

the meal is being freshly prepared in the kitchen, which occupies about one-third of the car, completely separated from the dining saloon, we may take off the edge of our appetite with an abundance of the fruits that happen to be in season, glancing now and then out of the broad windows at the country through which we are travelling smoothly at the rate of about fifty miles an hour. The meals on this train, it may be useful to mention, are supplied at the rate of one dollar, or about four shillings for each person.

At the extreme rear of the train is placed what is called the "observation car," one of the latest and most attractive additions to this special service. This car is in reality a handsome sitting-room, with glass sides, and furnished with an abundance of wicker chairs and sofas. The rear platform is open at the end, and is large enough to seat fifteen persons, protected by the sides of the car and a strong steel railing. In fine weather a seat in this open observatory, in full view of the rapidly-passing landscape, is a thing to be enjoyed, and is particularly appreciated by ladies and children.

At the other end of the same car is fixed the desk of a stenographer and typewriter, employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. His services to passengers are rendered free of expense, and letters or telegrams may be dictated to him, which he transcribes and dispatches at the next stopping-place.

Forward of the sleepers is a smoking-car and library, containing lounges, couches, writing-desks, book-cases filled with standard and current literature, and tables supplied with the daily newspapers and the periodicals of the times. In a corner of this snug retreat, which to the male passengers serves temporarily all the purposes of a club, is a refreshment buffet, with which one may instantly communicate by means of an electric button always at hand. Beyond this is a barber's shop, through which is obtained entrance to the gentlemen's bath-room, and farther forward still is the passengers' luggage, carried from New York to Chicago without change, and delivered at the hotels immediately after the arrival of the train.

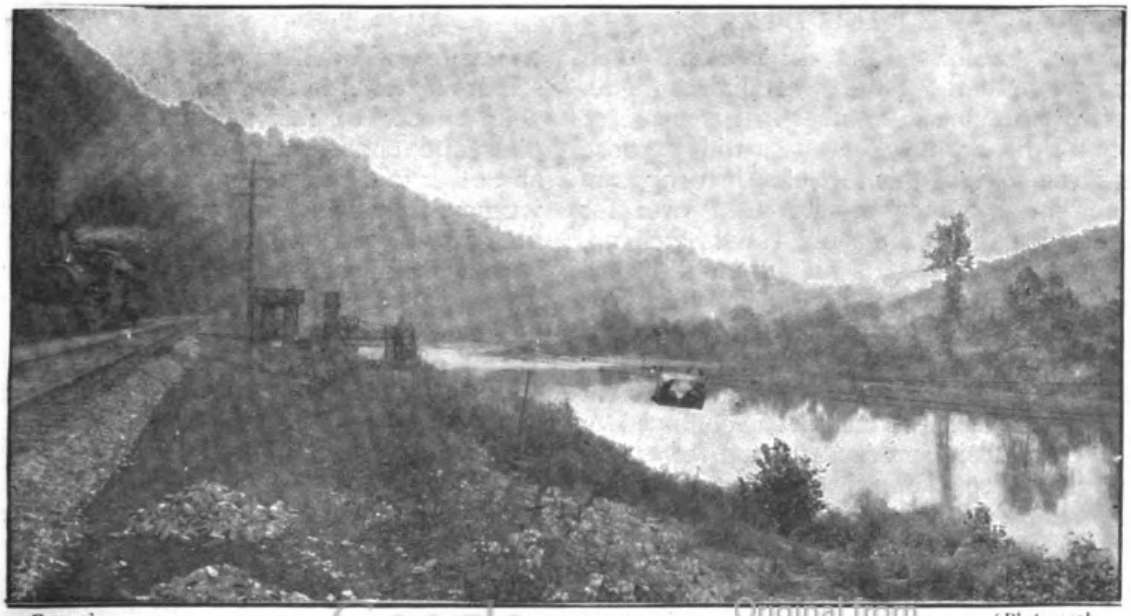
Whilst I have been writing this description

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we have passed rapidly through the State of New Jersey. We pause but a short time in the great station at Broad Street, Philadelphia, but such as are interested find there the latest stock and produce quotations, posted for consultation in the smoking-room. The train glides out once more into the open country, and still speeding along through Delaware, Chester, and Lancaster counties, and passing Harrisburgh, the capital of the State, we approach the first of the great Alleghany range of mountains, and, bending to the west, the train thunders across the Susquehanna River on a bridge 3,670 feet in length. To the right rise gigantic ridges, sundered by the waters in their passage, but leaving numerous rocks in the channel to break the river into rapids and fret it into foam ; while to the left the stream sweeps away, with its wooded islands, towards Harrisburgh, whose steeples can still be seen in the distance.

A halt is made at the Altoona station, where are located the great workshops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and then, once more on the way, the train begins the ascent of the heaviest grade on the line. The valley beneath sinks lower and lower until it becomes a vast gorge, the bottom of which is hidden by an impenetrable gloom: and now commences the circuit of the famous horse-shoe curve, one of the most stupendous triumphs of engineering ever accomplished. As the enormous bend, sweeping first north, then curving westward,



From a] CABLE FERRY NEAR LACOLLE. *[Photograph.*

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and still again curving away to the south, presents itself to view, it is difficult to describe the grandeur of the scene.

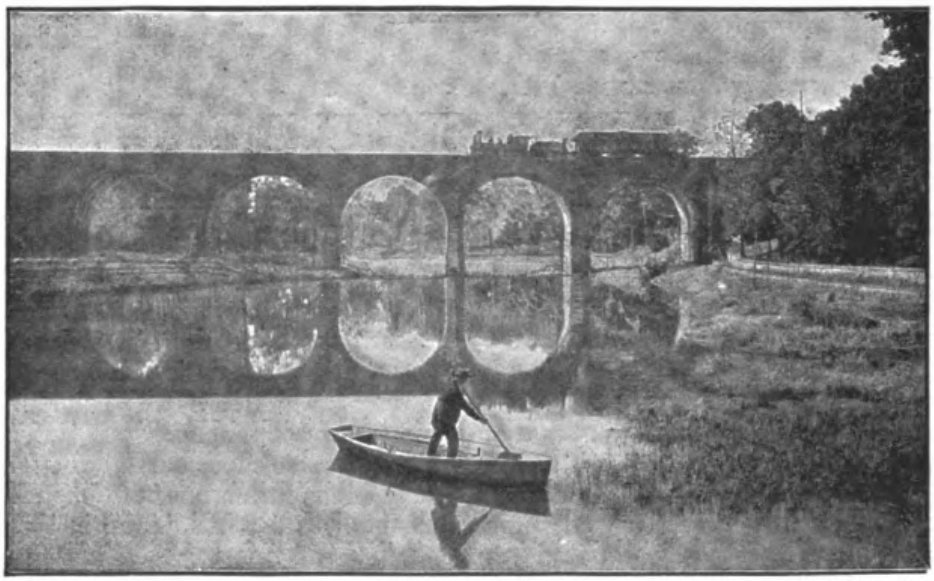
At Pittsburgh, the time carried by the train is suddenly altered and retarded one hour, in conformity with Western time.

After leaving Pittsburgh I am unable to give any further sketch of the journey from actual observation, as it is now late at night, and the compartment allotted to me in the sleeping-car has been transformed into a comfortable berth hung with tapestry curtains. The electric lights, which illumine the entire train, have been lowered, and in a short time all is silent, save the smooth rumbling of the heavy train, as it flies rapidly over the steel rails.

Across the State of Ohio, pausing at Alliance, Crestline, and Lima, and then plunging into the State of Indiana, where, soon after daybreak, another halt is made at Fort Wayne, we now traverse a wide expanse of prairie, and, as this sort of scenery appears somewhat monotonous, we turn over for another nap, long after the sun is well up, when we are at length fully aroused by the voice of the dining-car waiter informing the passengers of the fact that breakfast will shortly be ready. The meal is served in a relay car, which we find has been taken on at Fort Wayne, and is as completely equipped for its purpose as its predecessor; in fact, these eating-cars are changed twice on the road from New York, in order that the provisions they carry may be fresh and of the best quality.

Almost before we have completed a plentiful morning meal, we notice, as we glance out of the window on the right, a streak of greenish blue, which tells us that we must now be approaching Chicago, as we have already reached the lower borders of the great lake Michigan, upon which that city stands. But long before we enter the great metropolis of the West, there are numerous indications of a busy and populous neighbourhood, denoting that we are already in the suburbs of some vast industrial and manufacturing centre.

Presently an official, carrying a bunch of leather straps in his hand, passes through the car to take charge of any luggage you wish to be delivered without any loss of time at your hotel. He is the agent of an omnibus line and local express company, which, for a trifling fee, will deliver your trunks and yourself at any hotel in Chicago. You hand over your checks to this person, gather up the odds and ends—small boxes, parcels, rugs, and other indispensable impedimenta of your journey, from which on no account do you intend to be separated—and by the time you have accomplished the gathering process the train comes to a standstill in the great depot at Chicago.



From a] CONESLOGA BRIDGE. *[Photograph.*

It is, of course, impossible within the limits of a traveller's sketch-book to convey any adequate idea of the great American Exposition of 1893. This description I must perforce leave to other pens and to the many readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who will visit the Fair—a trip which, as I set out by declaring, can be easily accomplished in an eight days' pleasant journey from London.

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Among the Freaks.



II.—HOW THE FAT WOMAN ELOPED.

"YES, sir," continued the door-keeper; "Fat Women are more sentimental than any other women. The fatter they are the more they fall in love. Though, to tell the truth, the most sentimental Fat Woman I ever had wasn't by any means the fattest. She only weighed two hundred and eighty pounds when she came to me, and I lost her when she had just got up to three hundred and forty; and very sorry I was to lose her, for she had a great future before her if she had only been willing to stick to business and had kept up her pride in her profession.

"For the first six months I had her I thought she was a jewel. She never took the least bit of exercise, and she dieted as carefully as if she had been a dyspeptic with a stomach in ruins, who was trying to put himself to rights again by eating nothing but the most disagreeable kinds of food. By the way, did you ever notice that the only way to get even with a stomach that has once gone back on you is to starve it, or give it nothing that any rational stomach likes? The minute you begin to treat a stomach kindly, and let it have the sort of meat and drink it wants, that minute you are on the road to dyspepsia. A stomach is just like a small boy—you'll spoil it if you ever let it have its own way.

"I hadn't had this Fat Woman a week when I saw that she was as bad as all the rest of them, so far as falling in love goes. Our Giant was taken with the scarlet fever, which was a most ridiculous sort of disease for a man of six feet and a half high, and mighty sick he was. Of course, I couldn't send him to a hospital, where everybody could see him, without destroying his market value, so he had to be nursed in his room at the Museum. Nobody was willing to nurse him till the Fat Woman came forward and said that she would nurse the poor man if everybody else was afraid. Naturally, everybody applauded her bravery, as everybody always does when a person undertakes to do something that other people are afraid to do, and are glad to get rid of doing. I didn't altogether like the idea of temporarily losing the services of the Fat Woman as well as the Giant, but I like to let my people have all the pleasure they can, so I told the Fat Woman to go ahead, and I would pay her half her salary while she was off duty.

"Of course, the Fat Woman fell in love with the Giant before she had been twenty-four hours in the sick room, but I will say that she made a first-class nurse. There was no walking around the room, and knocking over bottles, and putting the furniture in order, and sweeping the floor up, as is always going on when you have an ordinary-sized nurse. The Fat Woman spent the whole day and night sitting in her chair, except when the Giant wanted his medicine, or when he tried to get up, being delirious, and go on the platform in his nightshirt. Whenever this fit was on him, the Fat Woman would just lean her weight on him till he quieted down.

"Once she accidentally leaned a little too much on his chest, and the man was pretty

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nearly suffocated before she noticed that anything unusual was the matter, but generally speaking she did her duty in a way that laid over any regular hospital nurse that I ever saw.

"When the Giant got well the Fat Woman, who considered herself engaged to him, though he swore that he had never said a word of the kind, expected him to marry her, and when she found out that he hadn't the least idea of any such foolishness she was destroyed, as you might say. For about a week she lost her appetite and didn't eat enough to keep her alive, not to speak of making progress in her profession, and I had to speak pretty sharply to her about the dishonesty of growing thin when she had a contract with me that obliged her to increase her weight by all legitimate means. However, at the end of the week she braced up again and soon got over her passion.

"That's the way with Fat Women. They get over their disappointments, and are looking out for fresh ones quicker than any other woman outside of a Dime Museum. I'd like to find some intelligent man, say a parson or a doctor, who could tell me the reason of this. I can't see myself why there should be any difference between a fat woman and a thin woman in the matter of their affections; but there is a big difference. If you want just to carry on with a girl, take a middling fat one, and she'll get over it without giving you any trouble. But if you mean business, and want to marry a girl who'll stick to you, don't you take any girl weighing more than a hundred and twenty pounds.

"In course of time the Fat Woman forgot all about her affair with the Giant, and the two were excellent friends, both being good-tempered and good-hearted in their way. But pretty soon the Fat Woman fell in love again, and this time it was with an outsider. He was a sort of ticket speculator, and about as worthless a fellow as there was in all Cincinnati, which was where my show was located at the time, and anybody except a Fat Woman would have known that if he made love to a woman, it was because he thought there was money in it. He supposed that the Fat Woman was well-to-do in the world, as most of them are, seeing as they draw good salaries and have no expenses to speak of. Besides, he was sharp enough to see that she was putting on flesh day by day, and would naturally command more and more salary according as her weight increased. He used to come in to my place pretty nearly every day and have a little talk with the Fat Woman, and say how-de-do to the other 'freaks,' and maybe try to borrow fifty cents of me, for I had known him a good many years—which naturally made him feel that he had a right to borrow money of me.

"One day I noticed that the Fat Woman looked a good deal smaller round the waist than usual, and I charged her with lacing. At first she denied it, but I told her it was no use, and that she couldn't deceive me, and then she admitted that she was wearing a corset. 'What's got into you?' I asked her. 'Haven't you no sense, and no pride in your profession? Here you are actually trying to make yourself look smaller than you are, when you know perfectly well that you ought to be trying to do just the opposite. I tell you what it is, Melinda, you're got your eye on some young man, and want to make yourself look pretty.'

"'And what if I do?' said she. 'Do



"THE TWO WERE EXCELLENT FRIENDS."

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you think that a Fat Woman hasn't got any feelings? I'm a woman, if I do weigh three hundred pounds, and I've got a woman's feelings, though none of you men ever seem to think so.' I told her that there wasn't any question about her feelings, and that I had no concern with anything but her weight, and that if she began to lose flesh she couldn't expect me to stick to the contract. 'Just put all this foolishness out of your mind,' I said, 'and try to work yourself up to four hundred pounds. That's an ambition worthy of a sensible woman, while thishyer falling in love is only fit for women who haven't got brains or flesh to earn their own living.'

"But my advice was wasted, as advice always is, and in a few days the Fat Woman came to me and asked to be let off her contract, so that she could be married and go to keeping house for her husband. It made me mad to see her so willing to throw away her future, and so careless about my own interests, considering that I had treated her kindly and liberally, and I told her that I should hold her to her contract, which had two years more to run, and would sue her for damages if she left me, or if she neglected to keep herself up to her usual weight. This made her pretty angry, and she said that she should do as she pleased, and that I was a horrid brute. So I saw that I was going to have trouble with her.

"That night the Fat Woman had a long talk with her admirer after the performance was over, and for the next day or two was in such good spirits that I knew she must mean mischief. The fact was that the fellow had induced her to agree to elope with him, and she felt so sure that her professional career was coming to a happy end that she openly took to drinking vinegar and eating meat, and drew in her waist till she looked as if she was on the edge of apoplexy.

"The Fat Woman's room was just over mine, and naturally she couldn't move round much without waking me, though I am a pretty middling sound sleeper. Soon after she had taken to vinegar, I was waked up one night by hearing her walking about her room in her boots, and as my watch said it was two o'clock, I knew something was up. By-and-by she came downstairs as softly as she could, though the stairs did groan as stairs will when you put three hundred pounds of woman on them in the middle of the night. I got up and looked out of the window, and there was a carriage standing by the stage door. I saw the Fat Woman's little game at once. She was going to run away with the ticket speculator.

"My first thought was to dress and run out and stop her, but presently I remembered

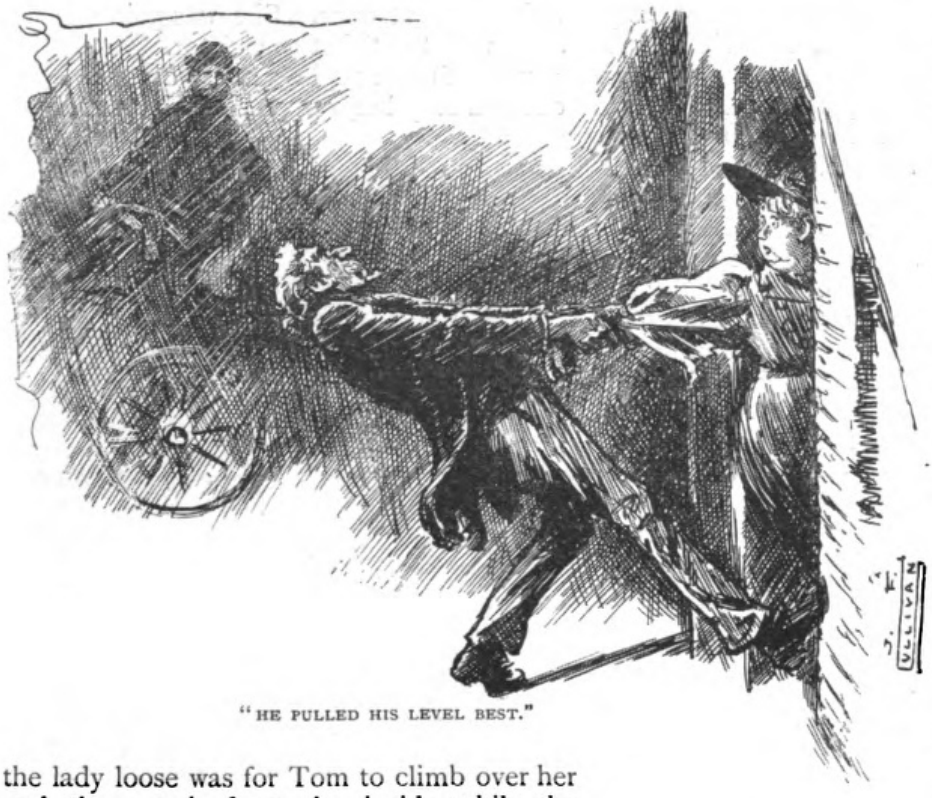


"I LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW."

how narrow the stage door was, and I made up my mind to wait and see the fun: my window being where it commanded a good view of the scene of action. Just as I anticipated, the Fat Woman halted when she came to the stage door, and presently I heard her call in a low voice: 'Tom, come and help me, I'm stuck in the door!' Tom climbed down out of the carriage, and getting a good hold of one of the Fat Woman's arms, braced himself against the jamb of the door and pulled his level best. But he couldn't start her, and though she stood it like a heroine, she had to tell him, after he had pulled a while, that she couldn't stand it any longer.

"Then Tom tried to push her back into the corridor, so that she could take a fresh start and maybe get herself through the door edgewise, but he couldn't budge her. So the two whispered together awhile, and then Tom called the driver of the carriage to come and help him. The driver was the most intelligent of the lot, and he said that the only way to get

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"HE PULLED HIS LEVEL BEST."

the lady loose was for Tom to climb over her and then push from the inside while the driver pulled from the outside. It didn't seem to be an easy job for Tom to climb over her, but he managed to do it, though she screamed a little when his boots sunk into her shoulders. Then I heard him say, 'Now, driver, while you pull I'll try running the length of the corridor and bumping her. The shock may loosen her if you pull just as I bump.' I don't know how the Fat Woman liked it, but she held her tongue, and after a while something gave way, and she suddenly shot out into the road, falling on the driver, and making him think his last end had come. When he got himself free, and he and Tom together had set the Fat Woman on her legs again, I heard him say: 'I'll have to be after charging you, sor, for a suit of clothes, being as my own is spoilt entirely, and my left arm is sprained.' But Tom told him to hurry up and help boost the Fat Woman into the carriage, and he'd see that everything was made right when the time came to pay.

"You may ask why I didn't interfere about this time and keep the woman from running away. Because I knew just what her weight was, and how much the bottom of an ordinary carriage will bear, and I wanted to see how the thing would end.

"Well, it ended just as I knew it would. It was the middle of summer, and daylight began about three o'clock, so Tom was in a hurry to get away before anybody would see him and recognise him or his companion. He and the driver gave the Fat Woman a most everlasting boost and shot her into the carriage, and Tom was going to get in after her when I heard something crack, and the Fat Woman gave a dismal yell. She had gone clean through the bottom of the carriage, and was standing with her feet on the road, with the broken pieces of the flooring holding her so tight that she couldn't stir. She gave up all pretence of keeping quiet, and called out at the top of her voice for the driver to hold the horses and keep the carriage from moving; and she begged Tom, if he had any love for her, to help her out of the carriage, and let her get into her own room once more.

"The fact is, the woman was in a very bad fix. The splinters must have hurt her like so many knives, and the more Tom tried to pull away the broken boards, the more they got their work on. Then all of a sudden the horses took it into their heads to start, and the woman yelled that they were killing her, and the driver must cut them loose instantly.

"By the time the horses were unhitched Tom had given up the attempt to get the woman loose as a bad job, and was standing in a helpless sort of way by the carriage door, telling her for Heaven's sake to hold her tongue before she waked up the whole neighbourhood.

"I judged it was about time for me to take a hand in the proceedings, so I called out of the window, 'Melinda! If you've had enough of thishyer foolishness, just say the word, and I'll come down with an axe and help you out of your fix.' She said all she wanted was to be let loose, and she would never try to leave me again, not for any man, let alone a cruel, heartless wretch that would

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"THE WOMAN YELLED THAT THEY WERE KILLING HER."

stand by and see a woman suffer, and never lift a finger to help her. So I dressed slow and easy, so as to let the splinters sink into her mind as you might say, and keep her from forgetting all she owed me, and then I got my axe and came down and broke her out without much trouble. Tom had nothing to say for himself. I will give him the credit of admitting that he stood around while I was working with the axe, till he saw that the woman was loose, and then he bolted, thinking, perhaps, that I might be disposed to use the axe on him, which would have been a waste of labour that I shouldn't have thought of undertaking. The driver tackled up his horses in no time and started after Tom as hard as he could drive, knowing that his chance of collecting payment would be middling small if he let Tom fairly out of his sight.

"The Fat Woman was a good deal tore up with the splinters, and more or less exhausted by the mental strain she had gone through while the two men were trying to haul her through the stage door. She hadn't much strength left for conversation, and she went very quietly with me round to the front of the house and through the big door up to her room. When she was going into her room she turned and said:—

"'Colonel, I'll never do it again, and I'll do my best to fatten up after this.'

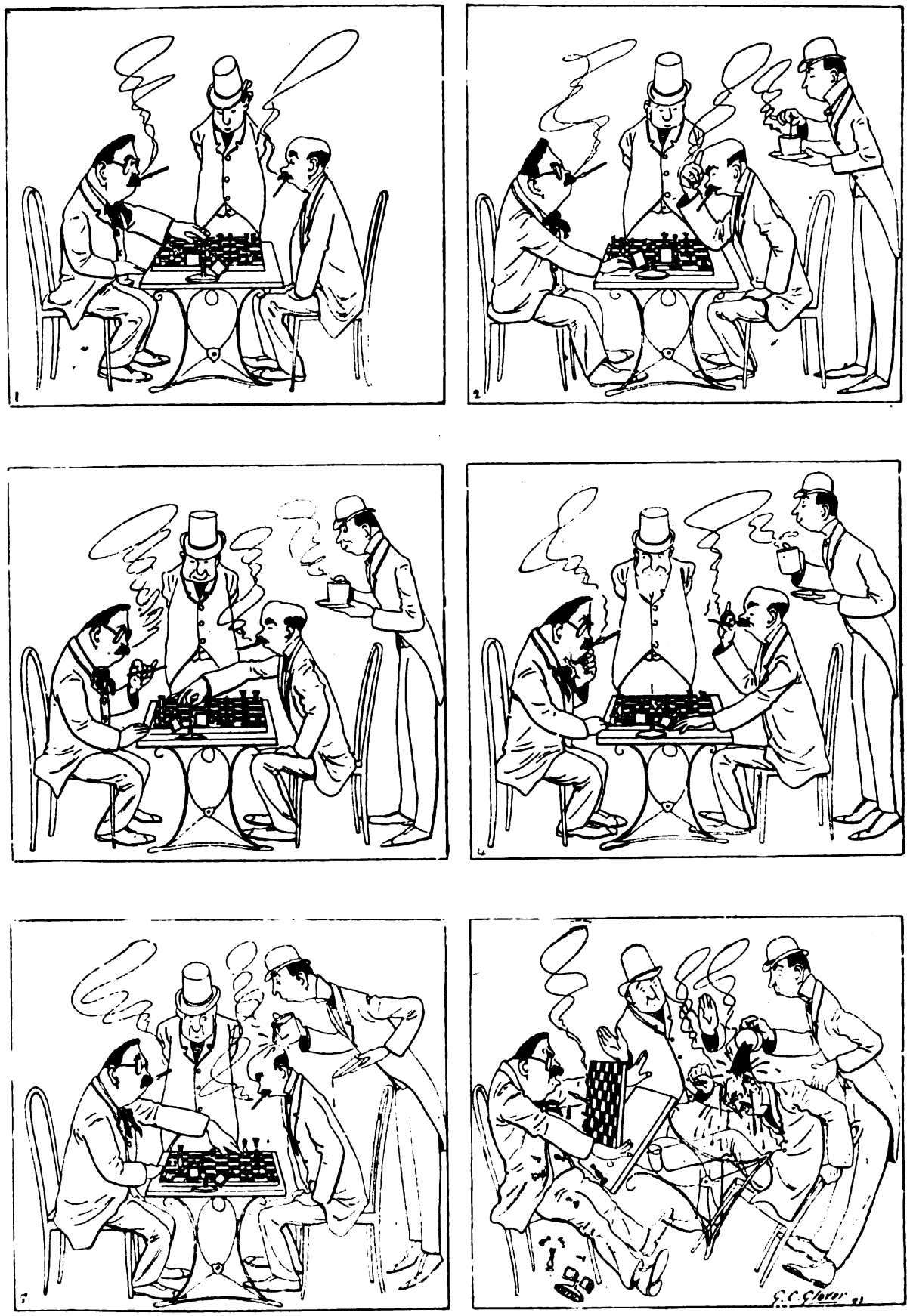
"'That's all right,' said I. 'You just go to bed again and forget all about it. We're all liable to make mistakes, and it wasn't your fault that you didn't know how much a floor of a carriage would bear. I'll send you up the arnica, and just you use it and forget all about Tom, who is no good anyway, and who'll never come round you again, you can bet your bottom dollar.'

"After that you never saw a more faithful and conscientious artist than that Fat Woman. She dieted herself more carefully than ever, and before the year was out she had got up to three hundred and forty pounds."

W. L. ALDEN.



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A CRITICAL MOVE AND A CUP OF COFFEE.

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THE BRIGAND'S DAUGHTER.

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By Charles J. Mansford, B.A.

I.

"WHAT a handsome portrait, Fred! Who was your model?"

"My wife," responded Fred Wynton, as he followed his friend's gaze of admiration to a portrait standing on an easel in his studio.

"Your wife! What, are you married, then?" queried Henry Aubert, as he looked in a surprised manner at his friend. "You made no mention of the subject to me when we parted at Milan a year ago. I always thought you were too careless a fellow to settle down as a prosy Benedict, Fred."

"So I thought," was the response, "but that was before my adventures in Corsica. I had quite a romantic as well as exciting time of it after leaving you—in fact, I have only been in England a month."

"May I hear the circumstances which brought about such a change in you?" asked Henry Aubert, with a smile, as he leant back in a low chair, and took a proffered cigar.

"By all means, old fellow, only mind, no chaff afterwards," said Fred Wynton, and sitting down by the long French window, he faced his friend, and began the narrative of his adventures.

"You remember I told you when we parted that morning at Milan that I intended to indulge in a couple of months' shooting in Corsica? Well, on my arrival at the home of big game and banditti, I proceeded to put my wishes into practice. I had obtained, as I thought, a trustworthy guide in the person of Luigo Cospi, who had offered me his assistance shortly after my arrival. He knew the island thoroughly, and also how to avoid the districts infested by mountain robbers; so on the recommendation of my host, who was evidently in league with him, as I found out afterwards, I engaged his services.

"Matters went well enough for a couple of weeks. My guide was a splendid shot, a careful attendant, and apparently faithful. We had traversed a considerable distance one day when, as I felt exceedingly weary, I lay down to rest in a shady nook, leaving Cospi on guard with his loaded carbine. The steady tramp of my attendant as he passed to and fro gradually produced a drowsiness; I closed my eyes, and was soon fast asleep.

"How long my slumber lasted I am unable to say, but the sun had gone down when I awoke, and in the twilight my eyes rested on several forms standing close by in animated conversation. They were gathered round my guide, who was gesticulating and talking excitedly. Hearing my name pronounced by him, I endeavoured to raise my right hand to rub my eyes, when, to my great surprise, I found myself unable to do so. Looking down, I observed that a coil of rope, evidently part of a lariat, which Cospi had used occasionally during the past two weeks, was twined several times round my waist and secured my arms firmly to my sides. I struggled to my feet, and was instantly observed by the miscreants, one of

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whom presented his carbine at my head, threatening sudden death if I ventured to resist, which, in my bound condition, I was not likely to have much opportunity to do.

"'Have you betrayed me, Cospi?' I ejaculated, looking indignantly at my quondam guide.

"For reply he shrugged his shoulders, and then said, in an apologetic tone, 'I serve my chief, Espaldo; all are his enemies save we who serve him.'

"Previous to our departure, my right arm was unbound while I partook of some coarse bread and fruit, washed down with a little sour wine. In spite of the peril in which I felt myself placed, I could not help feeling a keen interest in the scene in which I unfortunately played so prominent a part. The night was cool, and the brigands had improvised a fire of the dead wood which lay so plentifully to hand, and the ruddy gleams of the burning wood lit up the foliage of the



"ROUND THE FIRE."

"'What do you intend to do with me?' I asked.

"'We march to-night to the chief's headquarters whose prisoner you are,' responded Cospi. 'You will be treated with due respect on the route, provided that you accept the inevitable, and make no effort to escape.'

"'The distance?' I asked, laconically.

"Fifteen English miles. We hope to arrive about four o'clock, that is one hour after sunrise,' replied Cospi.

trees around, save where the shadows of my guards fell upon them. Above, the blue heaven was spangled with stars; while round the fire the brigands, including Cospi, sat in their picturesque garb, sharing the rough repast of which I was a partaker. At intervals, through the foliage, I caught glimpses of the two brigands who kept watch, as they marched backwards and forwards, with their carbines in readiness should any unforeseen chance necessitate their use.

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"'We must commence our journey, your excellency,' said Cospi, shortly after the meal was concluded.

"'I am ready,' I responded, and rose to my feet, submitting to the rebinding of my right arm to my side, as I felt resistance was useless.

"Cospi headed the small column, then came two of the banditti, next I marched, followed by two more of my guard, whose rear was brought up by a single brigand. It was a long journey through the rough country, for my captors carefully avoided the beaten tracks, and long before the journey was over I felt weary, but the steady march of my guards never wavered. Morning with its glorious sunrise had dawned for fully an hour, when I became aware that we were approaching the bandit chief's abode.

"'Your excellency must submit to be blindfolded,' said Cospi, who now left the head of the column, and, suiting the action to the word, placed a brightly coloured silk scarf across my eyes, which left me in total darkness.

Steered by my former servant and now my captor, I stumbled on for some time, then became aware of being in a close atmosphere. The bandage was removed from my eyes. I was in the presence of the chief, Espaldo.

II.

AFTER a few minutes, during which my eyes were becoming used to the light, I began to comprehend the various objects around. I was evidently in a natural cave, from the roof of which hung long stalactites. At the far end of the cave was a ruddy gleam of light, which I concluded came from the sky, as the air seemed to blow fresher towards that part, and to relieve me somewhat from the closeness which I had observed on entering the cave. The sea was evidently near at hand, for I could distinctly hear the waves as they broke against the shore, which re-echoed with their beating and dashing against it.

"The cave itself was extremely long, and apparently stored with the proceeds of the spoils of both land and sea. Carpets, rugs, and tapestry of all descriptions lay profusely around, while the walls were adorned with rude carvings done in idle hours, and interspersed with weapons of defence, consisting of carbines, short, wide-bladed swords, curved scimitars, and some curious-looking two-handed weapons. Upon a pile of carpet and skins lay the chief, a dark, handsome man, fully fifty years of age. Ranged round him were carbineers, with here and there a woman's face adorned with long ear-rings and gay-coloured shawls. On left and right of the chief's daïs the attendants ranged, and along the cave. Through the pathway thus made, I was led into Espaldo's presence.

"Cospi, carbine in hand, stood at my right. Behind were two of my guard. The rest had joined the number who filled the sides of the cave.

"The confused murmur of voices died away as Espaldo, raising himself, directed a keen glance at me, and inquired, 'Your name, captive?'



"YOUR NAME, CAPTIVE?"

"'Frederic Scott Wynton,' I responded, meeting his glance with all the calmness and fortitude I could command.

"'You are an Englishman, if I may judge from your accent?' continued the chief.

"'I am proud to own that is the fact,' I replied.

"'Your profession?'

"'Artist—that is to say, I paint a little, and also carve occasionally in stone.'

"'Do you understand why you have been brought here?'

"'I presume that some ransom may be obtained for my release,' I answered.

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"'Precisely. What ransom are you prepared to offer?' questioned Espaldo.

"'I have no suggestion to make,' I responded. 'My visit to this island was purely of a friendly description. You rob me of liberty, the dearest right of my countrymen, but I do not recognise your authority to do so.'

"Espaldo's face flushed crimson, and he made a hasty motion to Cospi, who led me towards an opening on the left, my guard following. I stopped at the entry, my heart beating violently as I wondered what the effect of my rash speech would be. Cospi, seeing me hesitate to enter the side chamber—which had been evidently excavated, judging from the regularity of its sides and roof—exclaimed:—

"'Your excellency need fear nothing at present; our chief is about to consult as to the conditions to be offered you for your release.'

Entering this stone apartment, I discovered it to be one apparently used for the devotion of this lawless band. Crime and superstition are handmaids in the Corsican's life. At the far end was apparently an altar, the centrepiece of which was a large representation of the Crucifixion carved in oak, in front of which were several wooden benches for the use of the worshippers. The walls were bare, save here and there where a rough representation of various Scriptural events was cut into the solid stone. The brigands' chapel, as I may call it, was lit by the sole device of hewing a square piece out of the roof of it, into which had been fitted a large pane of crimson glass, the effect of which upon the interior was to produce a strange and weird appearance.

"I had been occupied in examining the different carvings—which showed occasionally considerable artistic skill—for about half an hour, when Cospi entered the apartment, from which he had been called a few minutes previously, and intimated that my presence was required by Espaldo. I re-entered the main part of the cave and passed into the bandit chief's presence.

"'The conditions of your release have been settled in my council, and from them no deviation will be made,' said Espaldo.

"'I await their mention,' I responded.

"'They are two in number—the first is that you obtain a ransom of one thousand English pounds within four weeks of this day.'

"'And the second?' I asked, wondering what further stipulation could be made.

"'That you carve for us the representation of the Virgin in stone during the time you remain our prisoner.'

"'And what if I refuse one or both conditions? The sum you name is large, and an artist cannot work by force,' I replied, gloomily.

"'Your refusal will be the signal for your death; your acceptance will bring you release when the conditions are fulfilled,' answered Espaldo.

"'And that death will be——' I began.

"'You will be shot at daybreak to-morrow; or, failing the arrival of the ransom if you accept, to-morrow four weeks.'

"'I cannot carve without a model,' I responded, hoping that this objection would be of service to me.

"'That has been provided for,' responded the chief, and he gave an order to one of his attendants, who retired. A few minutes afterwards the attendant returned, accompanied by a lady thickly muffled. By the chief's command the gearing was removed from her head and shoulders, and the model for the brigand's Madonna stood unveiled before me. Why need I describe the feelings of admiration and excitement which possessed me on seeing her lovely form attired in handsome and picturesque costume, with raven locks falling in profusion over her shoulders? The portrait you are looking at is but a poor representation of her whom I first beheld at that moment.

"'I accept the conditions,' was my response, and in a short time I was conducted to another part of the cave, my bonds removed, and a couch of skins prepared for the rest which I so much needed. Cospi, his carbine in hand, guarded me. Later on, when the chief understood the sacredness with which I held my sworn promise to fulfil the imposed conditions, even this guard was withdrawn, and I enjoyed comparative freedom. I was not, however, allowed to wander far from the cave; indeed, the carbineers posted regularly near the cave's entry cut off any hope of escape had I attempted it.

III.

HAVING accepted the proposed conditions for my ransom, I gave a written order on my banker for the stipulated sum to Espaldo, who was easily able, by means of his emissaries, to obtain its monetary value in the time stipulated.

Meantime I began to make a rough model in clay of the Madonna from the daughter of Espaldo, as the lady assigned for the purpose proved to be. I had determined to

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represent the Madonna standing in grief below the representation of the Crucifixion, which, as I have already mentioned, formed the central portion of the altar in the brigands' chapel. The stone supplied for the finished model was much like Carrara marble, and my artistic instinct being aroused, I threw all my efforts into the task imposed.

"Algarita, the model, had, I soon learnt, been taught by the brigands' father confessor the rudiments of English, and in spite of the conditions under which I worked, I soon found that the happiest hours of my bondage were those passed in copying her features. Cospi had endeavoured to win her affections long before my detention in Corsica, and the failure of his hopes, I understood, still smote him keenly. He had been dispatched to a certain town in the island to await my ransom, and upon its arrival was to bring it on to the brigands' headquarters.

"The days and weeks sped away; I was so happy in the task and company which my labour secured that I scarcely noticed the fact that I was drawing near to release or death.

"How Cospi got the information of my interest in Algarita I know not, but on the evening of the twenty-seventh day of my capture, as I was just putting a few finishing strokes with the chisel to the Madonna, and which I had purposely lingered over, Cospi entered the chapel where I was at work. 'I have a message for your excellency,' said he, 'from the chief, Espaldo.'

"Concluding that it was the news of the payment of my ransom, I said, carelessly, 'You may speak out before Algarita; there is nothing to conceal from her.'

"'Espaldo bids your excellency learn that the stipulated sum has been refused payment,



"I THREW ALL MY EFFORTS INTO THE TASK IMPOSED."

and that you be ready for death by sunrise to-morrow,' said Cospi, with an ill-concealed smile.

"'I shall be ready,' I replied, in a dazed sort of way, the unexpected refusal to meet my request for ransom quite unnerving me. Algarita fainted, and at the call of Cospi she was carried away by two swarthy females, and I was left alone with Cospi, who bade me good-night shortly afterwards.

"My last night on earth I determined to spend in the little chapel. All my life seemed to flit before me during the brief interval that elapsed till sunrise dawned. I longed for one word more with Algarita, as I recognised in that hour how much I had learned to love her.

"Cold and grey dawned the morning. I had placed myself in readiness at the entrance to the cave, determined that if Cospi was avenging his unrequited love for

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Algarita on my head by concealing the fact of my ransom having been paid—which I found afterwards was true—his revenge should never wring one request for mercy or respite from me.

"The sunlight streaked the east with golden splinters of light; up rose the sun, and reddened sky and hill-top in glory. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. Looking round, I saw a carbineer, who addressed me by saying, 'The hour has come; has the stranger any last request?'

"Could I trust this man with a message to Algarita? I wondered. Taking a leaf from my pocket-book, I scrawled upon it: '*Good-bye, with my dying breath I bless you.—F.*' and gave it to the carbineer. 'Deliver this,' I responded, 'and grant me to die with my eyes unbandaged.'

"'A brave request; it is granted, and Algarita shall have this scrap of paper,' said the carbineer; 'and now follow me.'

"There was an open space outside the cave, between it and the sea, and to this spot my guide conducted me. Here I found several carbineers drawn up in line, Cospi, with a look of exultation, among them.

"I knelt down, then waved my right hand in token of readiness for death.

"'Ready! Present! Fire!' rang out on the still morning air, and the words were drowned in a volley from the guns. A dull thud, a sensation of pain, a blank nothingness: I was shot!

"Out on the blue waters of the Mediterranean sailed a little craft. Propped up with pillows I lay, my head supported by Algarita. When consciousness had returned to me, I begged to hear the sequel of my fate. It was told in a few words. Cospi's gun alone was loaded with a bullet, the rest had been tampered with, and a harmless cartridge substituted. Although not ordered to take part in my death, Cospi had asked to join the carbineers at the last moment, and the chief had granted him permission. The others, on his subsequent departure, had carried me into the boat. Algarita would not leave me to the care of the two carbineers who had volunteered to try to land me at the nearest European seaport. My wounded shoulder soon was restored. We reached England after a journey first to Lyons, thence to Dieppe, and London, where we were married."



"I WAS SHOT!"

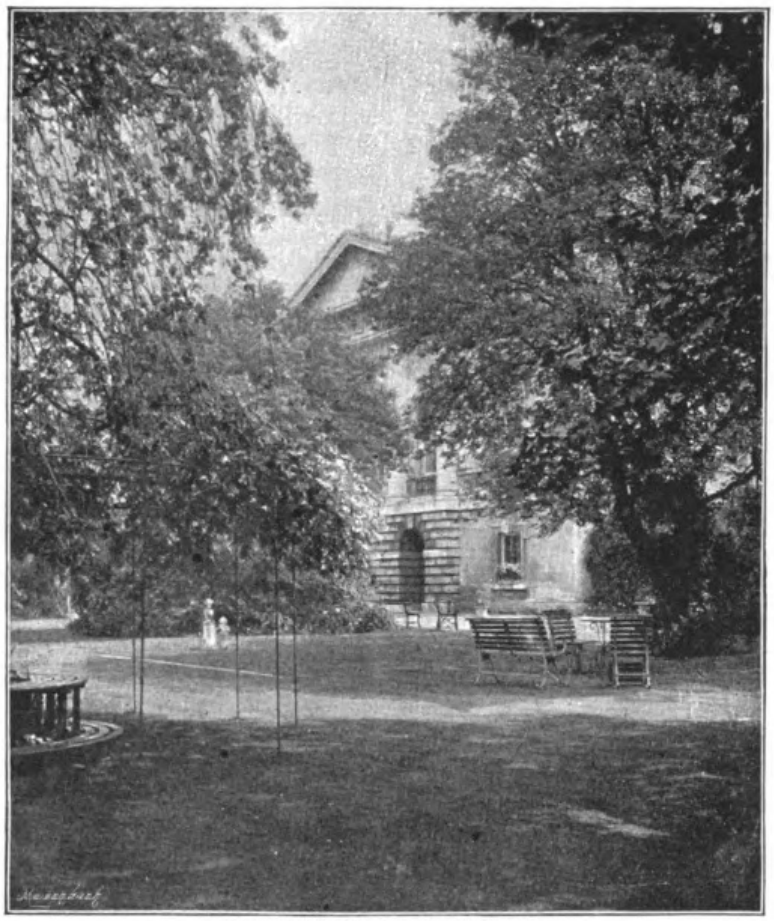
"And what shall you call the portrait when you exhibit it?" asked Henry Aubert.

"'A Brigand's Daughter in Belgravia,'" he responded.

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White Lodge.

By Mary Spencer-Warren.



WHITE LODGE, FROM THE LAWN.
From a Photo. by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.
(Taken by special permission for The Strand Magazine.*)*

A GREAT day of public rejoicing has come and gone; and more recent events have somewhat relegated to the background the varied anecdotes—true or imaginary—of the Royal bride and her home, her presents and her wedding.

Many may imagine that there is little left to say upon the subject; but when I remind you how much of what has been printed has been vaguely "stated on the best authority," or told by "someone who knew them well," and when I couple with this the statement that I had the special permission of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck to describe and photograph the interior of White Lodge, I am not without hope of securing your interested attention.

White Lodge has many associations of interest even of our time, and, in going over it, one finds continually cropping up the fact of this or that room having been a favourite room of Her Majesty the Queen or of the Prince and Princess of Wales: and a more truly charming sylvan retreat, and place of absolute quiet rest, can scarcely be found. It is situated almost in the centre of one of the

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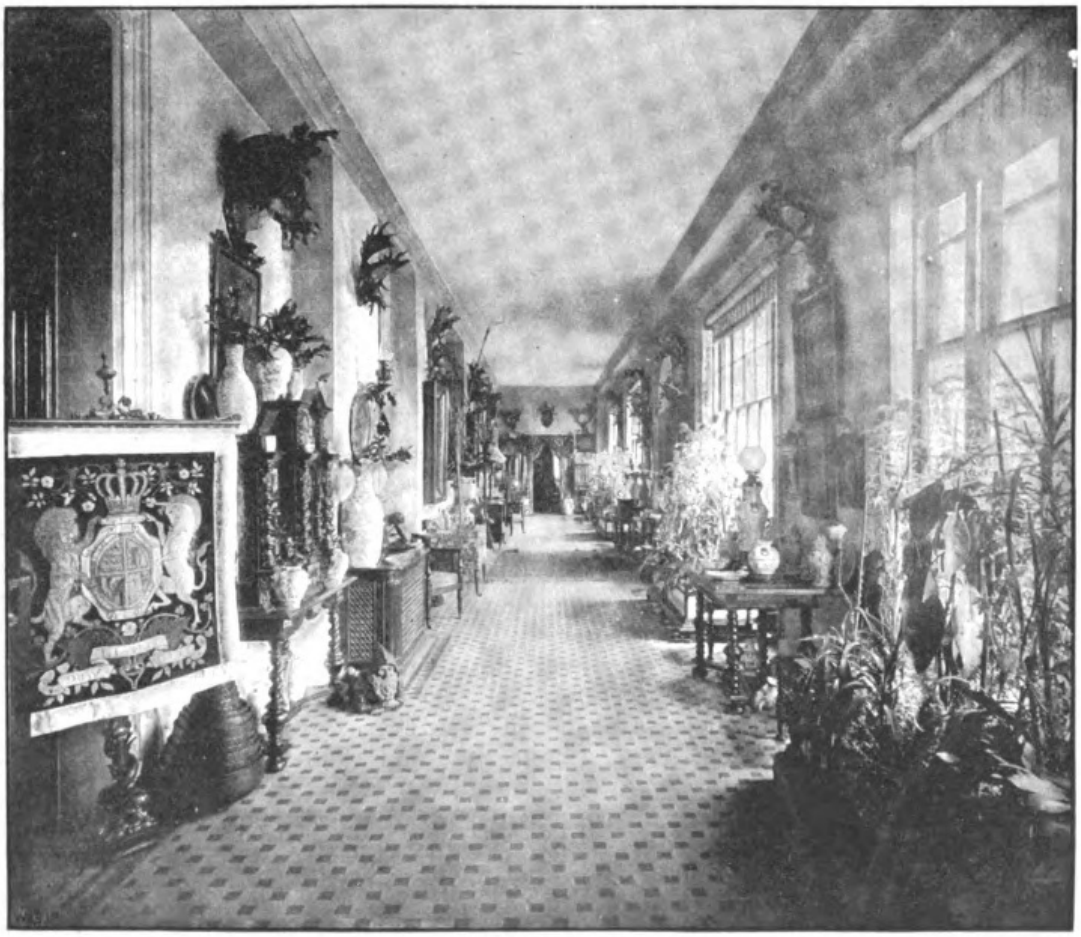
most beautiful parks within reach of the Metropolis; a park magnificently wooded, every tree inhabited with feathery songsters; deer and rabbit careering and frisking hither and thither, everything pertaining to picturesque Nature, making the whole grand, yet peaceful beyond expression.

Here is the "home" of her who has but lately come from it to take an important place in the world, in the affections of the people, and in the making of the history of the British constitution.

A simple, unpretentious entrance-gate leads me into the grounds fronting the house; grounds not widely extensive, but yet of some considerable dimensions, replete with trees of all sorts: oak, chestnut, cedars and conifers; rich in shrubs and flowers, with the green grass plots winding in and out of prettily-laid-out beds. Almost directly, one is in front of the house, quaint and old-world in appearance, entered by an old-fashioned portico and double doors, the flower-filled windows stretching away on either side. Indeed, as you step inside the Entrance-hall you may well imagine yourself in a conservatory, so rich is it in palms, ferns, and banks of flowers. Deliciously cool, though! with its marble floor and many windows: just the place for a comfortable rest in one of the many capacious seats, some of them of an antiquity that carries one back to silken and velvet attire and powdered wig. What a collection of curios, too! Rococo cabinets, Oriental vases, Egyptian pottery, stags' heads, tables of all ages, shapes, and designs, stone images, a stuffed falcon on the wrist of a gauntletted hand, a veritable grandfather's clock, some fine old paintings, some uniquely framed mirrors, and a rare collection of valuable china; in short, an altogether fine show of much interest.

I was somewhat puzzled by an unusually large number of walking-sticks here confronting me; quite a wonderful collection of every shape and make. These, I found, were mainly the property of His Highness the Duke of Teck, and had been presented to him on different occasions by Royal and distinguished personages.

Before I leave this Hall, I have come to the conclusion that I am in a house whose

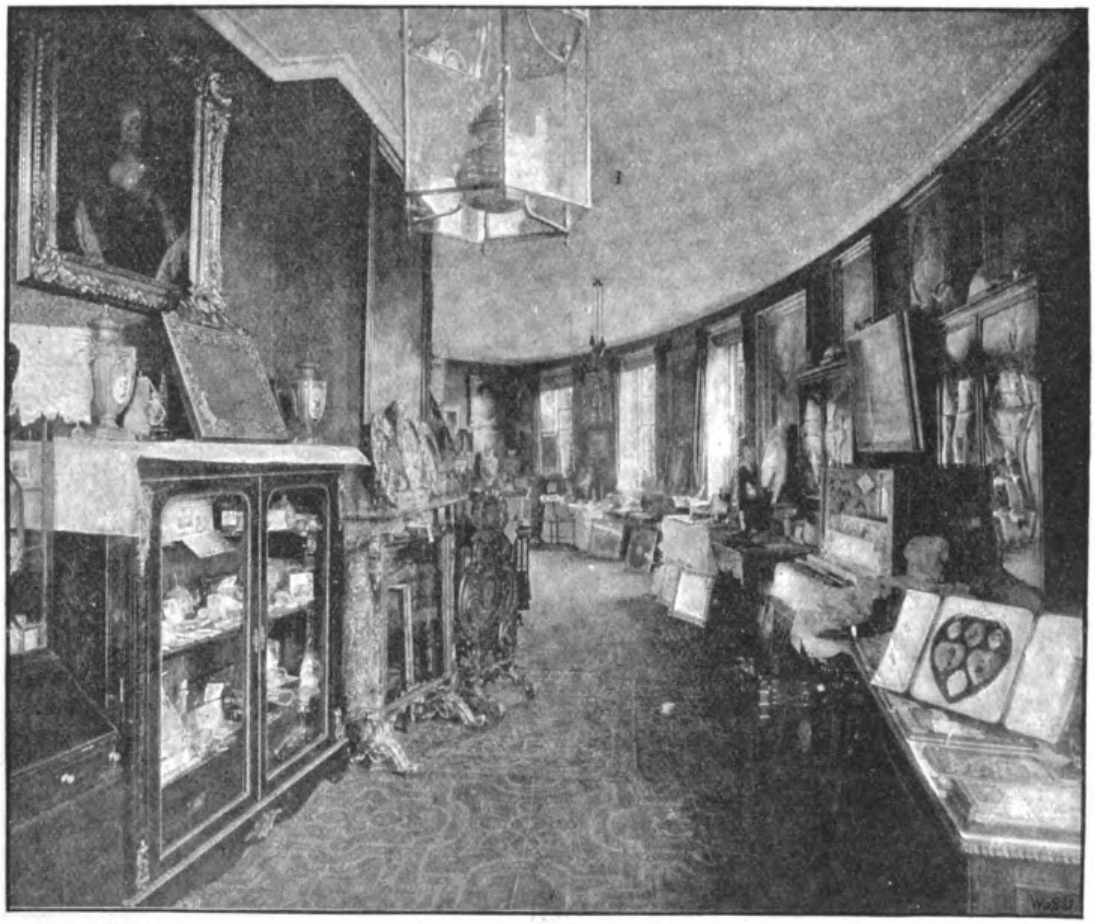


From a Photo. by] THE ENTRANCE-HALL. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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presiding genius is an artist of the highest order; none other could produce the wonderful effect that meets you at every turn. Not a corner is lost, not an inch of space but what is turned to good account; abundance without ostentation, riches without display. No thrusting forward of treasures in an attitude of aggression, that seems to say, "See how much I have cost." It is just everything in the right place for it, with a result beyond conception. How I wish I could adequately describe it; and how much more I wish I could show it to some of the stately dowagers who make their homes places of dreary splendour, odious to the eye, and destructive to the comfort!

But I am keeping you in the Entrance-hall, and you want to see more; so we pass on to the next corridor. By the way, corridors



From a Photo. by] THE CORRIDOR, WITH WEDDING PRESENTS. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

abound here, the whole place reminding one of an Indian residence. It has a fairly substantial centre building, with long semi-circular wings projecting from either side. This special corridor we have just entered is most interesting just now, for here are displayed the numerous and costly presents that are continually arriving from all quarters. The close proximity, and the absence of hurry and crush, make the inspection delightful, and I feel loth to leave them; but as you will be familiar with the list and description as given in our "dailies," and will perhaps have seen them at the "Institute" prior to the publication of this number, I will not say anything about them beyond a general remark as to the extreme beauty, combined with utility, of the whole. You have here before you a photograph of the corridor containing them, an apartment that had been entirely cleared for their reception, so that, with one exception, every article shown therein is a veritable wedding present, the exception being an easel, containing a very large and remarkably life-like photograph of the Princess May, taken recently by Gunn and Stuart, the artists responsible for the accompanying views, taken by special permission. This, I am told, is a favourite likeness; the prominent position accorded it testifying to the fact.

From here we step into a little ante-room, lighted by a window from which you look

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out into the front grounds. A pleasant little room this, a useful one, too, by the look of it; books and music abound, chief of which I note Sullivan's Operas. Over the mantel is an old-fashioned oval mirror, and on it some quaint china animals of Liliputian size. Some choice old prints appear on the walls, amongst them being William Duke of Gloucester, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, the "First Council of Her Majesty," and the celebrated "rainbow" picture of Queen Elizabeth, in the possession of the Marquis of Salisbury. In this room I am forcibly reminded of the incessant zeal in all good works, and proverbial kind heart and real good nature of the popular Duchess and her equally popular daughter. It is not necessary for me to dilate here upon the various charitable objects taken in hand by these two ladies, but the presence of a huge pile of annual Reports of the Needlework Guild will justify the mention of this—one of the most useful works organized by them.

Several little models near testify to the affection in which H.R.H. the Duchess is held by some of the poor whom she has benefited: one is a model of Brill's Swimming Baths at Brighton; another a model of the Seaside Home for Orphans—just little trifles in cardboard and seaweed, but birthday presents, accepted in the spirit in which they are offered, and preserved and prized as though the costly gifts of the nobly born. A daughter of such a mother, with that mother's ever watchful and loving care, cannot but give rare promise for the future, when her position will be the greatest any woman can occupy.

A cabinet of shells and seaweed tells of pleasant sojourns of the youthful members of the family; and a number of albums contain likenesses of family and friends without number.

Three doors open from this room, one by which I have entered from the corridor, one opposite leading to the upper regions, and one on my left, by which I enter one of the prettiest rooms I have ever seen—and certainly, just now, the most interesting room in the house, namely, the Princess May's sitting-room.



From a Photo. by] PRINCESS MAY'S SITTING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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From a Photo. by] CABINET IN PRINCESS MAY'S ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart.*
(Taken by special permission for THE STRAND MAGAZINE.)

Charming is a weak word applied to such perfection of art arrangement as you here behold. White is predominant: the ceiling and walls are painted white, relieved with terra-cotta, with shelf and projection of cream and gold beading about one-third of distance from floor; the carpet has a white, velvety centre, with Oriental bordering, and the furniture is entirely of white wood: baskets and vases of flowers, palms and ferns, give an exceedingly picturesque effect to the whole. On the walls above projection you will find a portrait of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and a copy of the famous picture "Trust." Over the mantel is a handsome white-framed mirror, with beautifully painted virginia creeper, in autumn tints, running artistically over the glass, the mantel under it being literally crowded with photos and curiosities of all descriptions; the shelf around the room, together with the lower walls, being decorated in like manner.

Near the French windows stands a pretty writing table, and here the Princess has been in the habit of sitting to conduct her correspondence with her numerous relations and friends. This, as well as every available article or space in the room, is crowded with photos, every one bearing name of original across the front in the owner's handwriting. The Royal Family, of course, are largely represented. On the table there are also a number of useful and pretty articles in silver and tortoise-shell—doubtless many of them are souvenirs—and the entire orderly arrangement of the whole testifies strongly to inculcation of methodical tidiness from early youth upwards. On the other side of the room is a glass-fronted white cabinet. Of this I take a somewhat lengthened survey, and well am I repaid for so doing. Every inch of the inside and outside shelves is covered with the most charming odds and ends in the shape of jewellery, albums, birthday books, silver and gold-topped bottles, fans, silver-framed hand mirrors, card cases, silver photo frames, and choice vases—birthday presents most of them, and placed and kept under the special care of the Princess herself.

A neat and pretty white book-case contains a number of works by writers of note, such as Racine, Carlyle, George Eliot, Molière, McCarthy, the Globe Encyclopædia, while poets are represented by Longfellow, Scott, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Herbert. Very evidently, the mind of the young Princess is well stored with useful and varied information; nor am I surprised to find evidences of sincere Christian feeling in the presence of such books as "Captain Hedley Vicars," "English Hearts and English Hands," and "A Hero of the Battle of Life"; each of these and other similar works bearing signs of frequent use.

A comfortable couch, with an Oriental covering, is almost hidden by a beautifully hand-painted screen, and another fan-shaped one containing photos. The back of a luxurious sofa is met by the back of an

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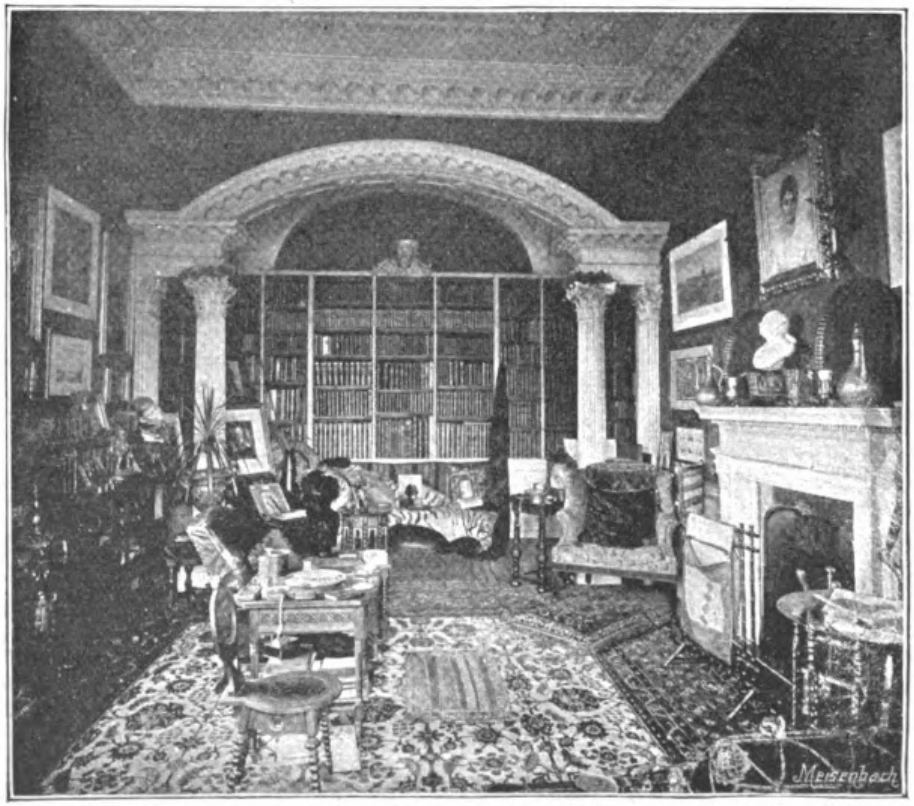
upright "Pleyel" piano; this also having an Oriental covering, upon which rest some silver candlesticks, a framed portrait of the eldest son of the house—"Dolly" written across it—and a basket of ferns and flowers. Beside the piano is a pile of music; and what a wonderful and fearful number there are dedicated and composed for the wedding! How tired even *this* amiable Princess must be of wading through such an endless mass of monotony! That they had been looked over and used, appearances proved: waltz, gavotte, and polka, nearly all bearing execrable likenesses of the Princess and the Duke, and nearly all not being worth the paper they cover.

Just now, the fire-place is fronted with handsome hand-painted screens; on the right—almost in the corner—standing a large canopied seat, with a basket-work exterior and lined in satin—a very comfortable-looking arrangement it is. Near this stands a huge work-basket, from which peep out sundry pieces of knitting of various sizes and colours. You all know how the Princess has been in the habit of working for the poor around her gates! How with never-failing industry she has sewn and knitted, even continuing her work when chatting to morning callers; finding time all too short for the work she ever found awaiting her.

The door panels are exquisitely painted with branches of trees, having squirrels in playful attitudes, strikingly true to life. Over each doorway depend Oriental curtains, and a number of pretty white flower-stands display ferns and white Marguerite. Time is indicated by a French time-piece in malachite and ormolu, and by a handsome little travelling clock on the writing table. Hanging lamps and bronze candelabra light the room by night; the daylight streaming through French windows opening on to a charming white painted balcony, replete with hanging baskets of ferns and flowers, and looking on to lawn and gardens. Small and unpretentious in appearance is the room wherein the Princess has spent so many happy hours of her youth, but so cosy, so thoroughly home-like, and showing such evidences of its owner's taste and skill, and so full of pretty momentos of relations and friends, that I should imagine feelings of real regret would arise at leaving such a spot.

Opening from here is a room used for various purposes: sometimes by Mlle. Bricka, to write letters, etc., sometimes by the young Princes to read and smoke. In it there is a goodly array of books: travels, history, magazines, military and naval works, and a case containing the whole of Scott's. A few old paintings may be seen, also a few good caricatures, one especially funny of Corney Grain and Grossmith. In the centre of the mantel is a bronze bust of Her Majesty, and in different parts of the room other bronzes, one or two time-pieces, some old china, and a model of a mortar. Writing tables and easy comfortable chairs abound, with an assorted collection of pipes and other masculine property here and there.

Now I retrace my steps through the



From a Photo. by] THE DUKE OF TECK'S SITTING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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Princess's room and the corridor, and traversing the Entrance-hall, find myself in the Inner Hall. From here the Grand Staircase opens on the right, with a door on same side leading into the Duke's sitting-room; the entrance to the drawing-room faces; the dining-room opening on the left. This Inner Hall is rather dark, but there is sufficient light with which to admire four fine pieces of Gobelin tapestry, some fine old paintings—one being a portrait of Queen Charlotte—some antique carved oak furniture, and fine Oriental vases.

First of the above-named rooms which I enter is the Duke's room; a handsome apartment with cream painted ceiling and imitation-marble papered walls, with green dado, and an inlaid floor scattered with druggets and skins. On the walls I noticed a portrait of Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary in her youth, one of the Princess May, and a copy of "Trust." Other portraits repose on easels and over the mantel; on the same being a bust of George IV., two large salvers, "Tel-el-Kebir, 13th Sept.," inscribed thereon, and some engraved jugs and cups. Tables, large and small, contain a number of valuable and quaint curios; in one corner is a fine shield artistically draped, and in various parts are swords, daggers, assegais, and other martial weapons. The Duke of Teck is no drawing-room soldier merely, but has seen practical service, and knows by experience the utility of these exhibits — many of them being brought from lands where he has fought. A cabinet containing a collection of club badges is interesting, as is also the very large number of photographs which are *èn evidence.*

That the Duke is a thoughtful reader is easily understood by examining the fine collection of books displayed on shelves, and on cabinets and tables. I am not going to weary you with a list, but am sure you will be interested in knowing that His Serene Highness is a reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, the bound volumes of which show much general use.

Now, just a peep into the Duke's dressing-room, looking every inch a soldier's room. For an instant, you may imagine yourself in a tent, it being hung in brown holland; the furniture, in light oak, is simplicity itself. Portraits of the Duchess and her children



From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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CABINET CONTAINING PRESENTATION CASKETS AND TROWELS.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart.
(Taken by special permission for THE STRAND MAGAZINE.)

I noticed several beautiful cabinets in this room; two of them, being of great interest, I had photographed. One is of ebony with ormolu mounts, and Sèvres plaques in door panels; it contains the caskets and trowels which have been presented to the Duchess by different institutions which she has helped by her sympathy and presence.

The other cabinet was formerly the property of Queen Charlotte; it is of Amboyna and tulip wood, beautifully inlaid, and is much prized by its present Royal owner. Then there is one standing at each side of the fire-place, given by Queen Victoria. They are of precious wood, handsomely mounted, and are full of costly curios, many of them profusely jewelled. Another—fitted with numbers of drawers—looks of James I. period; and still another I note, which must be of great value, being of inlaid pearl.

On top of some of these cabinets is a fine display of Sèvres

appear here and there, and riding-whips, etc., are plentiful.

The Drawing-room, certainly the finest room in the house, comes next. From its large windows a magnificent view of the park is obtained. The concave ceiling and walls are painted in cream, with gold relief: on the walls being two fine paintings, which are immediately noticeable—George III. and his queen. The curtains are Oriental, as much as two hundred years old, and very costly. The carpet is Axminster, here and there appearing skins and rugs. There is a suite of furniture upholstered in pale blue satin, with frames of over-burnished gold; while some is covered in Beauvais tapestry, and some draped with Indian shawls, with frames of ebony. It would be interesting to know the histories of much of antiquity here; unquestionably these things were many of them the property of departed monarchs and princes, and could tell many a strange tale of bygone courtly circles.



From a Photo. by] QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S CABINET. *[Gunn & Stuart.*
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From a Photo. by] THE DUCHESS OF TECK'S SITTING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

china, Bleu du roi and Bleu de Vincenne. On the marble mantel is a time-piece by Mignuel, some Sèvres and ormolu candelabra, and two bronze equestrian ornaments. Palms, ferns, and flowers flourish in Oriental and Dresden vases; hand-painted screens are rich in variety. Buhl and ormolu tables are plentiful, and contain costly curios of every description. Some valuable mirrors are much to be admired, having frames with pebbled fruit in relief. There are some fine ormolu candelabra, mounted on ebony and ormolu pedestals; and a bronze bust of Charles I., which must not be overlooked. I spent some considerable time in front of a glass-topped table, the contents of which are unique and priceless: medals, coins, orders and cases, showing engraving and chasing of the rarest, the articles themselves being of purest gold, and in many cases studded with precious jewels.

One corner of the room has a specially artistic appearance; from the ceiling floating a gilded angel, supporting hangings of Indian shawls, arranged with very fine effect.

A magnificent grand piano, by Steinway and Sons, occupies a conspicuous position. This is known as a "No. 2 Grand"; it was presented to Her Royal Highness the Duchess by the inhabitants of Richmond and vicinity on the occasion of her silver wedding. The cost of the instrument was 225 guineas, the selection being left to Signor Paolo Tosti. Having had an opportunity of hearing its tones in the room where it is standing, I can here testify to its beauty and power.

In a corner of the room, opposite the piano, a door opens into the Blue-room, the private sitting-room of the Duchess. It is luxuriously furnished, yet has a very cosy home-like appearance. The ceiling is painted in the palest of blue, relieved with cream and gold, with walls in dark blue and gold dado. On the walls are some good portraits; the Duke of Teck, the late Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess May, by Long — a silver wedding gift — being the chief of them. There is a large and very fine collection of miniatures, some French clocks, some costly fans and mirrors, together with hosts of curios, rich and rare. Sèvres china, ormolu and Dresden candelabra, stand on choice cabinets. Here, again, I notice some of the furniture is upholstered in Beauvais tapestry, while some is in pale blue or sage, showing up well against the dark background of the walls. On one chair may be seen a handsome cushion — evidently presentation—stuffed with rose leaves, and hand-embroidered, a verse of Scripture beautifully worked: "And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the Nations," over this appearing the name of Her Royal Highness. Tables are numerous, but two are of special note, one being the writing table of the Duchess. It is crowded with correspondence in neat piles, the entire arrangement being evidence of inherent method and order. The other table, I note, has a glass-case top, filled with medals and souvenirs. On a small inlaid table near, my attention is

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drawn to a silver horse-shoe, in an open velvet case, this being commemorative of the first Horse Show held at Richmond in 1892.

Portraits—chiefly family ones—are in every direction, some of the groups having most interesting associations. A crystal case of ancient jewellery must be of immense value, as must also be the number of tasteful vases here displayed. One, of some considerable size, has some hand-painted bars of music shown on it, being passages from works of Verdi, Tosti, and Donizetti. Very much more might be said of this pretty apartment; but, as there are one or two more rooms demanding brief notice, I leave it, and proceed to the Bird-room: this taking its name from a very pretty paper on the walls, showing birds of all sorts and colours. This room is used as a breakfast-room; but the family, when alone, often dine here also. In it are some "Landseers" and other pictures, together with a number of old prints, some as far back as 1501. An ordinary dining-table stands in the centre, most of the chairs and couches being of basketwork. The room opens on to a pretty Oriental balcony, from whence is a flight of steps leading down to green sward and flowery bed. On this balcony the family often take tea when the weather will not allow of it being taken under the favourite copper beech. The walls are covered with Indian matting; numbers of cosy or capacious basket chairs, and tables of the same, comprise the furniture, while from the ceiling depend baskets of flowers and creeping plants. Very artistic is this pretty balcony, and I am not surprised when I hear of its being much frequented.

Now I wend my way to the Dining-room, a room which has lately seen some distinguished gatherings round its dining-table. It is a fine, handsome apartment, lofty and light, with panellings of red bordered in gold moulding. On the walls are some grand paintings: Frederick, King of Bohemia, by Mierevelt; Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, by Van Dyck; the three children of Henrietta Maria, by Sir Peter Lely; and the Duchess of Cambridge. A good photograph of the latter is here presented; it is, as you will see, hanging over the side-board, on which are some very fine pieces of china. On either side are some beautifully worked screens, standing usually, however, on either side of the fire-place. In the centre of the room hangs a massive lamp, in the place of the chandeliers generally seen; White Lodge, owing to its isolated position, not being supplied with gas. Heavy crimson curtains, Turkey carpets of the same hue, and red morocco-covered furniture make up a warm, rich effect, while flowers here, as everywhere, cast around their brightness and fragrance.



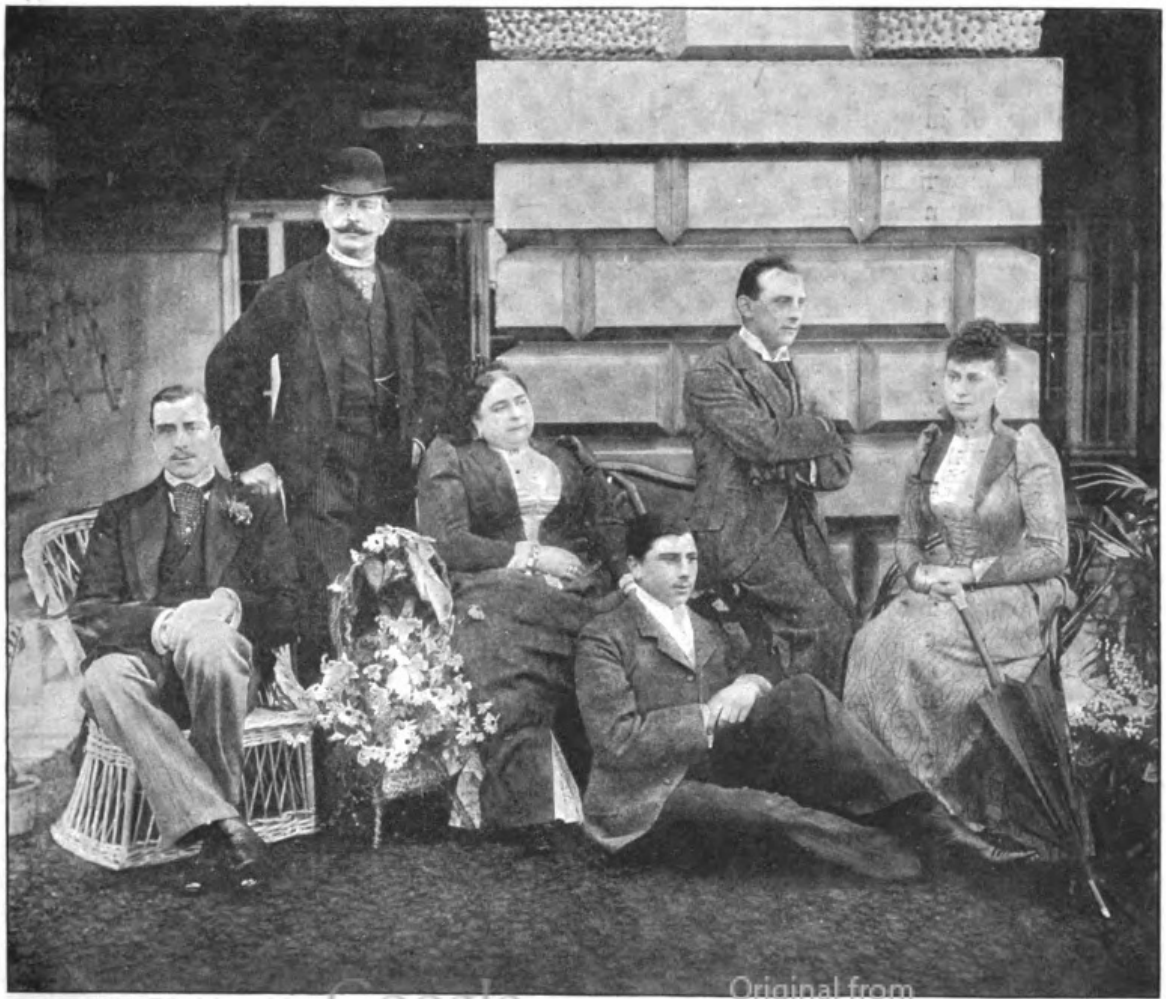
From a Photo. by] PART OF THE DINING-ROOM. *[Gunn & Stuart.*
(Taken by special permission for THE STRAND MAGAZINE.)

The Green Corridor must have but brief notice, though one might spend hours in seeing it; it is a long, winding place with ceiling and walls painted in the most beautiful shades, from which it takes its name. It is literally full of things of beauty: inlaid cabinets, Oriental rugs, tiger skins, plush and

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hand-painted screens, malachite and ormolu caskets, ormolu and tortoise-shell time-pieces, a large number of enamels and miniatures, paintings and old prints; buhl and ormolu tables, and numbers of baskets and stands containing a perfect wealth of flowers. It is here that the Duchess likes to receive her visitors, and here is her favourite seat near one of the many windows looking out on one of the prettiest parts of the grounds. These same grounds are well worth a visit, the Duke taking a special pride in their arrangement. Turn which way you may, something uncommonly picturesque meets the eye. Several times I saw something amusing, too, both here and from the drawing-room windows. It goes without saying that just at the time of my visit—immediately before the eventful 6th of July—White Lodge was very much a centre of attraction. Mr. and Mrs. John Bull and family drove out in waggonette and trap to see the place; hence it was that, on account of the shrubs encircling the grounds being dense and high, one was continually seeing heads bobbing up and down like jacks in a box. It was possible to look over the hedge by standing up on the seats of the carriage; so the very utmost was made of the opportunity, with amusing results as above.

When I drive away from this most pleasant of Royal houses, I am conscious of having been where a family, at once united and affectionate, are almost dreading the ordeal of the first parting. Bright and brilliant as the future appears, the beloved daughter and adored sister will never again be the life and sunshine of the home as she has been, and it is but natural that her absence will cause a void that can never be filled. The family loss, however, is the country's gain; for a Princess is coming to us who has received the wise training and counsel of an English home; who has passed her youthful days in the midst of the people over whom one day she may be called to reign, and who has already gained their good-will and respectful affection, by the many good works in which she has assisted her illustrious mother.



From a Photo. by] A FAMILY GROUP. *[Gunn & Stuart.*

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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Authors of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

III.—VERY FAR WEST.

I WAS a rather young-looking man until the incident which I am about to relate took place. I will frankly confess that it aged me, telling for a time on my nerves, and rendering my right hand so shaky that I was unfit to perform operations of a critical and delicate character. I had just got back to town after my summer holiday when the circumstance occurred which sends strange thrills of horror through me even now.

It was a fine night towards the end of September. I had not many patients at this time, and felt a sudden desire to go to the theatre. Hailing a hansom, I ordered the man to drive me to the Criterion. I was in evening dress, and wore a diamond ring of remarkable value on my finger. This ring had been the present of a rich nabob, one of my patients, who had taken a fancy to me, and had shown his preference in this manner. I dislike jewellery as a rule, and never wear it; but to-night I slipped the ring on my finger, more from a sudden whim than for any other reason. I secured a good seat in the front row of the dress circle, and prepared for an evening's amusement.

The play was nothing in particular, and the time of year was a slack one with regard to the audience. Soon the curtain was raised, and the players began their performance. They acted without much spirit, the regular company being away on tour.

I was beginning to regret I had come, when my attention was arrested by the late arrival of a couple, who seated themselves in the chairs next to my own. One of them was a man of striking appearance, the other a very young and lovely girl. The man was old. He had silvery white hair, which was cut rather close to his head — dark eyes, a dark complexion, and a clean-shaven face. His lips were firm, and when shut looked like a straight line—his eyes were somewhat close to his very handsome, aquiline nose. He was a tall man, with broad shoulders, and held himself erect as if only twenty-five instead of sixty years had gone over his head.

His companion was also tall—very slender and willowy in appearance, with a quantity of soft blonde hair, a fair face, and eyes which I afterwards discovered were something the colour of violets. I am not a judge of dress, and cannot exactly describe what the girl wore—I think she was in black lace, but am not certain. I remember, however, quite distinctly that her opera-cloak was lined with soft white fur; I also know that



THE "LATE ARRIVALS."

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she held in her hand a very large white feather fan, which she used assiduously during the performance.

The girl sat next to me. She had an opera-glass, and immediately on her arrival began to use it for purposes of criticism. I guessed, by her manner and by her gently-uttered remarks to her companion, that she was an habitual playgoer, and I surmised, perhaps correctly—I cannot say—that she knew something by actual experience of amateur acting.

Bad as the play undoubtedly was, it seemed to interest this beautiful girl. Between the intervals, which she occupied examining the actors, she made eager remarks to the gentleman by her side. I noticed that he replied to her shortly. I further noticed that not the slightest movement on his part was unperceived by her. I felt sure that they were father and daughter, and was further convinced that they were intensely attached to each other.

I have never considered myself an impressionable character, but there is not the least doubt that this girl—I think I may say this couple—interested me far more than the play I had come to see. The girl was beautiful enough to rouse a man's admiration, but I am certain that the feeling in my breast was not wholly that. I believe now that from the first moment I saw her she threw a sort of spell over me, and that my better judgment, my cool reason, and natural powers of observation were brought into abeyance by a certain power which she must have possessed.

She dropped her fan with some awkwardness. As a matter of course, I stooped to pick it up. In doing so my hand inadvertently touched hers, and I encountered the full gaze of her dark blue eyes.

When the first act came to an end, the invariable attendant with ices put in an appearance.

"You will have an ice?" said the girl, turning eagerly to the gentleman by her side. He shook his head, but motioning to the woman to approach, bought one and gave it to his young companion.

"This will refresh you, Leonora," he said. "My dear, I wish you to eat it."

She smiled at him, and, leaning back comfortably in her chair, partook with evident gratification of the slight refreshment.

I was careful not to appear to watch her, but as I turned for the apparent purpose of looking at a distant part of the audience, I was startled by the fixed gaze of the man who sat by her side. His closely-set dark eyes were fixed on me. He seemed to look me all over. There was a sinister expression in the thin lines of his closely-shut lips. The moment I glanced at him he turned away. I felt a sudden sense of repulsion. I have had something of the same feeling when I looked full into the eyes of a snake.

The curtain rose, and the play went on. The girl once more had recourse to her opera-glasses, and once more her full attention was arrested by the commonplace performance. About the middle of the act, her elderly companion bent over and whispered something to her. Her hand trembled, the opera-glass slid down unnoticed on her lap. She looked at him anxiously, and said something which I could not hear.

"I shall be better outside," I heard him whisper in response. "Don't be anxious; I'll come back as soon as ever I am better."

He rose and made his way towards the nearest entrance.

As he did so, I turned and looked after him.

"Is he ill?" I whispered to myself. "He does not look it. How anxious that poor girl is. Her hand is trembling even now."

When the man got as far as the entrance door he turned and looked at the girl, and for an instant his cat-like eyes gave me a second swift glance. Again I felt a sensation of dislike, but again the feeling quickly passed.

I wish to repeat here, that I think my judgment was a little in abeyance that evening. I felt more attracted than ever by my next-door neighbour, and yet I am certain, positively certain, that the feeling which actuated me was not wholly admiration.

The play went on, but the girl no longer looked through her opera-glasses. She sat listlessly back in her chair. Now and then she turned impatiently towards the door, and then, with a quick sigh, glanced at her programme, or used her large feather fan with unnecessary force.

The minutes went on, but the old gentleman did not return. Once the girl half rose from her seat, pulling her opera-cloak about her as she did so; but then again she sat quietly back, with a sort of enforced calm.

I was careful not to appear to watch her, but once her eyes met mine, and the unspeakable anxiety in them forced me, involuntarily, to bend forward and make my first remark to her.

"Can I do anything for you?" I whispered. "Are you anxious about your companion?"

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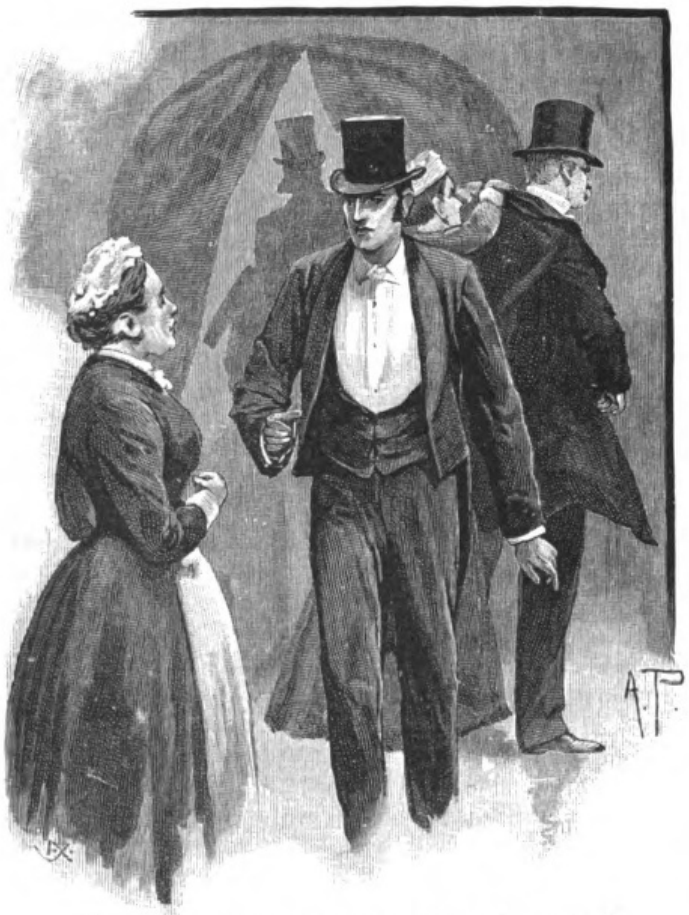
"Oh, thank you," she replied, with a long-drawn sigh. "The gentleman is my father. I am very anxious about him. I fear he is ill."

"Would you like me to go and see why he has not returned?" I asked.

"If you would be so kind," she answered, eagerly.

I rose, and went out into the lobbies. I went quickly to the gentlemen's cloak-room, and put some questions to the attendant.

"Is there an elderly gentleman here?" I asked—"tall, with white hair and a somewhat dark complexion. He left the theatre half an hour ago, and his daughter is afraid that he has been taken ill."



"'IS THERE AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN HERE?' I ASKED."

The man who had charge of the room knew nothing about him, but another attendant who was standing near suddenly remarked:—

"I think I know the gentleman you mean. He is not ill."

"How can you tell?" I replied.

"Well, about half an hour ago a man answering exactly to your description came out of the theatre. He came from the dress circle. He asked for a cigar, and lighted it. I lost sight of him immediately afterwards, but I think he went out."

I returned to give this information to the anxious girl. To my surprise it did not at all comfort her.

"He must be ill," she replied. "He would not leave me alone if he were not ill. I noticed that an attack was coming on. He is subject to attacks of a serious character. They are of the nature of fits, and they are dangerous, very dangerous."

"If he were ill," I replied, "he would have sent you word in here, and have got you to go to him. He may merely have gone out to get a little air, which relieves him."

"I do not know. Perhaps," she replied.

"And when he is at home," I continued, "if he really has gone home without you, he will naturally send at once for a doctor."

She shook her head when I made this last remark.

"My father will never see a doctor," she said; "he hates the medical profession. He does not believe in doctors. He has such a prejudice against them, that he would rather die than consult one."

"That is a pity," I answered, "for in cases like his, I have no doubt that there is much alleviation to be obtained from men who really understand the science of medicine."

She looked fixedly at me when I said this. Her face was quite piteous in its anxiety. I could see that she was very young, but her features looked small and drawn now, and her eyes almost too large for her little face.

"I am very anxious," she said, with a sigh. "My father is the only relation I possess; I am his only child. He is ill—I know he is very ill. I am most anxious."

She pulled her opera-cloak once more tightly about her, and looked with lack-lustre eyes on the stage. Our conversation had been so low that no one had been disturbed by it; we were obliged to keep our heads close together as we conversed, and once, I am sure, her golden hair must have touched my cheek.

"I cannot stand this any longer," she exclaimed, suddenly. "I must go out—I won't wait for the end of the play."

She rose as she spoke, and I followed her,

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as a matter of course. We found the lobbies almost deserted, and here I suddenly faced her and tried to use argument.

"You are unnecessarily sensitive and alarmed," I said. "I assure you that I speak with knowledge, as I am a member of the medical profession, against which your father has such a prejudice. A man as ill as you describe your father to be would not stop to light a cigar. I took the liberty of having a good look at your father when he was leaving the theatre, and he did not appear ill. A medical man sees tokens of illness before anyone else. Please rest assured that there is nothing much the matter."

"Do you think," she answered, flashing an angry glance at me, "that if there is nothing the matter, my father would leave me here alone? Do you think he cares so little about me that he would not return to take me home?"

I had no reply to make to this. Of course, it was scarcely likely that any father would leave so beautiful a young girl unprotected in a theatre at night.

"And," she continued, "how do you know that the gentleman who asked for a cigar was my father? There may have been somebody else here with white hair."

I felt convinced that the man who lit a cigar and the father of this young girl were identical, but again I had no answer to make.

"I must go home," she said. "I am terribly anxious—my father may be dead when I get home—he may not have gone home at all. Oh, what shall I do? He is all the world to me; if he dies, I shall die or go mad."

"I am sure your fears are exaggerated," I began, "but perhaps the best thing you can do is to go home. Have you a carriage—shall I see if it has arrived?"

"My father and I have a private hansom," she answered. "It may not have come yet, but perhaps it has. I will go with you, if you will allow me. You wouldn't recognise the hansom."

"Then take my arm," I said.

I led her downstairs. I am not impressionable, but the feel of her little fingers on my coat-sleeve was, to say the least of it, sympathetic. I earnestly wished to help her, and her exaggerated fears did not seem unnatural to me.

The private hansom was waiting just round the corner. It had arrived on the scene in good time, for the play would not be over for nearly another hour. I helped the young lady in. She was trembling very much, and her face, lit up by the gaslight, looked pale.

"Would you like me to see you home?" I asked. "I will, with pleasure."

"Oh, if you would be so kind!" she answered. "And did not you say that you are a medical man? If my father is ill, it might be possible for you to prescribe for him."

"He will not allow it, I fear," I answered. "You say he has no faith in doctors."

"No more he has, but when he gets these strange, these terrible seizures, he is often unconscious for a long, long time. Oh, do please see me home, Dr.——"

"Halifax," I answered.

"Thank you, so much. My name is Whitby — Leonora Whitby. Please, Dr. Halifax, come home with me, and prescribe for my father if you possibly can."

"I will come with you with pleasure," I answered. I stepped into the hansom as I spoke.

She made way for me to seat myself by her side. The sweep of her long black lace dress fell partly over my legs. The hansom driver opened the little window in the roof for directions.

"What address am I to give?" I said to Leonora Whitby.

"Tell him to go back," she answered, quickly.

"Go back," I shouted to the man.

He slapped down the little window and we started forward at a brisk pace. It was not until long afterwards that I remembered that I was going away with a strange girl, to a place I knew nothing about, the address even of which was unknown to me.

It was a splendid starlight night; the air was very balmy. It blew into our faces as we travelled westward. First of all we dashed down Piccadilly. We passed Hyde Park Corner, and turned in the direction of those innumerable squares and fashionable houses which lie west of St. George's Hospital. Leonora talked as we drove together. She seemed to be almost in good spirits. Once she said to me very earnestly:—

"I do not know how to thank you. It is impossible for me to tell you how deeply indebted I am to you."

"Don't mention it," I answered.

"But I must," she replied. "I cannot be merely conventional, when I am treated so unconventionally. Another man would not have noticed a girl's anxiety, nor a girl's distress. Another man would not have lost half the play to help an anxious girl. Another man would not have put complete faith in a stranger as you have done, Dr. Halifax."

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"I do not know that I have done anything more than a man in my profession ought to be ready to do at all times," I answered. "You know, or perhaps you do not know, that a doctor who really loves his profession puts it before everything else. Wherever it calls him, he is bound to go. You have asked me to visit a sick man with you—how is it possible for me to refuse?"

"You are the first doctor who has ever come to our house," she answered.

A great blaze of gaslight from a large central lamp fell on her face as she spoke. I could not help remarking its pallor. Her eyes were full of trouble. Her lips were tremulous.

"You are the first doctor who has ever come to our house," she repeated. "I almost wish I had not asked you to come."

"Why so? Do you think your father will resent my visit—that he will regard it as an intrusion?"

"Oh, it isn't that," she answered. Then she seemed to pull herself together as with a great effort.

"You are coming, and there's an end of it," she said; "well, I shall always be grateful to you for your kindness."

"I hope I may be able to assist your father."

When I said this her face grew brighter.

"I am sure you will," she said, eagerly. "You look clever. The moment I saw your face, I knew you were clever. The moment I looked at your hands, I saw capabilities in them. You have got the hands of a good surgeon."

"What can you know about it?" I answered, with a laugh.

"Oh," she said, with an answering laugh, "there are few things I do not know something about. You would be an encyclopædia of all kinds of strange knowledge if you led my life."



"'GO BACK,' I SHOUTED."

"Well," I said, "I, of course, know nothing about you, but will you answer one pardonable question? Where are we going? I do not quite recognise this part of town, and yet I have lived in London the greater part of my days. Are we going east, west, north, or south? I have lost my bearings. What is your address?"

"We are going west," she replied, in a perfectly cold, calm voice. Then, before I could interrupt her, she pushed her long feather fan through the window.

"Take the short cut, Andrews," she called to the driver. "Don't go the round. We are in a great hurry; take the short cut."

"Yes, miss," he shouted back to her.

We were driving down a fairly broad thoroughfare at the time, but now we turned abruptly and entered the veriest slums I had ever seen. Shouting children, drunken men and women filled the streets. A bad smell rose on the night air.

Was it possible that this beautiful, refined-looking girl lived in so repulsive a neighbourhood? But no, it was only as she expressed it, a short cut. The horse was a fleet one, and we soon found ourselves in a lonely and deserted square. We pulled up at a house which had not a light showing anywhere. I got out first and helped Miss Whitby to descend from the hansom.

"Will you kindly inquire if your father has returned?" I asked her; "for if not, there does not seem much use in my coming in."

"Oh! come in, in any case for a moment," she answered, in a cheerful tone. "I can see that the servants have all gone to bed, so

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I must let myself in with this latch-key, but I shall find out in a moment if father has returned. Just come in and wait in the hall until I find out."

She raised her beautiful face to mine as she spoke. Her opera-cloak fell away from her slim shoulders. One white slender hand was raised to push back a refractory lock of golden hair. There was a solitary gas lamp at the corner, and it lit up her willowy figure. I looked at her with a sense of admiration which I could scarcely disguise. We entered the house.

"By the way, can you tell me if there is a cab-stand anywhere near?" I asked, suddenly, "as when I have done with your father, I should like to hasten home, and I have not the least idea what part of the world I am in."

"West," she answered, "very much west. When you leave this house, all you have to do is to take the first turning on your right, and you will find a cab-stand. There are night cabs always on the stand, so it will be perfectly easy for you to get home whenever your duties here are ended."

We were now standing inside the house. The heavy hall door suddenly slammed behind us. We were in pitch darkness.

"What a worry the servants are," exclaimed Miss Whitby's voice. "I always desire them to leave matches and a candle on the hall table. They have neglected my orders. Do you mind staying for a moment in the dark, Dr. Halifax?"

"Not at all," I replied.

She rushed away. I heard her footsteps getting fainter and fainter as she ascended the stairs. She was evidently going to seek matches up several stories. I was alone in the strange house. Silent as the grave was the dark hall. I turned my head to see if any stray beams of gaslight were coming through the fan-light. I found that there was no fan-light. In short, the darkness was of the Egyptian order — it might be felt.

The moments passed. Miss Whitby was a long time coming back. As I stood and waited for her, the darkness seemed to me to become more than ever Egyptian.

I heard a faint sound beneath me. Where did it come from? Did the servants, who kept such early hours, sleep in the cellars? I sprang in the direction of the hall door. Could I have found the lock I would certainly have opened it, if for no other reason than to let in a little light.

Fumble as I would, however, I could not discover any hasp, handle, or bolt. The next instant a glimmer of light from above streamed gratefully down, and I heard the swish of Leonora's evening dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons," she exclaimed, as she joined me. "What must you think of my leaving you so long in that dark, dismal hall? But the fact is, I could not resist the temptation of finding out whether my father had returned. He has; he is still in his bedroom. Now, will you come upstairs with me?"



"'I BEG A THOUSAND PARDONS,' SHE EXCLAIMED."

She ran on in front, and I obediently followed. On the first landing we entered a sitting-room, which was gaily lighted with a couple of lamps covered with soft gold shades, and on the centre table of which a meal was spread.

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"Sit down for a moment," said Miss Whitby; "you must have some refreshment. What can I give you? I am always stupid about opening champagne bottles; but perhaps you can do it for yourself. This is *Jules Mumm*. If my father were here I am sure he would recommend it."

"I don't care for anything," I replied. "If your father is ill, I should like to see him. Have you told him that I am here?"

"No. Do you think I would dare? Did not I tell you how he hated doctors?"

"Then perhaps he is not ill enough to need one," I said, rising to my feet. "In that case I will wish you good evening."

"Now you are angry with me," said Miss Whitby; "I am sure I am not surprised, for I *have* taken a most unwarrantable liberty with you. But if you only would have patience! I want you to see him, of course, but we must manage it."

She sank down on a sofa, and pressed her hand to her brow. She was wonderfully beautiful. I can frankly state that I had never seen anyone so lovely before. A strange sensation of admiration mixed with repulsion came over me, as I stood by the hearth and watched her.

"Look here," I said, suddenly, "I have come to this house for the express purpose of seeing your father, who is supposed to be ill. If you do not take me to him immediately, I must say good-night."

She laughed when I said this.

"It's so easy to *say* good-night," she replied. Then, of a sudden, her manner changed. "Why do I tease you," she said, "when you have been more than kind to me? In truth, there never was a girl in all London who had less cause for laughter than I have now. There is one being in the world whom I love. My fears about my father have been verified, Dr. Halifax. He has just gone through one of those strange and terrible seizures. When he left the theatre I knew he would have it, for I am so well acquainted with the signs. I hoped we should have returned in time to see him in the unconscious stage. He has recovered consciousness, and I am a little anxious about the effect on him of your presence in the room. Of course, beyond anything, I want you to see him. But what do you advise me to do?"

Her manner was so impressive, and the sorrow on her young face so genuine, that once more I was the doctor, with all my professional instincts alive and strong.

"The best thing to do is this," I said. "You will take me to your father's room, and introduce me quite quietly as Dr. Halifax. The chances are a hundred to one that when he sees the real doctor, his prejudices against the imaginary ones will melt into air. One thing at least I can promise—he shall not blame you."

Miss Whitby appeared to ponder over my advice for a moment.

"All right," she said, suddenly. "What you suggest is a risk, but it is perhaps the best thing to do. We will go upstairs at once. Will you follow me?"

The house was well furnished, but very dark. There was a strange and unusual absence of gas. Miss Whitby held a lighted candle in her hand as she flitted upstairs.

We paused on the next landing. She turned abruptly to her right, and we entered a room which must have been over the sitting-room where the supper was laid. This room was large and lofty. It was furnished in the old-fashioned style. The four-post bedstead was made of dark mahogany. The wardrobe and chairs were of the same. When we entered the room was in darkness, and the little flicker of the candle did not do much to light it up.

Leonora laid it down on a table, and walked directly up to the bed. A man was lying there stretched out flat with his arms to his sides. He was in evening dress, and it did not take me an instant to recognise him as the old man who had accompanied the girl to the theatre. His eyes were shut now, and he looked strikingly handsome. His whole face was so pale, that it might have been cut in marble. He did not move an eyelid nor stir a finger when I approached and bent over him.

"Father," said Miss Whitby.

He made her no answer.

"He is unconscious again—he is worse," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and looking at me with terror.

"No, no," I answered. "There is nothing to be alarmed about."

I said this in confidence, for I had taken hold of my patient's wrist, and found that the pulse was full and steady. I bent a little closer over the man, and it instantly flashed through my mind with a sensation of amazement that his unconscious condition was only feigned.

I remembered again the sinister expression of his eyes as he left the theatre, and the thought which flashed then through my brain returned to me.

"He does not look ill."

I put his hand back on the bed, but not too quietly, and asking Miss Whitby to bring

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the candle near, deliberately lifted first one eye-lid and then the other. If the man were feigning unconsciousness he did it well. The eyes had a glassy, fixed appearance, but when I passed the candle backwards and forwards across the pupils, they acted naturally. Raising an eye-lid I pressed the tip of one finger on the eye-ball. He flinched then—it was enough.



"I PRESSED THE TIP OF ONE FINGER ON THE EYE-BALL."

"There is no immediate cause for anxiety," I said, aloud. "I will prepare a medicine for your father. When he has had a good sleep he will be much as usual. Have you anyone who will go to the nearest chemist's?"

"I will go, if necessary," she replied. "The servants have gone to bed."

"Surely one of them could be awakened," I answered. "In a case of this kind, you must not be too regardful of their comforts. I will sit with Mr. Whitby, while you run and rouse one of your servants."

"Very well," she said, after a pause; "I will do so."

"Won't you take the candle?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "I can find my way in the dark."

She left the room, closing the door behind her.

The moment she had done so, the patient on the bed moved, opened his eyes, and sat up. He looked full at me.

"May I ask your name?" he inquired.

"Dr. Halifax—I have been asked to prescribe for you by your daughter."

"You sat near us at the Criterion?"

"I did."

"Did my daughter ask you to come home with her?"

"Not exactly—I offered to do so—she seemed in distress about you."

"Poor Leonora," he said—and then he glanced towards the door.

"Did she tell you that I place no faith in your profession?" he asked again, after a pause.

"She did, and that being the case, now that you are really better, I will leave you."

"No, don't do so. As you have come in one sense uninvited, I will put you to the test—you shall prescribe for me."

"Willingly," I replied; "and now, as it is necessary for a doctor and his patient to clearly understand each other, I may as well tell you at once that, the moment I saw you, I knew that you were not unconscious."

"You are right, I was perfectly conscious."

"Why did you feign to be otherwise?" I asked.

"For Leonora's sake, and—my God, I cannot stand this any longer!" He started upright, then fell back with a groan.

"Lock the door," he said; "don't let her in. I am in agony, in frightful agony. I suffer from *angina pectoris*."

"Leonora knows nothing of this," he gasped. "I conceal it from her. I let her imagine that I suffer from a sort of epileptic fit. Nothing of the kind. This hell fire visits me, and I keep it from Leonora. Now that you have come, give me something, quick, quick!"

"I would, if I had the necessary remedy by me," I replied. "If you will allow me, I will write a prescription for your servant. I can get what is necessary at the nearest chemist's. If you prefer it, I will go myself to fetch what is required."

"No, no, stay—not in this room, but

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downstairs. Leonora will take your message. I hear her now at the door. Let her in—keep your own counsel. Do not betray me."

"I can let her in, in a moment," I answered; "but first let me say that I think you are doing very wrong. Miss Whitby has, I am convinced, presence of mind and strength of character. She would bear to know the true state of things. Sooner or later she must find out. If you give me permission, I will tell her. It is best for me to tell her."

"What I suffer from will kill me in the end, will it not?" inquired Whitby.

"What you suffer from, I need not tell you, is a serious malady. I have not, of course, gone carefully into your case, and it is impossible to do so until the paroxysm of pain is over. In the meantime, trinitrin will give you immediate relief."

"Let me in, please," called Leonora's voice through the keyhole.

"In one moment," I answered. Then I turned to the sick man.

"Shall I tell your daughter, Mr. Whitby? She must have heard us talking. She will know that you have at least returned to consciousness."

"You can tell her that I am in some pain," he replied, "that I have recovered consciousness, and that you are going to administer trinitrin; now go. Promise me that you will reveal nothing further to-night."

He groaned as he spoke, clutched the bed-clothes, and writhed in agony.

"I will promise to do as you wish," I said, pity in my tone.

I unlocked the door, and stood before Miss Whitby.

"My father is better; he has recovered consciousness," she exclaimed at once.

"He wishes to be alone and quiet," I replied. "Darkness will be good for him. We will take the candle and go downstairs."

I lifted it from the table as I spoke, and we descended together to the sitting-room.

"Is your servant coming for the message?" I inquired.

"Yes," she answered. "He will be dressed in a moment."

"Then, if you will give me a sheet of paper and a pen and ink, I will write my prescription," I said.

She fetched me some paper at once; a pen and ink, and a blotting-pad.

"Write," she said. "After you have written your prescription, and the servant has gone to fetch the medicine, you must tell me the truth."

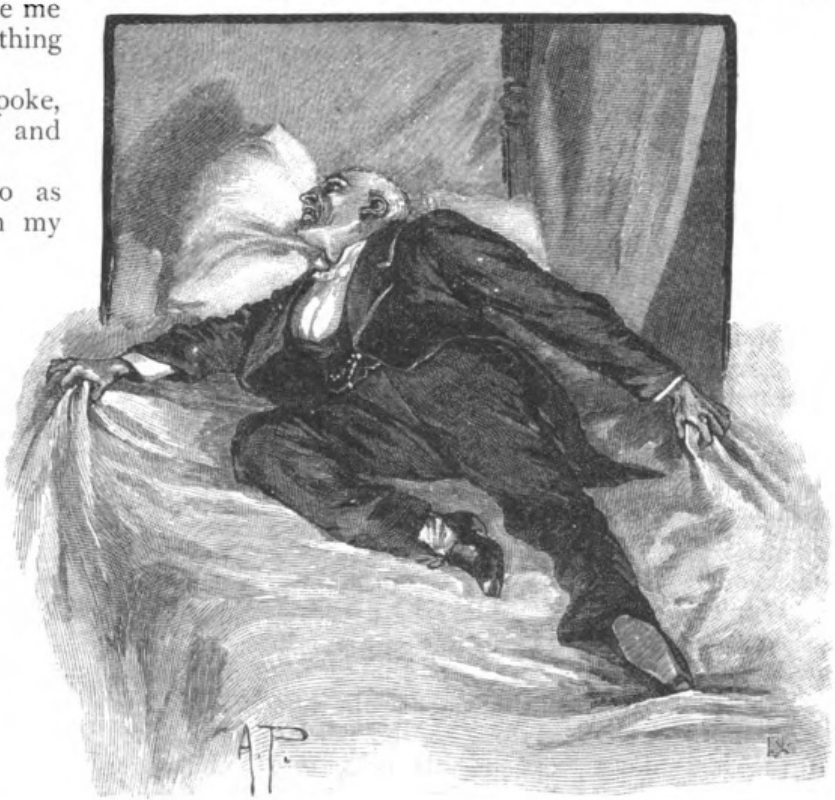
I made no reply at all to this. I wrote for a certain preparation (trinitrin) and a hypodermic syringe. I handed the paper to Miss Whitby. She stood for a moment with it in her hand, then she left the room.

"The servant is a long time coming down," she said when she returned. "How slow, how unsympathetic servants are, and yet we are good to ours. We treat them with vast and exceptional consideration."

"You certainly do," I replied. "There are few houses of this kind where all the servants go to bed when their master and mistress happen to be out. There are few houses where the servants retire to rest when the master happens to be dangerously ill."

"Oh, not dangerously, don't say that," she answered.

"I may be wrong to apply the word 'danger' just now," I replied; "but in any case, it



"HE WRITHED IN AGONY."

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is important that your father should get relief as soon as possible. I wish you would let me go to the chemist myself."

"No, the servant is coming," she answered.

Heavy footsteps were heard descending the stairs, and I saw through the partly open door the outline of a man's figure. Leonora gave him the paper, with directions to hurry, and he went downstairs.

"Now, that is better," she said, returning to the room. "While we wait you will eat something, will you not?"

"No, thank you," I replied.

The food on the table was appetizing. There were piles of fresh sandwiches, a lobster salad, and other dainties; but something in the air of the place, something in the desolation of the dark house, for this was the only well-lighted room, something in the forlorn attitude of the young girl who stood before me, suspense in her eyes, anxiety round her lips, took away the faintest desire to eat.

If what the man upstairs said was true, his tortures must be fiendish. Leonora asked me again to eat—again I refused.

"Will you open one of those bottles of champagne?" she said, suddenly. "I am faint, I must have a glass."

I did her bidding, of course. She drank off about half a glass of the sparkling wine, and then turned to me with a little additional colour.

"You are a good man," she said, suddenly. "I am sorry that we have so troubled you."

"That is nothing," I replied, "if I can be of benefit to your father. I should like to come here to-morrow and go carefully into his case."

"And then you will tell me the truth, which you are concealing now?" she answered.

"If he gives me permission," I replied.

"Oh, I knew there was something which he would not tell," she retorted; "he tries to deceive me. Won't you sit down? You must be tired standing."

I seated myself on the first chair, and looked round the room.

"This is a queer, old-fashioned sort of place," I said. "Have you lived here long?"

"Since my birth," she answered. "I am seventeen. I have lived here for seventeen years. Dr. Halifax?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Do you mind my leaving you alone? I feel so restless, impatient, and nervous; I will go to my father until the messenger returns."

"Certainly," I replied; "and if he gets worse call to me, and I will come to you immediately; he ought not to be left long alone. I am anxious to give him relief as speedily as possible. This injection of trinitrin will immediately do so. I hope your messenger will soon return from the chemist's."

"He will be back presently. The chemist we employ happens to live at a little distance. I will go upstairs now."

"Very well," I replied, "make use of me when you want me."

She smiled, gave me a long glance with an expression on her face which I could not fathom, and softly closed the door behind her. It was a padded door, and made no sound as it closed.

I sat down in an easy chair; a very comfortable one, with a deep seat. I shut my eyes, for I was really beginning to feel tired, and the hour was now past midnight. I sincerely hoped the servant would soon return with the medicine. I was interested in my strange patient, and anxious to put him out of his worst tortures as soon as possible. I saw, as in a picture, the relief which would sweep over Leonora Whitby's face when she saw her father sink into a natural slumber.

She was evidently much attached to him, and yet he had treated her badly. His conduct in leaving her alone at the theatre, whatever his sufferings might have been, was scarcely what one would expect from a father to so young and lovely a girl. He had deliberately exposed his own child to the chances of insult. Why had he done this? Why, also, had he only feigned unconsciousness? How very unconventional, to say the least, was his mode of treating his child. He gave her to understand that he suffered from epileptic fits, whereas in reality his malady was *angina pectoris*.

Here I started and uttered a sudden loud exclamation.

"My God!" I said to myself. "The man cannot suffer from *angina pectoris*, his symptoms do not point to it. What is the matter with him? Did he feign the agony as well as the unconsciousness? He must have a monomania."

I could scarcely believe that this was possible. I felt almost certain that his tortures were not assumed. That writhing at least was natural, and that death-like pallor could scarcely be put on at will. The case began to interest me in the strangest way. I heartily wished the servant to return in order to see some more of my most peculiar patient.

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After a time in my restlessness I began to pace up and down the room. It was large, lofty, and covered from ceiling to floor with book-cases, which were all filled with bright, neat-looking volumes. Books generally give a cheerful aspect, but, for some reason which I could not account for at the time, these did not.

I might look at one, however, to pass away the time, and I went up to a goodly edition of Dickens's works, intending to take down a volume of "Martin Chuzzlewit" to read. I put my hand on the book, and tried to draw it out of the case. To my amazement, I found that this book and all its companions were merely dummies. In short, the room which looked so full of the best literature, was empty of even one line of respectable print.

I sat down again in my chair. The supper on the table did not in the least tempt my appetite—the champagne could not allure me. There was a box of cigars lying temptingly near on the mantelpiece, but I was not disposed to smoke.

I made up my mind that, if the servant delayed his return much longer, I would open the door, call to Miss Whitby, tell her that I would go myself to the chemist's, and bring the medicine which was necessary for my patient's relief. I felt that movement was becoming indispensable to me, for the gloom of the house, the queerness of the whole of this adventure, were beginning at last to tell on my nerves.

Suddenly, as I sat back in the depths of the easy chair, I became conscious of a very queer and peculiar smell. I started to my feet in alarm, and rushing to the nearest window, tried to open it. I discovered that it was a solid frame from bottom to top, and was not meant to move. In short, it was a window which could not open. I tried the other with similar results. Meanwhile, the smell got worse—it rose to my head, and rendered me giddy.

What was the matter? Had I been entrapped into this place? Was my life in danger? Was there a fire in one of the rooms underneath? Yes, this was probably the solution of the enigma—a room had caught fire in the old house, and Leonora Whitby and her father knew nothing of it. I felt a passing sense of relief as this idea occurred to me, and staggered rather than walked to the door. The smell which affected me resembled the smell of fire, and yet there was a subtle difference. It was not caused by ordinary fire.

I reached the door and turned the handle. I was gasping for breath now, and felt that I had not a moment to lose in getting into purer air. I turned the ivory handle of the door frantically. It moved in my grasp—moved round and round, but did not open. In short, I was locked in—I was becoming asphyxiated. I felt my heart throbbing and my chest bound as by iron.



"I STARTED TO MY FEET IN ALARM."

At this desperate instant I saw, to my relief, an unexpected sight. There was another door to the room. This door was evidently not meant to be noticed, for it was completely made up of the false books, and when shut could not be detected. I noticed it now, for it was slightly, very slightly, ajar. I rushed to it, flung it open, and entered another room. Then, indeed, my agony reached its climax. A man in evening dress was lying full length on the floor, absolutely

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unconscious, and probably dead. I staggered towards him, and remembered nothing more.

I came to myself, I do not know when—I do not know how. I was in a hansom. I



"I STAGGERED TOWARDS HIM."

was being driven rapidly through streets which were now almost deserted, in some direction, I knew not where. I could not recall at first what had occurred, but memory quickly returned to me. I saw the face of the dead man as he lay stretched on the floor. I saw once again that dreadful room, with its false books, its mockery of supper, its mockery of comfort. Above all things, I smelt once again that most horrible, suffocating odour.

"Charcoal," I muttered to myself. "There must have been a charcoal furnace under the room. I was duped into that den. Leonora Whitby, beautiful as she appeared, was in league with her father to rob me and take my life; but how have I escaped? Where am I now—where am I going? How, in the name of all that is wonderful, have I got into this hansom?"

There was a brisk breeze blowing, and each moment my brain was becoming clearer. The fumes of the charcoal were leaving me. I was vigorous and well—quite well, and with a keen memory of the past once again. I pushed my hand through the little window, and shouted to the driver to stop.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked. "How is it that I am here?"

He pulled up immediately, and drew his horse towards the pavement. The street was very quiet—it was a large thoroughfare—but the hour must have been nearly two in the morning.

"Where are you taking me?" I repeated.

"Home, sir, of course," replied the man. "I have your address, and it's all right. You sit quiet, sir."

"No, I won't, until you tell me where you are taking me," I answered. "How did I get into this hansom? You cannot drive me home, for you do not know my address."

"Ain't it St. John's Wood Avenue?" replied the man. "The gent, he said so. He gave me your card—Mr. George Cobb, 19, St. John's Wood Avenue."

"Nothing of the kind," I called back, in indignation. "My name is not Mr. George Cobb. Show me the card."

The man fumbled in his breast-pocket, and presently pushed a dirty piece of paste-board through the window. I thrust it into my pocket.

"And now tell me," I said, "how I got into this cab."

"Well, sir," he replied, after a brief moment of hesitation, "I am glad you're better—lor, it isn't anything to fret about—it happens to many and many a gent. You was dead drunk, and stretched on the pavement, sir, and an old gentleman with white 'air he come up and he looks at yer, and he shouts to me:—

"'Cabby,' says he, 'are you good for a job?'

"'Yes, sir,' I answers.

"'Well, then,' says he, 'you take this young gentleman 'ome. He's drunk, and ef the police see him, they'll lock him up—but ef you get down and give me a 'and, we'll get 'im into your 'ansom—and this is where he lives—at least, I suppose so, for this card was found on 'im.'

"'Right you air,' I says to the old gent, and between us we got you into the cab, and 'ere we are now a-driving back to St. John's Wood Avenue."

"Cabby, I have been the victim of the most awful plot, and—and," I continued,

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feeling in my pockets excitedly, "I have been robbed—I only wonder I have not been murdered."

As I spoke I felt for my watch and chain—they had vanished. My valuable diamond ring, the motive, probably, of the whole horrible conspiracy, had been removed from my finger. My studs were gone, and what money I possessed—amounting, I am glad to say, to not more than £2 or £3—was no longer in my possession. The only wonder was why my life had been spared.

"Drive to the nearest police-station. I must give information without a moment's delay," I said to the cabman.

But that is the end of the adventure. Strange, incomprehensible as it may seem, from that day to this I have never solved the enigma of that dark house in that solitary square.

West, very far west, it lies, truly; so far that the police, whom I instantly put on the alert, could never from that day to now obtain the slightest clue to its whereabouts.

For aught that I can tell, Leonora Whitby and her father may be still pursuing their deadly work.

When I read in the papers of sudden and mysterious disappearances I invariably think of them, and wonder if the experiences of the victim who has vanished from all his familiar haunts have been anything like mine—if he has waited, as I waited, in that terrible lethal chamber, with its false books and its padded doors—if he has tasted the tortures of asphyxia and stared death in the face, but unlike me has never returned from the Vale of the Shadow.

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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

IX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IN the closing weeks of the Session the House of Lords enjoyed the unaccustomed privilege of knowing that the eyes of the country were fixed upon it. At length, for a strictly limited time, the Lords have cut out the Commons. The period during which they have had the Home Rule Bill in charge has been brief compared with the long stretch of time during which they were as entirely ignored as if their existence had terminated. For weeks and months through the Session the House of Lords might easily, and more conveniently, have fulfilled all its legislative functions if it had met on the Monday and made holiday through the rest of the week.

For the large majority of noble lords, whether the House is sitting or not is a matter of small consequence. If they have time and inclination they may look in on the way to the Park or club, or they may forbear. They have no responsibilities to meet, no constituencies jealously counting the number of divisions from which they are absent. Indeed, there are very few divisions to take part in. When such an event occurs the House of Lords is inclined, as Mr. Disraeli once irreverently wrote, to cackle with content as a hen that has laid an egg. Still, there are the Lord Chancellor, the Ministers, and one or two ex-Ministers, not to mention the exhausted officials, who must needs be in their places if a sitting be appointed, and who would welcome an arrangement that would relieve them from an engagement that has not the value of utility to recommend it. Often it has come to pass that the Lord Chancellor in wig and gown, accompanied by Purse-bearer and Mace, with Black Rod on guard at the Bar, has marched to the Woolsack, and having advanced a group of private Bills a formal stage, has marched back again, and so the House was "up."



LORD HERSCHELL.

It would, however, never do to admit by adoption of such an arrangement as that suggested, that the country could get along without the House of Lords. Therefore it will sit, though it has no work to do. A few years ago, when things were particularly dull, it suddenly resolved that it would meet an hour earlier than heretofore, so as to be the better able to grapple with accumulation of work. Lord Sherbrooke, a new recruit to the Chamber, was so tickled with this, that he dropped into verse, which appeared anonymously in the *Daily News*:—

As long as their lordships assembled at five,
They found they had nothing to keep them alive;
By wasting more time they expect to do more,
So determine to meet at a quarter-past four.

It was explained at the time that the new arrangement was made with a view to giving an opportunity to the younger peers to take part in debate. It is only in rare and exceptional circumstances that noble lords will sacrifice their dinner on the altar of the State. It ordinarily requires a cry of either the Church or the Land in danger to keep them sitting after eight o'clock. Complaint was made that, meeting at five o'clock, nearly the whole of the time up to the adjournment was occupied by the front benches, or the Duke of Argyll. It was said if the House met an hour earlier young fellows like Lord Denman might have the chance of showing what metal they are made of. No notable change has been wrought in that direction consequent upon the new departure.

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Noble lords accustomed to speak before speak now with fuller frequency and more certain regularity. Failing that, their lordships get off to dinner an hour earlier.

A HOUSE OF COMMONS' SECRET.

There are many reasons why the House of Lords is not a successful school of oratory. The first and not least important is that it is an exceedingly difficult place in which to make oneself heard. When the new Houses of Parliament were opened, the Peers' Chamber was found to have in this respect a rival in the House of Commons. In the Commons then, as in the Lords now, the average human voice lost itself amidst the immensities of the roof. The Lords continue to suffer the inconvenience of lack of acoustical properties in their Chamber. In the Commons, where business really must be done, and is conducted *vivâ voce*, it was necessary to have a Chamber in which one man could hear another speak. After many devices and experiments the roof was lowered by a contrivance of glass, which served a double debt to pay. Through these sheets of glass falls the brilliant light that illumines the House of Commons, whilst it incloses a space by which the plan of ventilation is made practicable.



LORD DENMAN.

Few members looking up at the glass roof, the unique and now most familiar adjunct of the House of Commons, are aware that it is an after-thought, and that it conceals a roof not less lofty or ornate than that in the House of Lords. The result has been to make the House of Commons one of the most perfect Chambers in the world for public speaking, the House of Lords remaining one of the worst.

PEERS WHO MAKE THEMSELVES HEARD.

Whilst for the average member the House of Lords is a sepulchre of speech, it is a curious fact that, as far as I know, without exception, every man whom the House and the country desire to hear makes himself audible even in the Lords. When Mr. Disraeli left the Commons, there was much curiosity to learn whether Lord Beaconsfield could make himself heard amid his new surroundings. He succeeded, apparently, without an effort, being heard in the Lords quite as well as he had been accustomed to make himself audible in the Commons. Earl Granville was heard in the Press Gallery, but only by dint of patient and painstaking endeavour. He literally "spoke to the Gallery," more especially when, as a Minister, he had anything important to communicate. At such times, unceremoniously turning his back on the Lord Chancellor seated on the Woolsack, he faced the Press Gallery and spoke up to it.

Lord Salisbury, with more sonorous voice, to this day observes the same attitude, standing sideways at the table and addressing the Gallery. This is his habit when making ordered speech. When he flings across the House some barbed arrow of wit, he leans both hands on the table, and personally addresses the peer who is, for the time, his target. Even then, happily, he is heard, and the strangers in the Gallery may share the delight of the peers at the brilliant coruscations that play across the table. When Lord Granville was still alive there was nothing more delightful than the occasional encounters between himself and Lord Salisbury. The Conservative Chief has plainly suffered by the withdrawal of this incentive to playful sarcasm. Lord Kimberley, with many admirable qualities, is not the kind of man to inspire liveliness in a political opponent. Compared with the effect noticeable



LORD SALISBURY.

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in the case of Lord Granville, the Earl of Kimberley in his influence upon Lord Salisbury acts the part of a wet blanket.

LORD ROSEBERY.

Happily Lord Granville has left behind him an inheritor of much of his personal and oratorical charm, one, moreover, who has an equally happy effect in influencing Lord Salisbury. If the House of Lords were the House of Commons, and circumstances analogous to those taking place within the last two years had followed, Lord Rosebery would, as a matter of course, have stepped into the shoes of Lord Granville. But the ways of the House of Lords are peculiarly its own; and Lord Kimberley leads it.



LORD KIMBERLEY.

Lord Rosebery's style, whether in the House or in after-dinner speech, is closely akin to Lord Granville's in respect of grace and delicacy of touch. Where difference is marked is possibly found in the particulars that Lord Granville's style was the more polished and Lord Rosebery's is the more vigorous. Lord Granville played around the victim of his gentle humour, almost apologetically pinking him with polished rapier. Lord Rosebery will do that sometimes; but, occasionally, as the late Lord Brabourne knew, he is capable of delivering a blow straight from the shoulder on the visage of a deserving object. His oratorical style may be described as English, benefiting by application of French polish. Lord Granville's was French, with substratum of what we are pleased to regard as British solidity.

Lord Rosebery is one of the few peers who make light of the ordinarily fatal effects of the gilded chamber. He apparently makes no particular effort, but manages to fill every recess with the music of his voice. So does the Duke of Argyll, but he is



DUKE OF ARGYLL.

not without suspicion of uplifting his voice in unaristocratic shout. This is probably due to the fact that the MacCullum More, having all his life lived in association with the bagpipes, has unconsciously caught the attitude, and is apparently under sore temptation to take the strut, of the player. When he addresses the Lords he throws back his head, inflates his chest, and slightly extends his right foot, an attitude that only wants the accessory of the bagpipes to make it completely national.

The late Lord Chancellor and the present occupant of the Woolsack have, in common, the advantage of making themselves heard in the House. As for Lord Bramwell, he has a voice that would be heard in a storm at sea. Lord Ashbourne, who used to be thought a little loud-voiced for the delicate arrangement of the House of Commons, is quite at home in the House of Lords. The Marquis of Waterford is another peer who under peculiar circumstances may be listened to without painful effort. Owing to an accident in the hunting field the Marquis is disabled from standing, and has special permission to address the House seated. This he does with surprising vigour alike of voice and invective. Lord Dudley, one of the youngest peers, has excellent voice and delivery, the more fortunate in his case as he generally has something to say worth listening to. Lord Winchilsea and Nottingham is still another peer who commands the ear of the House.

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There are probably other peers who possess natural gifts that cope with the difficulty that handicaps genius in the Lords; but no other names occur to me.

DUMB SHOW.

The general run of oratorical effort may be illustrated by two incidents that happened during the Session. One night in June Lord Breadalbane, wearing the uniform of the Lord Steward, and carrying the wand of office, appeared at the table and stood there for some moments. As the House sat attentive it began to be suspected in the Press Gallery that he was saying something, in all probability reading a reply from the Queen to an address presented by the House. What it might be was not conveyed by any audible sentence. It was necessary to have some record in the report, and a message was sent down to the Clerk of the Table asking if he could inform the reporters what was the nature of the Lord Steward's business. The Clerk sent back word that he was always anxious to oblige, but the lamentable fact was that though Lord Breadalbane had been standing at the table at which he sat, he had not heard a word of his message.

That was possibly a calamity arising out of the natural modesty of an ingenuous young peer suddenly finding himself thrust into a position of prominence. The other case more precisely illustrates the chronic difficulty hinted at. In the course of a long debate in Committee on the Places of Worship (Sites) Bill, Lord Grimthorpe, standing on his legs for ten minutes, was understood to be moving an amendment. Lord Belper, in charge of the Bill, opposed the amendment in a speech almost as inaudible. Lord Halsbury, whose observations at least have the merit of being audible, protested that Lord Belper had not properly appreciated the arguments of Lord Grimthorpe. "I could not hear him," said Lord Belper. "I must confess, my lords," said the ex-Lord Chancellor, with his winning smile, "that I am not certain I myself correctly caught the drift of Lord Belper's remarks."



LORD HALSBURY.

Happily for the welfare of the nation, this physical inability to follow the arguments of a debate does not preclude noble lords from giving their opinion thereupon by their vote in the Lobby.

BLACK ROD.

One result of the change in the hour of meeting sung by Lord Sherbrooke has been the abandonment of a practice which led to occasional explosions. When the House of Lords began to meet at a quarter-past four, the House of Commons at that time not commencing public business till half-past four, it was possible, with an effort at agility, for Black Rod to reach the Commons, and summon them to a Royal Commission before questions had commenced. When the House of Commons advanced its time of meeting by an hour Black Rod inevitably arrived, in discharge of his mission, at a time when questions were in full swing.

It is a reminder of old times that Black Rod, coming about the Sovereign's business, brooks no delay. It is true that, when watchful scouts in the Commons' Lobby breathlessly bring news that "Black Rod's a-coming," the doorkeeper leaves his chair, darts within the open doors, shuts and bolts them, and calmly awaits the consequences. Black Rod, coming up and finding the door thus unceremoniously closed in his face, raps upon it thrice with his stick. The doorkeeper, cautious to the last, instead of unbolting the door, opens a little spy-hole cunningly built above the sturdy lock. With a start of surprise he finds Black Rod standing there, demanding entrance in the name of the Queen. Without more ado the doorkeeper unlocks and unbolts, and, hastening within the glass door of the House itself, stands at the Bar and at the top of his voice proclaims "Black Rod!"

The inconvenience of this sudden incursion and interruption has been felt for centuries. It might have gone on to the end of time but for the accident that one afternoon the sudden cry "Black Rod!" broke in upon remarks Mr. Gladstone chanced to be making. There was under the ancient rules of the House no option to anyone. Black Rod must set forth for the Commons when he receives the word of command from the House of Lords. The doorkeeper,

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after peeping at him through the spy-hole, must straightway rush into the Commons and bellow "Black Rod!" The gentleman on his feet, be he Premier or private member, must forthwith resume his seat. The course of business is peremptorily interrupted, whilst Mr. Speaker, accompanied by the Mace and one forlorn member (usually the Home Secretary), trudges off to the Bar of the Lords to hear the Royal Assent given by Commission to a batch of Bills.



THE SPEAKER'S PROCESSION.

The chance interruption of Mr. Gladstone had the effect upon the procedure which is hopefully looked for in respect of railway management when a director has been maimed in a collision. Angry protests were made by loyal Radicals, and the Speaker undertook to communicate with the authorities in the other House with a view of devising means whereby inconvenience might be averted. The suggestion made to the Lords was that they should so arrange matters that Black Rod should appear on his picturesque but not particularly practical mission at a time when he would not interrupt the course of public business. An effort was made to carry out this suggestion, but, the hours clashing, it was found impossible. The consequence has been that occasionally a Saturday sitting has been found necessary for the purpose of going through the performance of giving the Royal Assent to Bills.

A ROYAL COMMISSION.

Whether Parliament might not, as Sir Walter Barttelot used to say, "go one step farther," and get rid of the anachronism of the Royal Commission is, I suppose, a question for which the time is not yet ripe. The assumption underlying the Constitution is that the Houses of Parliament, having agreed upon certain legislative measures, the Sovereign carefully considers them, and either gives consent or exercises the right of veto. In the good old days the King took an active part in the weekly, almost the daily, business of the House of Commons. Not only was the Session opened and closed by Majesty in person, but the Royal Assent was given or withheld by the King's own hand. Now, with rare exceptions at the opening of a Session, the functions of the Sovereign are performed by Commissioners, the business degenerating into a formality which may be essential, but is certainly not dignified.

Several times in the course of a Session a Royal Commission sits. It consists of the Lord Chancellor and, usually, four other peers. They are dressed in the ermine-trimmed scarlet robes of a peer of Parliament, and are, as it is written in police-court reports, accommodated with a seat upon a bench set in front of the Woolsack. All being in readiness, Black Rod is bidden to request the appearance at the Bar of the House of the faithful Commons. In the last days of the memorable Parliament of 1874 the delivery of this message raised what threatened to be a grave Constitutional question. General Knollys was Black Rod at the time, and the jealous ear of Sir George Bowyer had detected on his part a lapse into unwarranted imperiousness. Black Rod, having gained admittance to the House of Commons, in circumstances already described, approaches the table with



A ROYAL COMMISSION; OR, CLOCKWORK FIGURES.

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measured step, thrice making obeisance to the Chair. Arrived at the table, he should say, "The presence of members of this honourable House is desired to hear the Lords Commissioners give their assent to certain Bills." Whether due to contempt for ordinary humanity born of daily contact with haughty nobles, or whether by pure accident, General Knollys had altered this formula, "requiring" instead of "desiring" the company of the Commons at the Bar of the House of Lords. Sir George Bowyer, a type extinct in the present Parliament, solemnly called the attention of the Speaker to the matter, and the next time Black Rod appeared all ears were cocked to catch his phrase.

General Knollys was at this time an elderly warrior, not too certain on his pins. Beneath his carefully cultured hauteur he nurtured a great terror of the House of Commons, which used to pretend fiercely to resent his entrances, and ironically cheered his painstaking exit backwards. This was his last mission to the Parliament of 1874. Its turbulent life was measured by a few gasps. When the Speaker obeyed the summons and stood at the Bar of the House of Lords to hear the prorogation read, all would be over. General Knollys might with impunity have flouted the moribund House, and avenged a long series of insults by rasping out the objectionable word "required." A swift retreat and a flight across the Lobby would have landed him in the sanctuary of his box in the House of Lords. The General was, happily, of a generous mind, and, meekly "desiring" the presence of members in the other House, what might have been an interesting scene passed off quietly.

A SOLEMN FARCE.

When the Speaker, accompanied by the Serjeant-at-Arms bearing the Mace, and escorted by a number of members who rarely exceed a dozen, reaches the Bar of the House of Lords, the five cloaked figures on the bench before the Woolsack thrice uplift their cocked hats. This is designed as a salutation to the Speaker. Simultaneously the Clerk of Parliament, quitting his seat at the end of the table, advances midway adown its length. Halting, he produces a large document bearing many seals. This is the Royal Commission appointing "our trusted and well-beloved councillors" to act for the Sovereign in the matter of signifying Royal Assent to certain Bills. When the Clerk of Parliament comes upon a name in the catalogue of Commissioners, he stops, turns half to the right and bows low to the red-cloaked figures on the bench. At this signal a hand appears from under the folds of one of the cloaks, and a cocked hat is uplifted. The process is repeated at the recital of each name, till the Royal Commissioners have been numbered off.



A ROYAL COMMISSIONER.

This formality completed, another clerk in wig and gown steps forth and takes a position on the left-hand side of the table facing the Lords Commissioners. He is known as the Clerk of the Crown, and it is his mission vocally to signify the Royal Assent. At this stage the performance becomes irresistibly comic. On the table by the Clerk of Parliament is a pile of documents. These are the Bills which have passed both Houses and now await the Royal Assent. Taking one in his hand, the clerk on the right-hand side of the table turns to face the cloaked figures, to whom he bows low. The clerk on the left-hand side of the table simultaneously performs a similar gesture. The two clerks then wheel about till they face each other across the table. The Clerk of Parliament reads the title of the Bill, the Clerk of the Crown responding, in sepulchral voice, "*La Reyne le veult.*" Both clerks wheel round to face the Lords Commissioners, to whom they again make a profound bow. Then they face about, the Clerk of Parliament takes up another document, reads out a fresh title, and the Clerk of the Crown, with deepening sadness as the moments pass, chants his melancholy refrain, "*La Reyne le veult.*"

Nothing more is said or done till the batch of Bills is exhausted and the clerks return to their seats. The cloaked figures

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then raise their cocked hats to the Speaker, who gravely inclines his head and gets back to the work-a-day world, whose business has been interrupted in order that this lugubrious farce might be accomplished.

There is no harm in this, and as the Lords through the greater part of the Session have not much else to do, it would be unkind to make an end of it. But it would appear that it is scarcely the sort of thing on account of which the serious business of the nation, going forward in the House of Commons, should be rudely and peremptorily interrupted.

A DIRE DILEMMA.

During a Session that has almost exclusively been given up to debate on the Home Rule Bill, the House of Commons has fully justified its reputation as the most entertaining theatre within the Metropolitan area. Amid a long series of exciting scenes and swift surprises, nothing exceeds in dramatic quality the episode when Mr. John Dillon "remembered Mitchelstown" nine months and four days before that historic event had happened. It was Mr. Chamberlain who played up to this scene, as he was personally responsible for many others that stirred the passions of the House to their deepest depths.

When the question of transferring the control of the police to the proposed Irish Legislature was under discussion, Mr. Chamberlain argued that the body of men who would probably form the majority in the new Legislature were not to be trusted with control of the liberty and property of the community. In support of this contention he cited a speech delivered by Mr. Dillon at Castlerea, in which the member for East Mayo was reported to have said that when the Irish Parliament was constituted, they would have the control of things in Ireland, and "would remember" the police, sheriffs, the bailiffs, and others who had shown themselves enemies of the people.

This effective attack was made in a crowded and excited House, that awaited with interest Mr. Dillon's rejoinder. It was made in immediately effective style. Mr. Dillon did not defend the threat cited, but urged that it had been uttered in circumstances of cruel provocation. A short time earlier, the massacre at Mitchelstown had taken place. He had seen three innocent men shot down by the police in cold blood. "That recollection," he emphatically said, "was hot in my mind when I spoke at Castlerea."

For ten minutes longer Mr. Dillon went on. At the end of that time the House observed that Mr. Sexton, who sat next to his colleague, handed him a scrap of paper. That is by no means an unusual occurrence in debate in the House of Commons. A member having a case to state or reply to forgets a detail and has it brought to his mind by watchful friends. Mr. Dillon took the paper and closely read it, still slowly proceeding with the incompleted sentence on which he had embarked when the interruption presented itself. Members listened with quickened attention to what followed, curious to know what was the point overlooked, and now to be introduced into the speech. It was not readily discernible in the conclusion of the speech, which Mr. Dillon accomplished without sign of hesitation or perturbation.



THE SCRAP OF PAPER.

THE SCRAP OF PAPER.

Yet the scrap of paper, unflinchingly read, conveyed one of the most terrible messages ever received by a prominent public man addressing the House of Commons. On it was written: "*Your speech delivered 5th December, 1886. Mitchelstown affair, 9th September, 1887.*"

Mr. Dillon had suffered one of the most curious and, in the circumstances, most damaging lapses of memory that ever afflicted a man in the House of Commons. An English member might have done it with comparative impunity. It would have seemed strange and would, for a long time, have been hurtful to his reputation for accuracy. At least, his *bona-fides* would have remained unchallenged. There would have been no accusation of attempting to "palm off" a false statement on an unsuspicious House. With John Dillon the case was different. Looking across the floor of the House, he could see Mr. Chamberlain, his keen face lighted up, his hands on the corner of the bench ready to spring up the moment he resumed his

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MR. SEXTON.

seat. He knew now what had been the meaning of Mr. T. W. Russell's hasty rush from the House towards the Library, and his jubilant return with another scrap of paper. They had detected his blunder, and he was able to estimate what measure of charitable construction it was likely to receive from that quarter.

He was still in possession of the House, and had the next turn of the game in his hands. How should he play it? Either he might at once admit his blunder, make such apology and explanation as was possible, and, at least, forestall the plainly contemplated action of Mr. Chamberlain: or he might go on to the end, take his beating at the hands of the jubilant enemy, and thereafter endeavour to put himself right with the House and the country.

As everyone knows, Mr. Dillon, rightly or wrongly regarded as a matter of tactics, adopted the latter plan. But decision had to be taken as he stood there, the scrap of paper scorching his hand, the necessity of continuing and connecting his sentences imperative, the crowded House looking on. It was about as bad a five minutes as ever fell to the lot of a man actually off the rack, and was gone through with marvellous self-possession.



T. W. RUSSELL'S RUSH.

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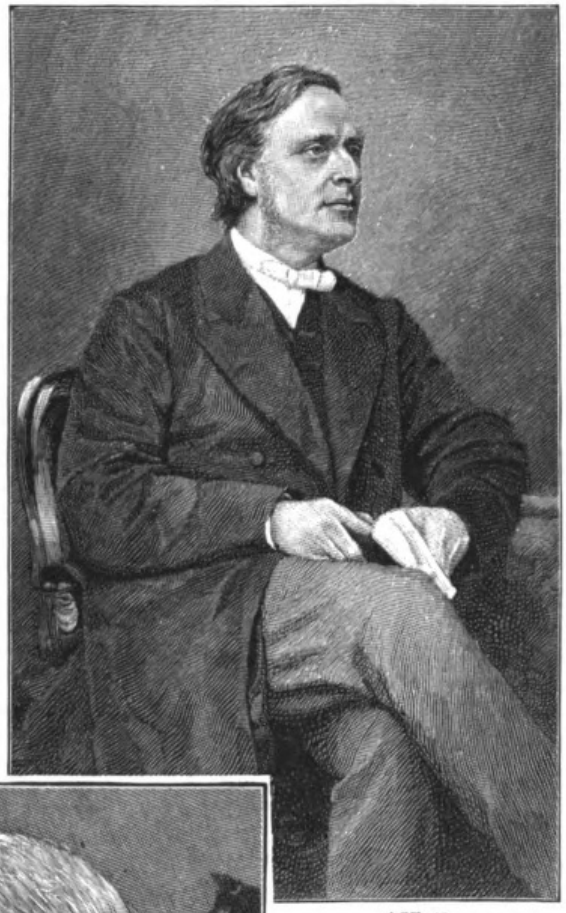


From a] AGE 20. *[Daguerreotype.*

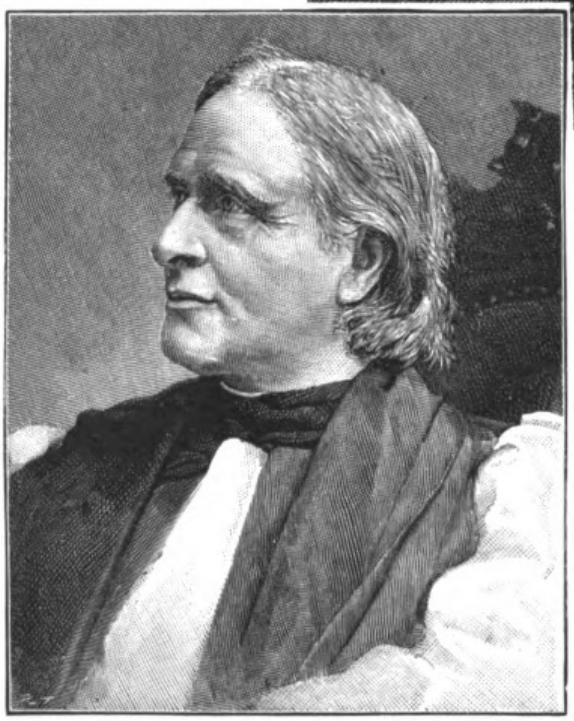
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BORN 1829.

THE MOST REV. EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D., Archbishop of Canterbury, born near Birmingham, and educated there and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became scholar and fellow, was for some years an assistant-master at Rugby, and was appointed first head-master of Wellington College in 1858, continuing to hold the position till 1872, when he became Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral. Towards the end of 1876, at the recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield, he was appointed to the newly-created Bishopric of Truro, where he displayed great energy of organization, and in collecting subscriptions for the proposed new cathedral. In December, 1882, at Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury after the death of Dr. Tait. He has published several volumes of sermons preached in Wellington College and elsewhere. His ecclesiastical policy has been marked rather by energy of social reform and general conciliation than by controversial theology, the Archbishop being himself attached to the Liberal High-Church party.



AGE 40.
From a Photo. by Mayall, Brighton.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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From a] AGE 31. *[Drawing.*

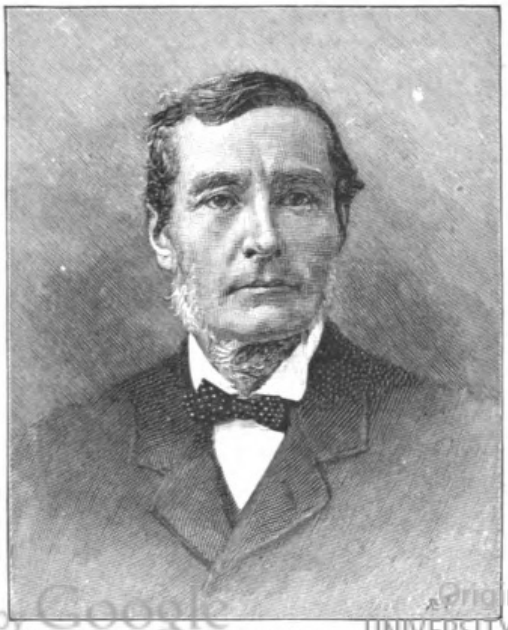


From the Painting by] AGE 47. *[Sir John Millais, R.A.*

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

BORN 1825.

SIR HUGH LUPUS GROSVENOR, K.G., P.C., Duke of Westminster, who has the enviable reputation of being the richest man in England, was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford. At the age at which our first portrait shows him he was sitting as Liberal member for Chester, which he continued to do until, on the death of his father in 1869, he succeeded to the title of Marquis of Westminster, being five years later raised to the Dukedom. He married in 1852 Lady Constance Gertrude Leveson-Gower, youngest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, and to his eldest son, Earl Grosvenor, who was born a year later, the Queen in person stood sponsor. The Duke married for a second time, in 1882, the Hon. Katherine Caroline Cavendish, daughter of Lord Chesham. He was Master of the Horse from 1880 to 1885; is Lieut.-Colonel of the Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers; and also Supernumerary A.D.C. to the Volunteering Forces, with the rank of colonel. The house of Grosvenor is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and is stated to have flourished in Normandy for a century and a half before the Conquest, and to have held the high and powerful office in that principality of *Le Grovenour*. The founder of the English Grosvenors, Gilbert Le Grosvenor, came over in the train of William the Conqueror.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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From a] AGE 6. *[Photograph.*

A. J. WEBBE.

BORN 1855.

MR. A. J. WEBBE, the well-known Middlesex cricketer, was born in London, and educated at Harrow and Oxford. For three years, 1872 to 1874, he was conspicuous in the School Eleven, and in the latter year he scored 77 and 80 against Eton ; and in the University match, 1875, he made a catch that will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

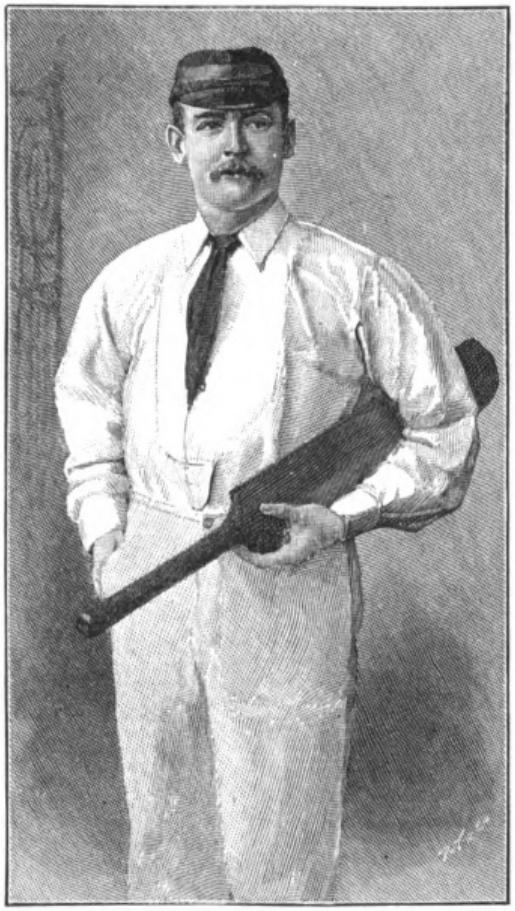


AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Hennah & Kent, Brighton.



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Harrow.

Mr. Webbe has played continuously for Middlesex, and his stubborn and watchful defence,



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Barraud, London.*

and particularly strong power of cutting, have been of invaluable service to the county.

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From a] AGE 20 MONTHS. *[Daguerreotype.*

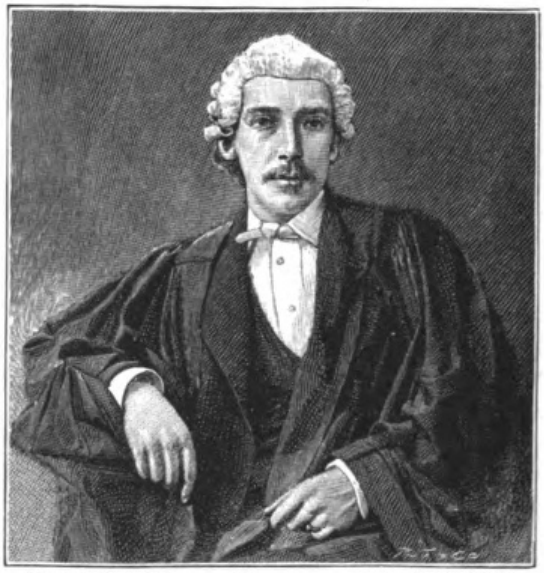
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BORN 1850.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is the son of Mr. Thomas Stevenson, the celebrated light-house engineer, and was born at Edinburgh. The book which established his reputation was "Treasure Island," published in 1883. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," published in 1888, is perhaps his most popular work. Mr. Stevenson has taken up his residence in Samoa, and we are enabled to give an illustration of the room in which he writes his delightful books.



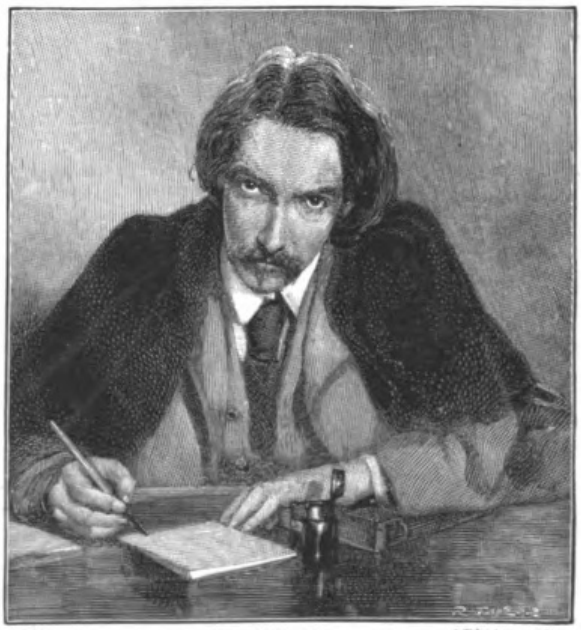
From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[Moffat, Edinburgh.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Ayton, Edinburgh.*

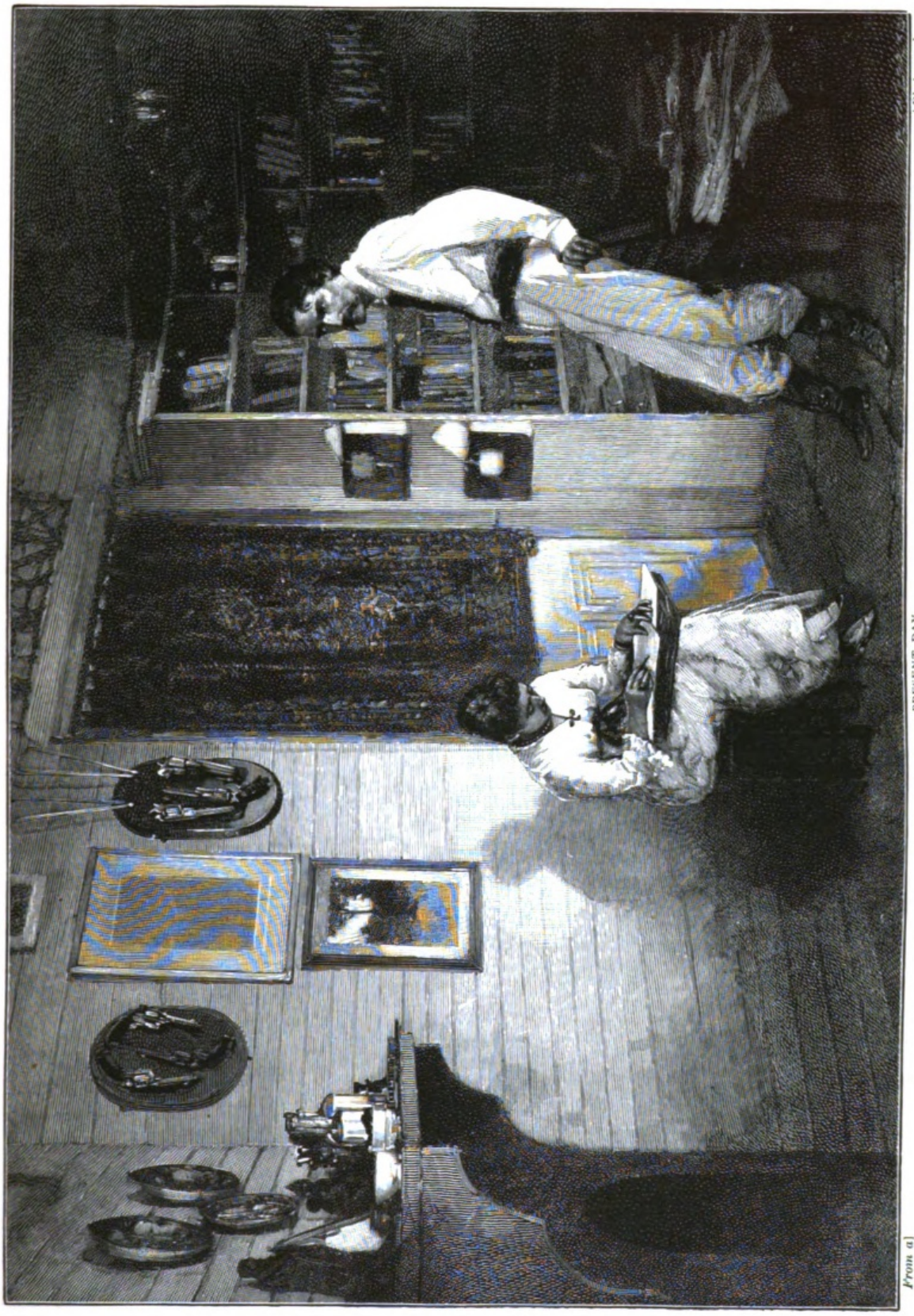


From a Photo. by] AGE 7. *[Ross, Edinburgh.*



From a] AGE 35. *[Photograph.*

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[*Photograph.*

MR. R. L. STEVENSON AND MRS. STEVENSON IN THE LIBRARY AT VAILIMA, UPSILU, SAMOAN ISLANDS.
PRESENT DAY.

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From a] AGE 7. *[Photograph.*

HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.

BORN 1850.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., sculptor, the son of distinguished sculptors, was born in London, and educated at Macclesfield Grammar School and University College School, London. He studied art at the Royal Academy School, and in the Elgin Room at the British Museum,



From a] AGE 16. *[Photograph.*

and in December, 1870, bore off the silver medal in the antique school. He first came before the public in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1871 with a bust of the late Dr. Sharpey, Professor of Physiology at University College. In the same year he visited Italy. During 1872 he was aiding his father on the Park Lane fountain. A bronze statuette of Lord Mayo was his most notable production in 1874. In the Academy of 1876 Mr. Thornycroft was well represented by "A Warrior Bearing a Wounded Youth from the Field of Battle," which had won the gold medal of the council in the previous year. In 1877 came the notable "Lot's Wife"; and "Stepping Stones," an early work, only then executed in marble in 1879. "Artemis," and a statuette, "A Youth Putting



From a Drawing by] AGE 33. *[Blake Wirgman.*

the Stone" (1880), were fine examples of the imaginative side of art, and deservedly gained for their author the associateship of the Royal Academy in January, 1881. For a full account of Mr. Thornycroft's life and works we will refer the reader to the Illustrated Interview in the present number.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Maull & Fox.*

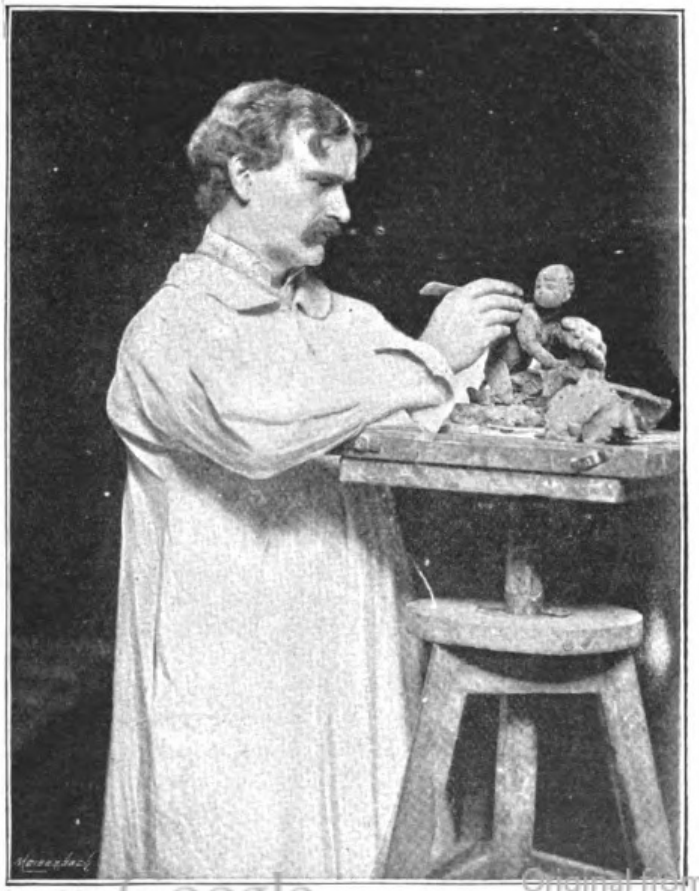
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Illustrated Interviews.

XXVI.—MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.

IT requires but little apology for once again resorting to the immediate neighbourhood of West Kensington. There is no thoroughfare in London more inviting to those in search of all that is interesting, all that is instructive, than the Melbury Road. To think of standing in a garden and being able to throw stones—carefully, of course—on to the green lawns of Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., Mr. Watts, R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., and Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., whilst, from the roof of this particular house, those gifted in aiming straight might pitch a pebble amongst the bushes belonging to Mr. Burgess, R.A., and Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A. I have before now referred to the love which the birds appear to have for this delightful neighbourhood. If there were any mystery at all as to why our feathered friends have singled out this spot, I have discovered the true solution. Hamo Thornycroft cares for them. He fed them on the summer morning I met him, and he will remember their wants in the days of winter. He knows them, and believes they know him, the result of giving them proper food and not only the stray bits, which sometimes make it convenient to be kind. Even "Corky," the cat, who is snoozing under the mulberry tree which its owner planted seventeen years ago, would not harm a feather of one of them. And that is something to say for "Corky," for it is on record that she has leaped over Mr. Watts's wall and made for Marcus Stone's larder, and annexed a partridge, to say nothing of helping herself to Val Prinsep's pigeons!

The love which Hamo Thornycroft has for all things which Nature has given us was a gift to him on his very first birthday. This love tells with a man, and has moulded his ruling characteristics to what they are to-day. I have seldom met a man freer from what may be plainly written down as egotism than the eminent sculptor. Rapid success is frequently fraught with that which spoils those on whom it falls. But not so here. Of medium height, strong and well set, with fair, curly hair, and eyes that almost speak, he impresses one as a man who does not stay his kindness at the birds. He speaks very quietly and very quickly, and believes in hard work. He is always in his studio at half-past eight, and has, before now, held on to his mallet until two the next morning. A man who puts in eighty hours a week—as he has done just before the Academy—is not afraid of work. But, then, his heart is in every block of marble he touches. His work, too, in the AcademySchools is by no means small, for it falls to the lot of Royal Academicians to devote two hours every evening for two months of the year to the Academy students. He finds recreation in divers ways. He



From a Photo. by] MR. THORNYCROFT. *[Elliott & Fry.*

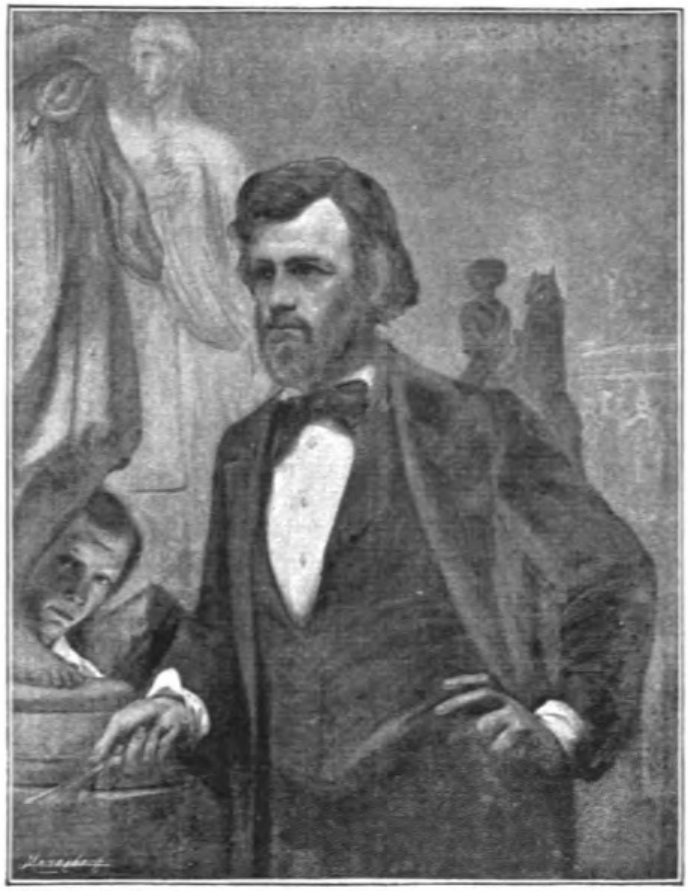
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is an expert amateur photographer; he rows and cycles. Together with his wife he has practically made a grand tour of England, Scotland, and Wales; whilst as a grouse shot he is thoroughly skilful.

"You shake hands like a sculptor," he said when I met him.

"Why?" I asked.

"You grip. If a man carves it tends to strengthen the gripping muscles both in holding the chisel and hammer. I used to do a good deal of carving in my early days—a very essential thing for the sculptor, because it accustoms you to the possibilities of your material. Foley had a great grip when shaking hands. He had a hand of extraordinary size, and it is all the more remarkable when you remember how wonderfully complete his work always was, as witness his magnificent equestrian statue of Sir James Outram for India. I always quote that when committees try to hurry me with my work. Foley took seven years to complete it.



From the Painting] MR. THORNYCROFT'S FATHER. *[by John Cross.*

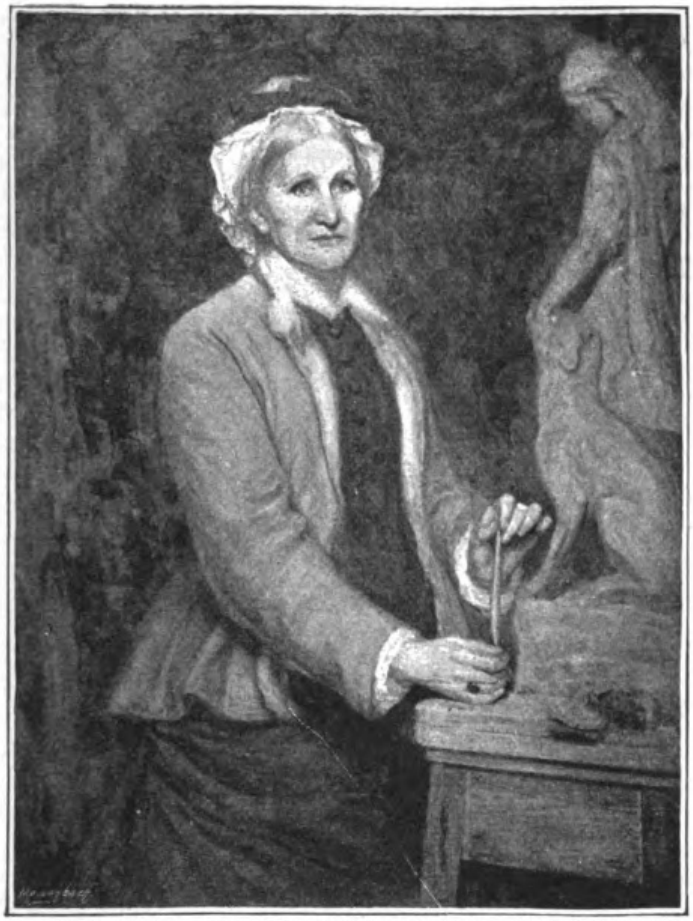
"Foley, by-the-bye, was a very bad shot. He was a great friend of my father's, and I well remember one day they were out shooting, when a very easy bird rose. Foley fired and missed. He missed again—and at last the old pointer turned round, looked up at him with a positive look of disgust, and walked away. The very next bird that rose the dog had it and practically killed it with anger.

"Boehm had a nervous, delicate hand. My mother's hand, too, is very beautiful. Now, shall we walk through?"

The house proper—unmistakably nineteenth century in its design, which was architectured by John Belcher from plans by its owner—contains numberless tokens of the skill of the Thornycrofts as an artistic family both in the way of pictures and sculpture. The dining-room looks on to the Melbury Road. Here in a corner is the first bust executed by the Royal Academician. It is of his sister. Portraits of his grandfather, John Francis Thornycroft, and of his maternal grandmother are on either side of a canvas by John Cross of his father and eldest brother John, who is happily known as "Torpedo Thornycroft," owing to the success which has crowned his skill as a maker of torpedo boats. Mr. Thornycroft's father was an excellent engineer, and towards the end of his days practically forsook sculpture and spent most of his time with his son at his torpedo works at Chiswick. It is interesting to note that the skill of father and son was put into the building of the first launch that actually kept up with the 'Varsity crews. The *Nautilus* was forty feet long, and was built in Mr. Thornycroft senior's studio in 1860.

A picture by T. B. Wirgman of the sculptor's mother hangs over the fire-place. She is painted in the act of modelling the Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) as a child, with her pet dog Rover by her side. Here, too, is a clever drawing of his paternal grandmother—a North Country woman, a great Puritan, and never tired of dilating upon the wickedness of sculpture, as it tended to be Popish! A couple of drawings by Alfred Stevens—for whom their possessor has an intense admiration—are pointed out as being the work of a remarkable man whose drawings approached Raphael nearer than all his fellows. A Michael Angelo is also here, together with some striking photos of works

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From the Painting] MR. THORNYCROFT'S MOTHER. *[by T. B. Wirgman.*

by Saint Gaudens, the great American sculptor, the only reminiscence of these particular subjects which were destroyed by fire at New York. The first sketch for "The Mower" is on the mantelpiece.

The hall is given up to many pictures by Miss Helen Thornycroft, a very brilliant painter of flowers in general and orchids in particular. A reminder of Mr. Thornycroft's old Volunteering days in the shape of a drawing by Wirgman is looked at: the Artists' Corps, indeed, for amongst the crowd may be singled out Sir Frederick Leighton, Ouless, Forbes Robertson, Cotman, Val Prinsep, A. S. Coke, Stacy Marks, Brock, P. R. Morris, Hamo Thornycroft, and many more—the sight of which reminds Mr. Thornycroft that he and Sir Frederick had the biggest heads in the corps, and there was always a great difficulty in getting the regulation helmets to fit.

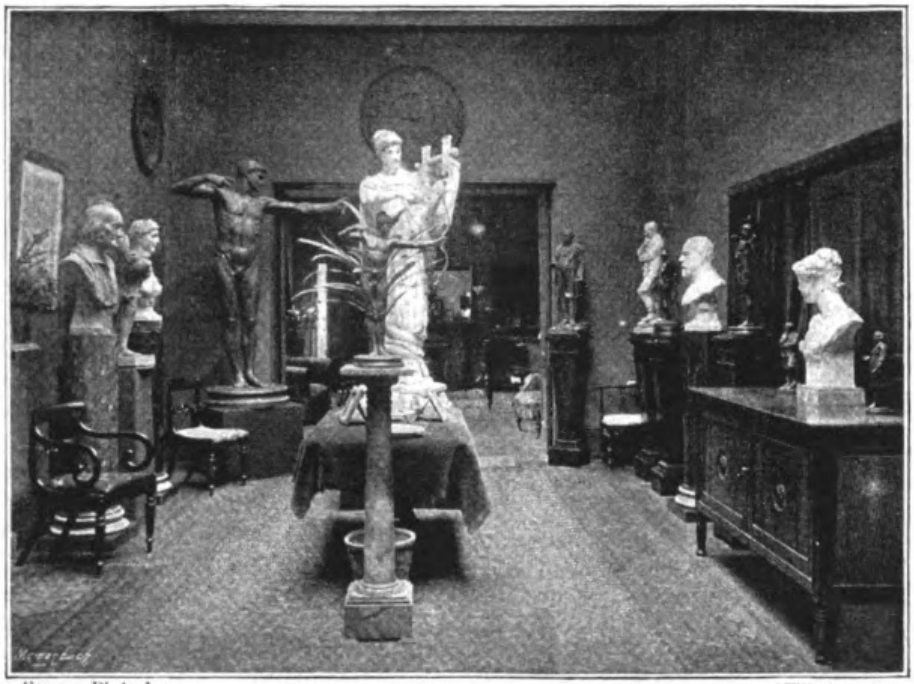
Every picture on the walls, every work of art scattered about in the drawing-room, has its own peculiar interest, but one is naturally drawn towards the family hearth. It is a remarkable hearth. Each tile bears the features of a member of the family. This is the handiwork of Miss Helen Thornycroft.

"That water-colour," said Mr. Thornycroft, "is by G. D. Leslie, and is somewhat interesting. We were up the Thames in my brother's launch one day, and a number of us started out into the country, to return in two hours with a sketch. Leslie's was voted the best, and he was good enough to give it to me. Leslie used to frequent the Thames very much for painting, and I remember seeing him rescue one of his pictures from going under a mill at great risk to himself. His jokes were as great as they were artistic."



From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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From a Photo. by THE GALLERY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Then came the story of the murder on the Thames.

A lady used to pose to Leslie up the river. It seems that the moths ruined her dress, and Leslie suggested she should get into the water with her dress on, and, with the help of the boat-hook, have a good scour, with the view of getting rid of the dress-destroyers. The lady offered no objection. In she went. Some passers-by seeing the incident were alarmed, and shouted "Murder," and as the artist persisted in keeping the lady down with the boat-hook, some of the more practical onlookers rushed for a policeman. The constable arrived and shouted, but Leslie only hit her the more. A boat was rowed out; one man took off his coat and prepared to swim, but when the constable rescued from the water a lay-figure, Leslie most politely thanked him for his ready help, and the representative of the majesty of the law nearly fainted!

We entered the gallery.

This is a grand space given up to models of works executed either in marble or bronze, with one or two examples in marble complete. In a corner stands "Artemis," and opposite is "Lot's Wife," impressively still and cold. "The Teucer" looks dignified, and "A Warrior Carrying a Wounded Youth" is treasured, for it won its modeller the gold medal in his student days. "April," "Sir Arthur Cotton," "The Mower," "The Sower," "John Bright," "General Gordon," "Medea," "Putting the Stone," and the late Professor Owen are all here.

We stood before each one, and each suggested its story.

"'Artemis,'" said the sculptor, "was a fortunate statue for me. I had a most excellent model, an Italian girl whose grace was perfect, one of the best models I have ever had. She was not as romantic, though, as the being she posed for, for she married an itinerant vendor of ice cream. You notice the hound. I was at my wits' end where to get the dog I wanted. Early one morning my sister was out, when she saw a wiry-haired greyhound being chased by boys. She took it under her protection and brought it home. That is the dog in the statue. I kept it, and curiously enough it died the very day the statue was completed. It lies buried in the garden. 'Lot's Wife' was, I think, the first large statue exhibited in the Royal Academy. This is the original. It was suggested to me by seeing a huge straight boulder standing alone and weird on a sea-shore early one morning. 'The Teucer' was modelled from three men. The figure proper was from an Italian, the arms were from a man in the studio, and the head is that of a gipsy I found. The Italian looked a shambling fellow with his clothes on, but, when undressed—well, I have seldom seen a finer physique."

The "Warrior and Youth" brought back pleasant recollections. It reminded its creator of his early student days—the little supper party which always comes with the award of the gold medal—the students' meal originally inaugurated by Flaxman one night in expectation of his winning the much-coveted award. He didn't get it, but he gave the supper just the same! And Mr. Thornycroft remembered how he could not get on his legs to make the customary speech, and how Henry Stacy Marks—an old student—helped him out of his dilemma, and spoke out with all his heart on his behalf.

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From a Photo. by] THE INNER GALLERY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

What a grand sitter Professor Owen was!

"I got my impression of him," continued the sculptor, as we looked on the almost smiling face, "by seeing him sitting on the vertebræ of a whale, which was made into a garden seat, on the borders of Richmond Park. It was so natural. I remember telling him one day about the birds in my garden, and he said:—

"'England is richer in birds than in any other branch of natural history.'

"So intense was his love for animals that he had his bed almost as high as the ceiling, and had to mount a small pair of steps in order to reach it. I asked him the reason for this.

"'Oh, it is very simple!' he replied. 'I have had it built so that I can look out on to Richmond Park and see the deer in the early dawn. They behave so differently at four o'clock in the morning, when no one is near to disturb them.'

"Yes, that is 'The Mower.' It was the first work of the more realistic school I attempted after so much of the classical. It was suggested by a very simple incident. I was on the Thames, and on the bank I saw a man just like the statue looking at everything passing along the river. I made the sketch at once, and this is the result."

The gallery is continued in a second apartment—this further room is also given up to many examples of his mother's skilful workmanship, intermixed with pictures by the family. There are also engravings of many of the Presidents of the Academy. A portrait of the late Vicat Cole hangs just by a fine view of the Forth Bridge, and I listened to a strange little incident, of which perhaps those superstitiously inclined will make much. It has been Mr. Thornycroft's lot to dine lately at tables where thirteen have sat down. The last occasion was at Sir Frederick Leighton's. Vicat Cole was present. He unceremoniously rose from the table, crossed to his host, and whispered something in his ear. Shortly after he died!

From amongst the plaster models in the corner, one quaint and curious object stands out. It is under a glass case and made of jet. Carefully and almost reverently the sculptor lifts it down. He looked at it and then at me, as though waiting.

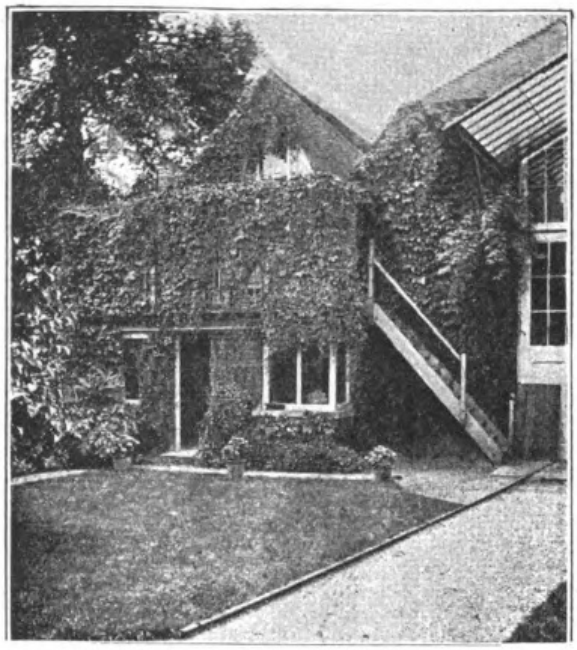
"It is a model of Nelson's funeral car in the crypt of St. Paul's!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, "and the beginning of our family as sculptors. My grandfather went to see Nelson's funeral. The wonderful car impressed him. As soon as he returned to Norfolk he went along the sea-shore, picked up the jet, and carved this. Mr. Vernon saw it, and immediately sent him to Chantrey's studio."

We left the gallery, walking down a glass-inclosed passage brimming over with flowers, and just looked into the garden to see how the mulberries were ripening and whether the pears were making good progress. A rose tree was blooming over the grave of Artemis's dog. We could just get a glimpse of the roof of Sir Frederick Leighton's wonderful Arabian Hall. "Corky" was sitting on the wall and positively blinking at Mr. Marcus Stone, who was just then walking in his garden. Marcus Stone is passionately fond of cats, and is jealous of "Corky"! "Corky," however, prefers to appropriate his partridges.

Here is the great turn-table on which the statues are placed, in order that their creator may "consider" them under various atmo

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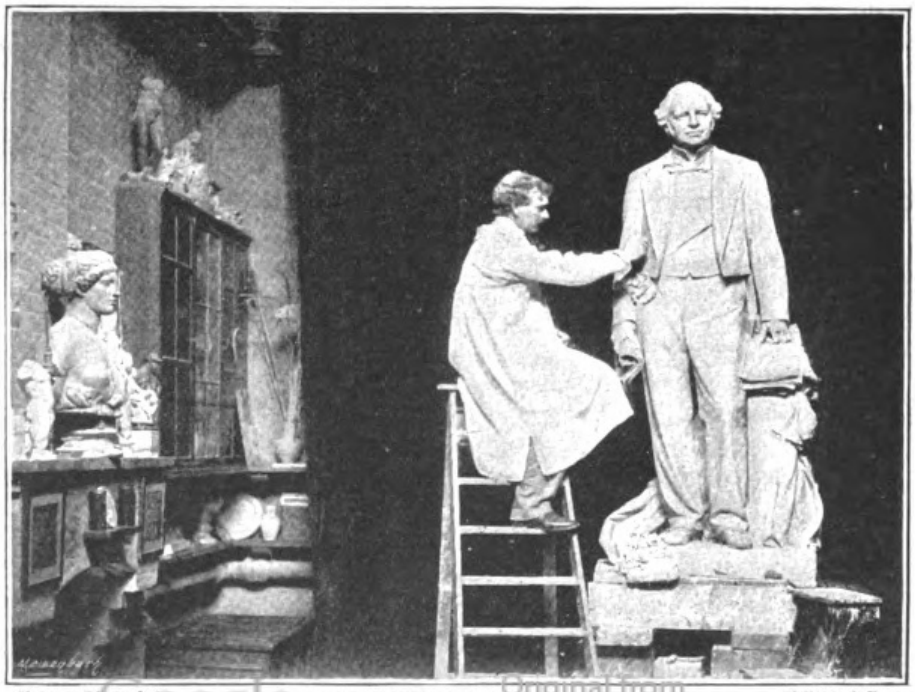
GARDEN ENTRANCE TO STUDIO.
From a Photo. by Mr. Thornycroft.

spheric conditions. It is worked by means of hydraulics, and can be raised fourteen feet. It runs in and out of the studio on metal lines. Then we enter the studio — the workshop of the man who has done much to popularize sculpture whilst retaining all the pure beauty of which the art is typical. There are really three or four studios.

The first of these is a private studio. The horse-shoe over the door silently testifies "Good Luck." The centre is just now occupied by a colossal statue of the late Lord Granville intended for the House of Commons. It is now in the clay. By its side, on a smaller turn-table, is the tiny sketch model — about twelve inches high — in green wax, and the quarter-size model in plaster of the finished work. Both of these are made by the sculptor, from which his pupils and assistants build up the statue in clay to its full size. Again the master-hand is employed, and from this it is either copied into marble or cast in bronze.

There is much about this studio to examine. The mantel-shelf provides a resting-place for what might be called the sculptor's treasures. Here in the centre is the Oxford Fragment, a bust probably of Demeter of about 500 B.C., the marble of which was found in a cellar—thrown aside as useless—by Watts and Ruskin, at Oxford. But its breast heaves to all who love art, and it can only be placed second to the Venus of Milo. There are many more fragments of Greek art here, and a sketch model by Alfred Stevens of one of the figures on the Wellington monument in St. Paul's, a work considered by Mr. Thornycroft to be one of the finest in Europe. Sketch models for all the sculptor's principal works are scattered about—works by his grandfather, father, and mother are by no means absent. The old red flag which surmounts a very dusty-looking helmet is no relic of war's alarms. The helmet is that worn by its owner when a Volunteer, and the flag once decorated his father's yacht.

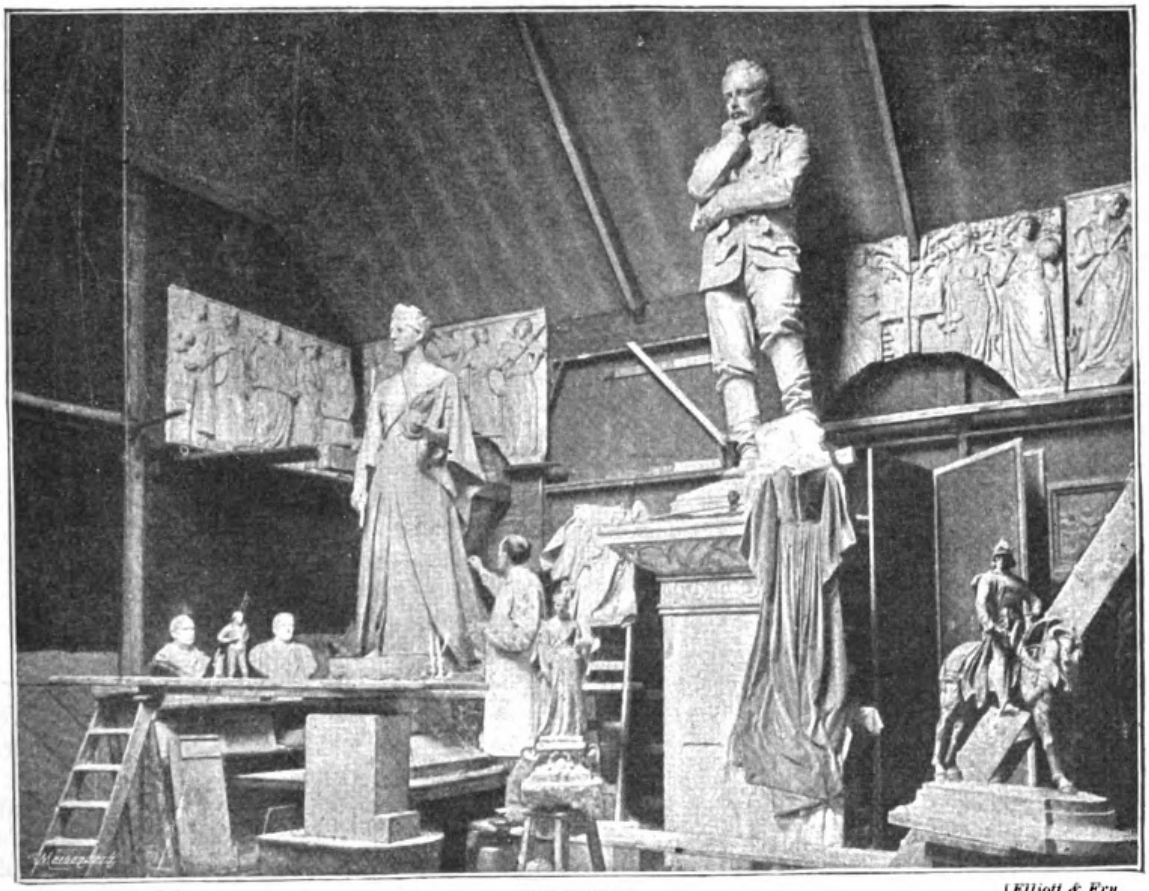
In an adjoining studio—the carving studio —a pupil is working upon a fine statue which is to be placed in the inner court of the Royal Exchange. The model for this is considered a "find," for the girl who is posing for it possesses a face singularly like Her Majesty's at the time of the coronation. The association between pigeons' wings and those of angels is very, very distant, but those lying on a slab played a useful part in



From a Photo. by MR. THORNYCROFT AT WORK. [*Elliott & Fry.*

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realizing the wings of two angels which form part of a very elaborate monument just completed. A recumbent figure of the late Bishop Goodwin of Carlisle is just now in process of being modelled, and another of Dr. Thompson, the late Archbishop of York. On a ledge rest a score of photos of Bishop Goodwin, but the sculptor was unable to obtain one which conveyed any useful idea as to what the hands were like. The cast of hands in a prayerful attitude which is shown to me are those of Miss Goodwin, whose own hands resemble those of her reverend father in a remarkable way. The



From a Photo. by] THE STUDIO. *[Elliott & Fry.*

little angels which surround the head of the slumbering Bishop were modelled from Mr. Thornycroft's own children.

The model who has been "sitting" for Dr. Thompson has only just left. He is 5ft. 11in.; Dr. Thompson was 6ft. 2in.; but the sculptor will easily make the difference of three inches in his modelling. A strange, weird feeling comes over one as you note beside the Bishop's figure his familiar gown with lawn sleeves, his boots, his hat, even his collar. But the sculptor is provided with every item of clothing when it is possible—the hat particularly, as it is an excellent guide to the size of a man's head.

An amusing though creepy little story is told. A few days ago the model for the late Bishop was lying clothed in the episcopal robes. It was growing dusk. A new assistant, whilst walking through, was surprised to see the model raise his head and ask what time it was. The man ran for his life.

"Are monuments as popular to-day as ever?" I asked.

"Yes," Mr. Thornycroft said; "I think so. I find that many people are anxious to have a monument erected at once, but the wish often dies away. Woolner one day had a weeping widow come to him to make a monument of her husband. Woolner agreed, and set to work. The design was made and approved. Soon after she came and said she thought *this* decorative figure might be left out; later on she desired *that* figure omitted, and at last she suggested that the whole thing might be postponed for the present. She was married again! But she paid the bill readily enough when it was sent in."

Hundreds of plaster casts crowd this studio. The sculptor frankly admits to an occasional

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From a Photo. by] THE STUDIO. *[Elliott & Fry.*

smashing of them—that is, a wilful breaking up. In the outer yard a workman is chipping away at a small frieze, and in close proximity others are busily engaged on a colossal statue of Sir Steuart Bailey, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. This work is subscribed for by the natives of India themselves as a tribute to the Governor. This part of the place is very workmanlike. Great blocks of marble are resting against the wall. One fine and pure piece is pointed out as weighing six tons. It cost £200. Granville is inside! A workman is sawing away at a huge piece of the product of Carrara. You may watch him for an hour, but he seems to have done but little. He can only cut some eight inches a day.

Chip, chip, chip! goes the carver's hammer, and the chips that fall from the block are brushed into a corner, for the purveyor of aerated waters will fetch them away. How curious to think that the tiny pieces of marble which will eventually fall from the head of such a one as Lord Granville, and are now being freely scattered about the floor, will eventually become converted into the gas of soda-water! Yet such is the case.

The hammers, points, drills—of all sizes—and claws which produce the same effect as the Grecians obtained two thousand years ago lie in a state of utter *olla podrida* about the stone floor. And the chip, chip, chip! was still in our ears as we walked towards the garden once more and sat down beneath the shade of the mulberry tree.

The pursuit of that art of which Mr. Thornycroft is so capable a representative led to the meeting of his father and mother. His mother—a wonderfully delicate manipulator of chisel and hammer—was a pupil at his grandfather's studio. Mr. Thornycroft's father came from Cheshire to the studio, and met the lady who was to be the mother of the Royal Academician. They married. So it came about that William Hamo Thornycroft was born at 39, Stanhope Street, London, in 1850. He still possesses a vivid recollection of his grandfather, John Francis Thornycroft, though he was a mere child when he died; and before referring to his past career, his thoughts freely travel towards his mother, whose figure of "The Skipping Girl" was considered by the Danish sculptor, Professor Jerichau, to be one of the six best modern statues in Europe. After paying this affectionate tribute to his mother, Mr. Thornycroft said:—

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"THE TEUCER."

"There were seven of us. I was considered the one too many, so I was sent off to an uncle, who was a farmer in Cheshire, at the age of four. You see, I was bred almost in the open, and from this I believe my intense love for natural history sprang. The fields and meadows were my playground. and in the woods and along the hedgerows I think I found all my small heart needed to satisfy it. I rode, fished, and shot. Then, at eight years of age, I went to a village school, where I remained for two years. I rejoice in those days. We used to lock up the master until he promised to give us a holiday. He would cut out at us with the birch when he was free, but one day a stalwart young farmer championed our cause, and when the pedagogue saw him roll up his sleeves he flew!

"At ten years of age I went to the Grammar School at Macclesfield, riding backwards and forwards every day. I certainly did learn a little drawing, but my faculty, so to speak, in this direction lay in map-drawing, in which I always secured first place in my class."

Young Thornycroft remained there for two years. He came to London and caught the first glimpse of his father's studio. At twelve years of age—and by this time he had quite decided in his own youthful mind that he would not become a farmer—he was sent to University College School—a school which can claim the present President of the Royal Academy himself as one of its old boys. He remained there five years. He was a playground boy, revelling in cricket and fives, and he unquestionably became extremely popular—the outset of which was that in a lads' game popularly known as "Taking Prisoner," the coming sculptor distinguished himself in the estimation of his schoolfellows by holding on to the biggest youth in the school until he was captured.

One night the young 'Varsity College lad was walking along the Caledonian Road. His dream was almost a definite one. He knew his father had practically decided that he should be an engineer, but he in his



"MEDEA."

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own mind was leaning towards art. He stopped in front of a second-hand bookstall, which abounded in this thoroughfare in those days, and the first volume he picked up was a Homer, with illustrations by Flaxman. He bought it—three shillings and sixpence was the price. This book undoubtedly worked wonders with the lad. He almost picked the pictures to pieces, and one might say it was the purchase of this old volume that gave birth to the love of art which was in after years to materially assist in making the man famous.

"I surreptitiously made some drawings," said Mr. Thornycroft. "I went to the British Museum and drew for a time — principally Greek statuary. I was fascinated by the wonderful work of those ancient Greeks. I worked and worked, and then the thought occurred to me, 'Why should I not try for a studentship at the Royal Academy?' Accordingly I appropriated a corner of my father's studio, and commenced work upon a small model for an antique statue. My father winked at it, but his silence told me I was doing well. My mother never ceased to encourage me. The work finished—it was a dancing faun—I with fear and trembling carried it down to Burlington House. The look of the hall-porter nearly crushed me, but he condescended to take my statue, and — well, a week or two afterwards, on the recommendation of Foley that I was a moral young man—I was admitted to the school as a probationer. Then I started in earnest with a view to getting a seven years' studentship. True, my first training was at the British Museum, which I consider the very best for a young man. It contains the finest work in the world, more especially Greek work; and I leaned in that direction from the first—but I owe very much to the Academy Schools. I got the seven years' studentship, during which time I took the highest awards for sculpture. I got a medal for drawing."



From a] THE GORDON MEMORIAL AT MELBOURNE. *[Photograph*

This winning of the medal for drawing was quite an unusual thing for a sculptor. Here Mr. Thornycroft had many fellow students who have since become famous, principally Alfred Dicksee, R.A., who took the gold medal for painting the same year. Painter and sculptor have always run close together. Dicksee was made A.R.A. the same year as Mr. Thornycroft, and R.A. very near the same time—only the sculptor is married and the painter remains a bachelor. They were hard-working days of studentship, though there was always time for a little inward chuckle at the expense of old Charles Landseer, then the keeper of the Academy. He was very deaf, and so was his brother Tom, and when these two worthy brothers of Sir Edwin met, their efforts to catch one another's words was mirth-provoking in the extreme.

"In 1871 I went to Rome," the sculptor continued. "An aunt died and left me a little legacy, so, accompanied by two sisters, I visited Italy. I was deeply impressed, particularly by the Renaissance work, and the Michael Angelos at Florence. I visited

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Venice too, and the Venetian painters, particularly Tintoretto, influenced me much. I travelled altogether for seven weeks, but I was called back by a message from my father. I think he must have recognised my work, for he told me that he wanted me to assist him in the carrying out of a commission for the Poets' Fountain in Park Lane. I modelled the figure of Clio at the base, and also that of Fame which surmounts the whole."

And "Fame" was a good omen. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Again he assisted his father in a fine statue of Lord Mayo for India. The public were not slow in recognising the genius of the young man, and Millais came forward and patted him on the back. Already Woolner had said an encouraging word. The very first commission he had was for a bust of Professor Sharpey, and Woolner gave him good cheer over this. In 1873 a medallion was refused by the Royal Academy—a work, by-the-bye, now hanging in a house in Scotland—but the sculptor was by no means discouraged. It paid him to wait, for it made him work with truer determination, and in 1875 the gold medal was secured, the little supper-party held, and Stacy Marks's friendship cemented. The future now seemed secure.



JOHN BRIGHT.

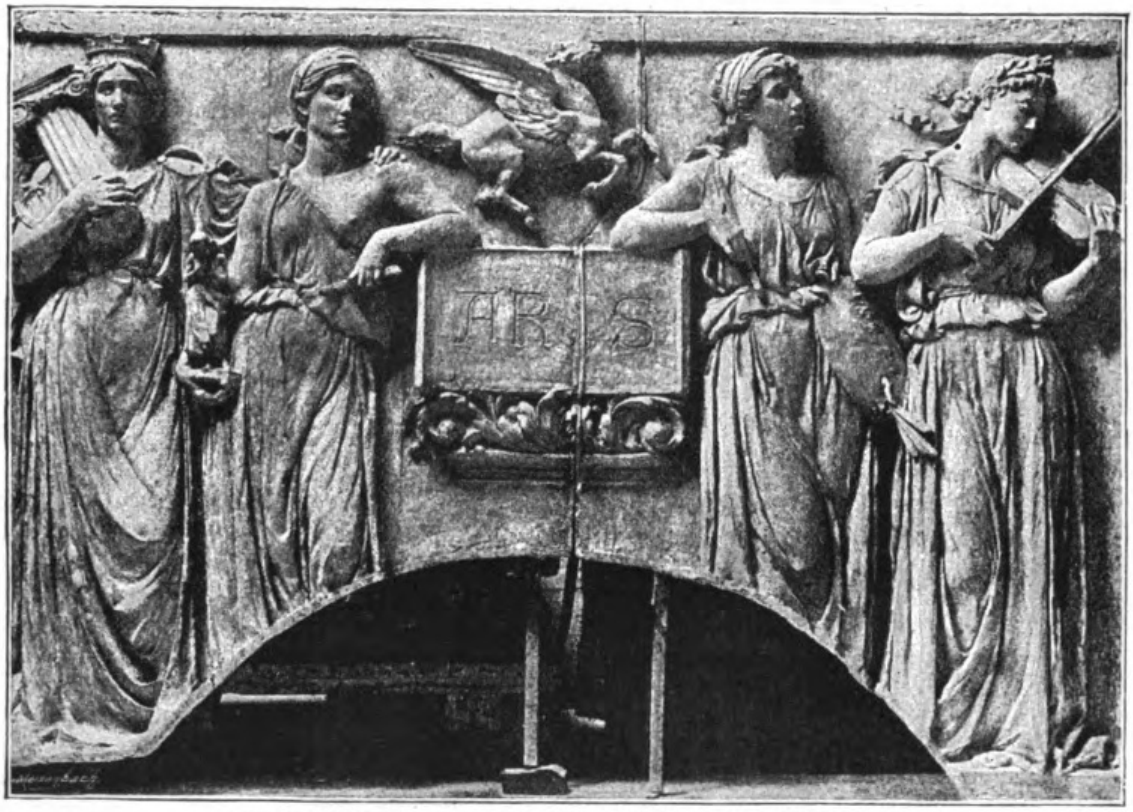
"I gradually took the lead in my father's studio," he said, "working in the old house in Wilton Place, formerly occupied by Westmacott. My father became very much wrapped up in engineering, and soon forsook the place altogether for my brother's torpedo works at Chiswick. I was now engaged on quite a number of portrait busts, etc., but I was longing to go farther. Just as the young architect always starts by drawing the plans for a cathedral, so did I want to do something equally big. My father gave up the studio, so a friend and I designed these, and in 1877 I came here. I started on 'Lot's Wife.' I followed this up by 'Artemis.' I have already told you what a grand model I had for it, though indeed the face was purely ideal. I had my notion—as I believe everybody else has—as to what Artemis would be like if she came to earth. Waterhouse, the architect, brought the Duke of Westminster to see it. He must have liked it, for he immediately gave me a commission to carry it out in marble. It is now at Eaton Hall. It was the real beginning of my success, for on that I was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1881.

"The idea then came to me that a successful statue might be created from the employment of two simple lines practically at right angles. My first impression was to utilize an archer, but eventually I selected the Greek hero famous as an archer in the 'Iliad.' This was 'The Teucer,' and was carried out in bronze. This brought me great happiness, for it was bought under the Chantrey bequest, and is now in South Kensington. I think it was only the third piece of sculpture bought under this bequest, the other two being Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Athlete and Python' and Calder Marshall's 'Prodigal Son.' Yes, I was very delighted, for it meant that my own work had found pleasure in my fellow sculptors' eyes. I also did 'The Mower' in bronze and 'The Sower.' Then the 'Medea.'

"This last is illustrative of William Morris's 'Life and Death of Jason.' It was a commission from a man who died just after I had finished it in plaster—as it is now—and I shall not complete it unless somebody wants it."

Then came a remarkable change in the

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PORTION OF FRIEZE FOR THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

character of his work—the classical was left for a time, and the realistic, the modern, taken up. He had been to France, and was struck with the direction in which art was tending. It was becoming more modernized, more typical of the day in which we live as representing the history of the period of our own existence, instead of speculating on that of the ancients. So he started and completed his first great public statue—a commission from the Government—General Gordon, which now stands in Trafalgar Square, and a replica of which is in Melbourne.

"I have reasons to believe that the work was given to me at the instigation of Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais, and I was engaged on it for two and a half years. The model I employed was an Englishman. I read up as many lives of Gordon as I could, being particularly impressed with his career in China. I never saw him, but he grew in ny mind the hero he undoubtedly was.

"I remember hearing an Italian officer say: 'No country in the world could produce a man like Gordon save England.' So I conceived the man—of wonderful strength of mind, love, kindness, affection—all these, and such I endeavoured to suggest in my figure. The Bible in his hand is exactly like the one he used—now in possession of the Queen. I was very much helped by photographs, particularly by a full-length one taken in China; but I was anxious to obtain some personal description, and it was over this that I had the two widest opinions as to a man's appearance I have ever heard.

"I asked Sir Henry Gordon for some information on this point.

"'My brother,' he said, 'was a fine, soldierly fellow; stalwart, well set up and erect like this,' and Sir Henry pulled himself up.

"I went further and asked a fellow officer of Gordon's.

"'Oh!' he assured me, 'rather humped-back, like this,' and he too illustrated his meaning. The divergence was so great that I fell back upon the photos. The small quotation on the pedestal, 'Right fears no might,' is my own. As you know, the Trafalgar Square pedestal has two panels—'Fortitude and Faith,' and 'Charity and Justice.' The replica, which was commissioned by the Australians—who sent a contingent up the Nile to relieve him—has four panels, including the death scene at Khartoum, which I modelled from first-hand descriptions. I also did John Bright for Rochdale."

Mr. Thornycroft has done many other remarkably fine works of a modern character, in addition to those already referred

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to in the early pages of this article—Sir Arthur Cotton, Professor Erichsen, Samuel Taylor Coleridge (now in Westminster Abbey), Thomas Gray (at Pembroke College, Cambridge), Henry Bradshaw, Dr. Harvey, an equestrian statue of Lord Mayo for Calcutta, etc. He was elected a member of the Royal Academy in 1888, his diploma work being "The Mirror." Amongst his latter-day work the friezes which decorate the exterior of the Institute of Chartered Accountants might be singled out as being amongst the finest examples of their kind in the country.

We returned to the house. In passing through the studio we noticed a woman and child standing, as though waiting. The woman's olive complexion and glorious black eyes told of her nationality. As for the little one's eyes—they were alight as they wandered in wonderment round the great place. Italy was their home.

"Excuse me for a moment," said Mr. Thornycroft.

He spoke to the mother and little one. The woman smiled and seemed glad.

"Models," the sculptor said to me. "There is a village near Naples where it is a tradition amongst the inhabitants to come to England and become models. So 'models' run in the family, from one generation to another. So they come here, and settle for the most part either in Hatton Garden or West Kensington. They are unquestionably the best models. They have an extraordinary habit of knowing how to sit still. I have had them remain in the same strained position for two hours at a time. Yet I would not say one word against your English model.



"ARTEMIS."

"One of my best 'pointers' sat to me as a boy years ago. Your English model is only just beginning to wake up to the fact that they can only be models for a time, and recently I have met with cases where they are making a decided effort to be proficient in something else beside 'sitting.' I had a girl here the other day who is learning the type-writer, and another is already very skilful at book-keeping, and balances a certain butcher's books every Monday evening after work in the studio is over."

We talked together of many things at lunch. He considers Flaxman and Stevens two of the greatest sculptors this country has ever seen, and does not hesitate to recognise the French sculptors as the most gifted in Europe, and the Italians the most "frivolous." He believes that the future of sculpture in this country is assured. In the streets of London the statues of great men are necessary: the public ask for them and expect to see them erected. Yet, he thinks that in small bronze works the future of sculpture lies. Our climate was never made for marble any more than marble was made for this climate. Bronze is the thing. His realistic work has by no means killed his love of the Greek school. He has sketches for a number of antiques, which he hopes at some future time to carry out, but he regards it as an advantage to a man to be able to change the character of his work, otherwise the public would get bored with it, for their demand is for variety. As a proof of his present leaning towards the Greek, if he had to live, so to speak, with one of his own statues, he would immediately choose—"Artemis."

HARRY HOW.

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Spiking the Guns.

By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

I.

"THE regiment will be annihilated," observed the Adjutant, coolly. And then, in the same immovable tones, he asked someone to pass him a biscuit.

"Curse you," shouted the Colonel, "do you think I don't know that? Do you imagine I fear getting killed to-morrow? Do you suppose I want to live on after what has happened? It's the eternal disgrace of the thing that's cutting me."

"Once comfortably shot," remarked the senior Major with easy philosophy, "it doesn't much matter to me personally where, or for why, I go down. Not a soul will be left behind to care."

This last remark added tinder to the blaze. The Major was a peasant's son who had hacked and thrust his way up from the ranks by sheer hard fighting. His commanding officer was a noble of the old *régime*. He had hoped, and reasonably expected, that the previous day's engagement would give him a brigade; and so the fiasco had fallen all the more bitterly.

It seemed as though the very stars in their courses had been battling against us. Everything had gone wrong. The blame was not ours; but this, in an army where want of luck was the greatest crime, told nothing in our favour. Many men had fallen, and panic had seized the heels of the rest. Which of us initiated the run cannot be said; but in the rush of some, all had been carried along, few (except, perhaps, one or two of the older officers) resisting very strenuously. The Colonel, burning with shame, had gone in to report. What precisely had been said to him we did not know; but we guessed with some accuracy, although he did not repeat the detail. The gist of his interview was that the regiment was to attack again on the morrow; and if unsuccessful then, once more on the day after; and so on till the bridge was taken.

Yesterday the thing had been barely possible. Yet to-day it was far different. During the night the defences had been more than trebled. The Austrians swarmed. Enough artillery was mounted there now to have demolished an entire army corps advancing against it from the open.

The deduction was clear. The bravest men will turn tail sometimes; and in our army, which was the bravest in the world, there had, during the latter part of the campaign, been more than one case of wavering. An example accordingly was to be made. Our corps had been singled out for the condign punishment. We were doomed to march on the morrow to our annihilation.

Of course, the matter had not been put so at headquarters. There the words ran: "Most important strategic point. Must be taken at whatever cost. Your regiment will again have the honour, Colonel," and so on. But, summed up bluntly, it was neither more nor less than I have said. We all understood the order to the letter, and there was not a man in the regiment who would hesitate a moment in carrying out his share. Each private soldier, each officer, would march with firm determination to march then his last. That gives the case in a nutshell.

But the secure knowledge that there would be no skulkers along this road to execution did not pacify the Colonel. If anything, it increased his bitterness. It would make his ungrateful memory last the longer. He sat at the table-end of that inn room where we had messed, with folded arms and nervous fingers kneading at his muscles. By a singular irony we were lodged in comfort there—we, who had got to go out and die on the morrow—and he must needs taunt us with it, as though it were shame for such as we to have so tolerable a billet.

Myself, I was stretched out on a sofa away by the far wall, and lay there mutely, having but little taste for the wordy savageries which were being so freely dealt about. And the night grew older without my being disturbed. But the angry man at the end of the table singled me out at last, perhaps because my outward calm and listlessness jarred upon him.

"Tired, Eugène?" he asked.

"A little, sir."

"Ah, I can understand it. I noted your activity to-day. You have mistaken your vocation, *mon cher*. You should not have come into the army. You should have been a professional runner."

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An answer burned on my tongue. But I kept it there, gave a shrug, and said nothing. What use could further wrangling be? But the silence was an ill move. It only angered him further, and he threw at me an insult which was more than human man could endure.

"Do you think you will again feel inclined to use those powers of yours to-morrow, Eugène? Or had I better have you handcuffed to some steady old soldier?"

A dozen of the other officers sprang to their feet at this ghastly taunt, for when such a thing as this was said to one of their number, it touched all. The old Major was their spokesman.

"Colonel, we make all allowances, but you are going too far with the youngster."

He read it.

"There, sir," I said, "kindly add the date, as I have forgotten what it is, and please leave that behind with the baggage when we march to-morrow. If I do not do better work for France than any man in the regiment, it is my wish that this paper be published." The Colonel nodded grimly, and then frowned.

"Have I your permission now, sir, to withdraw from this room?"

A refusal was framing itself—I could see it; but the lowering faces around made him curb his passion, and he nodded again, but reluctantly.

II.

IN the dark, wet air outside, and not before,



"COLONEL, YOU ARE GOING TOO FAR."

The Colonel scowled round tight-lipped for a minute, and then:—

"I am quite capable of commanding this regiment of lost sheep, without unasked-for advice from subordinates, Major. Lieutenant Ramard, you heard my question, I presume? Please have the civility to answer."

During the minute's respite I had been thinking and acting—that is, writing. I got up and handed the Colonel a slip of paper. On it were the words:—

"*I acknowledge that I, E. Ramard, Lieutenant of the 22nd——, am a coward.*

(*Signed*) "EUGÈNE RAMARD."

did I realize fully what I had done. The screed on the slip of paper had been the spasm of the instant. It seemed to me now the outcome of a moment's insanity. I had had no plan, no trace of scheme in my head whilst I was scribbling. The words and the pledge were an empty boast, made in the wild hope that I could hold them good. But how could such a thing be done? The most furious, desperate courage, by itself, would avail nothing. There would be a thousand men around, each to the full as brave as I—for no one can march farther than death—and to do "better work

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for France" than any of them! Ah, no, the thing was impossible. With them I should fall, and amongst all of them I alone would be branded infamous. The paper would be brought to light; the curt, bald confession would be read with no explanation of how or why it was written; and men would form their own opinions—all hostile, all against me.

To leave behind nothing but the name of a self-avowed coward! Oh, agony! bitter agony!

I wandered wherever my blind feet led me, wrenched by torments that God alone knew the strength of, and from which there seemed no human means of escape. The heavy rain-squalls moaned down the village streets. The place, with its armed tenantry, slept. Only the dripping sentries were open-eyed. These, taking me for an officer on ordinary rounds, saluted with silent respect. No soul interfered with me. Not even a dog barked.

The thought came: You die only to gain a wreath of craven plumes. Why not pass away from here—escape—desert—vanish—be known no more—and yet live? No one withholds from you new life and new country. France alone, of all the world, is utterly hopeless for you.

The thought gained. I say it freely now, for the dead, dull blackness of my prospect then showed no spot of relief. In my walkings to and fro I gradually verged nearer and nearer to the outer cordon. As an officer I knew the words for the night, sign and countersign both. I could pass the pickets.

Farther and farther towards the scattered outskirts of the hamlet did my doubting feet lead me. In one more patrol up and down I think my mind would have been made up, and, after that, whatever deluge the Fates desired. But a sound fell on my ear, faint and not unmusical. I was dully conscious of some new scheme beginning to frame itself. I changed my path, and walked faster.

Presently the cause of the sound disclosed itself. A field forge, an anvil, and couple of grimy farriers, and half-a-dozen troopers with horses. The cavalrymen were resting on the ground, watering-bridle in hand, awaiting their turns. The smiths were slaving, sweating, swearing, doing the work of thrice their number. It was a queer enough group, and I gazed at it for many minutes, still unable to frame the gauzy idea that had reanimated me. Then one of the farriers who had been fitting a hissing shoe on to a hind hoof, chilled the hot iron in a rain puddle, and humped up the horse's fetlock on to his apron again.

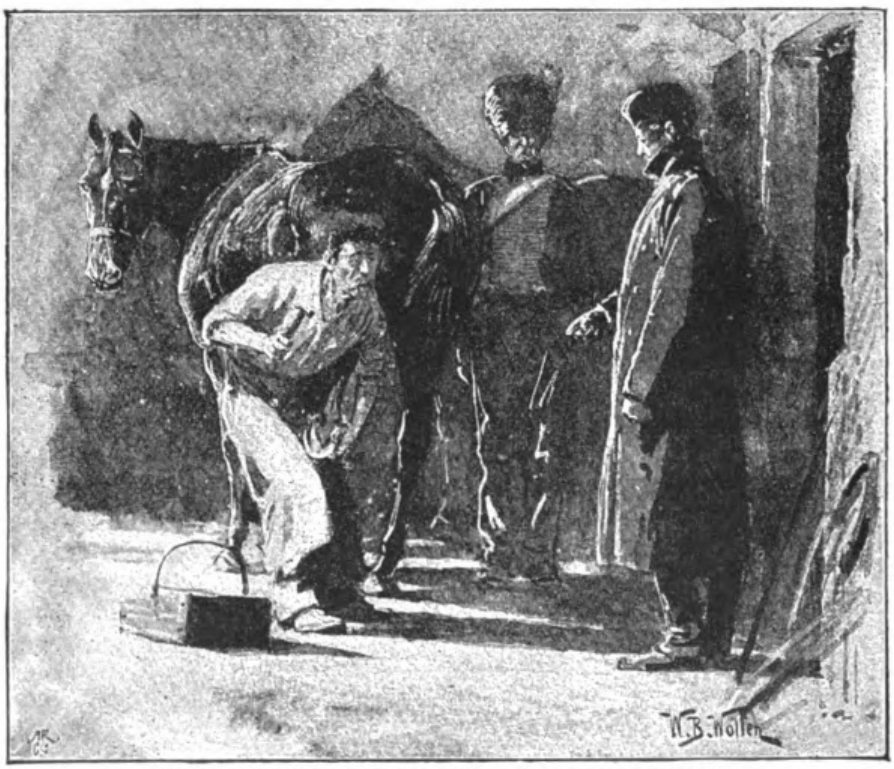
I started.

The fellow picked up a hammer, took a nail from his mouth, and drove the nail first gently, and then smartly home. "There, vicious one," swore he. "I put that spike through the vent in a matter of seconds, but with these four others beside it, thou'lt not rid thyself of it in as many weeks."

I strode forward.

"Five louis for that hammer and a score of nails!"

The military smith dropped the hoof from his lap, came to attention, and saluted. But he looked at me queerly, and answered



"FIVE LOUIS FOR THAT HAMMER AND A SCORE OF NAILS!"

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nothing. I could see he thought me mad. Very likely excitement had made me look so.

"Ten louis. There is the money, in gold."

"My officer, the things are yours."

Steel spikes, brittle rods that would snap off short, would have been better. But time was growing narrow, and I must take what offered. These soft bent nails would serve my purpose. And now for the river. The current was swift, and I could not swim a stroke. I must go up-stream, and trust to find some tree-trunk or wooden balk that would aid me in floating down.

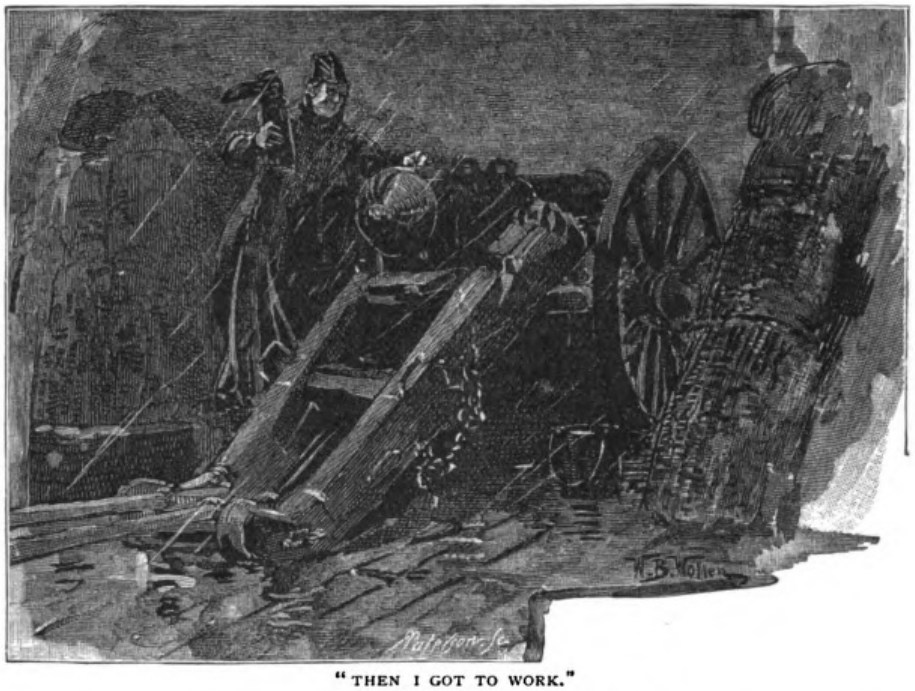
III.

Of the matters that happened after this I cannot speak with any minuteness. To think back at, the whole time seems like a blurred dream, broken by snatches of dead sleep. I know I gained my point on the river-bank, some mile above the village, and entered the water there, finding it chill as ice. I think it was a small fence-gate that aided my choking passage. I can only recollect clearly that the thing I clung to was terribly unstable; and that on being landed by a chance eddy on a strip of shoal, I lay there for fully half an hour, listening to a sentry plodding past and past through the mud ten yards away, unable to move a limb. Then I gathered strength; and crawling, not only from caution but through sheer helplessness, made my stealthy way still further along the shore.

Four batteries commanded the approaches to the bridge. Two were on either flank, to deliver a converging fire; two, one above the other, were in a direct line with it, so that the causeway could be swept from end to end.

It was in the lower of these last that I found myself—by what route come, I cannot say. Only then my senses seemed to return to me. I was lying in an embrasure. Overhead was the round, black chase of a sixty-pounder. I crawled farther and looked down the line. Six more guns loomed through the night, making seven in all.

The rain was coming down in torrents, sending up spurts of mud. There were men within a dozen yards, wakeful men; and then, and not before, did it flash upon me that my farrier's hammer was a useless weapon. Fool that I was to bring it. Idiot I must have been to forget that the first clink would awaken the redoubt. My life? No, pah! I didn't count that. But it would mean only one gun spiked effectually, if so much. I drew back into the embrasure, and knitted my forehead afresh. The right thought was tardy, but it came. I drew off my boot. It was new, and it was heavy—badinage had been poured out by my comrades over its heaviness. The strong-sewn heel would drive like a calker's mallet.



"THEN I GOT TO WORK."

Then I got to work. The guns were loaded and primed. The locks were covered with leather aprons. I used infinite caution; crawling like a cat, crouching in deepest shadows, stopping, making détours; not for mere life's sake, be it understood, but because life was wanted for work yet undone.

The seven guns were put out of action, and still the night was dark and the Austrians were ignorant behind the curtain of pelting rain. . . . And then on to the upper battery. . . . Two, four, eight guns!

Three I spiked, and the night began to grey. Three more, and men were stirring. I got reckless, and sprang openly at another.

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The air was filling with shouts, and stinking powder smoke, and crashes, and the red flash of cannon.

The French were advancing to the storm in the wet, grey dawn. Both flanking batteries, fully manned, had opened upon them; but of the guns which had direct command of the bridge, only one spoke.

Into the roar of artillery, the wind brought up yells, and oaths, and bubbling shrieks. And then the eagles came through the smoke. There was no stopping that rush.

Somehow I found myself amongst comrades, fighting with a claw-backed farrier's hammer; knowing nothing of order, or reason, or how these things came to pass; but heated only by an insane desire to kill, and kill, and kill! And then I grappled with a man who was struggling off with a flag, and wrestled with him in a crimson slough, and choked him down into it, whilst heavily-shod feet trampled madly on both of us. And afterwards there was more shouting and cheering; and mighty hand-claps between my shoulder-blades; and the old Major, who gave me cognac out of a silver flask—cognac which seemed to have been sadly over-watered.

And that is all I remembered till I woke up in the afternoon from the sofa in that village inn. *Reveille* had sounded. We mustered under arms, and the roll was called. Many did not answer.

And then: "Stand out, Lieutenant Ramard!" said the Colonel.

I advanced, and saluted.

"You will consider yourself under arrest, sir, for desertion before the enemy. Presently, you will surrender your sword, and report yourself at headquarters."

The Colonel turned and exchanged some words with a little, pale man near him, who sat awkwardly on a white stallion.

He resumed: "The Emperor has considered your case, sir, confirms the arrest, and orders you to be reduced to the ranks." The Colonel paused, and continued:—

"But as a reward for your gallantry, your commission of captain will be made out with promotion to the first vacant majority, and you will also receive a decoration."

And then I was ordered to advance again, and the Emperor transferred a Cross of the Legion from his own breast to mine.

"Captain of the Twenty-second," he said, "thou art my brother."

I never asked for the Colonel's apology.



"'CAPTAIN OF THE TWENTY-SECOND, HE SAID."

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Beauties—Children.

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XV.—ZIG-ZAG ENTOMIC.

ENTOMOLOGY is a vast, a complicated, and a bewildering thing. Every entomologist has his own ideas as to classification, and each system of classification, considered separately, seems to consist of an aggravation of the confusions of all the other systems.

Therefore let us have no system in our contemplation of whatsoever it may please us unprofitably and frivolously to observe.

The illustrative moralist has a

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AN ORCHESTRA.

way of rushing to the insect world for his lessons, though a moment's reflection and a few inquiries would convince him that the insect world is the most immoral sphere of action existing. The pervading villainy of the whole insect kingdom is obvious in the very system of their existence; for if ever you inquire what is the earthly use of some particular insect, you always find that it is to eat some other insect, which, if allowed to increase, would do all sorts of frightful damage. You then find that the use of this second insect is to kill some other insect, an equal pest; the object in life of the third insect being to unite in large numbers and assassinate some entirely different and very large insect indeed, who spends his days and nights skirmishing about and devouring all the different sorts of insects we have just been speaking of. Therefore, since the mission of every insect is to kill some other, it is plain that murder is the chief occupation of the insect tribes, and even the illustrative moralist is reported to admit that murder is not a strictly moral amusement. Also, since it is proper that every insect should be kept in restraint by some other, it is plain that the sum of insect depravity, apart from murder, must be vast indeed; which disposes of the insect as a popular preacher.



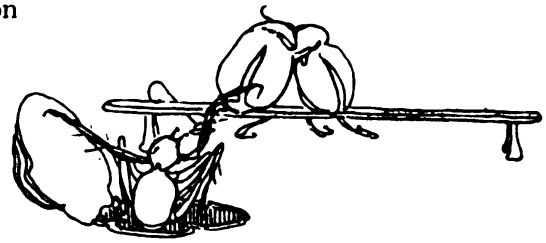
THE WICKED OGRE.

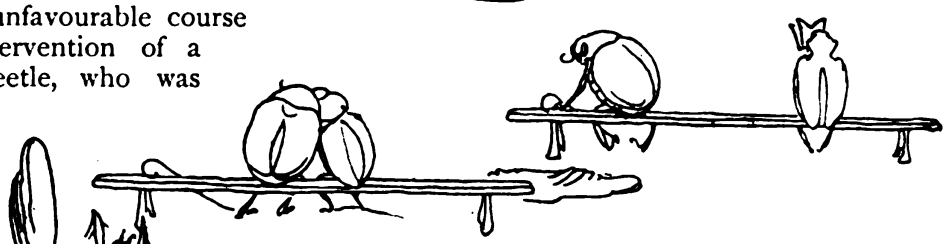
But the insect as an ogre, the insect as a pirate, as a flute, a flageolet, a torpedo, a Jew's harp, a walking-stick, a double bass, and a Jack-in-the-box—in such characters he shines, often literally. For the beetle *Xylotrupes*, with his glossy back, is a double bass, and nothing in the world else—unless it be a bloated violoncello. Just as the stick insect may be a flute, a flageolet, a walking-stick, or a mere twig, as fancy may persuade you; and as the

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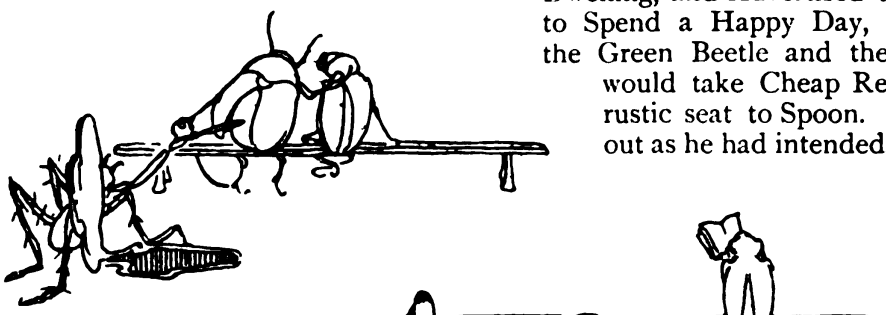
trap-door spider may be a Jack-in-the-box or a wicked ogre rising through the stage in a pantomime. Here, in the Insect House, one may see the trap-door in all its neatly fitting and spring-hinged guile, and there is no reason why a moral fable should not be built round him, or round any other insect, so long as he is not elevated to an ethical pedestal whereon he has no right. For instance, one might tell the Fable of the Artful Spider and the Fascinating Beetle thus: "A certain Green Beetle, that was a great Belle, was much Beloved by a Brown Spider, owning an elegant and convenient Trap-door in a Fashionable Situation. But his Suit had an unfavourable course owing to the intervention of a Prussian Blue Beetle, who was the more favoured Swain. Having thought on many Stratagems, the



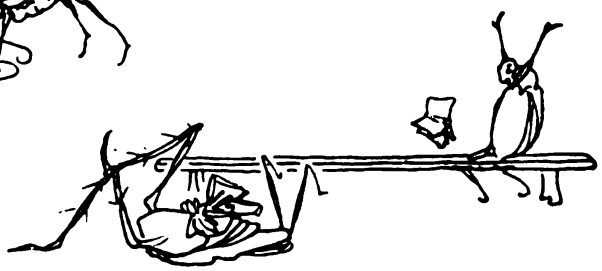




Spider at length placed a rustic seat near his Dwelling, and Advertised that that was the Place to Spend a Happy Day, knowing full well that the Green Beetle and the Prussian Blue Beetle would take Cheap Returns, and sit upon the rustic seat to Spoon. And when things fell out as he had intended, behold, he arose from his Den and Tickled the Prussian Blue Beetle in the Ribs, quietly Concealing himself. And having Repeated this, at



length he left open the Trap-door, taking Ambush behind it; and when the Prussian Blue Beetle arose and investigated the Premises, with great Speed did the Spider



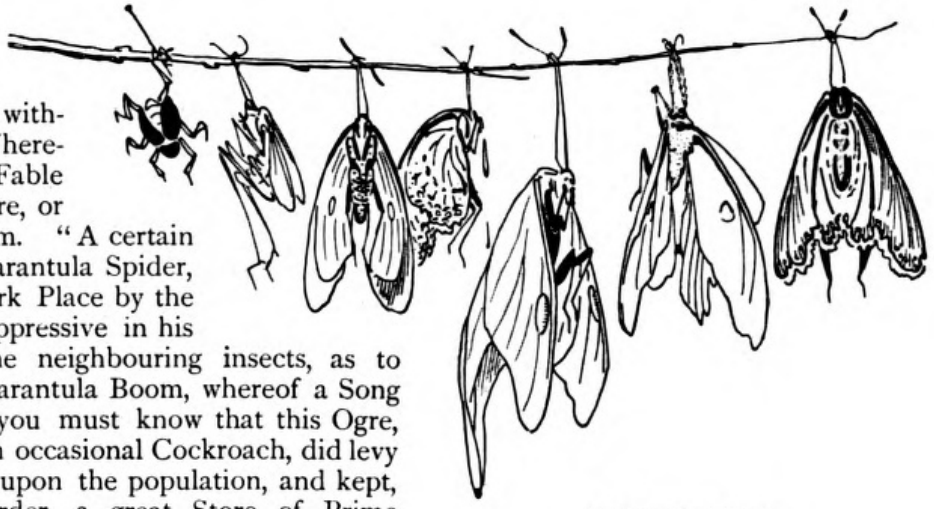


A FABLE.

hasten to shut down the Lid upon him, placing a Weight thereon, to reconcile him to his Incarceration. And straightway the Spider did make his Court unto the Green Beetle, and they lived as happy as usual ever afterward. *Moral:* We may learn from this History, that, as the Poet has already Taught, it is unwise to introduce your Dona to a Pal."

The big hairy Tarantula Spider, too, the ogre that will kill a bird or a mouse when large insects are scarce, is here with his venom and ugliness in complete order. He sheds his skin periodically, sometimes leaving it perfect throughout except in the one place through

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THE OGRE'S LARDER.

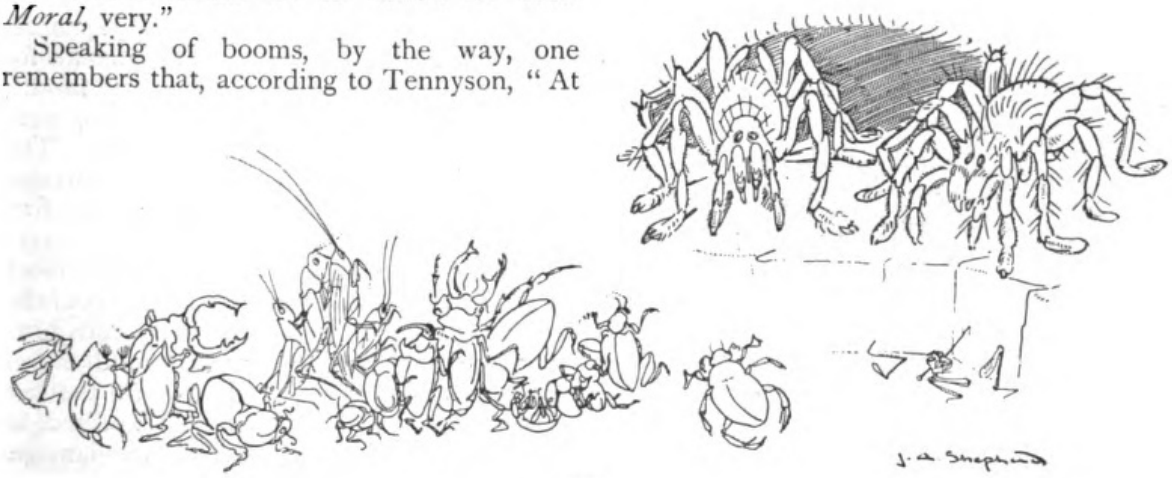
which he emerges, so that it would be possible to "have him stuffed" without killing him. Whereof one may tell the Fable of the Wicked Ogre, or the Tarantula Boom. "A certain Ogre, that was a Tarantula Spider, and dwelt in a Dark Place by the hillside, grew so oppressive in his Demands upon the neighbouring insects, as to create a Scare or Tarantula Boom, whereof a Song was written. For you must know that this Ogre, not satisfied with an occasional Cockroach, did levy daily contributions upon the population, and kept, hanging in his Larder, a great Store of Prime Joints, much greater than his Requirement. And the Song of the Tarantula Boom was sung more than ever, and people grew Mad. Among many other Things, this Ogre demanded the Sacrifice every day of a White Lady. And still did all the Crawling Things, being bitten by the Tarantula, or as some said. Tara-ra Boom, fall to Dancing and Singing the aforesaid Song like Mad, because of the Boom; all the White Ladies and all the others; and there was much High Kicking and Flinging of the Heels: Until at last all the Insects, finding the Tara-ra Boom beyond endurance, resolved to Come in their Thousands and Slay the Ogre. Of which the Ogre having privy Information, he set about to devise some means to Terrify his Assailants. To that end he Cast his Skin, taking much care not to Damage the suit of clothes, and set it Empty but seeming Full beside him. And when the Posse of Insects, driven Desperate with much repetition of the Tara-ra Boom (or as some did now call it, the Tara-ra Boom D. A., because it was Deuced Annoying), came unto the Ogre, behold, he was Twins. And they marvelled much, saying one to another, Lo, the Job has doubled in size; verily it would seem a Bit Too Thick. Thus they went Home in their Thousands, each diligently slinging his respective Hook, by Reason of the game not being Good enough. And so it was that the Tara-ra Boom D. A. lasted for ever.

Moral, very."



THE STRATAGEM.

Speaking of booms, by the way, one remembers that, according to Tennyson, "At



TWINS.

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THE INSECTEER.

eve the beetle boometh." But the only beetle one remembers as effecting much in the way of a boom is the Colorado Beetle. The beetle, as a general thing, is not given to publicity of any sort, preferring a retired and quiet life. He never interferes in public affairs—having too many legs to look after. The Bombardier Beetle, however, *can* boom. Touch him, and you will hear.

Quantrill, here, is very kind to the Tarantula Spiders, often giving them a steam bath to assist them in getting rid of their old suits of clothes. Quantrill keeps in order the moths, butterflies, caterpillars, and spiders in the Insect House. He is a man who has arrived at a state of being when nothing feels crawly—not even a centipede. To be on terms of daily intimacy with lions, tigers, elephants, and pelicans is a great thing, but I feel a more peculiar awe for a man who is the confidential friend of several scorpions, and who keeps two spider-ogres on show in glass cases; consequently, I am always respectful to Quantrill, and inspect his person carefully for stray scorpions before coming very near.



"WHAT A LOVELY SEALSKIN! BUT THERE'S MOTH IN IT."

A certain amount of entomology is forced on everybody, whether of a scientific turn or not. There are very many seaside lodging-houses where the whole of the inmates, without distinction of scientific tastes, sleeplessly adopt the study from their first night of residence. The sea air invariably stimulates interest in natural history. Nobody, therefore, however humble, need despair of acquiring entomological knowledge from want of material. The earnest student need do no more than buy an expensive sealskin cloak to gather together an instructive swarm of moths, sufficient to engage his attention for a long time. The Japanese, by-the-bye, have a pretty story to account for the rushing of moths at a flame. The moths, they say, in love with the night-flies, were bidden to fetch fire for their adornment. The moths, being naturally fools from the circumstance of being in love, rushed at the first flame available, and were damaged. This is a very pretty excuse for the moth, and perhaps more flattering than the belief prevalent in this country, which is that the moth is fool enough to burn himself without being in love. Because a moth never learns wisdom. Once having got away with the loss of half a wing, he might reasonably be expected, in future, on observing the light that caused the damage, to remark, knowingly, "Oh, that's an old flame of



INTEMPERANCE EVEN IN MILK.

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mine," and pass by on the other side. But he doesn't. He flies into it again and burns his other wing, or, more probably, roasts himself completely. Thousands of generations of scorched and roasted moths have passed away without developing the least knowledge of the properties of fire in their descendants. The moth remains consistent, and a fool.

There are few things of its size more annoying than a blue-bottle. He is always bursting with offensive, bouncing, robust animal spirits. He snorts and trumpets about your room in an absurdly important manner, when you are anxious not to be disturbed. To personal acquaintances of his own size he must be an intolerable nuisance. He is like those awful stout persons who wear very shiny hats very much on one side, who hum loud choruses, slap you boisterously on the back, take you forcibly by the arm and drag you out for promenades when you are anxious to be left alone. He is preferable to these persons, inasmuch as with some expenditure of time and temper and the shattering of various small pieces of furniture you may smash the



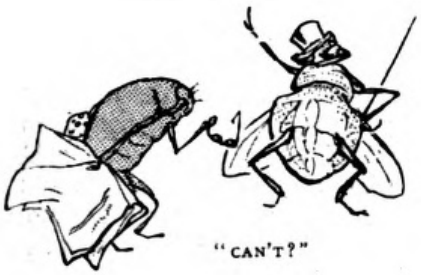
"HULLO, HOW DO?"



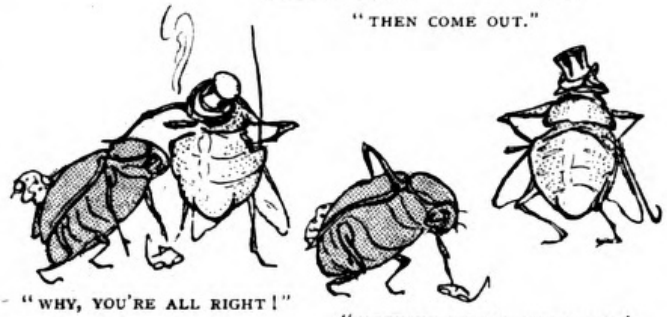
"SEEDY, EH?"



"THEN COME OUT."

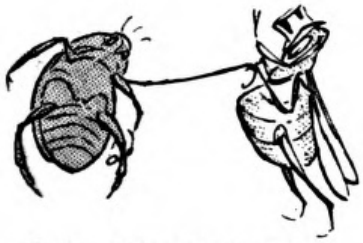


"CAN'T?"

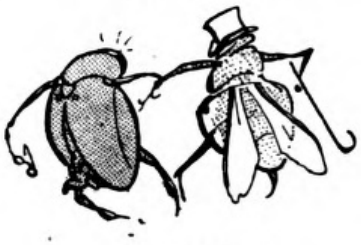


"WHY, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!"

"NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU."



"ONLY A LITTLE TOO FAT."



"COME ALONG!"



"NO SHIRKING!"



"SOON PUT YOU RIGHT."



"YOU WON'T?"



"WELL, I'M OFF!"

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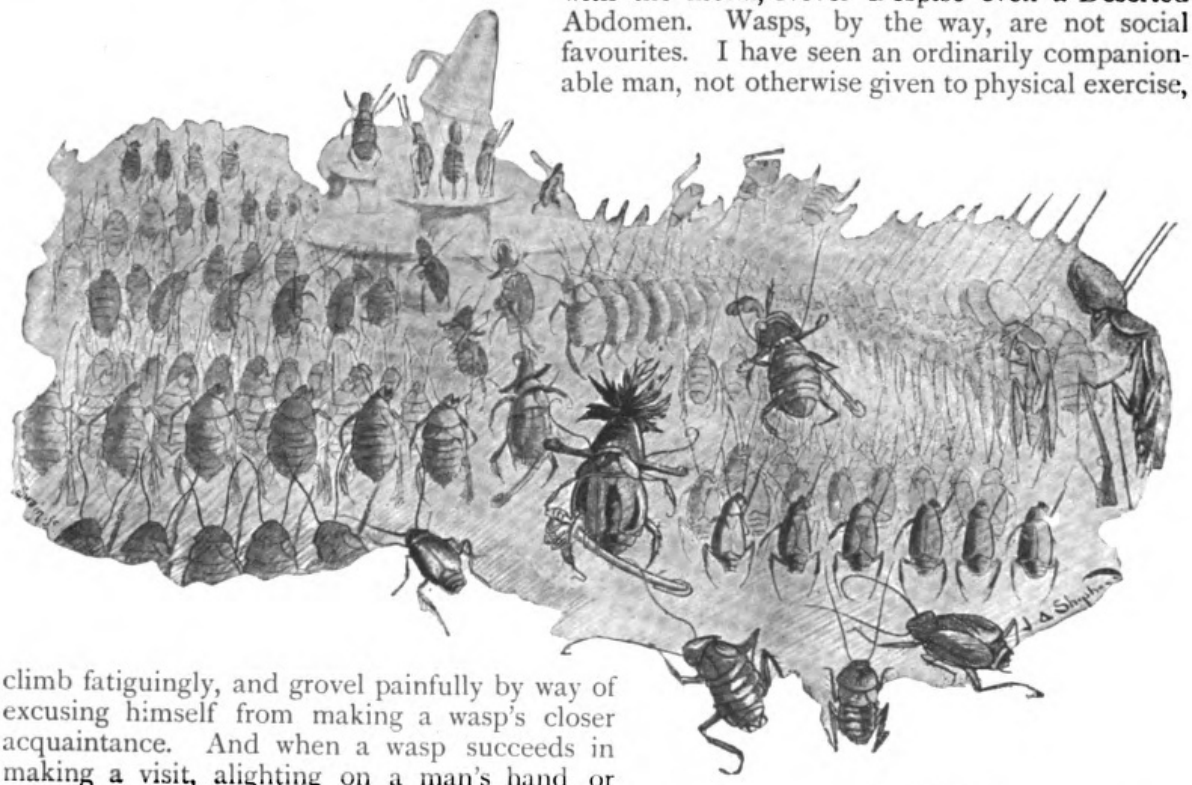
bluebottle, whereas the law protects the other creature. The bluebottle, however, adds to his other objectionablenesses by plunging among and rolling in your meals before your very eyes.

The Death Watch is another domestic insect never very cordially received. He only taps by way of telegraphic signal to his friends, but after all the terror he has caused he might have had the consideration to invent some other system. The Death-Watch, the Death's-Head-Moth, and the Pirate Spider are the banditti among insects—who are all cut-throats themselves to begin with.



THE PIRATE AND THE DEATH'S-HEAD.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of insects as a class is their contempt for legs. No insect minds the loss of a leg or two, having so many others. A spider sometimes will get along very well with one. Indeed, every insect would seem to be made of parts which are complete strangers to each other. I have seen a wasp "divided," like Clonglocketty Angus McClan, "close by the waist," but not in the least inconvenienced by the solution of continuity. The front half, having the best of the bargain by reason of retaining the wings and legs, strolled away in the most unconcerned fashion, leaving the unfortunate abdomen, legless and wingless, to get home as best it might. Whereon one might construct yet another fable, relating the meeting of the front end of that wasp with an enemy, and its inability to use its sting at a critical moment, with the moral, Never Despise even a Deserted Abdomen. Wasps, by the way, are not social favourites. I have seen an ordinarily companionable man, not otherwise given to physical exercise,

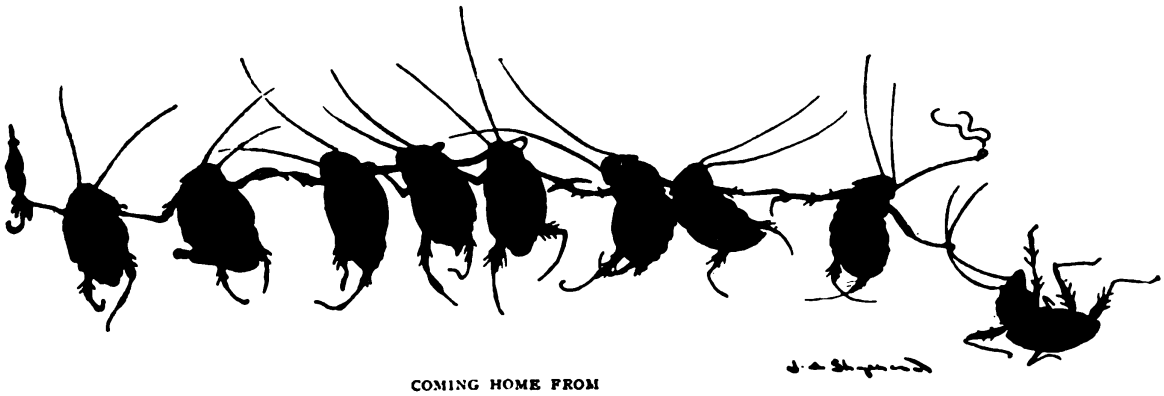


A REVIEW.

climb fatiguingly, and grovel painfully by way of excusing himself from making a wasp's closer acquaintance. And when a wasp succeeds in making a visit, alighting on a man's hand or neck, that man never asks him to sit down, because it is when a wasp sits down that one best understands the uselessness of his acquaintance. The only satisfactory way of averting a wasp-sting is to stand on the animal's back for five minutes before he commences.

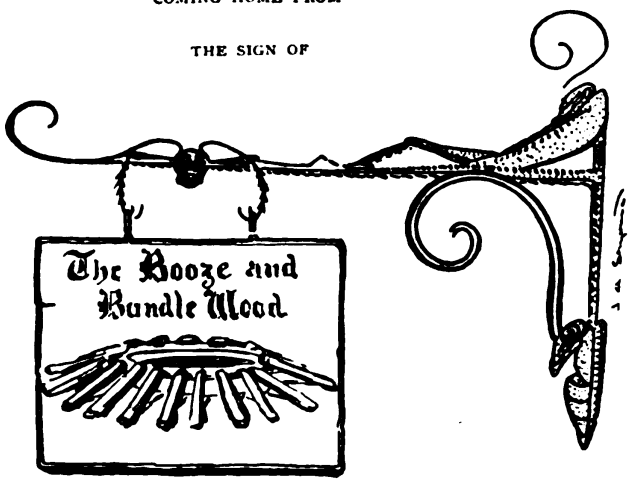
The domestic black-beetle is so called in celebration of its being brown in colour and not a beetle. Beetles are aristocrats who keep their wings in sheaths. The more proper name for *Blatta Orientalis* is the cockroach, because it is equally

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COMING HOME FROM

THE SIGN OF



unlike a cock and a roach. Its use in the economy of Nature is to supply a consolation for big feet. It is well known as a kitchen ornament, although its natural diffidence of disposition induces it to reserve its decorative effects for the evening, when it organizes reviews and parades on every available spot. Few domestic pets are regarded more affectionately by their proprietors. Lettuce leaves and wafers are distributed for its comfort nightly, and I have known even respectable teetotalers to pander to its depraved tastes, and provide it with the means of shocking intoxication in an old pie-dish provided with convenient ladders.

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The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

By A. Conan Doyle.

XXII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE GREEK INTERPRETER.

DURING my long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Sherlock Holmes I had never heard him refer to his relations, and hardly ever to his own early life. This reticence upon his part had increased the somewhat inhuman effect which he produced upon me, until sometimes I found myself regarding him as an isolated phenomenon, a brain without a heart, as deficient in human sympathy as he was pre-eminent in intelligence. His aversion to women, and his disinclination to form new friendships, were both typical of his unemotional character, but not more so than his complete suppression of every reference to his own people. I had come to believe that he was an orphan with no relatives living, but one day, to my very great surprise, he began to talk to me about his brother.

It was after tea on a summer evening, and the conversation, which had roamed in a desultory, spasmodic fashion from golf clubs to the causes of the change in the obliquity of the ecliptic, came round at last to the question of atavism and hereditary aptitudes. The point under discussion was how far any singular gift in an individual was due to his ancestry, and how far to his own early training.

"In your own case," said I, "from all that you have told me it seems obvious that your faculty of observation and your peculiar facility for deduction are due to your own systematic training."

"To some extent," he answered, thoughtfully. "My ancestors were country squires, who appear to have led much the same life, as is natural to their class. But, none the less, my turn that way is in my veins, and may have come with my grandmother, who was the sister of Vernet, the French artist. Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms."

"But how do you know that it is hereditary?"

"Because my brother Mycroft possesses it in a larger degree than I do."

This was news to me, indeed. If there were another man with such singular powers in England, how was it that neither police nor public had heard of him? I put the question, with a hint that it was my companion's modesty which made him acknowledge his brother as his superior. Holmes laughed at my suggestion.

"My dear Watson," said he, "I cannot agree with those who rank modesty among the virtues. To the logician all things should be seen exactly as they are, and to underestimate oneself is as much a departure from truth as to exaggerate one's own powers. When I say, therefore, that Mycroft has better powers of observation than I, you may take it that I am speaking the exact and literal truth."

"Is he your junior?"

"Seven years my senior."

"How comes it that he is unknown?"

"Oh, he is very well known in his own circle."

"Where, then?"

"Well, in the Diogenes Club, for example."

I had never heard of the institution, and my face must have proclaimed as much, for Sherlock Holmes pulled out his watch.

"The Diogenes Club is the queerest club in London, and Mycroft, one of the queerest men. He's always there from a quarter to five till twenty to eight. It's six now, so if you care for a stroll this beautiful evening I shall be very happy to introduce you to two curiosities."

Five minutes later we were in the street, walking towards Regent Circus.

"You wonder," said my companion, "why it is that Mycroft does not use his powers for detective work. He is incapable of it."

"But I thought you said——!"

"I said that he was my superior in observation and deduction. If the art of the detective began and ended in reasoning from an arm-chair, my brother would be the greatest criminal agent that ever lived. But

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"HOLMES PULLED OUT HIS WATCH."

he has no ambition and no energy. He will not even go out of his way to verify his own solutions, and would rather be considered wrong than take the trouble to prove himself right. Again and again I have taken a problem to him, and have received an explanation which has afterwards proved to be the correct one. And yet he was absolutely incapable of working out the practical points which must be gone into before a case could be laid before a judge or jury."

"It is not his profession, then?"

"By no means. What is to me a means of livelihood is to him the merest hobby of a dilettante. He has an extraordinary faculty for figures, and audits the books in some of the Government departments. Mycroft lodges in Pall Mall, and he walks round the corner into Whitehall every morning and back every evening. From year's end to year's end he takes no other exercise, and is seen nowhere else, except only in the Diogenes Club, which is just opposite his rooms."

"I cannot recall the name."

"Very likely not. There are many men in London, you know, who, some from shyness, some from misanthropy, have no wish for the company of their fellows. Yet they are not averse to comfortable chairs and the latest periodicals. It is for the convenience of these that the Diogenes Club was started, and it now contains the most unsociable and unclubbable men in town. No member is permitted to take the least notice of any other one. Save in the Strangers' Room, no talking is, under any circumstances, permitted, and three offences, if brought to the notice of the committee, render the talker liable to expulsion. My brother was one of the founders, and I have myself found it a very soothing atmosphere."

We had reached Pall Mall as we talked, and were walking down it from the St. James' end. Sherlock Holmes stopped at a door some little distance from the Carlton, and, cautioning me not to speak, he led the way into the hall. Through the glass panelling I caught a glimpse of a large and luxurious room in which a considerable number of men were sitting about and reading papers, each in his own little nook. Holmes showed me into a small chamber which looked out on to Pall Mall, and then, leaving me for a minute, he came back with a companion who I knew could only be his brother.

Mycroft Holmes was a much larger and stouter man than Sherlock. His body was absolutely corpulent, but his face, though massive, had preserved something of the sharpness of expression which was so remarkable in that of his brother. His eyes, which were of a peculiarly light watery grey, seemed to always retain that far-away, introspective look which I had only observed

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in Sherlock's when he was exerting his full powers.

"I am glad to meet you, sir," said he, putting out a broad, fat hand, like the flipper of a seal. "I hear of Sherlock everywhere since you became his chronicler. By the way, Sherlock, I expected to see you round last week to consult me over that Manor House case. I thought you might be a little out of your depth."

"No, I solved it," said my friend, smiling.

"It was Adams, of course?"

"Yes, it was Adams."

"I was sure of it from the first." The two sat down together in the bow-window of the club.

"To anyone who wishes to study mankind this is the spot," said Mycroft. "Look at the magnificent types! Look at these two men who are coming towards us, for example."

"The billiard-marker and the other?"

"Precisely. What do you make of the other?"

The two men had stopped opposite the window. Some chalk marks over the waistcoat pocket were the only signs of billiards which I could see in one of them. The other was a very small dark fellow, with his hat pushed back and several packages under his arm.

"An old soldier, I perceive," said Sherlock.

"And very recently discharged," remarked the brother.

"Served in India, I see."

"And a non-commissioned officer."

"Royal Artillery, I fancy," said Sherlock.

"And a widower."

"But with a child."

"Children, my dear boy, children."

"Come," said I, laughing, "this is a little too much."

"Surely," answered Holmes, "it is not hard to say that a man with that bearing, expression of authority, and sun-baked skin is a soldier, is more than a private, and is not long from India."



MYCROFT HOLMES.

"That he has not left the service long is shown by his still wearing his 'ammunition boots,' as they are called," observed Mycroft.

"He has not the cavalry stride, yet he wore his hat on one side, as is shown by the lighter skin on that side of his brow. His weight is against his being a sapper. He is in the artillery."

"Then, of course, his complete mourning shows that he has lost someone very dear. The fact that he is doing his own shopping looks as though it were his wife. He has been buying things for children you perceive. There is a rattle, which shows that one of them is very young. The wife probably died in child-bed. The fact that he has a picture-book under his arm shows that there is another child to be thought of."

I began to understand what my friend meant when he said that his brother possessed even keener faculties than he did himself. He glanced across at me, and smiled. Mycroft took snuff from a tortoise-shell box, and brushed away the wandering grains from his coat front with a large, red silk handkerchief.

"By the way, Sherlock," said he, "I have had something quite after your own heart—a most singular problem—submitted to my judgment. I really had not the energy to follow it up, save in a very incomplete fashion, but it gave me a basis for some very pleasing speculations. If you would care to hear the facts——"

"My dear Mycroft, I should be delighted."

The brother scribbled a note upon a leaf of his pocket-book, and ringing the bell, he handed it to the waiter.

"I have asked Mr. Melas to step across," said he. "He lodges on the floor above me, and I have some slight acquaintance with him, which led him to come to me in his perplexity. Mr. Melas is a Greek by extraction, as I understand, and he is a remarkable

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linguist. He earns his living partly as interpreter in the law courts, and partly by acting as guide to any wealthy Orientals who may visit the Northumberland Avenue hotels. I think I will leave him to tell his very remarkable experience in his own fashion."

A few minutes later we were joined by a short, stout man, whose olive face and coal-black hair proclaimed his southern origin, though his speech was that of an educated Englishman. He shook hands eagerly with Sherlock Holmes, and his dark eyes sparkled with pleasure when he understood that the specialist was anxious to hear his story.

"I do not believe that the police credit me—on my word I do not," said he, in a wailing voice. "Just because they have never heard of it before, they think that such a thing cannot be. But I know that I shall never be easy in my mind until I know what has become of my poor man with the sticking-plaster upon his face."

"I am all attention," said Sherlock Holmes.

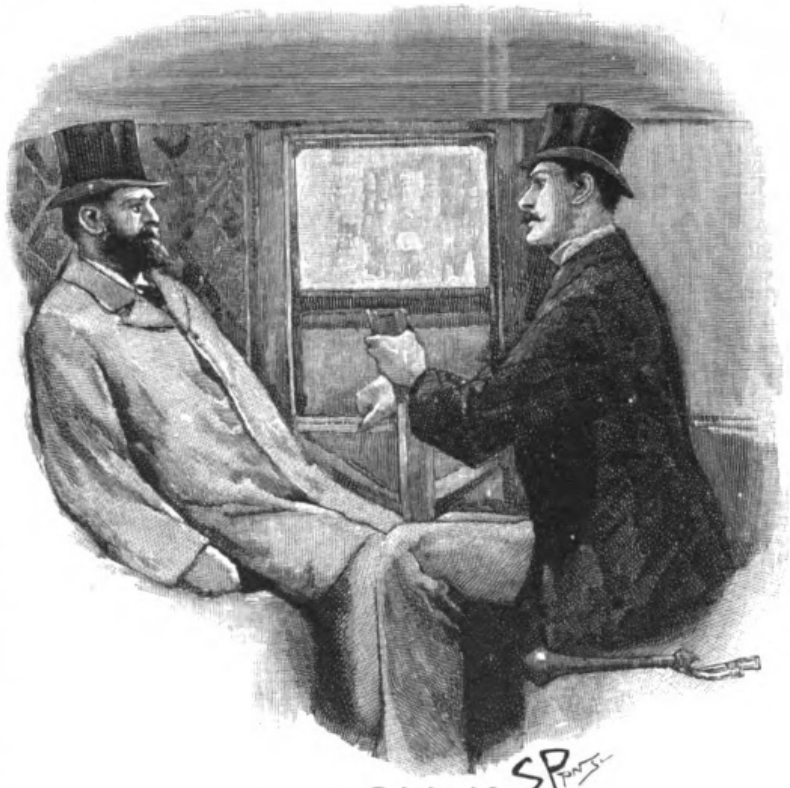
"This is Wednesday evening," said Mr. Melas; "well, then, it was on Monday night—only two days ago, you understand—that all this happened. I am an interpreter, as, perhaps, my neighbour there has told you. I interpret all languages—or nearly all—but as I am a Greek by birth, and with a Grecian name, it is with that particular tongue that I am principally associated. For many years I have been the chief Greek interpreter in London, and my name is very well known in the hotels.

"It happens, not unfrequently, that I am sent for at strange hours, by foreigners who get into difficulties, or by travellers who arrive late and wish my services. I was not surprised, therefore, on Monday night when a Mr. Latimer, a very fashionably-dressed young man, came up to my rooms and asked me to accompany him in a cab, which was waiting at the door. A Greek friend had come to see him upon business, he said, and, as he could speak nothing but his own tongue, the services of an interpreter were indispensable. He gave me to understand that his house was some little distance off, in Kensington, and he seemed to be in a great hurry, bustling me rapidly into the cab when we had descended to the street.

"I say into the cab, but I soon became doubtful as to whether it was not a carriage in which I found myself. It was certainly more roomy than the ordinary four-wheeled disgrace to London, and the fittings, though frayed, were of rich quality. Mr. Latimer seated himself opposite to me, and we started off through Charing Cross and up the Shaftesbury Avenue. We had come out upon Oxford Street, and I had ventured some remark as to this being a roundabout way to Kensington, when my words were arrested by the extraordinary conduct of my companion.

"He began by drawing a most formidable-looking bludgeon loaded with lead from his pocket, and switching it backwards and forwards several times, as if to test its weight and strength. Then he placed it, without a word, upon the seat beside him. Having done this he drew up the windows on each side, and I found to my astonishment that they were covered with paper so as to prevent my seeing through them.

"'I am sorry to cut off your view, Mr. Melas,' said he. 'The fact is that I have



"HE DREW UP THE WINDOWS."

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no intention that you should see what the place is to which we are driving. It might possibly be inconvenient to me if you could find your way there again.'

"As you can imagine, I was utterly taken aback by such an address. My companion was a powerful, broad-shouldered young fellow, and, apart from the weapon, I should not have had the slightest chance in a struggle with him.

"'This is very extraordinary conduct, Mr. Latimer,' I stammered. 'You must be aware that what you are doing is quite illegal.'

"'It is somewhat of a liberty, no doubt,' said he, 'but we'll make it up to you. But I must warn you, however, Mr. Melas, that if at any time to-night you attempt to raise an alarm or do anything which is against my interests, you will find it a very serious thing. I beg you to remember that no one knows where you are, and that whether you are in this carriage or in my house, you are equally in my power.'

"His words were quiet, but he had a rasping way of saying them which was very menacing. I sat in silence, wondering what on earth could be his reason for kidnapping me in this extraordinary fashion. Whatever it might be, it was perfectly clear that there was no possible use in my resisting, and that I could only wait to see what might befall.

"For nearly two hours we drove without my having the least clue as to where we were going. Sometimes the rattle of the stones told of a paved causeway, and at others our smooth, silent course suggested asphalte, but save by this variation in sound there was nothing at all which could in the remotest way help me to form a guess as to where we were. The paper over each window was impenetrable to light, and a blue curtain was drawn across the glass-work in front. It was a quarter past seven when we left Pall Mall, and my watch showed me that it was ten minutes to nine when we at last came to a standstill. My companion let down the window and I caught a glimpse of a low, arched doorway with a lamp burning above it. As I was hurried from the carriage it swung open, and I found myself inside the house, with a vague impression of a lawn and trees on each side of me as I entered. Whether these were private grounds, however, or *bonâ-fide* country was more than I could possibly venture to say.

"There was a coloured gas-lamp inside which was turned so low that I could see little save that the hall was of some size and hung with pictures. In the dim light I could make out that the person who had opened the door was a small, mean-looking, middle-aged man with rounded shoulders. As he turned towards us the glint of the light showed me that he was wearing glasses.

"'Is this Mr. Melas, Harold?' said he.

"'Yes.'

"'Well done! Well done! No ill-will, Mr. Melas, I hope, but we could not get on without you. If you deal fair with us you'll not regret it; but if you try any tricks, God help you!'

"He spoke in a jerky, nervous fashion, and with little giggling laughs in between, but somehow he impressed me with fear more than the other.

"'What do you want with me?' I asked.

"'Only to ask a few questions of a Greek gentleman who is visiting us, and to let us have the answers. But say no more than you are told to say, or'—here came the nervous giggle again—'you had better never have been born.'

"As he spoke he opened a door and showed the way into a room which appeared to be very richly furnished—but again the only light was afforded by a single lamp half turned down. The chamber was certainly large, and the way in which my feet sank into the carpet as I stepped across it told me of its richness. I caught glimpses of velvet chairs, a high, white marble mantelpiece and what seemed to be a suit of Japanese armour at one side of it. There was a chair just under the lamp, and the elderly man motioned that I should sit in it. The younger had left us, but he suddenly returned through another door, leading with him a gentleman clad in some sort of loose dressing-gown, who moved slowly towards us. As he came into the circle of dim light which enabled me to see him more clearly, I was thrilled with horror at his appearance. He was deadly pale and terribly emaciated, with the protruding, brilliant eyes of a man whose spirit is greater than his strength. But what shocked me more than any signs of physical weakness was that his face was grotesquely criss-crossed with sticking-plaster, and that one large pad of it was fastened over his mouth.

"'Have you the slate, Harold?' cried the older man, as this strange being fell rather than sat down into a chair. 'Are his hands loose? Now then, give him the pencil. You are to ask the questions, Mr. Melas, and he will write the answers. Ask him first of all whether he is prepared to sign the papers.'

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"I WAS THRILLED WITH HORROR."

"The man's eyes flashed fire.

"'Never,' he wrote in Greek upon the slate.

"'On no conditions?' I asked at the bidding of our tyrant.

"'Only if I see her married in my presence by a Greek priest whom I know.'

"The man giggled in his venomous way.

"'You know what awaits you then?'

"'I care nothing for myself.'

"These are samples of the questions and answers which made up our strange half-spoken, half-written conversation. Again and again I had to ask him whether he would give in and sign the document. Again and again I had the same indignant reply. But soon a happy thought came to me. I took to adding on little sentences of my own to each question—innocent ones at first to test whether either of our companions knew anything of the matter, and then, as I found that they showed no sign, I played a more dangerous game. Our conversation ran something like this:—

"'You can do no good by this obstinacy. *Who are you?*'

"'I care not. *I am a stranger in London.*'

"'Your fate will be on your own head. *How long have you been here?*'

"'Let it be so. *Three weeks.*'

"'The property can never be yours. *What ails you?*'

"'It shall not go to villains. *They are starving me.*'

"'You shall go free if you sign. *What house is this?*'

"'I will never sign. *I do not know.*'

"'You are not doing her any service. *What is your name?*'

"'Let me hear her say so. *Kratides.*'

"'You shall see her if you sign. *Where are you from?*'

"'Then I shall never see her. *Athens.*'

"Another five minutes, Mr. Holmes, and I should have wormed out the whole story under their very noses. My very next question might have cleared the matter up, but at that instant the door opened and a woman stepped into the room. I could not see her clearly enough to know more than that she was tall and graceful, with black hair, and clad in some sort of loose, white gown.

"'Harold!' said she, speaking English with a broken accent, 'I could not stay away longer. It is so lonely up there with only—oh, my God, it is Paul!'

"These last words were in Greek, and at the same instant the man, with a convulsive effort, tore the plaster from his lips, and screaming out 'Sophy! Sophy!' rushed into the woman's arms. Their embrace was but for an instant, however, for the younger man seized the woman and pushed her out of the room, while the elder easily overpowered his emaciated victim, and dragged him away through the other door. For a moment I was left alone in the room, and I sprang to my feet with some vague idea that I might in some way get a clue to what this house was in which I found myself. Fortunately, however, I took no steps, for, looking

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"SOPHY! SOPHY!"

up, I saw that the older man was standing in the doorway, with his eyes fixed upon me.

"'That will do, Mr. Melas,' said he. 'You perceive that we have taken you into our confidence over some very private business. We should not have troubled you only that our friend who speaks Greek and who began these negotiations has been forced to return to the East. It was quite necessary for us to find someone to take his place, and we were fortunate in hearing of your powers.'

"I bowed.

"'There are five sovereigns here,' said he, walking up to me, 'which will, I hope, be a sufficient fee. But remember,' he added, tapping me lightly on the chest and giggling, 'if you speak to a human soul about this—one human soul mind, well, may God have mercy upon your soul!'

"I cannot tell you the loathing and horror with which this insignificant-looking man inspired me. I could see him better now as the lamp-light shone upon him. His features were peaty and sallow, and his little, pointed beard was thready and ill nourished. He pushed his face forward as he spoke, and his lips and eyelids were continually twitching like a man with St. Vitus's dance. I could not help thinking that his strange, catchy little laugh was also a symptom of some nervous malady. The terror of his face lay in his eyes, however, steel grey, and glistening coldly, with a malignant, inexorable cruelty in their depths.

"'We shall know if you speak of this,' said he. 'We have our own means of information. Now, you will find the carriage waiting, and my friend will see you on your way.'

"I was hurried through the hall, and into the vehicle, again obtaining that momentary glimpse of trees and a garden. Mr. Latimer followed closely at my heels, and took his place opposite to me without a word. In silence we again drove for an interminable distance, with the windows raised, until at last, just after midnight, the carriage pulled up.

"'You will get down here, Mr. Melas,' said my companion. 'I am sorry to leave you so far from your house, but there is no alternative. Any attempt upon your part to follow the carriage can only end in injury to yourself.'

"He opened the door as he spoke, and I had hardly time to spring out when the coachman lashed the horse, and the carriage rattled away. I looked round me in astonishment. I was on some sort of a heathy common, mottled over with dark clumps of furze bushes. Far away stretched a line of houses with a light here and there in the upper windows. On the other side I saw the red signal lamps of a railway.

"The carriage which had brought me was

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already out of sight. I stood gazing round and wondering where on earth I might be, when I saw someone coming towards me in the darkness. As he came up to me I made out that it was a railway porter.

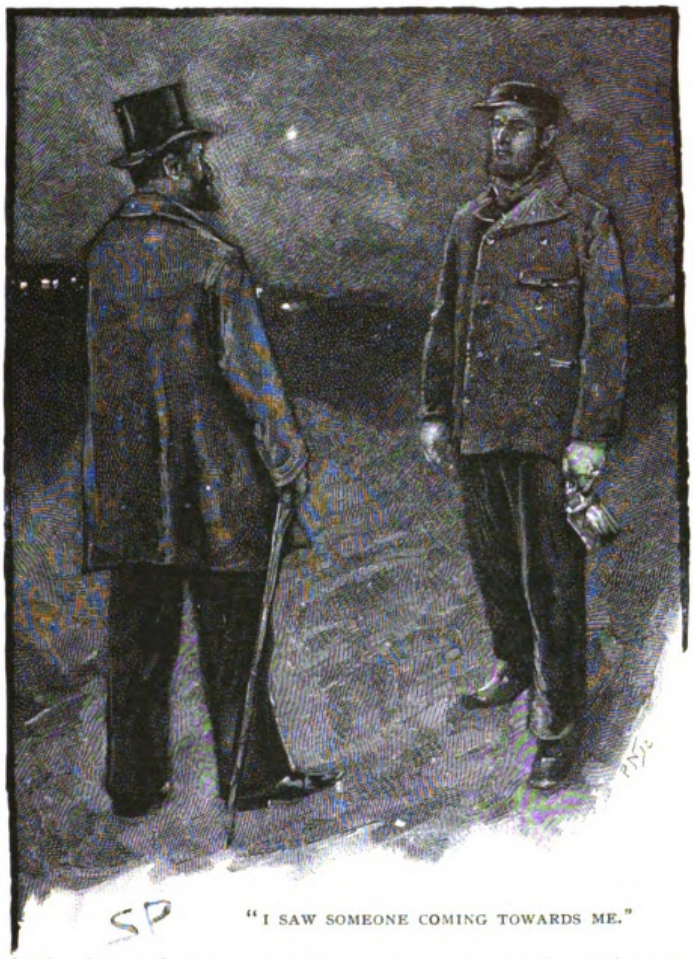
"'Can you tell me what place this is?' I asked.

"'Wandsworth Common,' said he.

"'Can I get a train into town?'

"'If you walk on a mile or so, to Clapham Junction,' said he, 'you'll just be in time for the last to Victoria.'

"So that was the end of my adventure, Mr. Holmes. I do not know where I was nor whom I spoke with, nor anything, save what I have told you. But I know that there is foul play going on, and I want to help that unhappy man if I can. I told the whole story to Mr. Mycroft Holmes next morning and, subsequently, to the police."



"I SAW SOMEONE COMING TOWARDS ME."

We all sat in silence for some little time after listening to this extraordinary narrative. Then Sherlock looked across at his brother.

"Any steps?" he asked.

Mycroft picked up the *Daily News*, which was lying on a side table.

"'Anybody supplying any information as to the whereabouts of a Greek gentleman named Paul Kratides, from Athens, who is unable to speak English, will be rewarded. A similar reward paid to anyone giving information about a Greek lady whose first name is Sophy. X 2473.' That was in all the dailies. No answer."

"How about the Greek Legation?"

"I have inquired. They know nothing."

"A wire to the head of the Athens police, then."

"Sherlock has all the energy of the family," said Mycroft, turning to me. "Well, you take the case up by all means, and let me know if you do any good."

"Certainly," answered my friend, rising from his chair. "I'll let you know, and Mr. Melas also. In the meantime, Mr. Melas, I should certainly be on my guard, if I were you, for, of course, they must know through these advertisements that you have betrayed them."

As we walked home together Holmes stopped at a telegraph office and sent off several wires.

"You see, Watson," he remarked, "our evening has been by no means wasted. Some of my most interesting cases have come to me in this way through Mycroft. The problem which we have just listened to, although it can admit of but one explanation, has still some distinguishing features."

"You have hopes of solving it?"

"Well, knowing as much as we do, it will be singular indeed if we fail to discover the rest. You must yourself have formed some theory which will explain the facts to which we have listened."

"In a vague way, yes."

"What was your idea then?"

"It seemed to me to be obvious that this Greek girl had been carried off by the young Englishman named Harold Latimer."

"Carried off from where?"

"Athens, perhaps."

Sherlock Holmes shook his head. "This young man could not talk a word of Greek. The lady could talk English fairly well. Inference that she had been in England some little time, but he had not been in Greece."

"Well, then, we will presume that she had

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come on a visit to England, and that this Harold had persuaded her to fly with him."

"That is the more probable."

"Then the brother—for that, I fancy, must be the relationship—comes over from Greece to interfere. He imprudently puts himself into the power of the young man and his older associate. They seize him and use violence towards him in order to make him sign some papers to make over the girl's fortune—of which he may be trustee—to them. This he refuses to do. In order to negotiate with him they have to get an interpreter, and they pitch upon this Mr. Melas, having used some other one before. The girl is not told of the arrival of her brother, and finds it out by the merest accident."

"Excellent, Watson," cried Holmes. "I really fancy that you are not far from the truth. You see that we hold all the cards, and we have only to fear some sudden act of violence on their part. If they give us time we must have them."

"But how can we find where this house lies?"

"Well, if our conjecture is correct, and the girl's name is, or was, Sophy Kratides, we should have no difficulty in tracing her. That must be our main hope, for the brother, of course, is a complete stranger. It is clear that some time has elapsed since this Harold established these relations with the girl—some weeks at any rate — since the brother in Greece has had time to hear of it and come across. If they have been living in the same place during this time, it is probable that we shall have some answer to Mycroft's advertisement."

We had reached our house in Baker Street whilst we had been talking. Holmes ascended the stairs first, and as he opened the door of our room he gave a start of surprise. Looking over his shoulder I was equally astonished. His brother Mycroft was sitting smoking in the arm-chair.

"Come in, Sherlock! Come in, sir," said he, blandly, smiling at our surprised faces. "You don't expect such energy from me, do you, Sherlock? But somehow this case attracts me."

"How did you get here?"

"I passed you in a hansom."

"There has been some new development?"

"I had an answer to my advertisement."

"Ah!"

"Yes; it came within a few minutes of your leaving."

"And to what effect?"

Mycroft Holmes took out a sheet of paper.

"Here it is," said he, "written with a J pen on royal cream paper by a middle-aged man with a weak constitution. 'Sir,' he says, 'in answer to your advertisement of to-day's date, I beg to inform you that I know the young lady in question very well. If you should care to call upon me, I could give you some particulars as to her painful history. She is living at present at The Myrtles, Beckenham. Yours faithfully, J. DAVENPORT."

"He writes from Lower Brixton," said Mycroft Holmes. "Do you not think that we might drive to him now, Sherlock, and learn these particulars?"



"'COME IN,' SAID HE, BLANDLY."

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"My dear Mycroft, the brother's life is more valuable than the sister's story. I think we should call at Scotland Yard for Inspector Gregson, and go straight out to Beckenham. We know that a man is being done to death, and every hour may be vital."

"Better pick up Mr. Melas upon our way," I suggested; "we may need an interpreter."

"Excellent!" said Sherlock Holmes. "Send the boy for a four-wheeler, and we shall be off at once." He opened the table-drawer as he spoke, and I noticed that he slipped his revolver into his pocket. "Yes," said he, in answer to my glance, "I should say from what we have heard that we are dealing with a particularly dangerous gang."

It was almost dark before we found ourselves in Pall Mall, at the rooms of Mr. Melas. A gentleman had just called for him, and he was gone.

"Can you tell me where?" asked Mycroft Holmes.

"I don't know, sir," answered the woman who had opened the door. "I only know that he drove away with the gentleman in a carriage."

"Did the gentleman give a name?"

"No, sir."

"He wasn't a tall, handsome, dark young man?"

"Oh, no, sir. He was a little gentleman, with glasses, thin in the face, but very pleasant in his ways, for he was laughing all the time that he was talking."

"Come along!" cried Sherlock Holmes, abruptly. "This grows serious!" he observed, as we drove to Scotland Yard. "These men have got hold of Melas again. He is a man of no physical courage, as they are well aware from their experience the other night. This villain was able to terrorize him the instant that he got into his presence. No doubt they want his professional services; but, having used him, they may be inclined to punish him for what they will regard as his treachery."

Our hope was that by taking train we might get to Beckenham as soon as, or sooner, than the carriage. On reaching Scotland Yard, however, it was more than an hour before we could get Inspector Gregson and comply with the legal formalities which would enable us to enter the house. It was a quarter to ten before we reached London Bridge, and half-past before the four of us alighted on the Beckenham platform. A drive of half a mile brought us to the Myrtles—a large, dark house standing back from the road in its own grounds. Here we dismissed our cab, and made our way up the drive together.

"The windows are all dark," remarked the Inspector. "The house seems deserted."

"Our birds are flown and the nest empty," said Holmes.

"Why do you say so?"

"A carriage heavily loaded with luggage has passed out during the last hour."

The Inspector laughed. "I saw the wheel tracks in the light of the gate-lamp, but where does the luggage come in?"

"You may have observed the same wheel-tracks going the other way. But the outward-bound ones were very much deeper—so much so that we can say for a certainty that there was a very considerable weight on the carriage."

"You get a trifle beyond me there," said the Inspector, shrugging his shoulders. "It will not be an easy door to force. But we will try if we cannot make someone hear us."

He hammered loudly at the knocker and pulled at the bell, but without any success. Holmes had slipped away, but he came back in a few minutes.

"I have a window open," said he.

"It is a mercy that you are on the side of the force, and not against it, Mr. Holmes," remarked the Inspector, as he noted the clever way in which my friend had forced back the catch. "Well, I think that, under the circumstances, we may enter without waiting for an invitation."

One after the other we made our way into a large apartment, which was evidently that in which Mr. Melas had found himself. The Inspector had lit his lantern, and by its light we could see the two doors, the curtain, the lamp and the suit of Japanese mail as he had described them. On the table lay two glasses, an empty brandy bottle, and the remains of a meal.

"What is that?" asked Holmes, suddenly.

We all stood still and listened. A low, moaning sound was coming from somewhere above our heads. Holmes rushed to the door and out into the hall. The dismal noise came from upstairs. He dashed up, the Inspector and I at his heels, while his brother, Mycroft, followed as quickly as his great bulk would permit.

Three doors faced us upon the second floor, and it was from the central of these that the sinister sounds were issuing, sinking sometimes into a dull mumble and rising again into a shrill whine. It was locked, but the key was on the outside. Holmes flung open the door and rushed in, but he was out again in an instant with his hand to his throat.

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"It's charcoal," he cried. "Give it time. It will clear."

Peering in we could see that the only light in the room came from a dull, blue flame, which flickered from a small brass tripod in the centre. It threw a livid, unnatural circle upon the floor, while in the shadows beyond we saw the vague loom of two figures, which crouched against the wall. From the open door there reeked a horrible, poisonous exhalation, which set us gasping and coughing. Holmes rushed to the top of the stairs to draw in the fresh air, and then, dashing into the room, he threw up the window and hurled the brazen tripod out into the garden.

"We can enter in a minute," he gasped, darting out again. "Where is a candle? I doubt if we could strike a match in that atmosphere. Hold the light at the door and we shall get them out, Mycroft. Now!"



"'IT'S CHARCOAL,' HE CRIED."

With a rush we got to the poisoned men and dragged them out on to the landing. Both of them were blue lipped and insensible, with swollen, congested faces and protruding eyes. Indeed, so distorted were their features that save for his black beard and stout figure we might have failed to recognise in one of them the Greek interpreter who had parted from us only a few hours before at the Diogenes Club. His hands and feet were securely strapped together, and he bore over one eye the mark of a violent blow. The other, who was secured in a similar fashion, was a tall man in the last stage of emaciation, with several strips of sticking-plaster arranged in a grotesque pattern over his face. He had ceased to moan as we laid him down, and a glance showed me that for him, at least, our aid had come too late. Mr. Melas, however, still lived, and in less than an hour, with the aid of ammonia and brandy, I had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes, and of knowing that my hand had drawn him back from the dark valley in which all paths meet.

It was a simple story which he had to tell, and one which did but confirm our own deductions. His visitor on entering his rooms had drawn a life preserver from his sleeve, and had so impressed him with the fear of instant and inevitable death, that he had kidnapped him for the second time. Indeed, it was almost mesmeric the effect which this giggling ruffian had produced upon the unfortunate linguist, for he could not speak of him save with trembling hands and a blanched cheek. He had been taken swiftly to Beckenham, and had acted as interpreter in a second interview, even more dramatic than the first, in which the two Englishmen had menaced their prisoner with instant death if he did not comply with their demands. Finally, finding him proof against every threat, they had hurled him back into his prison, and after reproaching Melas with his treachery, which appeared from the newspaper advertisement, they had stunned him with a blow from a stick, and he remembered nothing more until he found us bending over him.

And this was the singular case of the

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Grecian Interpreter, the explanation of which is still involved in some mystery. We were able to find out, by communicating with the gentleman who had answered the advertisement, that the unfortunate young lady came of a wealthy Grecian family, and that she had been on a visit to some friends in England. While there she had met a young man named Harold Latimer, who had acquired an ascendancy over her, and had eventually persuaded her to fly with him. Her friends, shocked at the event, had contented themselves with informing her brother at Athens, and had then washed their hands of the matter. The brother, on his arrival in England, had imprudently placed himself in the power of Latimer, and of his associate, whose name was Wilson Kemp—a man of the foulest antecedents. These two, finding that through his ignorance of the language he was helpless in their hands, had kept him a prisoner, and had endeavoured, by cruelty and starvation, to make him sign away his own and his sister's property. They had kept him in the house without the girl's knowledge, and the plaster over the face had been for the purpose of making recognition difficult in case she should ever catch a glimpse of him. Her feminine perceptions, however, had instantly seen through the disguise when, on the occasion of the interpreter's first visit, she had seen him for the first time. The poor girl, however, was herself a prisoner, for there was no one about the house except the man who acted as coachman, and his wife, both of whom were tools of the conspirators. Finding that their secret was out and that their prisoner was not to be coerced, the two villains, with the girl, had fled away at a few hours' notice from the furnished house which they had hired, having first, as they thought, taken vengeance both upon the man who had defied and the one who had betrayed them.

Months afterwards a curious newspaper cutting reached us from Buda-Pesth. It told how two Englishmen who had been travelling with a woman had met with a tragic end. They had each been stabbed, it seems, and the Hungarian police were of opinion that they had quarrelled and had inflicted mortal injuries upon each other. Holmes, however, is, I fancy, of a different way of thinking, and he holds to this day that if one could find the Grecian girl one might learn how the wrongs of herself and her brother came to be avenged.

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Part 2.

SUN-DIALS

by

Warrington Hogg.

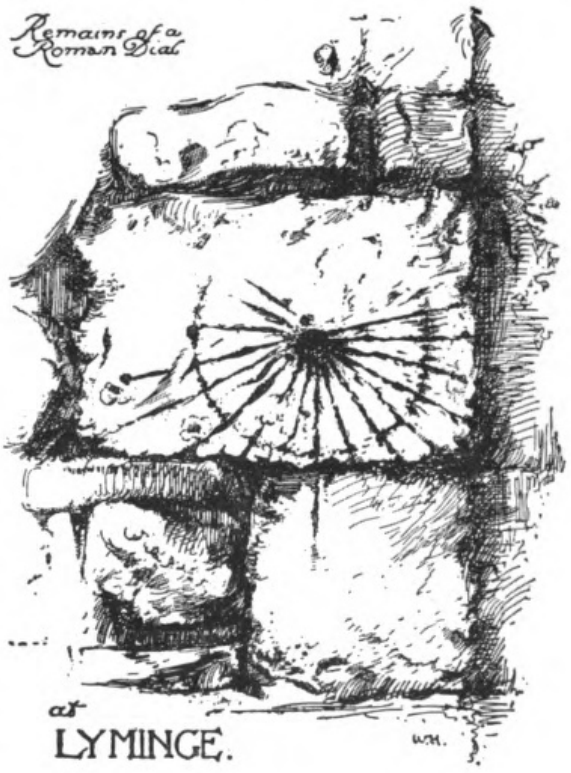


The visitor occasionally finds in out-of-the-way places primitive forms of dials, such as were used in Saxon, Norman, Early English, and mediæval times, and which, naturally enough, have a special charm of their own. A good hunting-ground for them, it seems to me, is on the south walls or doorways of our Norman and Early English churches, especially those which have escaped so-called "restoration."

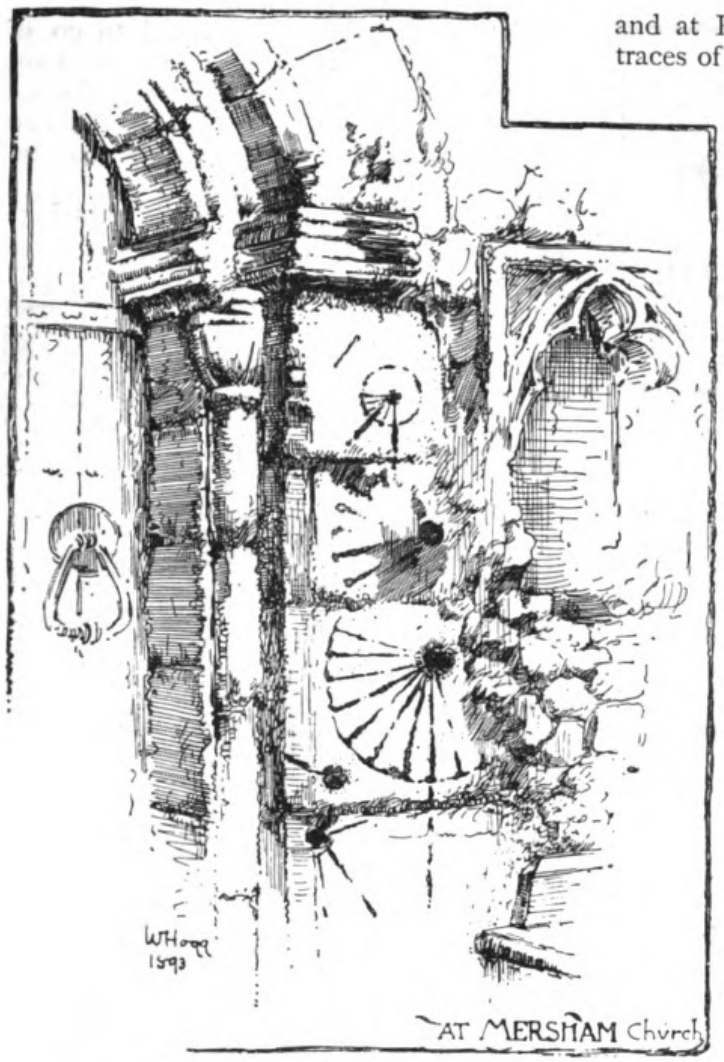
There is one at Lyminge, on the south wall of the venerable church, well worthy of notice. The church itself, Bevan quotes as being one of the three most interesting in Kent, as well as one of the most ancient in the country. It has distinct traces of Roman and Anglo-Saxon masonry, the fact being that a Roman basilica first of all existed there, then a Saxon church was built on its site, and later another church, which was added to by different Archbishops — Wareham, Cardinal Morton, and others.

Of the basilica, the foundations and portions of the apse were brought to light by the efforts of the well-known enthusiast in things antiquarian, Canon Jenkins (who is rector and vicar of Lyminge); he himself telling me many interesting facts pertaining to the dial. It is cut rudely, but to a considerable depth, on a stone which undoubtedly originally formed part of a Roman villa (Villa Maxima de Lyminge), and is now built as one of the corner stones into the south wall of the nave, which wall was St. Dunstan's work (about 965 A.D.). Its position is about 5ft. 4in. above the present ground level, and about 14ft. to the right of an inscription pointing out the burial-place of St. Ethelburga, the Queen (633—647 A.D.), daughter of King Ethelbert and wife of Edwin of Northumbria.

At Mersham — a little village between Smeeth and Ashford—there are to be seen



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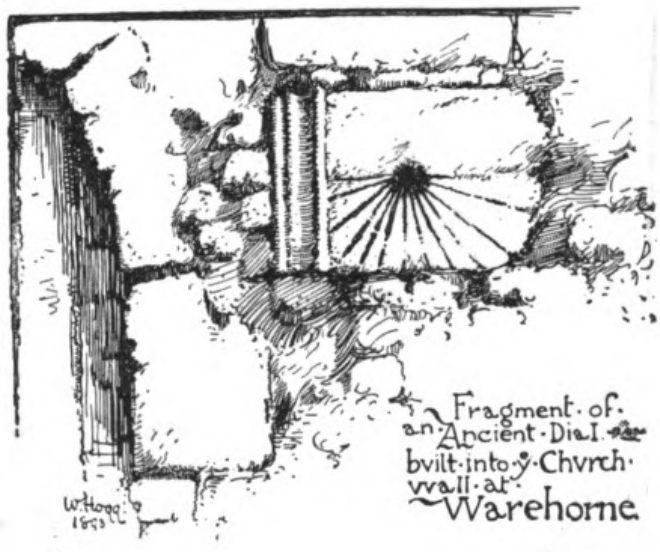
traces of no fewer than seven ancient circular dials on the south doorway of the church (mainly Early English), five being on the right-hand side and two on the left, a protecting porch of later date helping to preserve them. The largest one measures 9in. in diameter, and is still very distinct, the hole where the style, or gnomon, had originally been is deep, and about 3ft. above ground-level, and the radiating hour lines, ten in number, are regular in their disposition and end in little drilled holes. The other dials are irregular, partially obliterated, and so arbitrary in their arrangement that it is somewhat puzzling to decide as to how they could all of them have possibly told the same time.

At Barfreston Church is a dial somewhat of the same type carved on the left-hand side of the richly-decorated Norman south doorway; and at Patrixbourne, on a similar doorway, traces of four dials may be distinctly seen.

Smeeth and Swingfield churches both possess dials of a like character, but in the latter case they have been partly choked up with cement, apparently at the time of the restoration of the church a few years ago.

At Warehorne Church (mainly Early English) is a stone built into the wall about 4ft. above the present ground level and 1ft. to the right of a south doorway, upon which is carved an ancient vertical dial, which evidently belonged to a still earlier edifice.

In Dover Museum is a curious type of dial which, according to Mr. Loftus Brock, is of Roman workmanship. It was found in 1862, in Dover, on the site of the ancient Church of St. Martin's-le-Grand (founded by Wictred, King of Kent, 693—725 A.D.). It is a cube of oolite, between four and five inches square, with one heart-shaped, two semi-cylindrical, and two triangular-formed dials hollowed out of its sides. The Rev. R. Dixon, another expert on the subject, is of opinion that it was an engraved horizontal dial, made originally for some site in Central France or Switzerland, and brought to Dover with the expectation that it would give the correct solar time there. A similar mistake was made in the year 263 B.C., by Valerius Messala, who, under the same belief,



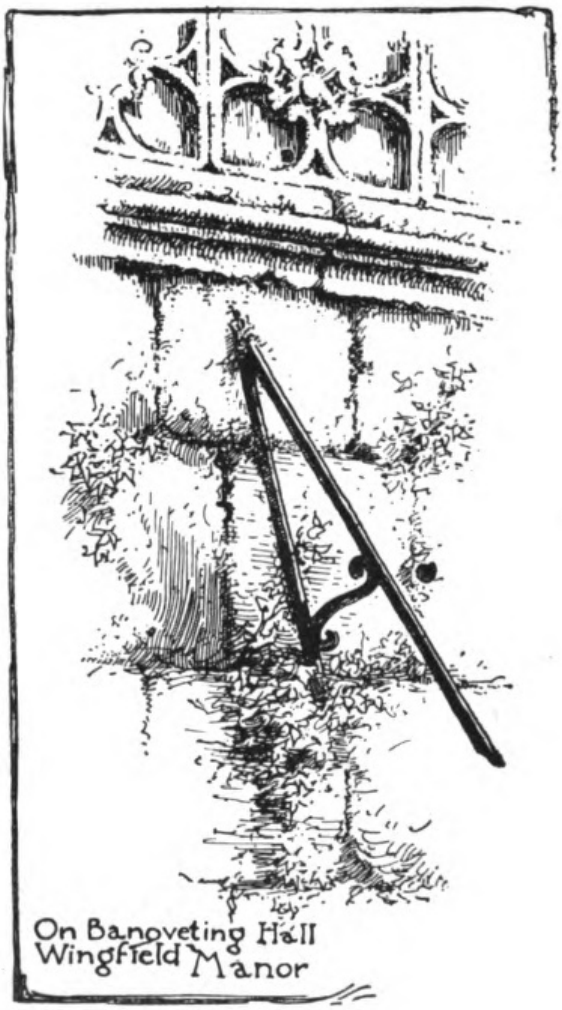
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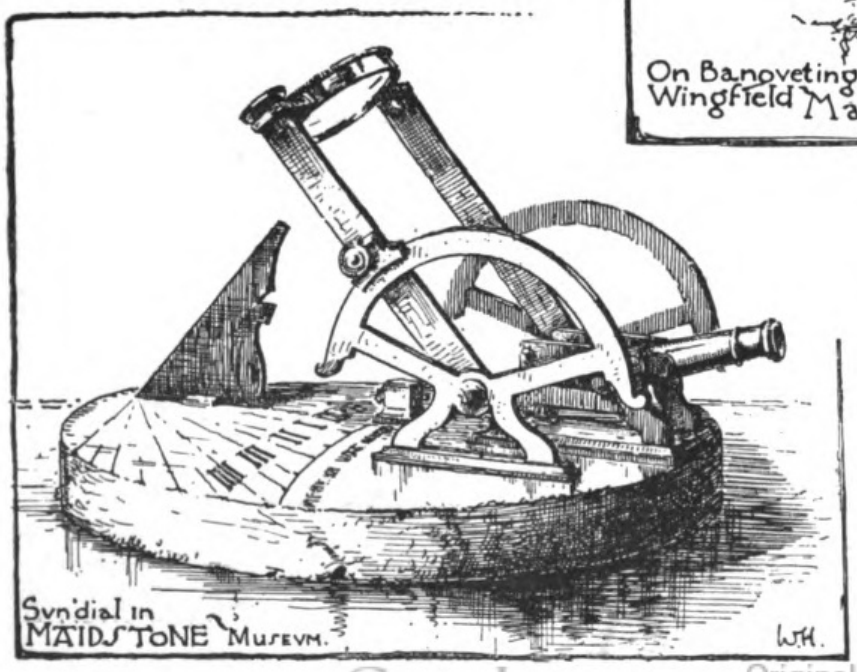


brought a Sicilian sun-dial to Rome. But which ever view is right (and both theories are of interest) it seems to me to be more fascinating to dream about the story of the centuries this sun-kissed stone — had it speech—could tell us, ere it was ticketed and shelved in a local museum.

One does not often come across a cannon sun-dial, like the one given in my sketch. It is in the entrance-hall of Chillington Manor House, now Maidstone Museum, and embodies a decidedly ingenious idea. My readers will note that a burning-glass is carefully focused over the touchhole of a miniature loaded cannon, timed to go off each day at noon: it is made of metal and is fixed to a circular slab of marble, about a foot and a half in diameter, upon which are cut the radiating hour-lines of the dial and its maker's name, as follows:—

"Victor Chevalier Jng^r Brev^t Quai de l'Horloge 77 à Paris."

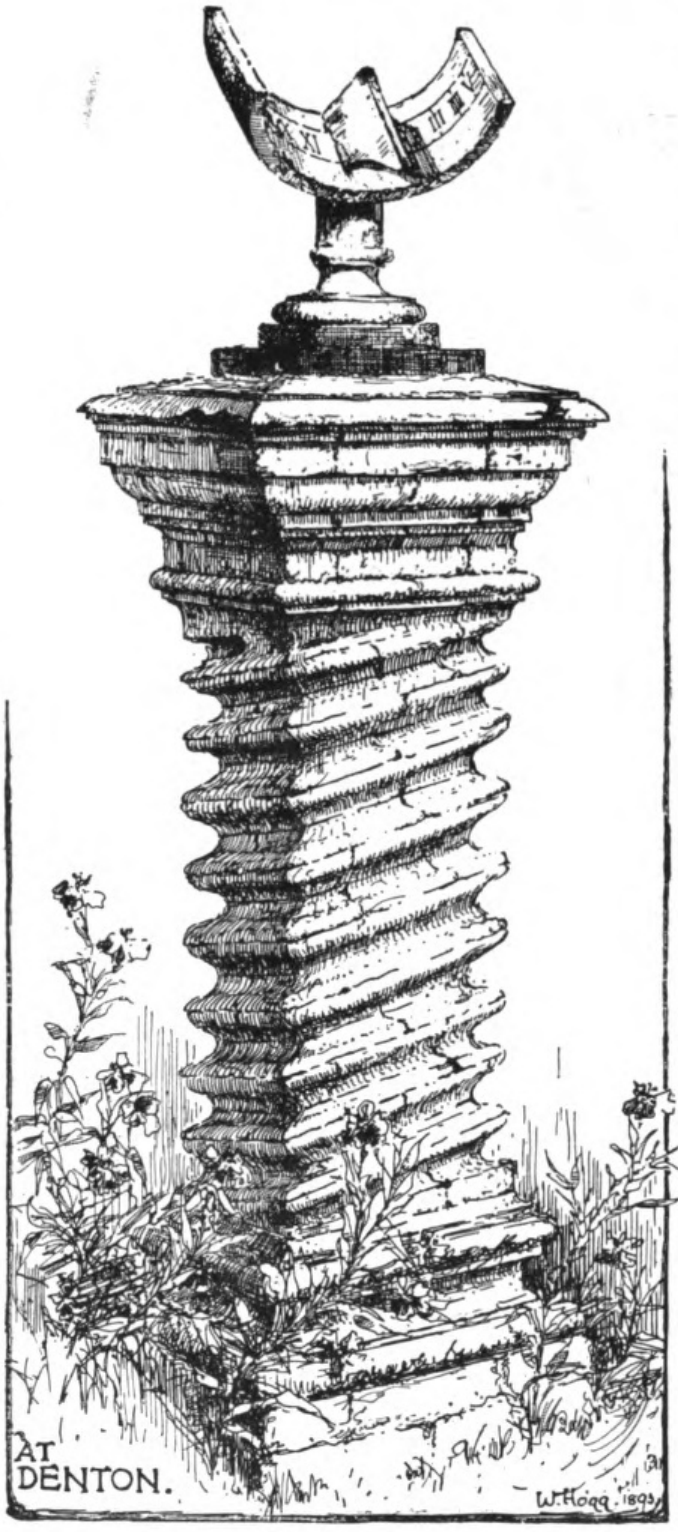




On the ruins of Wingfield Manor, in Derbyshire, are still to be seen two dials, simple in form and design, which were placed there some time about 1678 by Immanuel Halton, astronomer and mathematician, to whom the Manor House then belonged, and who during his life made many alterations to render

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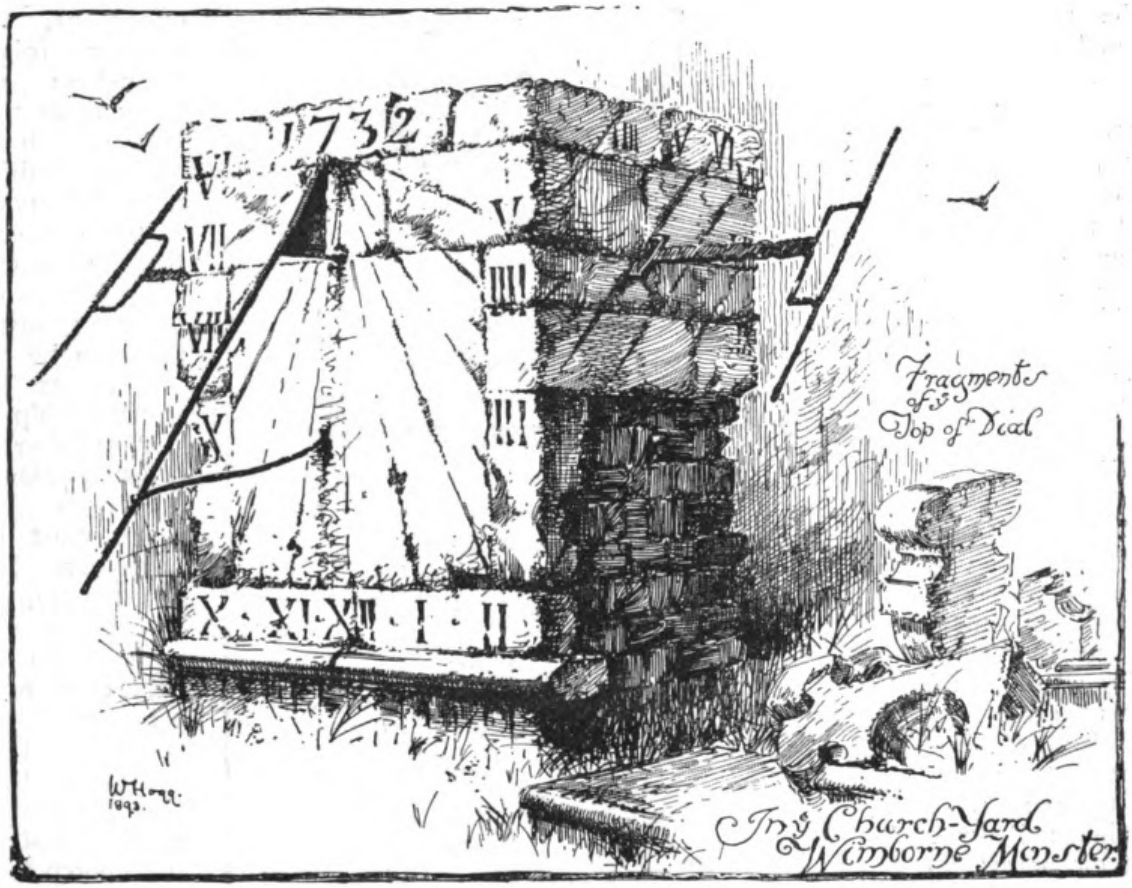
the place, shattered by Cromwell and his followers, fit for his abode. The dial given is over the bay window of the Banqueting Hall — the fine tracery of which still remains intact—the other being placed over one of the windows adjoining the State rooms. Wingfield Manor House is rich in historic associations. It is mentioned in Doomsday Book, and was given by William of Normandy to his illegitimate son, William Peverel. It afterwards became the home of Ralph, Lord Cromwell (Henry VI., Treasurer of the Exchequer). Mary Queen of Scots passed many long months of captivity there in one of the western apartments of the inner quadrangle, and later it was the scene of one of the most obstinately contested struggles that mark that unhappy period when King Charles I. fought for his crown and his Parliament for its power.



At the little village of Denton, a few miles from Canterbury, in a cottage garden, stands a fine red brick and plaster dial of quite another type. It is about fifty years old, and was built by one Richard Webb, a master mason; the workmanship is truly excellent, the mortar-joints throughout not being more than one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. The porch of the cottage is by the same cunning hand, and attracts much attention by reason of its fine craftsmanship.

Wimborne Minster, Dorset, boasts a dial which must not be missed. It is dated 1732, and used to be perched on the gable of the north transept; but when Mr. J. L. Pearson, R.A., the eminent architect, restored the church some few years ago, it was taken down and placed temporarily under the yew tree in the Minster yard, where, alas! it stands "unto this day." It was not deemed desirable, owing to its great weight, to replace it in its original position, and Mr. Pearson has designed for it a fine pedestal, so that it can eventually be placed somewhere to the south-west of the Minster yard; a lack of funds being the only preventive to this becoming *un fait accompli*. It is of stone, 6ft. in height; its south face is 4ft. in width, and its east and west faces 3ft. respectively, each of which bears a gnomon—a somewhat unusual feature.

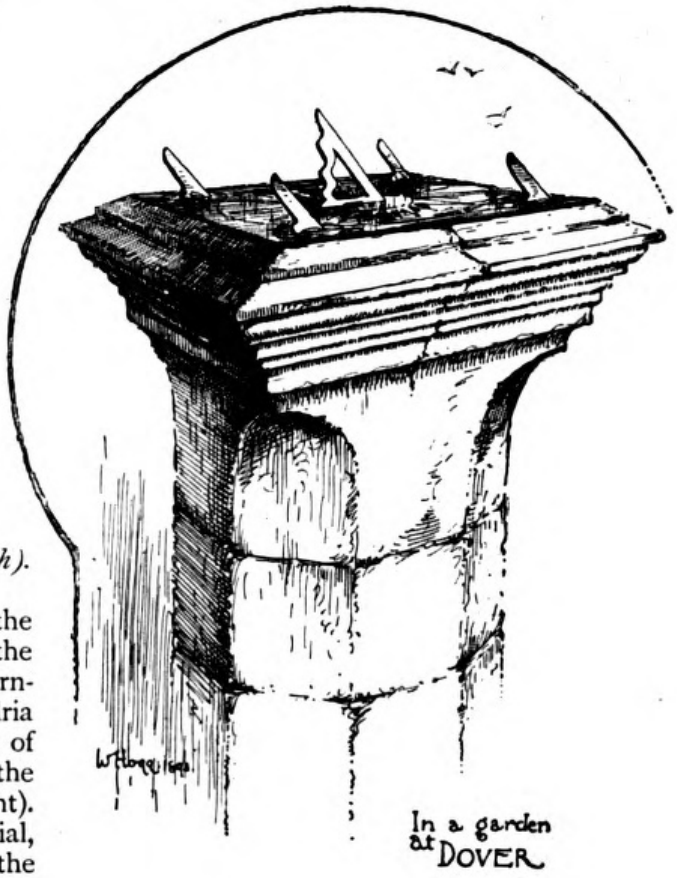
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In the garden of the residence of J. Cresswell, Esq., C.E., at Dover, is a dial with five gnomons upon a handsome stone pedestal; the plate is of slate, designed and engraved by R. Melvin, London, but no date is given. The largest gnomon is in the centre, and the four smaller, of equal dimensions, at each corner Upon the plate are engraved three mottoes, as follows:—

"Sic transit gloria mundi"
(So passeth the glory of the world away).
"Horas non numero nisi serenas"
(I count the bright hours only).
"Sol non oxidat super iracundiam vestram"
(Let not the sun go down upon your wrath).
Ephes. iv. 26.

The large gnomon in the centre of the plate gives our own solar time, that in the N.W. corner gives New York time (morning), that in the N.E. corner Alexandria time (afternoon), that in the S.W. Isle of Borneo time (evening), and that in the S.E. corner New Zealand time (night). On the outer border of the central dial, immediately beyond the numerals, the

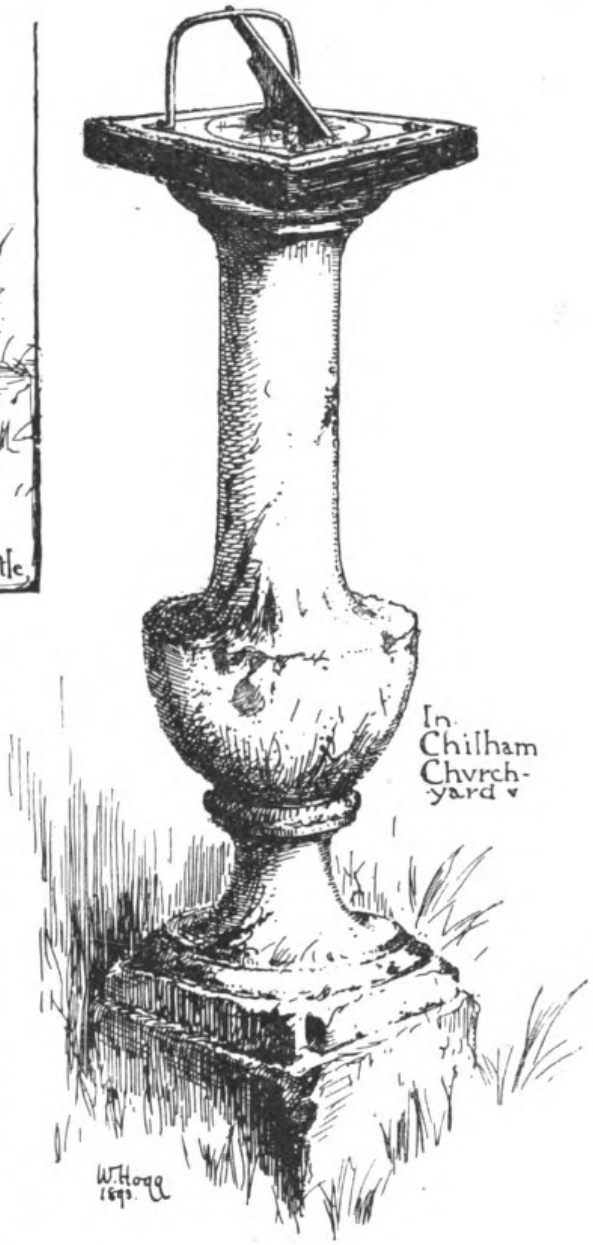


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names of sixty-nine places are engraved, so that practically the time the world over may be readily calculated. The outside measure of the pedestal is slightly under 2ft. square, and the whole is rather over 4ft. in height. It is picturesquely situated on the Dover Hills—Dover Castle, which is quite close, lying due east of it; in short, it is a fascinating and singularly complete dial, with a delightful surrounding.

A few miles from Canterbury, in the beautiful grounds which surround Chilham Castle and House, is a richly designed dial, which was put up between 1741 and 1774. The pedestal, elaborately carved, is of stone much weathered and time-worn; the metal plate is richly engraved, and bears the crest and arms of the Colebrooks—a Hampshire family—and the maker's name, "Thomas Wright, Instrument Maker to H.M. George II." Before saying good-bye to this pleasant example of dial-craft let us glance at the castle ruins, which consist of an octagonal Norman keep of three stories, the remainder having been pulled down at different times. The first defensive position here was probably a Roman camp, and subsequently to this it was said that King Lucius, a Brito-Roman chief, erected a fortress, afterwards enlarged by the Saxon kings. After the Conquest it came into the hands of Sir Fulbert de Dover (one of the Dover Castle Knights); and in the seventeenth century Sir Dudley Digges erected an entirely new house, which descended from him to the Colebrooks (whose arms are upon the dial), and lastly to the family



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of the Hardys, its present owners, to whose courtesy I am indebted for permission to make the sketch and for the information here given.

In the churchyard, which is adjacent to the Castle grounds, is a dial in all probability designed by the famous Inigo Jones—note the graceful form of the stone shaft and the simple line of the gnomon, with its curious stout copper support, which Mr. Charles Hardy told me was placed there after an attempt had been made to wrench the gnomon from the plate. The maker's name, "G. Stedman, London," but with no date, is engraved on the dial-plate.



In Dean Hole's garden, at Rochester, is a stone dial, shaped somewhat like a thick, short anchor, surmounting a simple square pedestal; it marks the boundary-line between the two parishes of St. Margaret and St. Nicholas. The Dean pointed out to me that the anchor part turns readily on a pivot, and on the south side of the pedestal is fixed an engraved metal plate, giving a table of equations, by which the anchor may be adjusted to tell the true time at any period of the year. The total height is about 5ft. 6in., and the whole is of grey stone; and so covered over with moss and damp-stain was it, that I had to scrape a considerable amount of it off before I could decipher even one single numeral.

On the Isle of Thanet, about midway between Margate and Ramsgate, is the pleasant, straggling little village of Minster, which possesses two ancient dials worthy of note. The one of which I give a sketch stands hard by the western gate of the yard of the church, and has seen considerably better days, though it bears proof of having been lovingly tended of late years. Inscribed around the dial are the dates of three several restorations—in 1841, 1873, and again in 1890; the last, apparently, being by Langley Brothers, of St. Lawrence. Carved deeply and boldly into one of the flat members of the oaken shaft is a date, 1641, and the initials W. H. and G. R. The dial has a curious cut-off look, and one is led to suppose by its general proportions that the shaft was originally very much taller, but had, probably, become rotten through the extreme damp, and had broken off, only to be set up again in shortened form; or, can it be that, as the years have rolled on—for 1641 is a long, long time ago—that it has become partially buried by ever-thickening graves and surface accumulations?

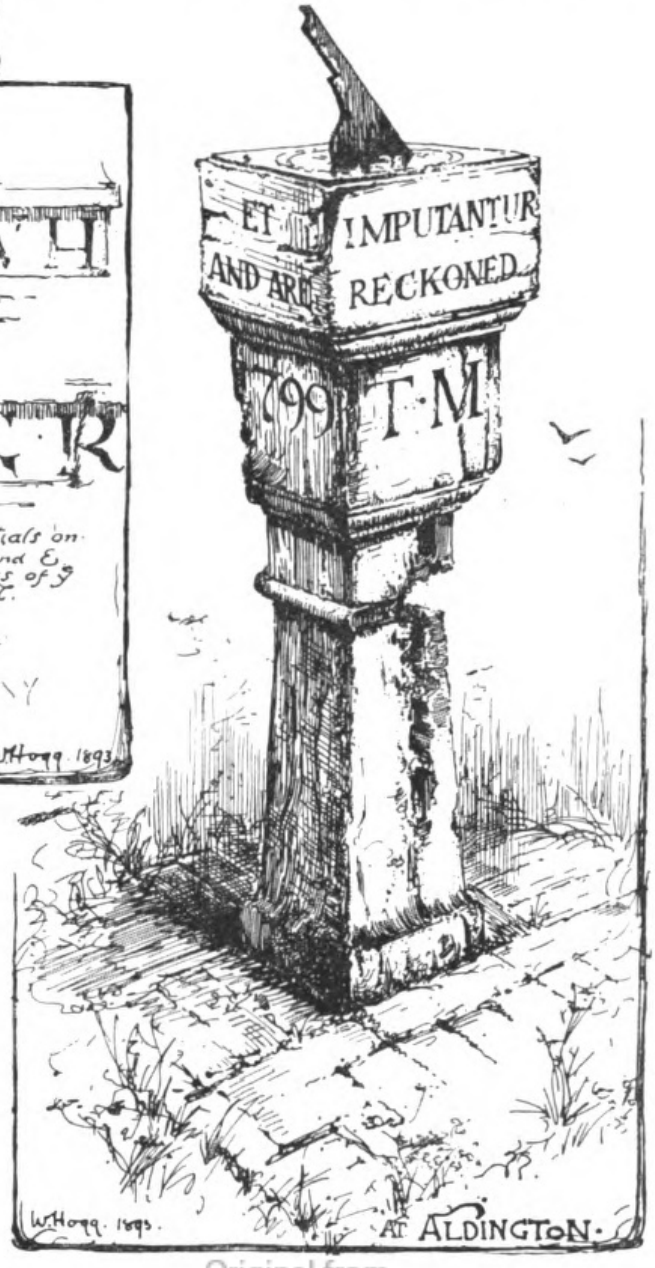
It is worth while to glance at the church, which is cruciform; it has a Norman nave, Early English transepts and choir, in which are some humorously carved Miserere stalls. An old chained Bible and a chest made out of an oak trunk are, too, to be seen. Close by, to the east of the church, on one of the chimneys of Minster Court (which dates from the twelfth century), is the other dial to which I referred; it was originally painted white

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with black numerals, and was restored by J. Swiniford, Esq., in 1856, who then placed that date and his initials above the then existing motto upon the dial, which runs as follows: "Tempora labuntur quæ nobis pereunt et imputantur." *(Time glides by, which perishes for us and is reckoned.)*

Tramp a couple of miles across country from Smeeth Station, and one comes to the little, old-world place of Aldington, where once the Archbishops of Canterbury had a hunting palace. Its church (of which Erasmus was rector in 1511) has a noble tower (built by Archbishop Wareham, in Henry VII.'s time), standing on an eminence facing Romney Marsh — a landmark for many a mile around. In the surrounding "garden of sleep" is a dial on a wooden shaft, whose days are verily numbered. It is moss-grown, weather-beaten, time-worn, warped, and rotten to the core; but, nathless, a delightfully picturesque one. I gathered that Mr. Reginald Blomfield, the well-known architect (son of the present rector), was about to design an entirely new shaft for it, so one was glad of the opportunity, ere it was swept away, of making the sketch here given. It bears one of the most popular of all dial mottoes, "Pereunt et imputantur," and immediately underneath its free translation, "The hours pass and are reckoned." A date, 1799, the initials T. M. (Thomas Mills) and W. M. (William Marshall), who were once churchwardens of Aldington, are painted just below the motto.



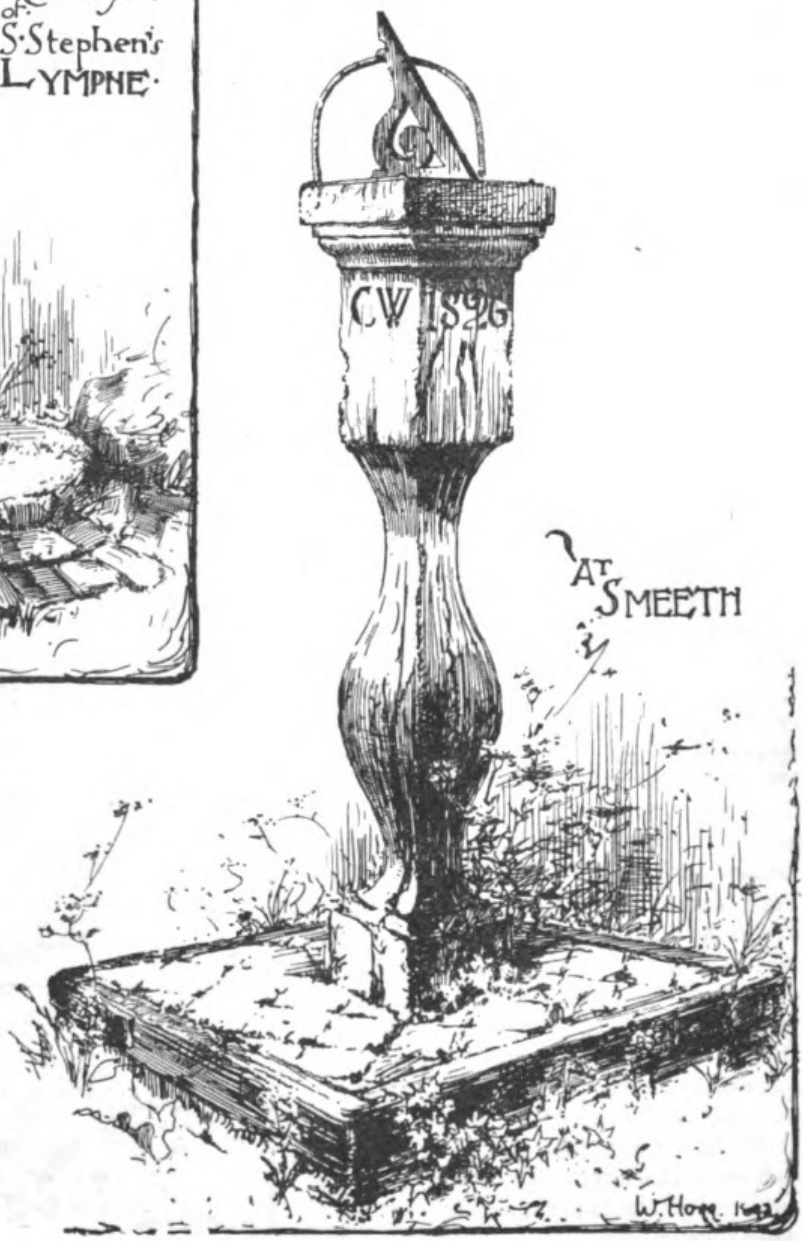


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Lympne (the Portus Lemanis of the Romans, and one of their great garrison stations), now a decayed village, possesses a type of dial in the churchyard which I imagine has no counterpart. The circular plate is old, and, too, the brickwork of the base, but the shaft and dial-table (around the latter of which, in raised letters, is the oft-repeated motto: "Pereunt et Imputantur"), are of comparatively modern cast-iron; the general effect of the whole resembling an attenuated-looking refreshment-table.

Besides several ancient dials on the south doorway of the Norman and Early English church of Smeeth, which I have previously mentioned, there is, hard by the pathway leading to the south porch, a dear, old-fashioned, picturesque-looking dial. The pedestal is of oak, rusty-black, set on a little square platform of reddish-brown, moss-covered, and grass-grown tiles, which are bordered by four oaken timbers heavily clamped with iron. The dial-plate is eight inches square, and the gnomon is supported by a stout copper rod in the same curious manner as the one at Chilham. The initials E. H. and C. W. (churchwardens), and the



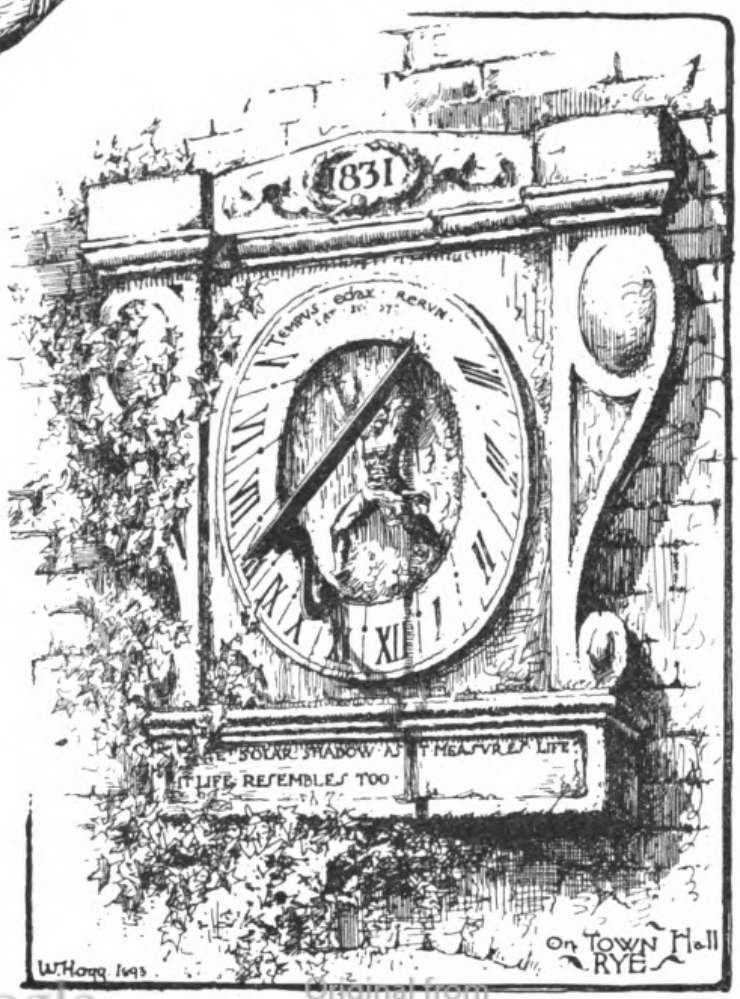
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date, 1826, are carved on three of the sides of the shaft, the date probably referring to the last restoration. The whole is rapidly going to decay, and is split in several places almost from top to bottom.

Fixed against the red weather-tiling, and a few feet above the doorway of an old boot-shop in the High Street of Rye, is an oval dial of unusual interest and in excellent preservation; Mr. Wellsted, its owner, told me that it is probably about a hundred years old. Forty odd years ago the shop was a jeweller's, and of course it is not unlikely that he placed it there. It is rather under two feet in its largest dimension, has a white ground with black numerals and style, and, in a deeply-recessed panel in the centre, has a figure (apparently of plaster) modelled in high relief and painted black, representing Father Time, bald-headed (and, I am bound to add, with ears almost as large and protuberant as a donkey's), bearing scythe and hour-glass. He is represented treading upward and onward on his dark pathway.

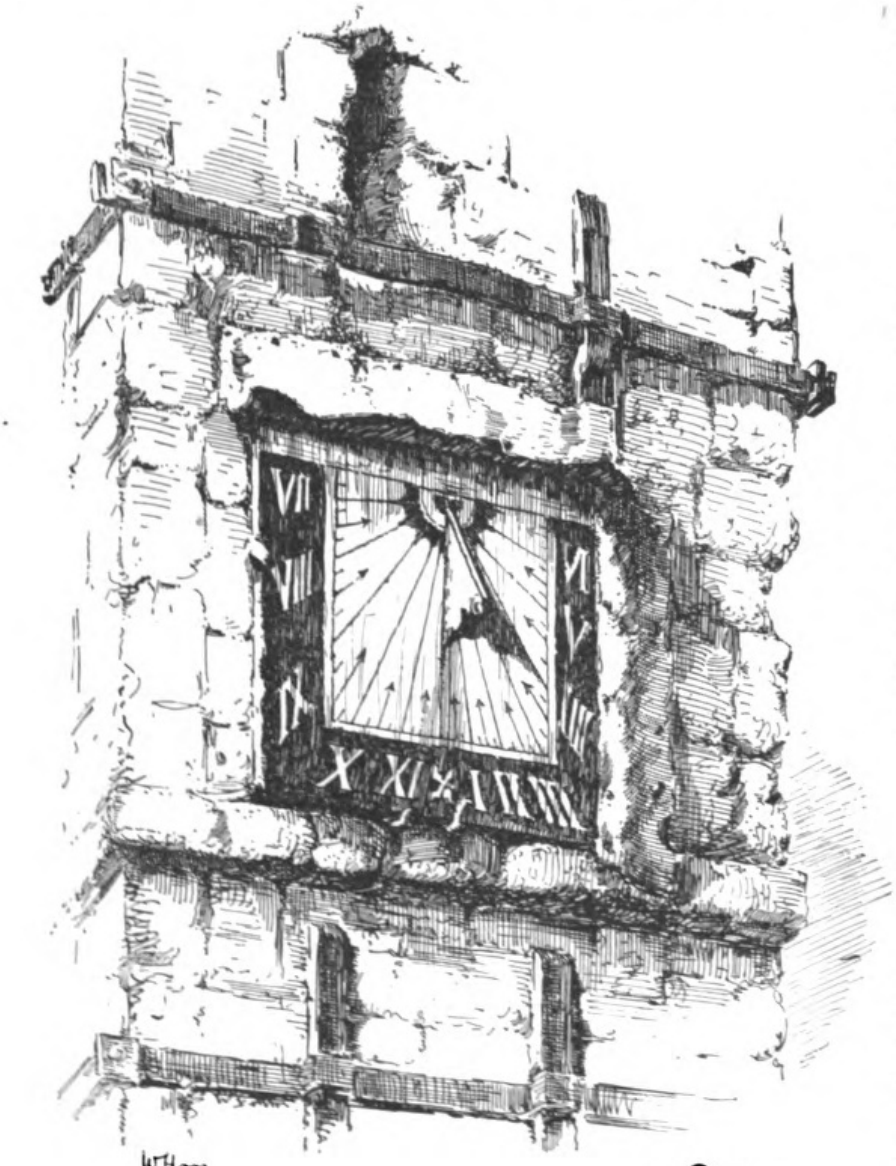
There is another dial at Rye, on the Court House or Town Hall, of which I am able to give a sketch. It was presented in 1831 to the town by Colonel Sir De Lacy Evans (of Crimean repute), M.P. for Rye at one time, and afterwards, at the time of his death, M.P. for Westminster. It is of stone, and was placed originally on the Grammar School, but was removed, I believe, in Jubilee year to its present position. It, too, in a central panel, has a representation of "Devouring Time," and the curious will observe that he is without hands, head, or feet—not to mention being minus half an arm. Immediately above is carved the quite (under the circumstances) appropriate motto, "Tempus edax rerum" (*Time the devourer of all things*). Seeing that he had already apparently de-



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molished his own head, hands, and feet, not to mention other details, one smiled as one realized for once "the eternal fitness of things."

On the southern face of the Norman tower (rich in exterior arcading) of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, at Dover, is an old



On St. Mary the Virgin's Tower, Dover.

vertical dial, interesting perhaps more to the artist than to the busy passers-by, who have not time in this work-a-day world to linger to see "the passing of the shadow," but glance doubtless at an obtrusive modern clock, lately placed upon the tower's western face. The dial is of wood, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. square, originally painted white in the centre and surrounded by a broad black border, upon which are painted in white (somewhat irregularly) the numerals. Two wide strips of lead, nailed above and to the east side, form a sort of water-shed and protection during stress of weather, and help to give the dial quite a piquancy of its own.

Dear old dials! they seem to possess a charm for so many types of mind—of interest alike to the archæologist and the architect, the poet and the painter, while others find just the study of dial mottoes a fascinating pursuit—and no wonder, for they are sometimes so truly fine and almost always worthy of attention.

On a dial which stood in front of the Exhibition Buildings in Edinburgh in 1886 (but which has since been removed), and known as Prince Albert Victor's dial, were graven no fewer than nine mottoes, four of which I here give :—

I mark but the hours of sunshine.
Time is the chrysalis of eternity.
Time and tide tarry for no man.
Tak tent of time ere time be tint.

At Dunbar, on a dial, dated 1649, runs the motto : "Watch for ye kno not the houre"; and on one on the corner of a house near Edinburgh, dated 1683, is graven :—

As the sun runes
So death comes.

What a peaceful one is that on the walls of a church in the north of Yorkshire :—

"In cœlo quies"
(In Heaven is rest).

"Now is yesterday's to-morrow," is to be found on a slate dial in Nottinghamshire. "The night cometh," which is engraven on a tower of a church in Surrey, seems to embody the story all dials have to tell us.

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THE SLIPPERS OF ABOU-KAREM



FROM THE FRENCH OF
XAVIER MARMIER.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt at Bagdad a merchant whose avarice was something frightful. His name was Abou-Karem. Although he was extremely rich, his clothes were nothing but rags, and nobody could possibly tell the original colour of the coarse cloth which formed his turban. But the most remarkable thing about him was his pair of slippers, an extraordinary collection of scraps and shreds, which looked like the remnants of a beggar's cloak, fastened upon soles studded with huge nails. For the last ten years these wretched shoes had given employment to the most patient cobblers of the town, and whenever anyone wished to describe a weighty burden he would say: "It is as heavy as Abou-Karem's slippers!"

One morning the grasping merchant, who was a keen hand at a bargain, went into the public square and purchased at a very low price an assortment of crystals. A few days later he learned that a perfumer, whose affairs were embarrassed, had some attar of roses for sale. Profiting by this poor man's need, he bought the precious stuff at half-price. Now, it is the custom of Eastern merchants, when they have conducted an advantageous bargain, to invite their friends to a feast. But Abou-Karem, although much elated by his good luck, did not for an instant dream of squandering a portion of his profits upon a banquet. He decided, however, to take a bath, as it was a long time since he had permitted himself such a luxury. In leaving his house for the purpose he chanced to meet an acquaintance, who, observing how painfully he limped in his horrible old slippers, remarked to him that he really ought to buy some new ones.

"Well, I have sometimes thought of doing so," replied Abou-Karem; "but, upon reflection, I have come to the conclusion that these are not so bad after all, and may serve me a long time yet."

When the merchant had finished his ablutions, he donned again his rags, and wound his filthy turban around his head, but in the place of his own much-mended shoes he found a handsome and perfectly new pair of slippers. Thinking that these must be a generous gift from the friend whom he had met that morning, he coolly slipped his feet into them, and returned to his dwelling in

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high glee at being so cheaply and excellently shod.

Unfortunately for Abou-Karem, these beautiful slippers belonged to the Cadi of Bagdad, who, almost at the same time as the miser, had visited the same bathing establishment.

The wrath of this potentate may be imagined when his slaves, searching everywhere for his slippers, found only those of Abou-Karem. The miser was promptly arrested, and dragged as a thief before the Cadi. In vain he attempted to defend himself; nobody would listen to him. He was thrown into prison, and released only upon payment of a fine—a considerable sum, with which he might have bought a quantity of fine things.

On his return to his house, Abou-Karem, in a rage with his slippers, as being the cause of his misfortune, flung them into the Tigris, which flowed beneath his windows. Several days afterwards some fishermen drew forth from the river a heavy net. They doubted not but that they had taken an exceptionally good haul, and rejoiced accordingly. How disgusted were they when, instead of the fish they expected to see, they beheld Abou-Karem's slippers, the nails of which had broken the meshes of their net. Disentangling them from their injured property, they hurled them furiously against the miser's windows. Falling violently into his room, the slippers smashed the bottles of attar of roses and the crystals which he had hoped to turn to such profitable account.

"Ah! hateful slippers!" exclaimed their owner, as he entered the chamber, and saw the havoc they had wrought. "At all events, you shall harm me no more!" Then, taking with him a spade, he went into his garden, dug there a deep hole, and buried the obnoxious shoes. A neighbour who was his enemy, seeing him thus employed, hastened to inform the governor that the lucky Abou-Karem was digging in his garden for hidden treasure. The powerful functionary's cupidity was at once excited. In vain the merchant denied his neighbour's story, and protested that his only object in digging had been the burial of his slippers. Vainly, in order to prove the truth of his statement, he exhibited his fatal property. The governor sternly



"SOME FISHERMEN DREW FORTH A HEAVY NET."

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refused to believe him, and ordered him to pay a heavy fine.

Abou-Karem left the presence of his implacable judge, bearing in his hands the slippers which had failed to prove his innocence, and crying, in his grief and rage: "I wish never to touch them, never to see them, again!"

With these words, he threw the slippers into a reservoir which adjoined the governor's palace. Unhappily, they were sucked into an already obstructed pipe, and completely stopped the flow of the water. Then there was a huge outcry. The engineers, summoned in hot haste to ascertain the cause of this accident, discovered, of course, the clumsy slippers, and, equally of course, were careful to suppress the fact that owing to their own negligence the pipe had been already partially stopped up when the slippers had been thrown in. It was Abou-Karem who had done all the mischief, doubtless out of spite against the governor.

Again he was arrested and sentenced to pay another heavy fine. His slippers, however, were scrupulously returned to him.



"HE THREW THE SLIPPERS INTO A RESERVOIR."

"What is to be done with them?" said the worried man to himself. "I have consigned them to the earth and to the water, and the result in each case has been most disastrous. It only remains for me to commit them to the flames. But as they are so soaked with water and mud, it will be necessary first to dry them."

Thus cogitating, he carried them up to the roof of his house and deposited them upon the terrace. Alas! his misfortunes were not yet ended. A dog, amusing himself upon a neighbouring terrace, leaped upon that of Abou-Karem, began to play with those luckless slippers, dragged one of them to the edge of the roof, and let it fall upon the head of a woman who, carrying a child in her arms, was walking in the street below. Upon the summons of the woman's husband, Abou-Karem was arrested for the fourth time, and punished more severely than ever for having nearly killed, by his carelessness, a mother and her child.

After the sentence had been pronounced, the merchant, turning a rueful face towards the Cadi, addressed him thus: "Most puissant judge! I submit myself humbly to your decree. I will pay the fine, and undergo my chastisement. But I implore of you this one favour—protect me against my terrible slippers! They have caused me to be imprisoned, humiliated, ruined, and have put me in peril of capital punishment. Who knows to what danger they might not yet expose me? Be just and merciful! Let me hope that the evils which they have brought about may be no longer attributed to me, but

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"PROTECT ME AGAINST MY TERRIBLE SLIPPERS!"

rather to these instruments of wicked spirits!"

The Cadi acceded to this request, promising that he would himself take charge of the fatal shoes. At the same time, he warned the avaricious Abou-Karem that true economy does not consist in the continual amassing of wealth, but rather in the wise management and regulation of needful expenditure.

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The Queer Side of Things—Among the Freaks.

No. III.—The N'Shugie-Gumbo.



"FROM what you have told me," I said to the Doorkeeper, "I gather that 'Freaks,' as a rule, are not overburdened with brains."

"There ain't brains enough in an ordinary Dime Museum, all put together, to fit out even a member of Congress. Why, if you could take the brains of all my company, barring the Dwarf's, and put them in the skull of a second-rate temperance orator, you'd find that they'd rattle round like dried peas. You see, 'Freaks' make their living by careful cultivation of their bodies. Naturally, their minds are no sort of use to them. What's the good of a mind to a Fat Woman? What she requires to succeed in her profession is flesh, not intellect. It's the same way with all the rest of them, excepting the Lightning Calculator, and even he needs 'cheek' more than he does mind.

"Of course," continued the Doorkeeper, "there's exceptions to every rule. Now, my Dwarf is as bright a chap as you can find in any newspaper office in the country, and it is my experience that the smartest class of men we have are the newspaper reporters. I never try to fool a reporter. If I see one coming into my show I just open a bottle of wine for him, and I say, 'You'll see that the Gorilla, or maybe the Fat Woman, isn't quite according to the small bills; but strange coincidences will happen in this world, and if you shouldn't give me away, and if you should receive a ten-dollar bill in an anonymous letter the next day, it would be a coincidence that would be pleasant as well as improving for all concerned.' I never yet had a reporter prove himself unworthy of my

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confidence. They are a high-minded, honourable class, provided you pay up handsomely, and never deceive them.

"But I was going to tell you about my Dwarf. He is about forty years old, as I should judge, and he has spent the best part of his life in inventing things. Some of his inventions are useful ones, and he holds two or three patents that have involved him in a lot of lawsuits and cost him no end of money, which, as everybody knows, is what a successful invention always does. He was working at one time on a patent umbrella gun and shield, which he expected would be adopted by every army in the world, and would make him a millionaire half-a-dozen times over. His first idea was to make a combined umbrella and sword-cane. He made an umbrella with a stout handle, and fitted the handle with a sword, which, when it was thrown out by a spring, projected about two feet from the end of the stick.

"Well! he saw after a while that the only way this weapon could be used was by treating it like a gun with a fixed bayonet, so he modified his sword by turning it into a regular sword bayonet. Then it occurred to him that if he turned the umbrella stick into a rifle he would have a better weapon still, so he substituted a Remington rifle for his umbrella stick, and fitted an ordinary umbrella frame to it. What he really had at this stage of the proceedings was a rifle with an umbrella attachment. It was useful for keeping off the rain, provided anyone wanted to carry such a heavy weight; but, as I told him one day when he was showing the model to me, most people would prefer an umbrella weighing less than sixteen pounds.



"USEFUL FOR KEEPING OFF THE RAIN."

"The next thing he did with that invention was to make his umbrella shot-proof. This was, according to him, the biggest invention since the invention of fire-arms. His idea was that a regiment of soldiers armed with his umbrella could advance on the enemy, firing as they advanced, and sheltering themselves behind their umbrellas so that it wouldn't be possible for them to get hit, except, perhaps, in the lower part of the leg. He was so sure that he had made the greatest invention of the age that he got pretty angry with me when I asked him what material he calculated to make his umbrella out of. 'Steel,' said he. 'Thin steel; just thick enough to resist a rifle bullet.' 'And how are you going to shut your steel umbrella when it ain't in use?' says I. 'Colonel!' says he, very dignified, and mad enough to try his rifle on me, 'if you'll attend to your part of thishyer show, I'll attend to mine.'

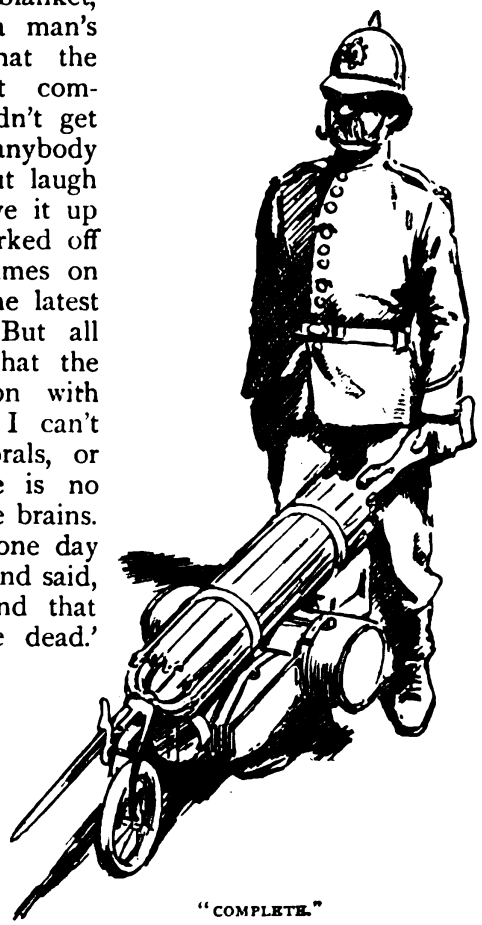
"Well, that Dwarf worked at that invention for more than a year. He managed to make a steel umbrella that would shut up after a fashion, but it weighed about a hundred pounds. Then he tried making his umbrella of steel chain-work, like the sort of old armour those chaps in the Crusades used to wear, but it weighed almost as much as the solid steel, and then it let in water like a sieve, and was of no sort of use as an umbrella against the rain.

"Of course, this didn't suit him, so he covered his chain-armour with rubber-cloth and made a small hole in it near the top with a trap-door to open and shut, so as a soldier could take aim through it when the umbrella was open. But he wasn't satisfied yet, and that invention kept on growing. The Dwarf made an extension of canvas to button on to the sides of the umbrella, so as to make a tent of the whole affair. All you had to do was to button on this extension,

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and then dig a hole in the ground for the butt of the gun. When you had planted the gun in this hole, and opened the umbrella and pegged it down all round, you had a first-class circular tent.

"By this time the thing had got to weigh so much that no man could have carried it on a march, but the Dwarf fitted a wheel on to the muzzle of the gun, so that the thing could be wheeled like a wheelbarrow. When he had put hooks on to the under side of the gun for a knapsack and a haversack, and a cartridge box, and a blanket, and all the rest of a man's kit, he considered that the invention was about complete. But he couldn't get the Government or anybody else to do anything but laugh at it, so he finally gave it up as a bad job, and worked off his steel umbrella frames on the Fat Woman as the latest style of crinoline. But all this goes to show that the Dwarf was a person with intellects into him. I can't say much for his morals, or his temper, but there is no doubt that he did have brains.



"COMPLETE."

"He came to me one day about two years ago and said, 'Colonel, I understand that all your monkeys are dead.' You see, I had taken a cage of six monkeys from a friend of mine who was in the menagerie line in payment of a bad debt, and the monkeys had proved a strong attraction while they lasted. However, the climate finished them after a while, as it always will do, and all that was left of them was the big empty cage.

"'You know well enough the monkeys are dead,' says I to the Dwarf. 'But what's that to you? They weren't any relation of yours, so far as I know.'

"'How would you like a first-class trained orang-outang?' says the Dwarf. 'One that could smoke, and let on to read a newspaper, and do all them sort of tricks?'

"'Are you thinking of applying for the place?' I asked, not feeling in particularly good temper myself that morning, for something, I forget what, had gone wrong with me.

"'Just so,' says he. 'I've studied up the monkey business since you had those monkeys here, and I can do it as well as the best of them. Come along to the cage and I'll show you something.'

"I went along with him, and when we got to the cage the Dwarf pulls off his shoes and stockings, and jumps up against the side of the cage, clutching the bars with his hands and feet at the same time just as a monkey would do. Then he chatters, and makes a grab for my watch chain, and would have got it, too, if I hadn't jumped back pretty spry.

"'How do I do it?' asked the Dwarf.

"'Better than the other monkeys,' said I.

"'Well!' says he. 'I'm ready to be an orang-outang in the afternoon and a Dwarf at night, if you'll double my salary. That is, as soon as I get my tail perfected.'

"'What are you giving us?' said I. 'Orang-outangs don't have no tails.'

"'This here one does,' said the Dwarf, 'and it's going to be a practicable tail too. I have been working at it for the last week, and I shall have it after a bit in such a state that I can hook it around a chandelier and swing head downwards. That will convince the public that I am genuine. It's easy enough to dress up like any animal, except an elephant, or maybe a camelopard, but it's the tail that always gives a man away. And if you don't have a tail, people will think that you shirked it because you knew you were playing a game on them, and couldn't succeed if you put on a tail. Now, my tail will be the very thing that will convince the public that they are looking at a real orang-outang, and not at a Chinaman, like your last Gorilla.'

"'You might be a new sort of monkey discovered by Stanley in Central Africa, and sent over to me as a special testimonial of friendship,' says I, for I was beginning to think that the little man's idea was a good one. 'You get up a practicable tail, and a good general disguise, and I'll agree to your terms and maybe do something better still.' So it was agreed that as soon as the Dwarf could

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"DISCOVERED BY STANLEY."

invent a satisfactory tail, he should be brought out as a learned ape.

"That tail was one of the best things the Dwarf ever invented. It was made of steel, with no end of joints, and was about as flexible as the real article. It was contrived so that whenever the Dwarf took a turn with it around anything, it would keep its hold till he released it by touching a spring somewhere about his waist. His general make-up was superb. He wasn't content with just putting on a skin, and painting his face a little, but he padded himself here and there, and wore a flexible mask that was twice as ugly and just as probable as any monkey's face you ever saw. When he first showed himself to me in this get-up I saw at once that he was going to be a big success, and when he hooked his tail over the Strong Woman's horizontal bar, and swung head downwards, and chattered and cussed in the monkey dialect, there wasn't a scientific chap in all Chicago, to say nothing of a regular menagerie sharp, who could have supposed that he wasn't genuine.

"What with drawing two salaries, and having a fair opportunity to play tricks on the public, the Dwarf was a middling happy man. There was always a crowd round his cage, and nobody seemed to read the notices warning people not to go within reach of the N'Shugie - Gumbo,



"HE SWUNG HEAD DOWNWARDS."

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which was the name a friend of mine, who had read a lot about Central Africa, gave him. The Dwarf would sit and look at the people in the solemnest kind of way for a few minutes, and then he would come to the front of the cage and put his arm through the bars to shake hands.

"Everybody would want to shake hands with him, and presently he would get a chance to snatch a woman's bonnet. He would haul it through the bars, and then he would hook his tail over a horizontal bar that was in the cage, and swing comfortably while he pulled the bonnet into shreds. Of course, the woman would yell, but everybody else would be delighted, and the Dwarf, having a natural love for malicious mischief, would be as happy as they make 'em. Then he would lay for spectacles, and if any man or woman wearing glasses came inside his reach, he would snatch their glasses and break them into bits before they could fairly realize what was the matter.

"Occasionally, when a man lost a pair of gold spectacles, he would appeal to me, and I would go into the cage with a whip, and make the monkey disgorge, which he always did after making sure that he had bent them up about as far as they could be bent.

"Then, in addition to his fun, the Dwarf had lots of candy and apples and such given to him, and what he didn't eat on the spot he used to hide under a blanket in the corner till the show was over. As for cigars, he used to get the best part of a box every day. The people were just wild to see him smoke, and they said he did it just like a human being. He used to smoke pretty near the whole afternoon, and when the show closed he would have a double handful of cigars to carry to his room. All the other 'Freaks' were raging with envy at his good luck, and being, as I said, naturally vicious, this only made him the happier. Nobody outside of my establishment had the least idea that the N'Shugie-Gumbo wasn't a genuine Central African monkey, and a scientific chap belonging to the Chicago University wrote a paper about him to show that he was a missing lynx, which to my mind showed how big an idiot a scientific chap can be, for the Dwarf wasn't missing, and he wasn't the least bit like a lynx.

"He was climbing into his cage one afternoon, just before the show opened, and as I was passing by I asked him how things were going with him.

"'I don't feel easy about that tail,' says he. 'It don't work altogether right. Yesterday, when I had it hooked round the bar I couldn't get it loose again for about half an hour, and was afraid I should have to call for help, which would have been the ruin of me. I've examined it, and I can't find anything the matter with it. I suppose it's just the cussedness of the spring, that'll work sometimes, and sometimes it won't. I'm a little afraid that it'll get me into a scrape yet before this thing is played out.'



"JUST LIKE A HUMAN BEING."

"I remembered these remarks afterwards, for they seemed to be sort of prophetic, as you might say. That very afternoon the tail failed to do its work, and the Dwarf's experience as a monkey had to be brought to a close. My own idea is that the tail needed to be oiled, or else that the spring had got bent in some way. Anyway, it got the Dwarf into the worst trouble that he ever got into while he was with me.

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"It happened in the course of the afternoon, when the house was pretty full, and there was a big crowd round the monkey's cage, that the Dwarf accidentally let his tail slip through the bars and hang down where the people could reach it. There was a woman standing close to the cage, and she thought it would be smart to take hold of the end of the tail and give it a pull. Accordingly, she did so, and the minute she took the tail in her hand, it curled round her wrist, and there she was, held fast. As I told you, the tail acted automatically, and whatever it took hold of it held on to till the Dwarf touched the spring that released it.



"IT CURLED ROUND HER WRIST."

"Of course, as soon as the Dwarf saw what was up, he tried to let go his hold of the woman's hand, but the spring wouldn't work, and the woman began to get frightened, and cried for help. Two or three men came to her assistance, and tried their level best to untwist the tail, but it was made of the best steel, and they couldn't do anything with it. Then, seeing that the woman was half frightened to death, a man pulled out a knife and started in to cut the monkey's tail off. He hadn't more than turned the edge of his knife on the steel, and cut his own fingers, when another man—a big fellow, who had something to do with the Society for Prevention of Cruelty, fetched him one under the ear that laid him out, remarking as he did so, in a quiet way, that there wasn't going to be no cruelty to no animals while he was on hand.

"All this time the Dwarf was fumbling away, trying to make the spring work, and so get his tail loose before anything serious should happen. It wasn't long before it did happen. The big man who was opposed to cruelty to animals said that all that was needed to make the monkey listen to reason was firmness and gentleness, and that if anyone would pull steadily on the tail the monkey would be glad to let the woman loose. Accordingly he laid hold of the tail, and two or three other chaps laid hold of it too, just to show how anxious they were to help the poor woman. A gentle pull didn't have any effect on the monkey except to haul him tight up against the bars, and the man who had been knocked down for trying to use his knife began to relieve his feelings by getting the big man by the collar, and trying to pull him backwards. What with hanging on to the tail so as to keep himself on his feet, and what with being a little excited, the big man pulled harder than he meant to, and the men that were helping him pulled their heaviest.

"The long and short of it was that the tail, which had never been built to stand such a strain, gave way, and most of the public that were standing close to the cage went down on the floor in a heap.

"When the big man got up, waving the tail in the air, with its leather fastenings and buckles and such in plain sight, the Dwarf knew that it was all up with the N'Shugie-Gumbo. In similar circumstances an audience generally cleans out the establishment, and that is what would probably have happened on this occasion, if it hadn't been that a free fight was going on among the men that had been knocked over when

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the tail gave way, and they had no time to attend to serious things. I called in a couple of policemen and had the whole lot arrested for breach of the peace, and it being by that time about the hour for closing, I induced everybody to leave by offering them their money back. You can bet I felt relieved when the last man had gone, for if the crowd had undertook to clean out the place they would have killed the Dwarf for certain.

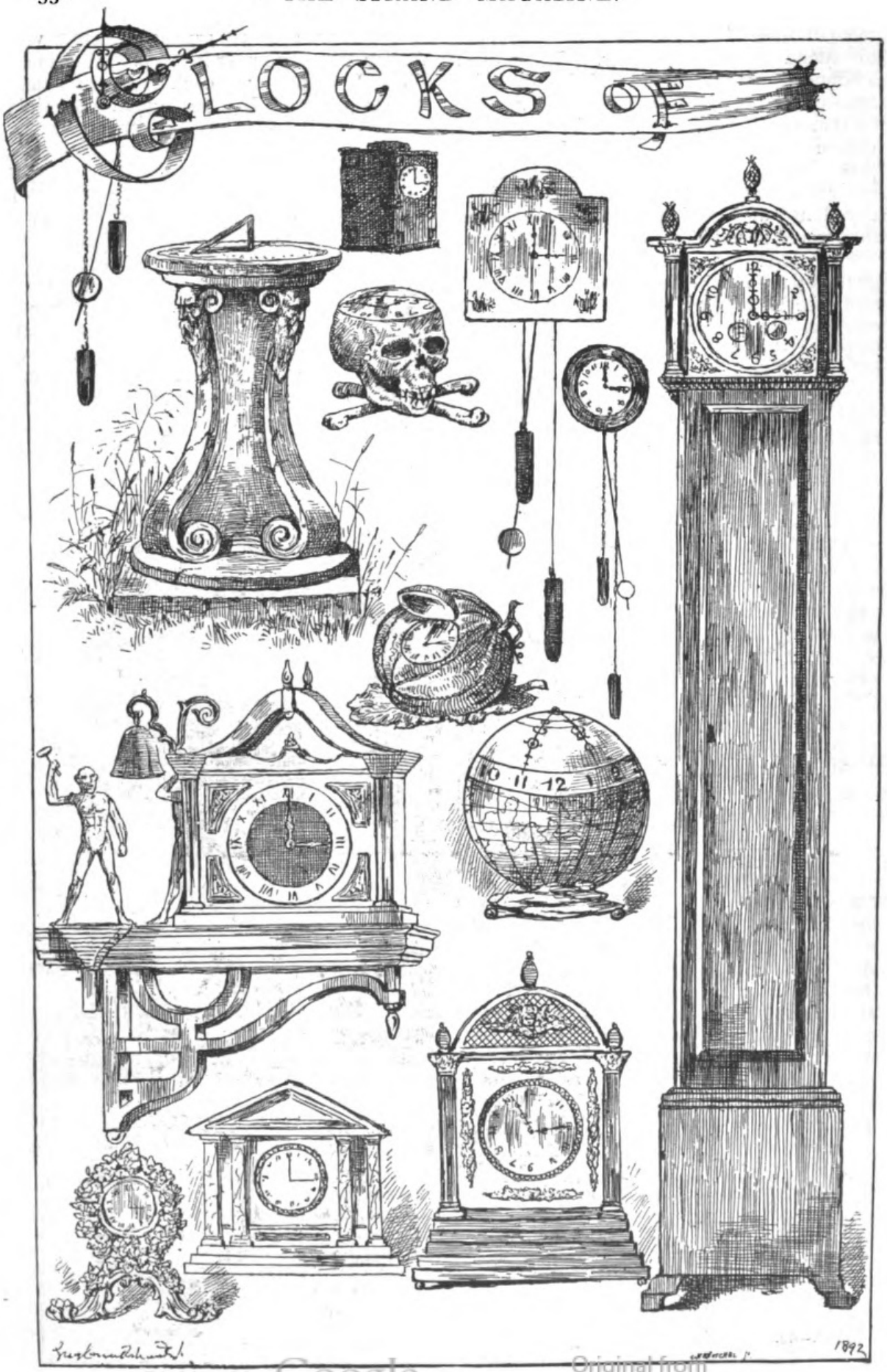
"'I don't so much mind giving up the monkey business,' said the Dwarf to me that evening, 'for I was beginning to get tired of it; but I do hate to quit without ever having got hold of a wig. I've had more than thirty bonnets, and fifteen spectacles, but I've never been able to grab any man's wig, though I've come near it two or three times. Well, I suppose we can't have everything here to please us. I've had a good time while it lasted, and I suppose I ought to be satisfied. But I should like to have stole just one wig.'



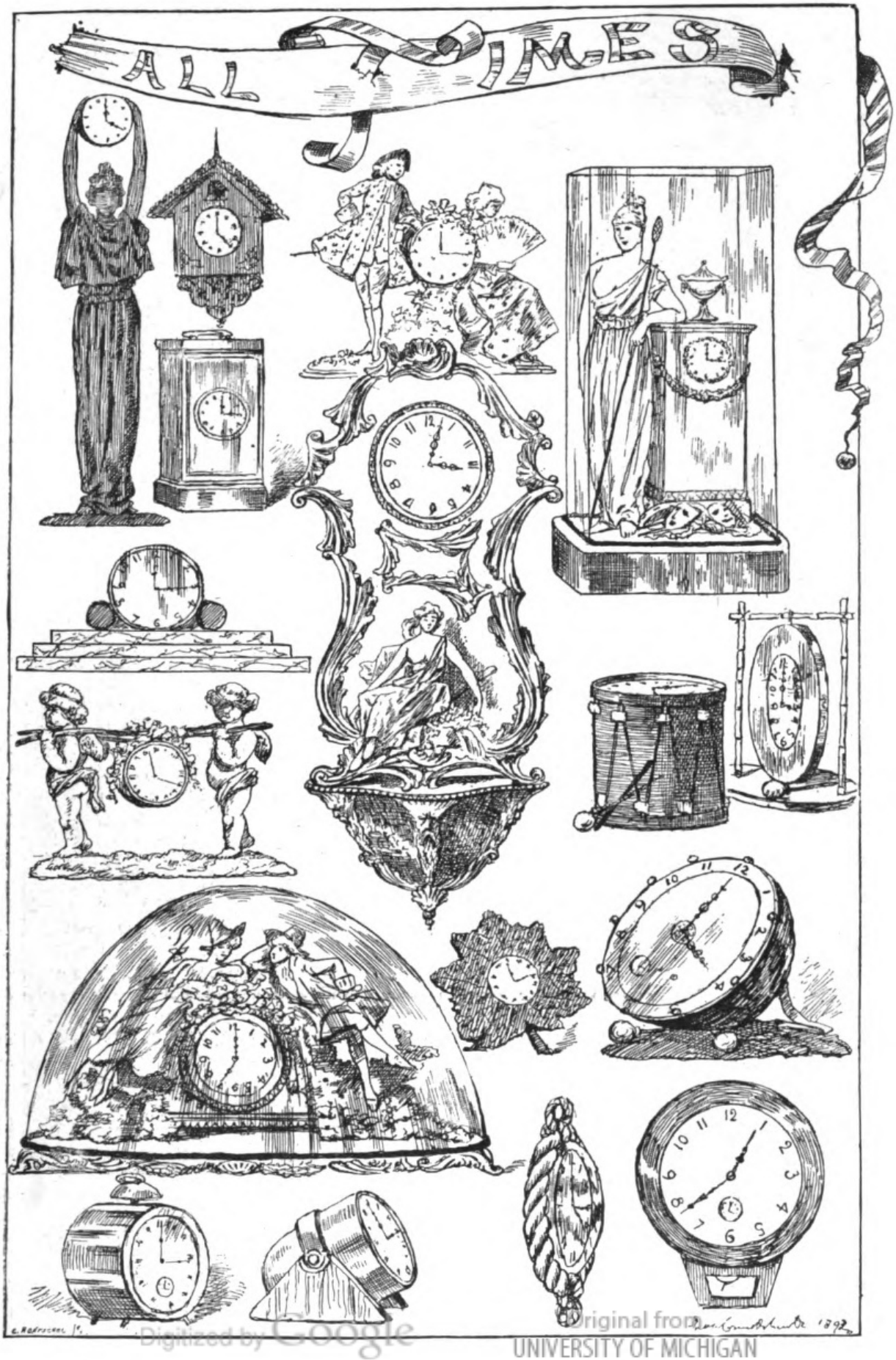
"He was the most intelligent 'Freak' I ever knew, and that steel tail of his was a mighty smart invention; but I told him that, after considering all things, I should expect him to stick to the legitimate, and should refuse to give my sanction to any more plans for deluding the public, seeing as they are nearly always failures in the long run."

W. L. ALDEN.

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Manatee, caught in Algoa Bay, the only one captured of late years, sent by Mr. T. G. Field, of Tiverton. From a Photograph by Harris, Port Elizabeth.



A Radish, sent by Mr. Norton Macneil, photographer, Blackburn.



A Turnip, sent by Mr. David Syme, Cedar Grove, North Berwick.



A Potato, purchased in Leeds Market, and Photographed by Mr. R. Slade, Jun., of Leeds. Sent by Mrs. Frances Scotson, of Birkdale, Southport.

ODDITIES.

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"WE TOOK LEAVE OF MARGUERITE."

(The Last Tramp.)

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FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES CLARETIE.

I HAD this story from a dear friend, who told it to me one day when we were talking of the accidents of life — more astonishing and romantic a hundred times than the inventions of fiction. He had seen this little drama enacted under his eyes, and had known the actors in it.

"I'll introduce you," he said to me, "and we will go together to Mézières, where we shall find still living one of the heroes of this story. All the romances have not yet been written; the most marvellous have still to be published. And who knows how much each of us will carry away with him, deeply buried in the secret of his conscience, painfully stifled under the stone that marks his grave?"

My friend Eugene Decary little thought how nearly those words applied to himself. The story of Jean Chevaucheux was the last he was ever to tell me. Pure spirit! poor heart which beat so vainly for all that was beautiful and good on earth! That bright soul is fled, that warm heart is silent now.

It is he, however, who is going to speak:—

"My father lived at Rethel, in the High Street. I can still see his house, with its slate roof and its jutting beams: a hospitable house if ever there was one. Poor people knew how well it was to stop there: they entered with empty wallets and went from it with wallets filled.

"We were seated, one evening, by the fireside, my father smoking his pipe and gazing into the sparkling ashes on the hearth, my mother ironing the family linen, I reading, when suddenly, outside, near the street door, a great noise was heard, and we saw a lad with a face of terror enter hurriedly.

"'What is the matter?'

"'A soldier has fallen at your door—overcome by fatigue,' answered the lad.

"My father loved soldiers. He sprang from his seat and rushed out of doors, and before I had taken half-a-dozen steps to follow him, he was returning with a young soldier, so well supported that my father was carrying him like a sack of corn. My mother hastened to wheel a big arm-chair near to the fire, and the young man was assisted to sit down in it—or, rather, he was laid down in it, and my father, looking at him pitifully, said:—

"'Is it possible you can be tramping the roads in such a condition?'

"The young soldier was indeed very pale and thin, his hair glued to his forehead with perspiration, the veins on his temples swelled to the thickness of your little finger, his face black with the dust of the highway. We were then in the month of October, and the air was beginning to be cold; but great beads of sweat stood upon the poor fellow's brow as if it had been in the dog days. He must have had a long walk; his shoes were worn out, the leather cut to pieces by sharp stones, as we could see. The upper leather of the left shoe had been torn from the sole, and the foot within was bleeding.

"He lay in the chair motionless, his head thrown back, his eyes half open, and white as linen.

"My mother had already put some soup on the fire, as well as a pipkin of wine.

"'Bah!' said my father, 'the chief matter is his feet!'

"He was on his knees before the poor fellow, pulling, cutting, tearing off the fragments of the boots. The young soldier's feet were terribly swollen and covered with

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"HE LAY IN THE CHAIR MOTIONLESS."

blisters, resembling the feet of the martyrs wealed with hard cords, shown in the pictures of some of the Spanish painters. My father dipped his handkerchief in vinegar, washed and dressed the wounds.

"'Make some lint,' he said to me.

"I tore off some linen which my mother handed to me from the press.

"The soldier had by this time come to himself. He looked at us—at my father, mother, me, and two or three neighbours who were there, one after the other. We could see that he was trying to comprehend what was passing about him. It was no longer the highway, the sharp stones of the road, the great, houseless woods that met his eyes; but a comfortable room with a shining oak ceiling, a table covered with a snowy cloth and ready laid, and in a brown earthen tureen a steaming mess of cabbage soup emitting an appetizing odour.

"Then he raised himself, resting on the arm of the chair, and said to my father in broken accents:—

"'But, monsieur—you—you do not know me!'

"'We'll make each other's acquaintance at table, then,' said my father, smiling.

"We had already dined, but my father wished to keep the soldier company. He placed himself at table facing the young man, and examined the regimental buttons of his hooded coat. The soldier ate with great appetite, helped by my mother, my father filling the glasses, which did not rest long empty.

"'So,' he said, suddenly, pointing to the tin tube-box which hung suspended by a cord to the young soldier's neck; 'you have served your time, since you have there got your discharge. But what the deuce are you doing, trying to kill yourself on the roads? I see how it is—you haven't any money to pay for a place on the diligence?'

"'I,' said the soldier, 'I have been paid my discharge money, and my mother would have sent me more than enough to pay my fare if I had wanted it; but—well, I couldn't ride.'

"'I understand,' replied my father, who did not in the least comprehend the meaning of what the soldier had said. He called for another bottle.

"The meal ended, the soldier tried to walk, but he staggered on his feet, uttered a stifled cry, and fell back into the chair. I then saw tears start to his eyes. He was a young man, thin, wiry, dark-complexioned and nervous, with a look of energy in his face—not a man to weep at trifles. Those tears in his eyes puzzled me.

"'I shall not be able to walk before

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to-morrow!' he cried in a tone in which anger was mixed with mortification.

"'Walk!' exclaimed my mother in alarm.

"'Continue your tramp!' cried my father.

"The soldier shook his head.

"'You do not know,' he said. 'I *must* do it!—it's a vow!'

"I saw my father look intently into the young man's face, with a dumb, questioning gaze.

"'I'll tell you all about it,' said the young soldier, 'for you have perhaps saved my life, and I owe it to you to tell you who I am.

"'My name is Jean Chevaucheux, and my father is a lath-splitter at Mézières—an honest man, resembling you, monsieur. Seven years ago, when I was drawn for the conscription, I was wildly in love with Marguerite Servan—a girl as good as she was pretty. I had already asked for her hand, and her father had not said me nay; but at the same time as myself Pierre Puvioux had asked to be her husband. Pierre Puvioux is about my own age, a good fellow who carries his heart in his hand, as the saying is. I ought to have detested him, and he remained my friend. Judge!

"'Daddy Servan held out his hand to me and said:—

"'"You are worthy to become my son-in-law; but you must get Marguerite's consent."

"'When the question was put to her, Marguerite said she would willingly have me for her husband; but she said exactly the same in regard to Puvioux. She loved one as well as the other, and could not decide which of us to select. She could not marry both of us, however.

"'For a moment I was in great fear, I confess. It was said at Mézières that Puvioux had a rich aunt, who was going to buy him a substitute; if he stayed behind he would marry Marguerite; and I, sure of having to go, for I was poor, already heard the wedding fiddles tearing my ears and heart.

"'You must know that Marguerite Servan has not her equal. If I lose her, now that I have waited for her seven years, on my honour I think I shall blow out my brains. Fortunately Pierre Puvioux's aunt did not buy him off—she died, in fact, leaving behind her nothing but debts. He hadn't a sou more than I had; so we were both obliged to shoulder the musket and await our order of march.

"'One evening Daddy Servan took us both under the arm and led us to a cabaret, and then said, while we emptied a bottle of Moselle:—

"'"My lads, you are a pair of worthy Ardennais, equal in merit, and I love you with all my heart. One of you shall be my



"ONE OF YOU SHALL BE MY SON-IN-LAW."

son-in-law—that's a bargain. For that Marguerite will wait seven years. She has no preference either for you, Puvioux, or for you, Chevaucheux; but she loves both of you, and will make happy whichever of you Fate shall select for her. This, then, is the condition on which one of you is to marry my daughter. You will go away on the same day, and it is probable that you will come back on the same day; well, whichever of you is first to shake hands with Daddy Servan, and say to him 'Halloa! here I am—I've served my time!' I swear he shall be the husband of Marguerite."

"'I was astonished; I could not believe my ears. I looked at Pierre Puvioux, who

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looked at me, and though we were both greatly distressed in mind, we were both strongly inclined to laugh.

"'But Daddy Servan was not joking. He had thought of this way of getting over the difficulty, and he held to it. Seeing that it was so, I held out my hand to him and swore to act with all fairness, neither to resort to trickery nor violence, and to allow Pierre Puvioux to marry Marguerite if he returned to Mézières before me. He rose and took the same oath; and we shook hands, while Daddy Servan said:—

"'"The rest is now your affair; you have, each of you, got to manage so that no Kabyle bullet overtakes you, and to come back safe and sound."

"'He refilled the glasses, and we took a farewell draught.

"'Before starting I wished to see Marguerite. When I came beneath her windows—it was in the dusk—I saw somebody approaching and stopped. It was Pierre Puvioux. He appeared vexed at finding me there, and I was anything but delighted at meeting *him*. We stood for a moment facing each other like a pair of idiots, looking down at the toes of our shoes; then, by my faith, a sudden thrill of courage moved me, and I said to Puvioux:—

"'"Let us go in together."

"'"So be it," he said.

"'We took leave of Marguerite. She listened to us without uttering a word, but there were tears at the end of her long blonde eyelashes. Suddenly Pierre, who was speaking, came to a stop and fell into a fit of sobbing, and it was the same with me. So there we were, all three, crying without saying anything, only shaking hands.

"'When the diligence which took us from Mézières began to rattle over the pavement next day, I felt inclined to throw myself from the roof and get crushed under the wheels, the more because there was sitting beside me a Lorrain who was singing in a dreary voice one of the songs of his country, which seemed to say to me, "It's all over with you, my poor Jean; you will never see her again!"

"'Truly there are odd accidents in life,' Jean Chevaucheux went on. 'Quitting our native place at the same hour, we were, Pierre and I, put into the same regiment. At first I was annoyed at that. I would rather have had him at a distance; for, as you may easily imagine, I could not feel very friendly towards him. But I reflected: having him near me, I should at least be able to talk to him of Marguerite, and that would be a consolation. Then I said to myself: "Seven years! After all, *that* will not kill me!"

"'In the regiment I became fast friends with Pierre Puvioux—a good fellow, a bar of gold! Chamber-comrades, we often talked of the country, of Daddy Servan, and of Marguerite—as a way of killing time, you understand. We frequently wrote to Mézières, each confiding to the other what he had said in his letter. It was a struggle, of course, but it was carried on loyally. When Marguerite or Daddy Servan answered, the answer was addressed to both of us, wishing us equally good luck, giving to each of us an equal dose of hope. So you may be sure we went on hoping!

"'Well, one day my Colonel named me corporal. I was proud and sorry at the same time, for, you see, I was no longer the equal of Pierre Puvioux; the stripes on my arm gave me the right to command him and, in the eyes of the Ardennais at home, that was an advantage. But, you see, I am not ill-natured—I gave myself no airs of pride: on the contrary, my grade was a source of distress to me. I could no longer talk with Puvioux—my stripes were in the way; so I reflected that there was only one method by which I could free myself from the embarrassment. I purposely missed the call one day, and for that had my grade taken from me. But fancy my ill-luck! I gave up my stripes only to turn them over to Puvioux! It was enough to make one gnaw off one's finger-ends! But it was Pierre's chance for showing devotion, and he made no bones about it; at the end of a week he got himself broken in turn. After that there was no danger of any alteration being made in either of our tunics; we were condemned to remain common soldiers.

"'"So much the better," said Puvioux.

"'And I said: "How lucky!"

"'The seven years came to an end. I don't need to tell you my story day by day—our discharge and return route papers, all properly signed, were handed to us.

"'"Well," I said to Puvioux, "at last our time is up; we must set off home."

"'"Yes," he replied; "they are waiting our return there."

"'"You know," I said, "that the game will not be finally won before we both get back to Mézières, and the one of us who loses declares that the struggle has been fairly carried through."

"'"All right!" cried Puvioux.

"'We embraced, and one morning—the

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other day—with good shoes on our feet and a stout stick in hand, we set off for Mézières.

"'Did I tell you we were in garrison at Angers? I promise you there's a pretty stretch of road from there! My faith! since I started it seems to me that I have made the tour of the world!

"'We set off in company, talking little, thinking much, and walking more. It was terribly hot, frightfully dusty, the air as heavy as lead. Half way through one of our spells, I threw myself down by the roadside, unable to go any farther, my legs stiffened and worn out by fatigue.

"'"Are you going to rest there?" asked Puvioux.

"'"Yes," I replied.

"'"Good-bye, then," he said, going on.

"'"Good-bye till we meet again," I called after him.

"'I watched him out of sight, walking with a firm step, as if he had only just commenced the journey. When he passed round a bend in the road and I could no longer see him—left alone and, as it were, abandoned—a feeling of overwhelming despair came upon me; I made an effort. I rose and continued the march: the rest, short as it was, did me good, and put fresh courage into me. I pressed on, on, on, and made such progress that after awhile I came up with Puvioux and passed him.

"'But by the close of the day, though I had got well in front of my antagonist, I was done up. I went into an inn and lay down intending to sleep a little—ah, a little! I slept through the whole night! I woke only at daybreak, and then I was furious. I called out:—

"'"Have any of you seen a soldier, on foot, go by?"

"'"A soldier? Yes, monsieur—very late last night. He asked for a glass of water."

"'Ah! in turn he had passed me!

"'I hurriedly set off. At three o'clock in the afternoon I had not come up with Puvioux—nor at six o'clock. In the evening I took a rest while eating. The meal finished, on, on, I went again. This time Puvioux should not be much ahead of me! I walked on late into the night, but there is a limit to a man's strength; once more I was obliged to halt.

"'I knocked at the door of a roadside public-house and was admitted. Puvioux was there, seated in an arm-chair, pale as death. He started with irritation on seeing me—not unnaturally. We did not say much to each other; what, indeed, had we to talk about? Then, too, we were so horribly tired.

"'It was who should rise earliest next morning—and it was I—and that morning was this morning. All day I have been walking, resting from time to time but very little; for, you know, we are near the end. Rethel is the last tramp on the route from Angers to Mézières. I know my map of France now!

"'The last tramp—my God, if I should arrive too late!'



"I CAME UP WITH PUVIOUX AND PASSED HIM."

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"Jean Chevaucheux ceased speaking.

"'And Pierre Puvioux,' asked my father, 'has he overtaken you?'

"'No!' cried Chevaucheux, 'and if I could go on now, I should be saved.'

"'Go on the road—in the state you are in! Impossible!'

"'I see it is. With my feet swollen—torn—yet, to-morrow——'

"'To-morrow you will be rested and able to walk.'

"'Do you think so?' asked the soldier, his eyes flashing.

"'I promise you.'

"'Ah!' cried Jean, 'you are a kind man!'

"'Tut, tut,' said my father.

"He advised the soldier to go to bed at once, and the poor fellow desired nothing better. The bed was ready. Chevaucheux shook us all by the hand and ascended to the room which had been made ready for him.

"It was ten o'clock.

"Next day, before dawn, my father, already up, looked out of window to see what sort of weather it was. While he was looking up at the sky, he heard, down in the street below, the sound of heavy footsteps, and, in the uncertain light, dimly made out the form of a soldier, painfully making his way towards Mézières.

"'Already *en route?*' asked my father.

"The soldier halted.

"'Well,' continued my father, 'are you off?'

"The soldier raised his head and tried to make out who it was who was speaking to him.

"'Are you Jean Chevaucheux?' asked my father.

"'No,' answered the soldier; 'I am Pierre Puvioux.'

"And, as if the name of Jean Chevaucheux acted upon him like a spur, he went on his way with increased speed and quickly passed out of my father's sight.

"'Halloa!' said my father, 'poor Chevaucheux will have to bestir himself if he wants to outstrip that sturdy young fellow!' and he went at once to the room in which Jean had been resting. The young soldier was already up. He was examining his feet by the light of a candle.

"'Victory!' he cried, on seeing my father. I am fresh and vigorous. I am out of pain. *En route!*'

"'And quickly!' replied my father. Puvioux has passed through Rethel.'

"'Pierre Puvioux?'

"'Yes; I have just spoken with him. He passed under my windows, and is pushing forward like a madman.'

"'My God!' cried Chevaucheux, like one stunned. Once more repeating this exclamation, he buckled his knapsack and threw it upon his shoulders, crying: 'Well, instead of discouraging me, what you tell me puts new spirit into my bosom!'

"In the room below, my mother—she, too, had already risen—was filling a wallet with provisions which she had prepared for Chevaucheux, but he declined. He was not hungry; all he would accept was a flask of brandy. Then he put on a pair of boots which my father wore when he took long walks, and, more confident than ever, he departed, blessing my mother, and resting on the arm of my father while he made the first few steps.

"Day had come. My father went a little way with Chevaucheux. The young soldier bore himself stiffly up, in spite of his battered feet, which must have pained him terribly. He said little and appeared to be wrapped in thought.

"For half an hour my father and he went on in this way. At length my father said:—

"'Well, all friends must part. Good luck to you, and God be with you!'

"'Monsieur Decary,' then said Jean Chevaucheux, 'will you allow me to embrace you?'

"The next moment they were in each other's arms.

"Chevaucheux wept, and my father's eyes were not unmoistened. It was my father who first got the mastery over himself.

"'Bah!' he said; 'we are losing time. *En route! en route!*'

"He parted with Jean, who pressed forward on the road to Mézières.

"For three or four years we had no news of Jean Chevaucheux; but we often spoke of that evening when the young soldier had entered, bleeding and exhausted, into my father's house. What had become of him? How had ended that love-romance so strangely begun?

"One day my father had to go to Mézières on business, and he took me with him.

"At Mézières he entered the first barber's he came to, to get shaved. At the door of the shop was seated an infant, enjoying the sunshine, but at the same time blocking the way with his plump, outspread legs.

"'Won't you let me pass?' asked my father, pleasantly.

"'No, I won't let zu pass,' cried the child.

"At that moment a man in his shirt sleeves

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appeared in the shop—the father—and taking the young gentleman up in his arms, removed him out of the way, saying, as he did so:—

"'What are you about, Pierre? Do you want to drive away the customers?'

"I recognised the voice. So did my father.

"We looked at the barber, and he looked at us; and suddenly he, my father, and I uttered a simultaneous exclamation. The barber was Jean Chevaucheux. He instantly held out his hand. He was flushed and his face beaming.

"'Is it indeed you? Ah, when I think that I have never written to you—ingrate that I am! Have you never heard? It was I won the bride! I arrived first—first, you know!'

"And rushing to the back of the shop, he called:—

"'Marguerite! Marguerite! come quickly!'

"He appeared to be out of his wits with joy.

"A young woman appeared, pretty, fair-complexioned, with blue eyes; her air gentle, pensive, a little sad even.

"'You see this—this gentleman?' he cried. 'Well, it was he who saved me at Rethel, the night before I arrived at your father's—of whom I have spoken so often—Monsieur Decary!'

"'Ah!' cried Marguerite, with a sweet smile.

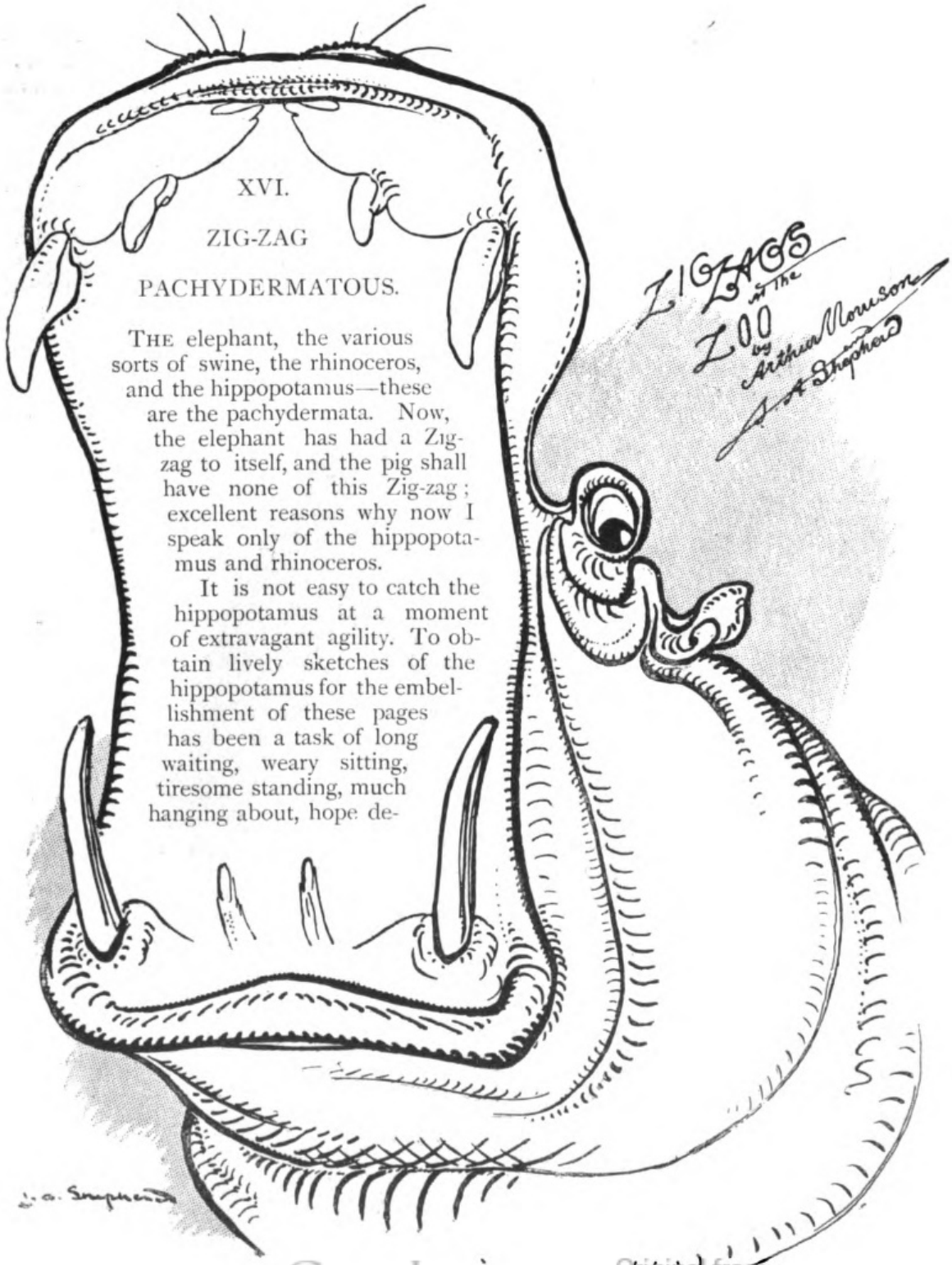
"And, turning upon us her large, calm eyes, she bowed and thanked us gently. Then, as her husband continued to call up the past, she looked at him beseechingly, even a little reproachfully.

"But Jean did not see this.

"'Ah!' he cried, 'and it is to you, monsieur, I owe my happiness! My son—my little Pierre—look at him. It was by my wife's wish that he was named Pierre—isn't he a fine fellow? My shop, which is going on as well as possible, my wife whom I worship, and my little Pierre, I owe all to you!'"



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XVI.

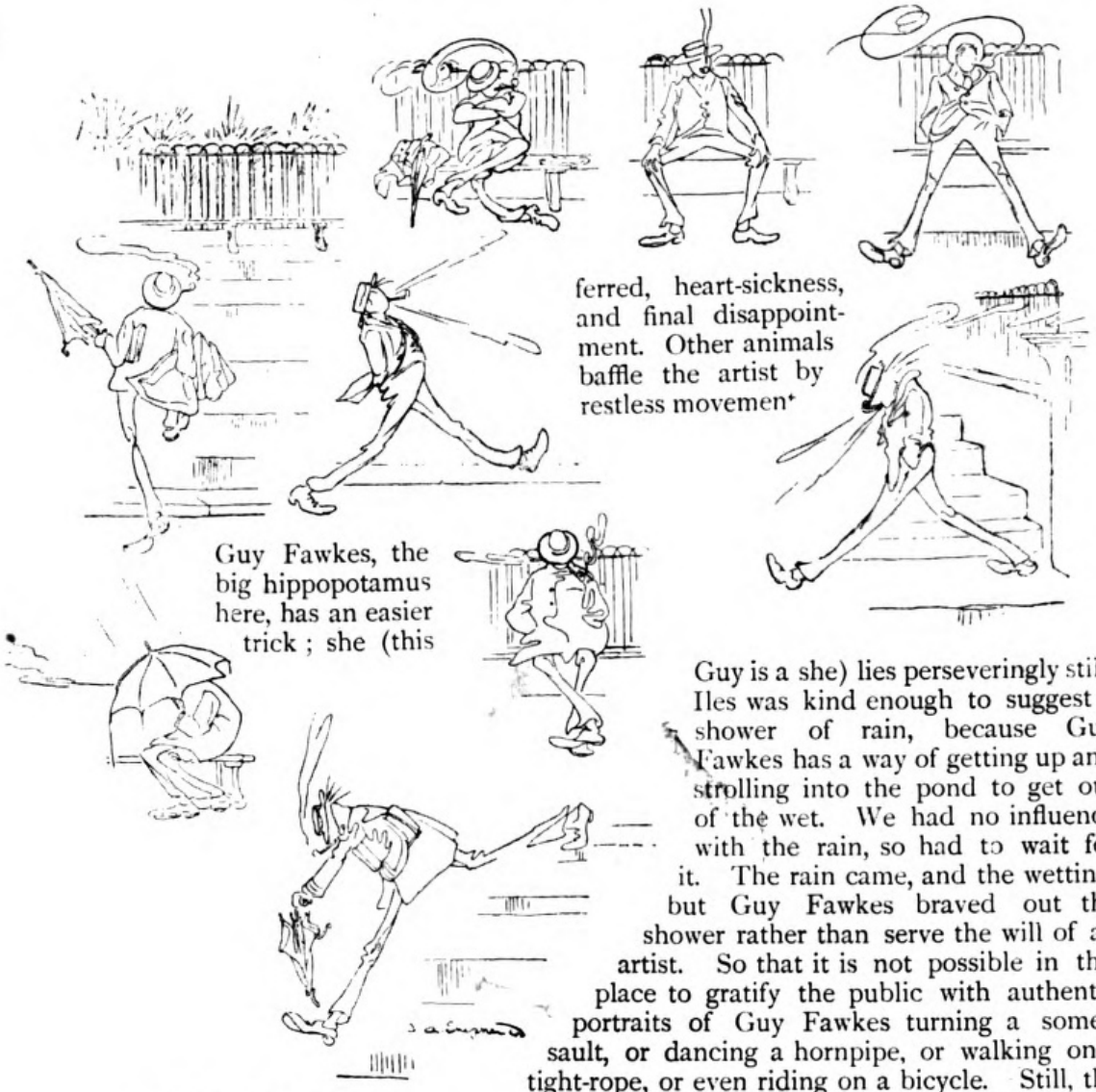
ZIG-ZAG

PACHYDERMATOUS.

THE elephant, the various sorts of swine, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus—these are the pachydermata. Now, the elephant has had a Zig-zag to itself, and the pig shall have none of this Zig-zag; excellent reasons why now I speak only of the hippopotamus and rhinoceros.

It is not easy to catch the hippopotamus at a moment of extravagant agility. To obtain lively sketches of the hippopotamus for the embellishment of these pages has been a task of long waiting, weary sitting, tiresome standing, much hanging about, hope de-

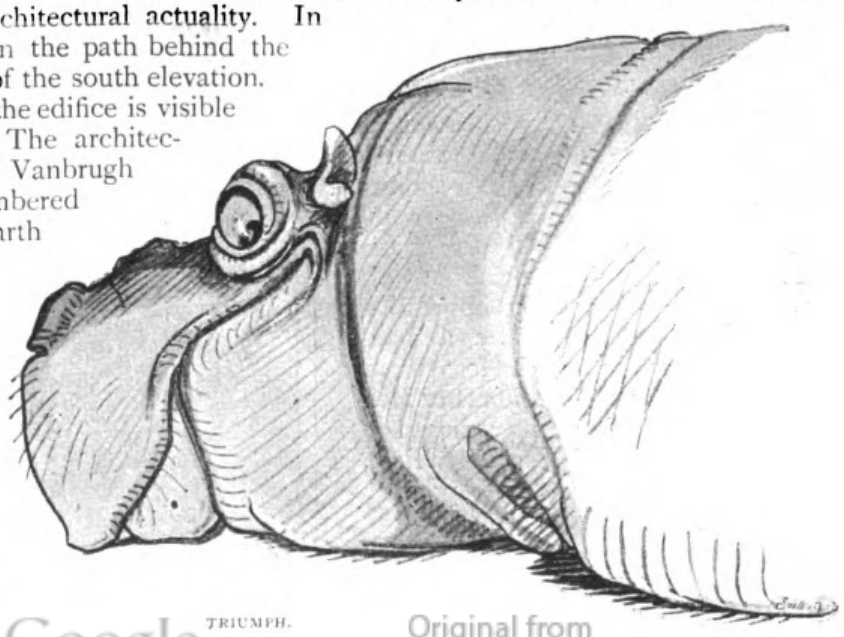
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PATIENCE AND DEFEAT.

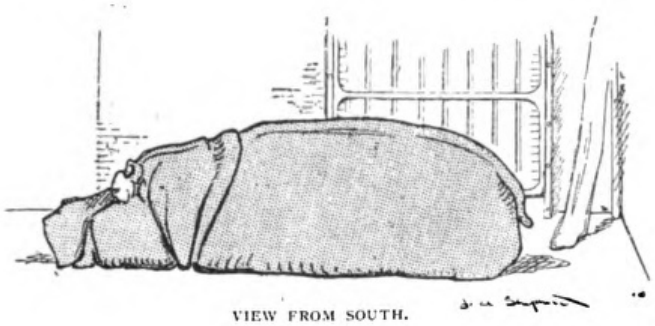
ferred, heart-sickness, and final disappointment. Other animals baffle the artist by restless movemen'

Guy Fawkes, the big hippopotamus here, has an easier trick; she (this Guy is a she) lies perseveringly still. Iles was kind enough to suggest a shower of rain, because Guy Fawkes has a way of getting up and strolling into the pond to get out of the wet. We had no influence with the rain, so had to wait for it. The rain came, and the wetting, but Guy Fawkes braved out the shower rather than serve the will of an artist. So that it is not possible in this place to gratify the public with authentic portraits of Guy Fawkes turning a somersault, or dancing a hornpipe, or walking on a tight-rope, or even riding on a bicycle. Still, the views which are possible have the undeniable merit of accuracy and architectural actuality. In the first place, standing on the path behind the paddock, we enjoy a view of the south elevation. Here the whole length of the edifice is visible in its simple grandeur. The architecture is of the manner of Vanbrugh on whom, it will be remembered the poet exhorted the earth to lie heavy, in retaliation for the heaviness of his buildings. Nothing of Vanbrugh's ever lay heavier per cubic foot on the groaning earth than Guy Fawkes lies here. I defy even a ghost to rise from the earth under Guy Fawkes. Let her but lie on it and she would extinguish a volcano.



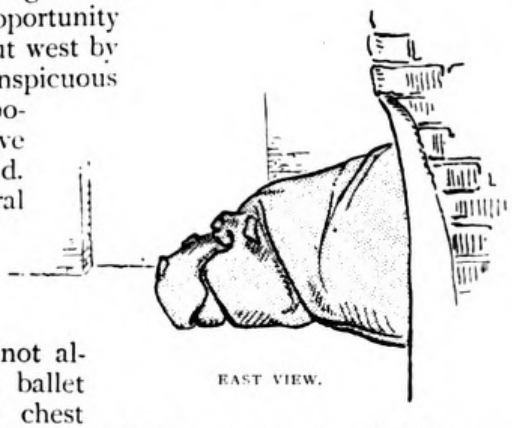
TRIUMPH.

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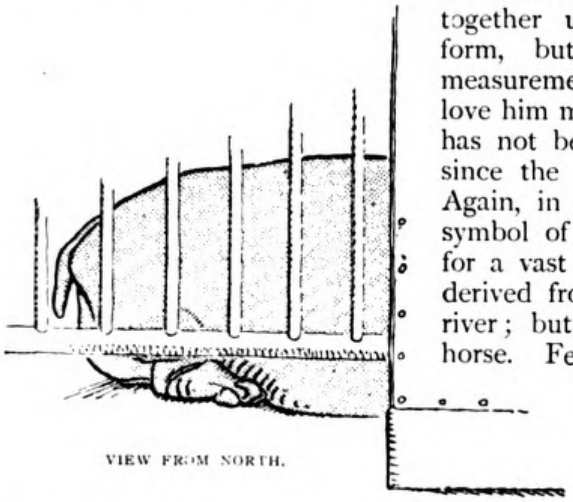
VIEW FROM SOUTH.

and drive an earthquake discomfited away to some part where the earth's crust was less immovably suppressed. It is a humiliating thing in most cases to be sat upon, but when Guy Fawkes is the sitter, little room is left in the sittee for humility or any of the other virtues. The east view of the structure is obtained from near the gazelle sheds, and the view from the north (only a partial one, but still picturesque) you get from inside the house. If you can get into the ostrich paddock (you can't) you will have an opportunity of surveying the venerable pile from somewhere about west by south. This is a sort of end elevation, with a conspicuous display of the west wing, if anything about a hippopotamus can be called a wing. Then you will have seen and admired Guy Fawkes pretty well all round.



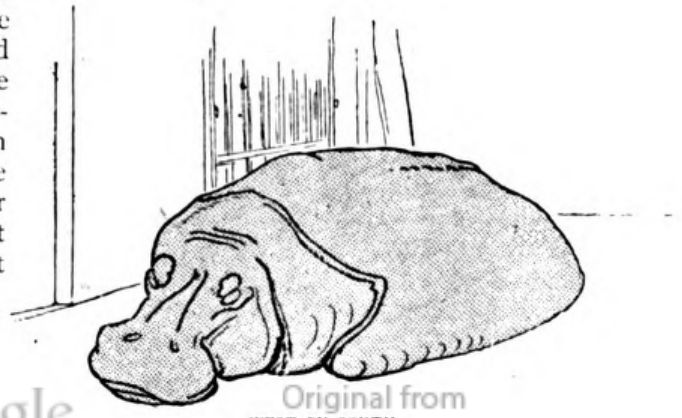
EAST VIEW.

The hippopotamus in general is admired for several causes. His (or her) mouth is indisputably the biggest extant, and has long been acknowledged to exceed even that of the Philanthropic Reformer, while his hide is almost as thick. His legs, although serviceable, are not altogether up to ballet form, but his chest measurement anybody might be proud of. Perhaps we love him most, though, as an old Londoner, although he has not been a familiar wanderer in the London streets since the tertiary epoch, which was some time ago. Again, in old time the hippopotamus was installed the symbol of impiety and ingratitude, which may account for a vast deal of popularity. His name, of course, is derived from the Greek *hippo* a horse, and *potamos* a river; but he cannot be regarded as a very successful horse. Few people who admire a handsome Cleveland, with good knee-action, would, as a habit, harness him with a hippopotamus to a landau. The hippopotamus has no points; no more points, and no sharper ones, than a German sausage.



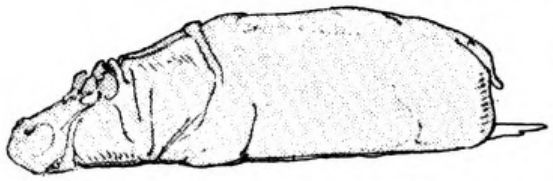
VIEW FROM NORTH.

Still, it cannot be too widely known that the hippopotamus does move sometimes. Even Guy Fawkes does, and some insignificant proportion of the visitors (about ¼ in 10,000, I believe) witness the feat. But even then she rarely does more than change her elevations—just brings her north elevation round south, for a change of air. It is a grave and solemn rite, this turning about, and it proceeds with properly impressive deliberation. She rises by a mysterious process, in which legs seem to take no part; she anchors her face against the ground, as regarding her head in the light of a great weight (which it is) dumped down to prevent the rest of her being blown away by an unexpected zephyr. Then, with her weighty muzzle as pivot and centre, she executes a semi-circular manœuvre suggestive of

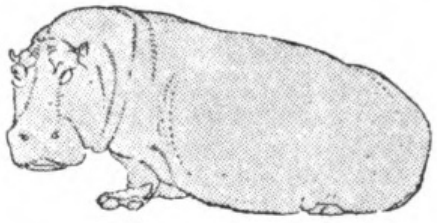


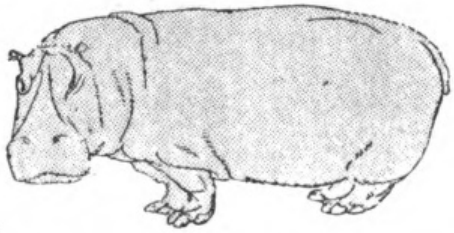
WEST BY SOUTH.

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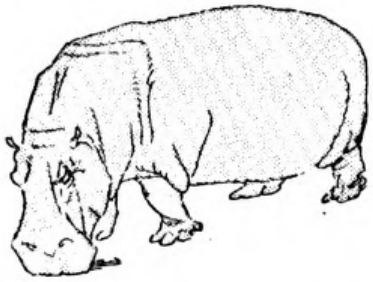


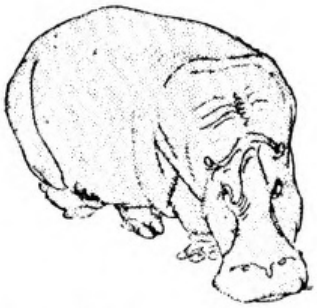
elevation faces south, when immediately she becomes a sausage again, turned about. All this is done with such perfect modesty that you immediately forget whether you saw her legs or not—indeed, whether she had any. As a matter of fact, I may here inform a doubtful public that Guy Fawkes *has* feet; her legs—if she has them—she, with propriety, veils in certain lashings of fat.



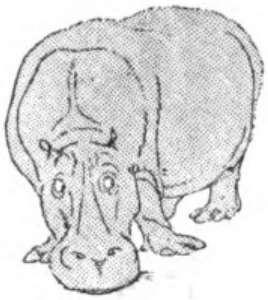


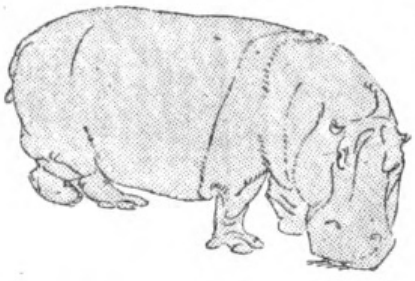
Guy Fawkes was so called in defiance of her sex because she was born (here in the menagerie) on November 5th, 1872. Next door to Guy Fawkes lives Jupiter, who is only a small hippopotamus, some way from being fully grown. Jupiter, however, has ambitions. He admires and envies, beyond all things, the placid repose of Guy Fawkes. He does his best to imitate her. But as yet he is little more than a beginner—a mere amateur in inertia. He is so inordinately proud of lying perfectly still for twenty minutes or so that he must look round for admiration, and spoil the effect at once. His mental attitude toward Guy Fawkes is that of the boy to Sidi Lakdar in Daudet's *La Figue et le Paresseux*—but Jupiter is far, very far, from being the equal of the boy in the noble craft of the *paresseux*. The fact is that Jupiter, in his ambition to become a creditable hippopotamus, an immobile vastness, a venerable pile, tries a little too much at once. Guy Fawkes, he considers, can smash anything earthly by lying on it, and herein he is right.

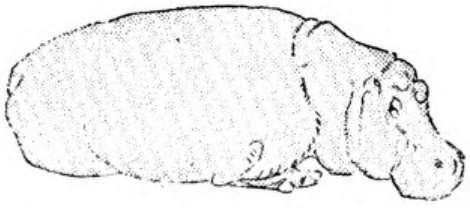


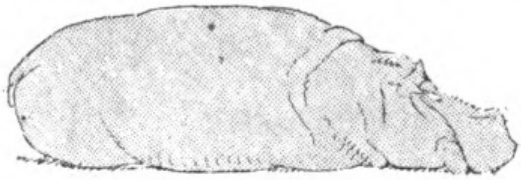






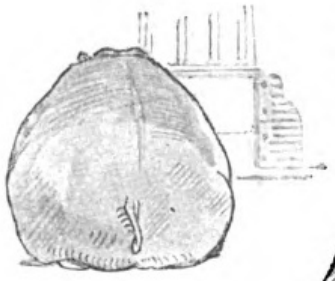






CHANGE OF ELEVATION.

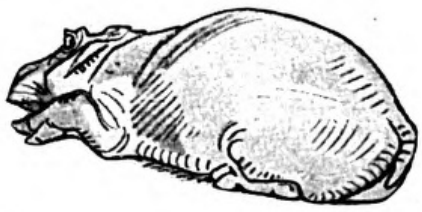
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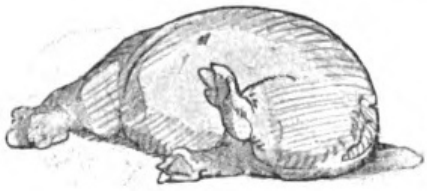


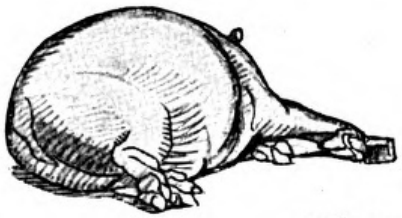
Aspiring to the crushing power of Guy Fawkes, he is continually troubled by one or two hard iron knobby projections from the ground, which serve to keep the door of his den in place. Try as he will, these pieces of iron won't be suppressed; on the contrary, they discompose his surrounding atmosphere of fat—must reach, in fact, to within a very few feet of his ribs—and this is uncomfortable. Still he pegs away, combining his attempt at the placidity of Guy Fawkes with that upon the obstinacy of the iron knobs. So that on the whole he does not succeed, comes as near perpetual motion as a hippopotamus may (about three moves an hour), and frequently betrays his possession of legs. He is never mistaken for a sausage, but presents the general appearance of a succession of cartloads of mud of varying shapes and designs. Jupiter, however, from his very perseverance, will get on, and some day, when full grown, he will take sausage rank and suppress earthquakes as well as Guy Fawkes. Then he will have north, south, east and west elevations, and, leaving behind the ignominy of resemblance to a cartload of mud, became a Venerable Pile, and shroud his legs.

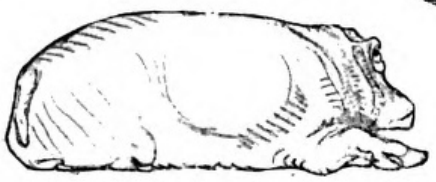






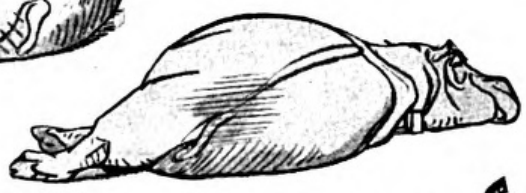


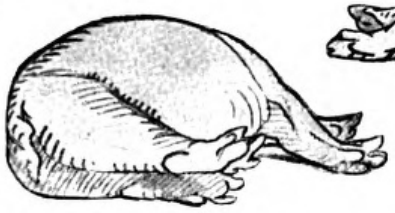


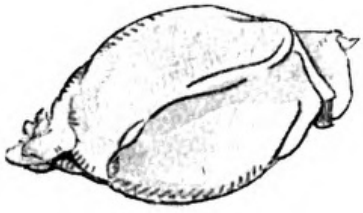


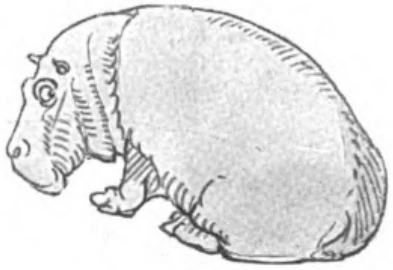


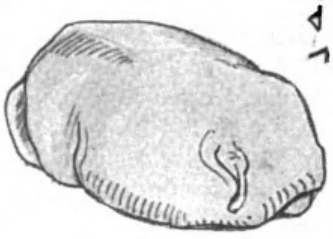
There are times when neither Guy Fawkes nor Jupiter will condescend so far as to exhibit themselves architecturally; on careful scrutiny a broad nose-tip is observable, apparently floating on the





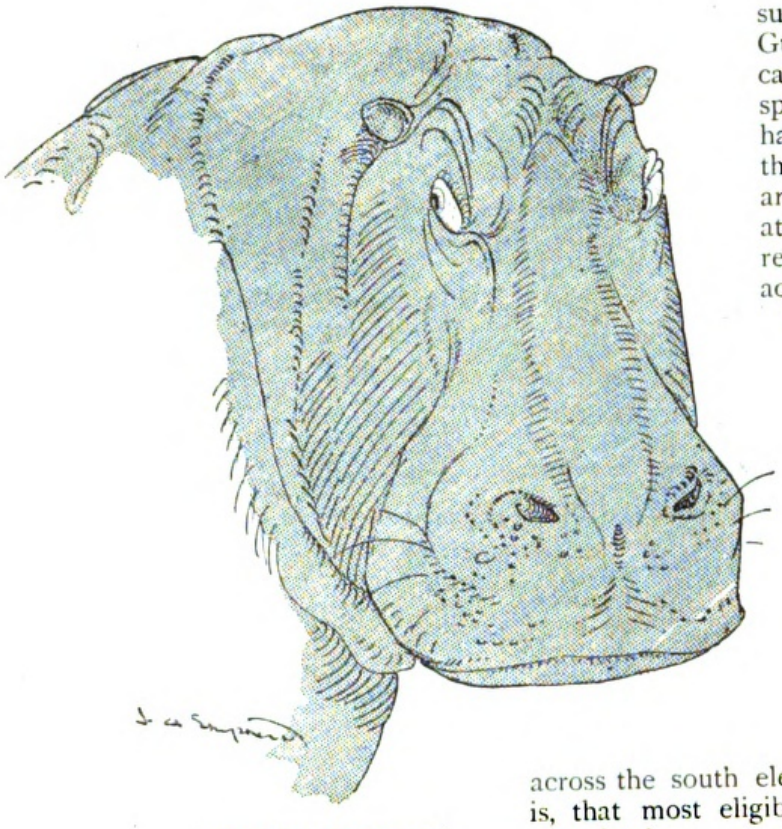






A MERE BEGINNER.

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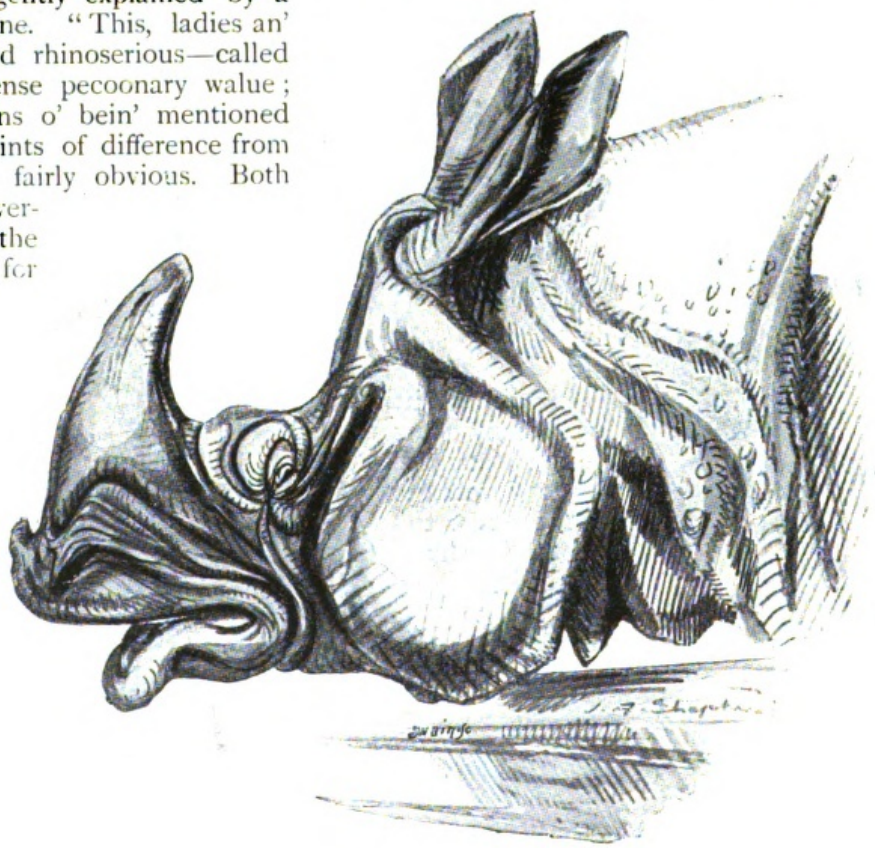


I AM THE HIPPOPOTAMUS!

surface of the pond. This is Guy Fawkes or Jupiter, as the case may be. Inexperienced sparrows, strangers to the place, have been known to alight on the small island thus presented, and to go away again immediately, doubtless to carry the report that the island was of an actively volcanic character.

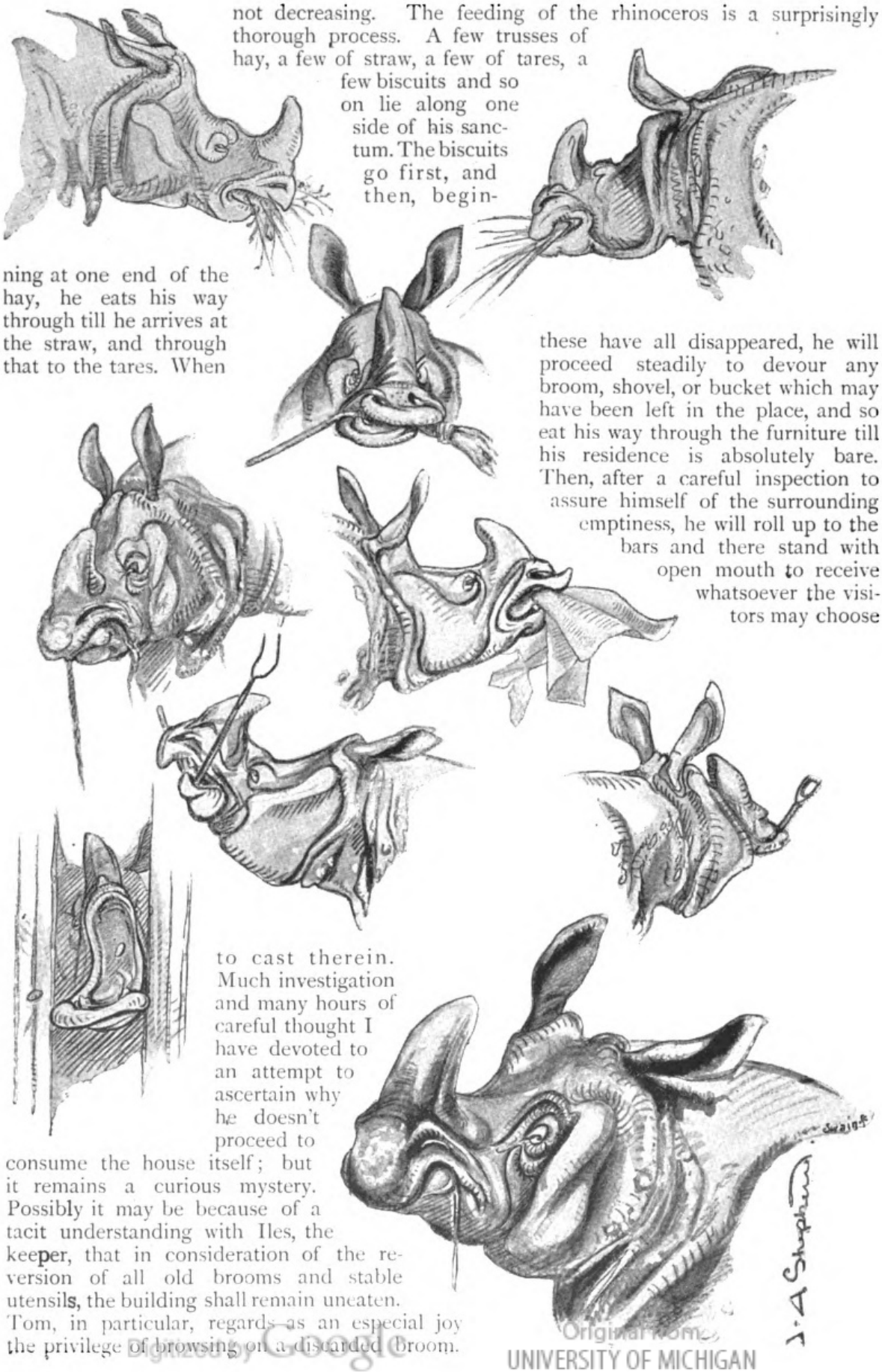
The hippopotamus has now been a familiar object in the Zoo for forty-three years, and the rhinoceros for longer; but still one hears occasionally the remarks (usually for the instruction of toddling youth) of worthy old ladies, who confuse the one with the other. It might conduce to the spread of more exact knowledge if an announcement of identity were painted in large white letters across the south elevation of Guy Fawkes. As it is, that most eligible advertising space is wasted completely.

The derivation of the name of the rhinoceros was once most intelligently explained by a showman exhibiting one. "This, ladies an' gents, is the cellerbrated rhinoserious—called rhino 'cos of 'is immense pecoonary walue; called serious consekins o' bein' mentioned in 'Oly Writ." His points of difference from the hippopotamus are fairly obvious. Both have a good thick overcoat, certainly, but the hippopotamus, anxious for a good fit, fills all baggy spaces with fat, while the rhinoceros, preferring the free and easy appearance of a caped ulster, lets the garment hang in folds: not that the rhinoceros starves or wastes. Jim here, the older of the two Indian rhinoceroses (the other is Tom) measures more than twelve feet in girth, and, if eating will do anything, is certainly



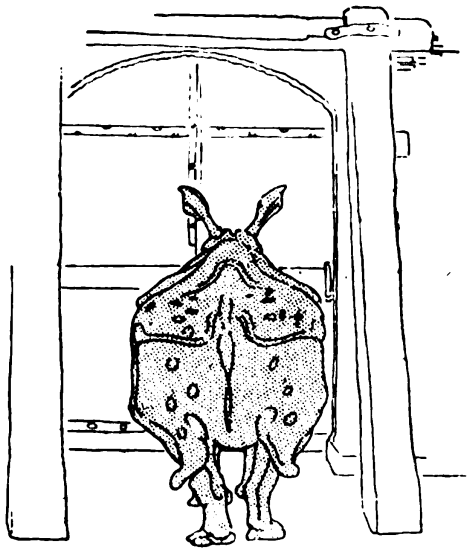
AND I AM THE RHINOCEROS!

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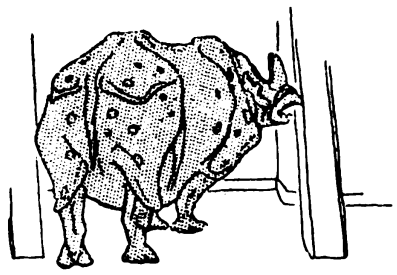


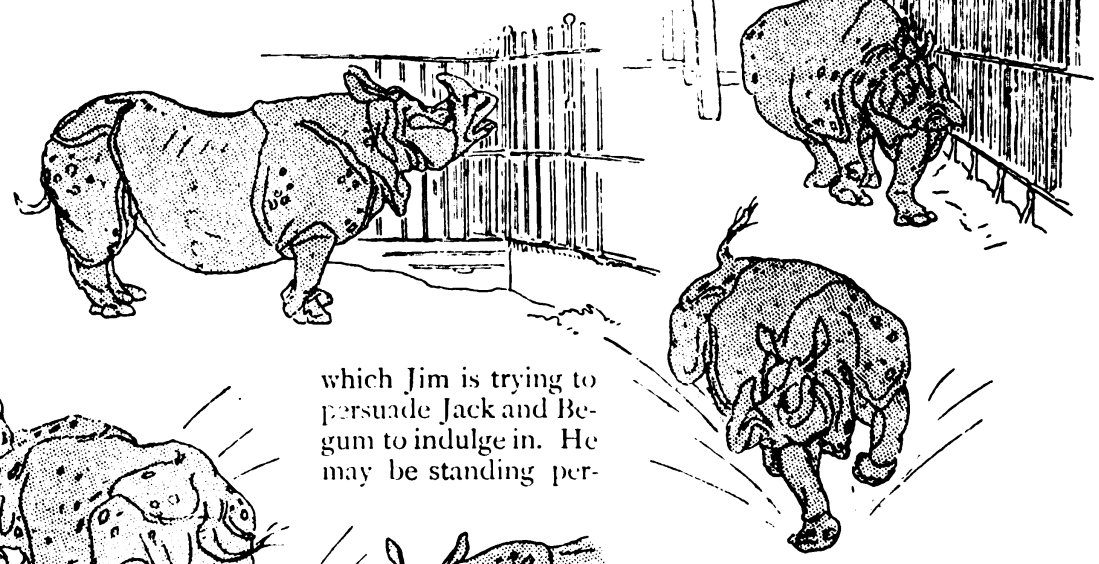
not decreasing. The feeding of the rhinoceros is a surprisingly thorough process. A few trusses of hay, a few of straw, a few of tares, a few biscuits and so on lie along one side of his sanctum. The biscuits go first, and then, beginning at one end of the hay, he eats his way through till he arrives at the straw, and through that to the tares. When these have all disappeared, he will proceed steadily to devour any broom, shovel, or bucket which may have been left in the place, and so eat his way through the furniture till his residence is absolutely bare. Then, after a careful inspection to assure himself of the surrounding emptiness, he will roll up to the bars and there stand with open mouth to receive whatsoever the visitors may choose to cast therein. Much investigation and many hours of careful thought I have devoted to an attempt to ascertain why he doesn't proceed to consume the house itself; but it remains a curious mystery. Possibly it may be because of a tacit understanding with Iles, the keeper, that in consideration of the reversion of all old brooms and stable utensils, the building shall remain uneaten. Tom, in particular, regards as an especial joy the privilege of browsing on a discarded broom.

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Jim, who has been here twenty-nine years, is a taciturn rhinoceros, who nevertheless likes company. Jack and Begum, the pair of smaller, hairy-eared rhinoceroses, are Jim's next-door neighbours. When Jim and his neighbours are out in their respective paddocks, Jim takes no notice of the others. But if only he be left in his paddock while Jack and Begum are within, he immediately yearns for company; goes, in fact, to the dividing railing and shouts for it aloud. This shout seems to be part of a game of "I-spy-I,"





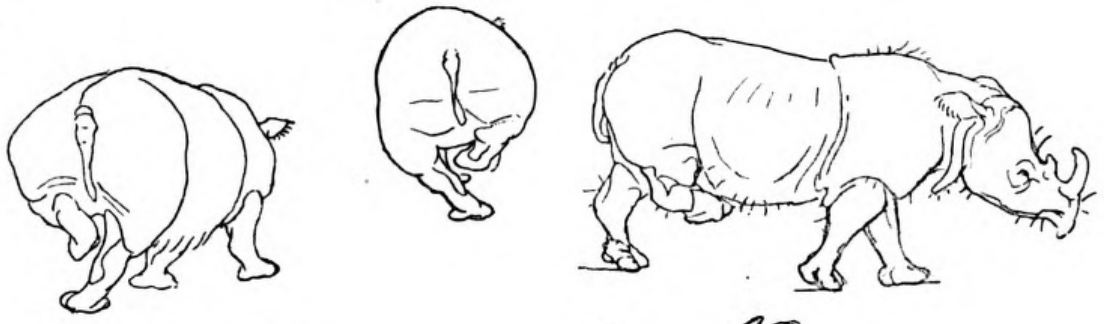
which Jim is trying to persuade Jack and Begum to indulge in. He may be standing perfectly quiet near his door when the impulse comes upon him. Then he trots out, shouts at the railing, runs furiously all round his paddock (with a noise as of a trotting troop of cavalry with loose accoutrements), and finally bounces "home" in triumph, and waits there for Jack and Begum to appear—defeated. If they do not come—usually they do not because the door is shut—he repeats his shout and run; if they happen to be let out, Jim promptly loses all interest in them. He yearns but for the absent.



HOME!

Jack and Begum are an extremely affable pair, most excellent and intimate friends of mine. You may go fearlessly and pat Begum—although she

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would prefer being fed. You may also pat Jack if he be near enough to the bars. If not, you may shut your eyes and pat a brick wall—it is just the same thing, if only you select a sufficiently rough wall. I am sorry to have to report, as a result of careful observation, my conviction that Begum tyrannizes over her husband. They run a sort of circus, wherein Jack does the whole performance, while Begum personally surrounds the entire receipts. For some cause of which I am ignorant, Jack always walks with a quaintly high-stepping action of the hind legs. It was this, I am certain, that first suggested the circus to the financial genius of Begum. Jack solemnly goes through his high-stepping march round, by way of opening procession. He presents himself to various points of view, so as to give the spectators full measure for their contributions. Then he flounders into the water and gloomily clowns for the amusement of the vulgar. He goes through a series of rhinoceros trick-wading feats, finishing up by splashing over on his back, and spilling most of the pond. That is the performance. It isn't a very great one, but it draws contributions of biscuits and buns, which Begum eats as fast as they accrue. As soon as the business is over, Jack rolls lugubriously into a corner and sits down to weep drips from the pond, with an expression of dismal recognition of the hollowness and mockery of all this glittering theatricality and sham



THE ARTIST.



THE PAY-BOX.

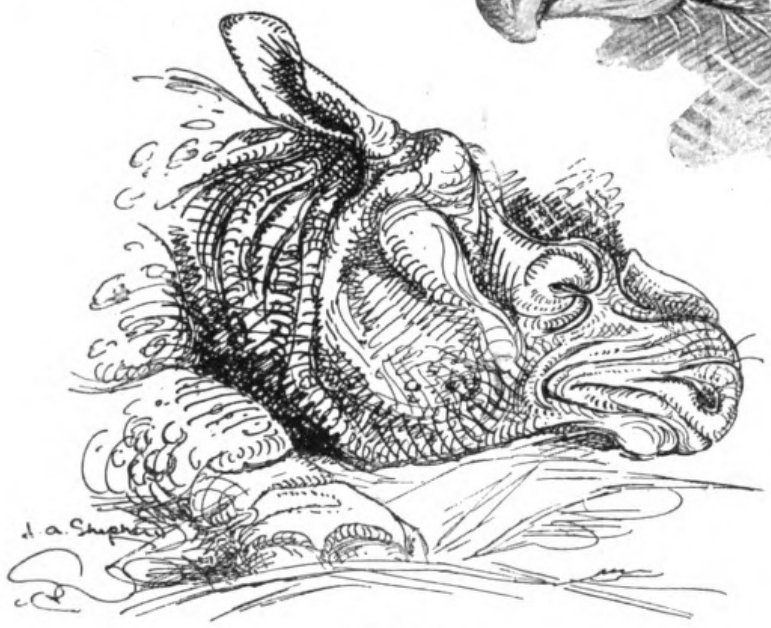
J. A. Shepherd

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gaiety. But Begum still goes round with the mouth. Jack never comes to the rails for a share, feeling too deeply the vanity of mere earthly buns; also having long ago been convinced that it is his business to earn while the missis eats them. Jack and Begum have opposite opinions in the matter of Monday. Monday is the sixpenny day, and Jack has to clown his hardest; while Begum collects a vast toll. Sometimes



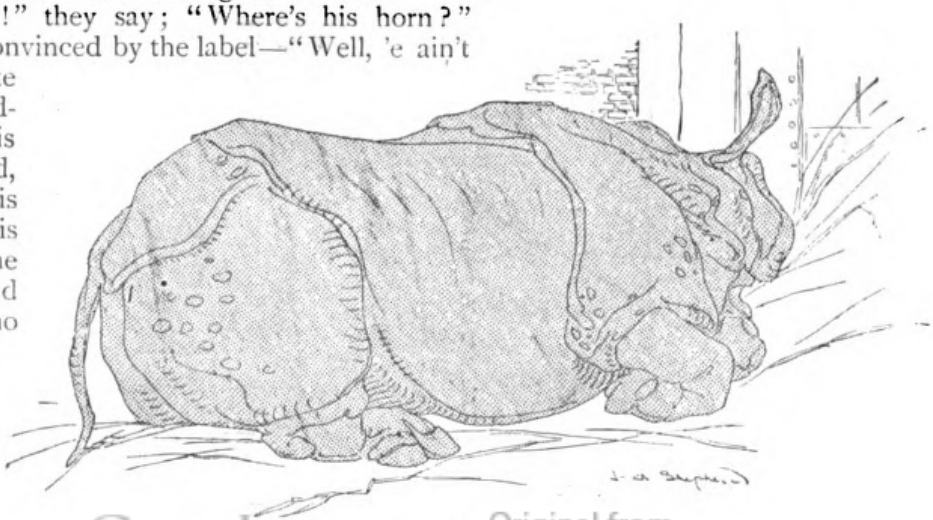
TO-MORROW WILL BE MONDAY!



HORNLESS.

a bun has been thrown directly under Jack's muzzle, while Begum has been busy at the farther end of the paddock. Then Jack has gazed for a moment reproachfully at the thrower, as who would say: "My friend, you should know better than thus to cast temptation before a weak and erring rhinoceros"; then at the bun, as who would add: "Ah, a bun—a worldly bun. All buns is vanities. Nevertheless, lest peradventure some weaker vessel be tempted—perhaps even the missis—if I leave it there, I will proceed to surround it with what grace I may"; which he does.

Tom, at the further end, is an excitable sort of rhinoceros. His fidgetiness has resulted in the almost complete rubbing away of his horn. This circumstance lays Tom open to a deal of slighting criticism from unzoological visitors. "'*E* ain't a rhinoceros!" they say; "Where's his horn?" And then, when convinced by the label—"Well, 'e ain't got a fine 'orn like the other"—alluding to Jim. This annoys Tom, and, as trampling his enemies out flat is an impossibility, he turns about and sulks. He is no bad fellow though, on the whole, and it is just possible that he has rubbed down his horn to see.

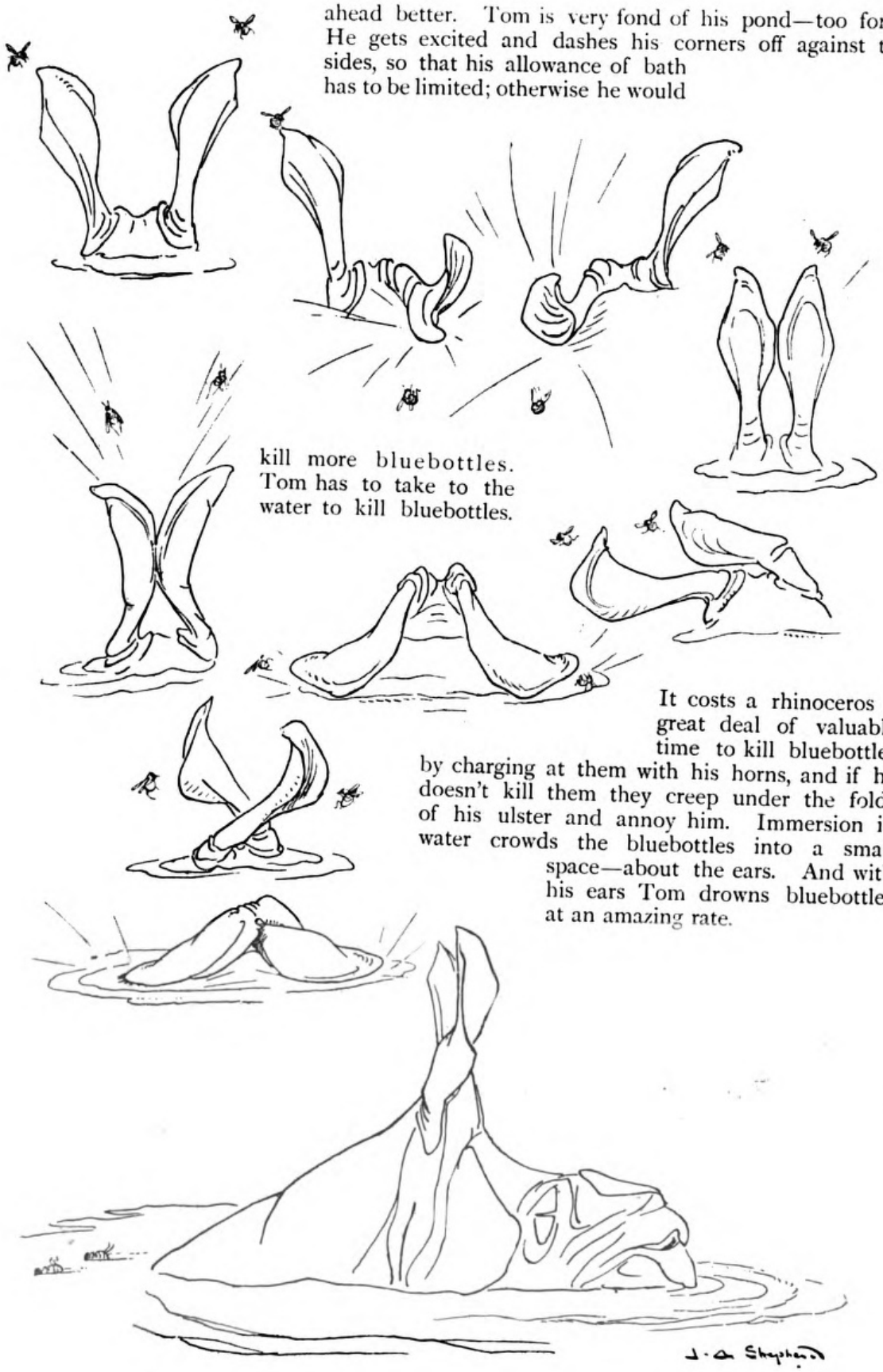


SULKY.

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ahead better. Tom is very fond of his pond—too fond. He gets excited and dashes his corners off against the sides, so that his allowance of bath has to be limited; otherwise he would kill more bluebottles. Tom has to take to the water to kill bluebottles.

It costs a rhinoceros a great deal of valuable time to kill bluebottles by charging at them with his horns, and if he doesn't kill them they creep under the folds of his ulster and annoy him. Immersion in water crowds the bluebottles into a small space—about the ears. And with his ears Tom drowns bluebottles at an amazing rate.



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A Career for a Kiss.

"TRAMP, tramp, tramp," and a heavy pair of boots come down the stone steps of the officers' quarters at Silverbridge. A kick at the door rouses Captain Kay from the perusal of a writ just served.

"I say, Lulu, are you going to the ball to-night?"

"Come in, come in; don't stand shouting outside. Look at my new *portière*."

A couple of Clumber spaniels herald Leigh, the youngest subaltern of the ——th Foot.

He looks cautiously round the door, and laughs lustily at the decoration of writs and summonses with which Lulu has just panelled his door.

"I say, Lu, you do have good ideas. That's the most sportin' decoration I've seen for a long time."

"It's all very well, Leigh, to laugh at it. You're a rich fellow, you've got rich relations to fall back upon; but I'm deuced hard pressed. If I don't find some sop for my creditors I shall have to cut the service. I'm awfully down on my luck about it."

"What about the ball to-night? I'm going to drive over some time after ten—if you like, I'll give you a lift."

"Well, I don't feel much like dancing."

"You'll feel all right when you get there."

"Very well, I'll be ready at ten sharp."

"Miss Betty Dormer is in form to-night. She looks splendid. I've never known a girl that changes so much. I met her last night and she looked positively ugly."

"What! the girl in yellow? Curious looking: I shouldn't call her ugly by any means—looks elegant—pretty stiff."

"Stiff. No, I can't say that. She's got plenty to say for herself: I call her very amusing, and she dances"—here the young fellow raised his voice and eyes to add meaning to his words—"like an angel."

"Halloa, Leigh!"

"Nonsense, halloa! nothing of the sort. Come on upstairs: I'll introduce you. I warn you, though, you won't care much about her."

"And why not?"

"She's not your sort. She'll talk and she'll laugh and she'll dance, that's all."



"STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF THE BALL-ROOM."

"And why won't I care about her, if she does all that?"

"My good fellow, we all know you"; and taking his friend confidentially by the arm he said, importantly: "She won't kiss you. She's a perfect iceberg; you don't believe me—try for yourself. I've known her ever since she's been out. Ask anybody, you'll hear the same thing—charmin'; but, I repeat, an iceberg," and Leigh shrugged his shoulders.

Kay looked up the wide staircase once more at the pretty girl standing in the doorway of the ball-room, her simple, long, yellow gown curling gracefully round her as the movement of the valse had left it.

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She had evidently been dancing quickly and left off suddenly, for she was steadying herself against a pillar, and the large yellow roses and the ribbons in the bosom of her gown betrayed her breathlessness. She was not beautiful, but there was a charm about her that was very attractive and made her conspicuous even in that throng. Lady Adelaide Skilwell's balls were always well attended, for she had all the prettiest women in the county, good music, an excellent floor, and she herself always received with genuine cordiality. She asked her friends for the pleasure it gave her to see them, and not, as is very usual, to "do them off," so that her radiance reflected upon her guests and animated them.

Kay answered sharply:—

"One does not expect every girl to be a volcano. The house is hot enough as it is."

"To please you, my dear fellow, she must, so that's all nonsense," Leigh insisted cheerily. "Come along in."

Kay stopped on the landing and meditatively drew on his gloves.

"What do you bet," he said quickly, "that I transform the iceberg into a volcano before the evening is over?"

"Wouldn't bet—can't on a certainty, it 'ud be robbin' you," Leigh answered, laughing.

"Leave that to me. Do you take my bet?"

"I lay you 300 to 1 you don't get her to kiss you."

"Done with you — that she kisses me to-night."

"Of her own free will, mind you."

"Of her own free will. You know the glass terrace that runs along the front of the house—at one o'clock you be behind the curtain that leads into the music-room. They are not using it to-night"—Leigh's shouts of laughter almost drowned the last words. "Now introduce me."

"Miss Betty Dormer, may I introduce Captain Kay to you?"

Miss Dormer inclined her head and said: "How d'you do?"

Kay looked into her eyes intently.

"May I have a dance?"

She handed him the programme of the dances. He took this as a signal of trust, and proceeded to write his name against several of the dances. He was astonished that she never even glanced at the programme, but bade him "hand it on to Mr. Leigh."

"You will forget," he remonstrated, "which you have given me if you do not look."

"Provided *you* remember, Captain Kay, I need not."

"So the first round has missed," thought Lulu, as he moved away to make room for some other men who were waiting to talk to her. He went some distance away and took stock of his victim.

The first bars of "Toujours ou jamais" rang out; she looked cool and self-possessed with the usual busy ball-room traffic all around her: the men running about eagerly looking for their partners, consulting their programmes, so anxious not to mistake a plain for a pretty woman, a heavy for a light dancer; of conversation there is hardly any question. He returned to her and whisked her away; she greeted him with an amused smile.

"Isn't it ugly?" she said. "It looks like Paddington Station on a summer Saturday afternoon."

"Yes, only the guards are wanting to show you to your carriage."

"All the pretty girls first-class, the amusing second, the heavy third!" She laughed at her own witticism. "I should get into the guard's van, I do so dislike crowds."

"I shall be the guard, then."

Whereupon Captain Kay stopped dancing, and without more ado led her to a corridor, where comfortable arm-chairs and divans temptingly invited one to chat and rest, and great pyramids of ice hidden among flowers cooled the somewhat overheated atmosphere of the house. Drawing out an easy chair he put her into it. "There, that's better; here we will sit and let them dance. We will amuse ourselves."

"*You* will amuse *me*. I shall take a holiday. You look as though you could talk. I shall listen."

"I can't be amusing to you."

"Have you brought me down here to be rude to me? If so, we'll go back."

"Heaven forbid; you will stop here. I will have my way; you are comfortable and it is very nice. There will be a rush for this place in a moment, so let us enjoy the quiet."

"Does that mean that we are to sit here without talking? I can't do that for long. I am a terrible talker."

With an effort Kay pulled himself together. She interested him so that he forgot the stakes, and it was already past eleven o'clock.

"It means that I have found you, and shall not risk losing you again just yet; you must stay here."

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"HERE WE WILL SIT AND LET THEM DANCE."

"Oh! Oh! How about this?" She pointed to her card.

"I'll make that all right. My name is down for the next four dances. See—there and there."

"You did not do that, did you?" Her eyes gleamed with pleasure.

"And I shall go on filling it up—so there's an end to doubt and no escape."

Miss Dormer laughed and rose quickly, so did Kay, and taking her hand pressed her again into her seat. For a moment she resented his tyranny: an angry flush rose to her face. However, an appealing look from Kay seemed to settle the matter, and with a little sigh she subsided again into the cushions. He took a few steps towards a window and stood there, wondering what should be his next move. So far, so good; but now, what was to come next? And time was flying. Turning suddenly he met her eye resting on him with a quaint, troubled expression, and his conscience smote him. For half a second the man's chivalry struggled with his lower nature. The latter triumphed, for he was hard pressed for money—he must either have money or must cut the service—his career depended on the next hour.

"I can't understand," he continued, truthfully, "what I feel about you. You have fascinated me completely." He seized her hand violently. "You little witch, how have you done it?"

"What nonsense are you talking? This is not my first ball."

For all that she was sipping the honey of his words. He saw her weakness, and profited therefrom.

"You are wrong, you simple little woman; this is no nonsense. I have read of such things as love at first sight—sudden and fervent."

She looked doubtful.

"Little sceptic! Yes, I have; poets sing of it, novelists are full of it."

"Novelists never draw from life."

"Now don't laugh at me, you hurt me. I am no man of the world who can talk platitudes with my heart so full. Your frown can't stop me; you see how it is with me."

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A tall, thin young man here interrupted their conversation, and carried Betty off; she rose slowly, much disinclined to acknowledge his claim. As she walked leisurely along the passage on her partner's arm, she glanced back with a little regretful grimace that bewitched Kay, who followed them, and a low "Curse the fellow!" escaped him.

He went into the deserted refreshment-room and tossed down a brandy-and-soda, and another, and another. It sickened him that there was only three-quarters of an hour left him, and here was she wasting precious moments dancing with another. What had he achieved? Nothing. She had charmed him, but that was mere feeble sentiment. His work was cut out for him, and he was determined to go through with it. Idiots called her cold, soulless. Dear little thing, with her winning manner and lovely eyes and gleaming white teeth, and, to crown all, with such a smile! He swore to himself that he was a funny sort of chap and, therefore, didn't like the job; but what, after all, was a kiss to her? — and £300 would save him from ruin — a kiss and a career—



"A TALL, THIN YOUNG MAN HERE INTERRUPTED THEIR CONVERSATION."

the balance was distinctly uneven. If only the brandies-and-sodas would drown his very small remnant of conscience! Ah! at last here she was.

"Why have you been so long with that idiot? I do believe you were going to prolong my agony and were going in to supper with him."

She nodded assent.

"Don't be fretful," she said, smiling, "you shall have your reward."

Willingly he mistook her meaning.

"Then come with me." Leaving the crowd to struggle down to supper, they went through the hall and the boudoir to the glass-covered terrace that ran along the front of the house, where the many Chinese lanterns flickered only dimly, making the white statues peep ghost-like from among the palms and flowers. Here Captain Kay seated her on a marble seat and watched her try, by re-adopting her original indifference, to hide her timidity.

"And now, Miss Dorner, for my reward."

Her changed manner annoyed him, for he calculated that at this rate it would take more than fifteen minutes to reach the climax,

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and by that time Leigh would be triumphant behind the curtain.

"We could have chatted quite as well upstairs; it is cold and uncanny here. I hate statues."

"Who wants to chat, Betty? I want my reward," he urged.

"You are having it, and it's quite your own fault if it is not in a cosier place. I don't like it. Take me back."

"Not until you have fulfilled your promise."

"What? I have made no promise."

"A moment ago you spoke of my reward. You are fickle, like the rest: one moment you are human, the next moment you repent. Why do you torture me? What have I done to you that you should treat me so?"

She rose quickly, but following her he seized both her hands in his, fiercely. "I want a kiss," he murmured.

"You are mad." Her voice trembled with the struggle to free herself from his grasp.

"Why did you allow me to talk to you so if my sudden love for you hadn't awakened some feeling in you?"

The minutes were scampering towards the decisive hour. His pleading was useless; alive to the futileness of his efforts to break through her conventional manner, he grew more and more excited, and groped around wildly in his mind for some strategy, some lie to coax her with. The girl troubled him; he felt her worth and cursed his fate that she was not made of the ordinary ball-room stuff.

"Love!" she scoffed. "Two hours ago we had never met; and now—and—now"—the words choked her—"it is an insult."

A groan escaped him, and a long, weary sigh. "Have we soldiers time for long wooing? Here to-day and gone to-morrow." This sentimentality, expressed in hoarse, trembling tones, called forth a gleam of pity in her lovely eyes. He recognised the effect of his words, and a footstep in the empty room adjoining roused him into action. At last he collected his wits and had his plausible lie. Glibly, in low gasping sentences, he spoke to her:—



"HE SEIZED BOTH HER HANDS IN HIS.

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"I am under sailing orders. I leave to-morrow for Burmah." She muttered something inaudible. "I may be ordered to the front, and if I were not, the climate is as bad an enemy as the Dacoits. I love you, I tell you I love you. I am a poor man. A soldier's pittance is all I have, but I love you, and the thought of you will help me to live as a man should live to be worthy of such a woman as you are. Betty, listen to me. I ask so little—a kiss—a token that I may come back when I have my majority and ask you to take pity on me. Have I no chance of winning your love? Say yes; give me a glimmer of hope—be charitable; yes, I know you are proud, reserved, a perfect mind and a perfect soul—that makes me love you more a thousand times. What can it harm you to kiss me and say 'God bless you'? Once out there and my life is not worth an hour's purchase."

"Hush! if anyone were to see you here holding my hands. Let us go back. Collect yourself. You will regret all your words. You are impetuous, fanciful—hush! I hear footsteps."

Instinctively, Kay felt that five minutes was all he had. Desperately, and in sober earnest, he flung her hands away so that she staggered against the bench. "You have no heart—you are cold! they are right to say you are made of ice. Because I have not waited a fortnight and run after you before all the world, you tell me my love for you is an insult. I love you, I say, and, because your friends don't see me courting you, you refuse to listen. I beg you for a dying service, perhaps, and you answer that you hear footsteps, that someone might see us—and you call yourself a woman!"

She was moved—the ice had melted: and the haughty Miss Dormer's eyes glowed with an unusual light, a radiance that betrayed that her good woman's heart was touched—that his tempestuous pleading had awakened a "something" that impelled her to obey his lover's request, and threw her pretty arms around him.

Her lips met his in a long, passionate kiss! He held her close to him until, with a sobbing, shuddering sigh, she disengaged herself.

The rustle of her heavy silk skirts on the tessellated floor, as she moved somewhat wearily along the terrace in front of him, worried his nerves, and set his teeth on edge.

The clock in the hall pealed out shrilly the quarters—one—two—three—four—and then a triumphant shrieking—*One!* And Captain Kay was saved.

Mr. Leigh, being young, had not been through sufficient ball-room campaigns to have learnt how much champagne he could take in one evening without getting to that happy borderland between waking and dreaming which he very technically called being "sideways on." After his sixth supper he became garrulous, and a brother officer put him gently into his trap and drove him home.

"I say, old chappie—I must drink to drown my shrorrow—frigh'fully down on my luck—jush losh a clear £300 to that devil Kay. Careless chap, Kay." And out meandered the whole story of the bet, with a detailed and graphic account of what Leigh had heard whilst waiting behind the curtained door that led into the glass-covered terrace.

This unfortunate youth awoke next morning, quite unconscious of the effect his story had produced in the smoking-room on the previous night, where he had found two or three fellows still smoking on his return, and had, at his friend Chichester's request, repeated everything, with full particulars as to name and place.

That same morning a sharp ring at the bell hurried Captain Kay's servant to a cab that was drawn up at the door, and a lady in a thick lace veil beckoned him to approach.

"Has Captain Kay left already?" she asked, in a low, unsteady voice.

"Captain Kay, ma'am? He's on duty this morning."

"Then what time is he going?"

"Not going away at all, that I am aware. I've got no horders to pack his traps."

"But he's under sailing orders to leave England."

"Oh, no, my lady; the first battalion 'as honly just come home."

"Are you very certain?"

"Indeed and I ham, my lady. We came from Burmah three months ago."

"Will you tell the cabman to drive back?" the lady said, and her voice was unimpassioned and very feeble.

"Shall I tell the Captain your name, my lady?"

She hesitated a moment, but decided there was no necessity to do so, and when the lady dropped a coin into Private Jones's hand, he noticed that her fingers trembled violently, so much that she could hardly hold her purse. "Be quick, cabman," she said, and they drove away.

When Lulu lounged lazily, yawning, into the mess-room at luncheon also on that

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"WILL YOU TELL THE CABMAN TO DRIVE BACK?'

eventful morning a sudden silence greeted his entrance, and a visible constraint fell upon the three or four men present.

"I say, Chichester, supposing you play me a game of billiards after lunch, eh?"

A silence.

Kay looked round the table, and added: "What's up with you fellows? You do look sour."

At that moment young Mr. Leigh came in, very sallow and leaden-eyed, and called to the mess waiter with a heavy tongue to bring him "the devil of a prairie oyster."

When Captain Kay saw Mr. Leigh in this condition he understood his brother officers' silence, so turning on his heel he whistled an air and left the room.

EXTRACT FROM "THE LONDON GAZETTE."

To be Captain: Lieutenant T. Chichester, vice Captain Clement Kay, who resigns his commission.

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Illustrated Interviews.

XXVII.—THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



From a Photo. by] THE MANSION HOUSE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

SIR STUART KNILL, BART., Lord Mayor of London, is a busy man, and when he shook hands with me in the Long Parlour, at the Mansion House, at ten o'clock one morning, he had been up and doing some three hours previously. I had been waiting a few minutes, and was by no means the only one, so besieged is the first dignitary of the City with deputations of all sorts and descriptions. Time was evidently of value here; so, after a rapid interchange of sentences, off we start on a tour of inspection of the Mansion House and its belongings.

Certainly I am honoured by his lordship personally conducting and explaining, and just as certainly, what with listening and looking, taking mental notes, and studying the speaker, I am kept pretty busy.

We are traversing the Vesture and Reception Halls, recalling Kings, Queens, statesmen, and Lord Mayors. A fine, lofty place, of considerable dimensions, massive and rich in detail: the walls are beautifully decorated with gold carving in relief of fruit and flowers, together with shields, sceptres, and other official insignia; the whole standing out bright and rich against walls of creamy hue.

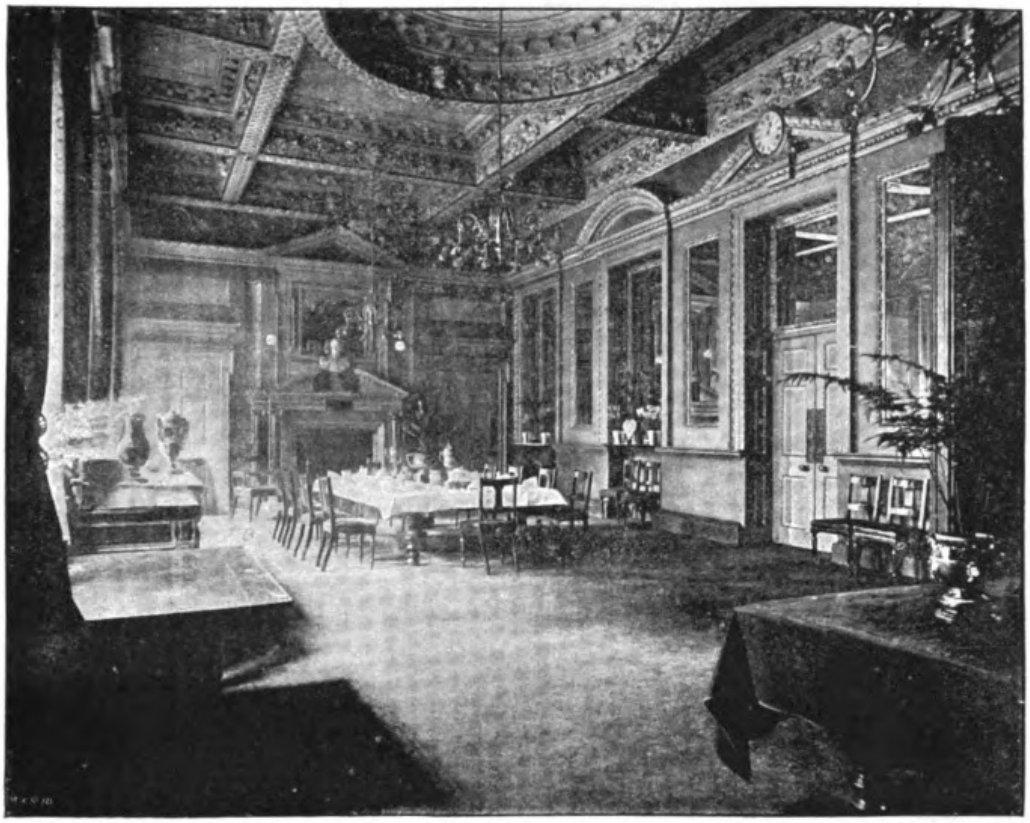
Somehow all the halls of grandeur are overshadowed with dark obscurity. Dimness seems to be respectable, and, if it were not for the aid of artificial light, it would much resemble "sitting among the tombs."

I am bewailing the darkness when, at a word from his lordship, an attentive servitor turns on the electric current, and brilliancy takes the place of obscurity: I am suddenly transported into a palace of light.

With a quick glance I note the handsome furniture of over-burnished gold and plush, the rich hangings and carpets, and costly crystal chandeliers; then we come to a sudden halt.

"Here is something that will interest you," said his lordship. "This is the China Cup given by the Volunteers in China; it was shot for

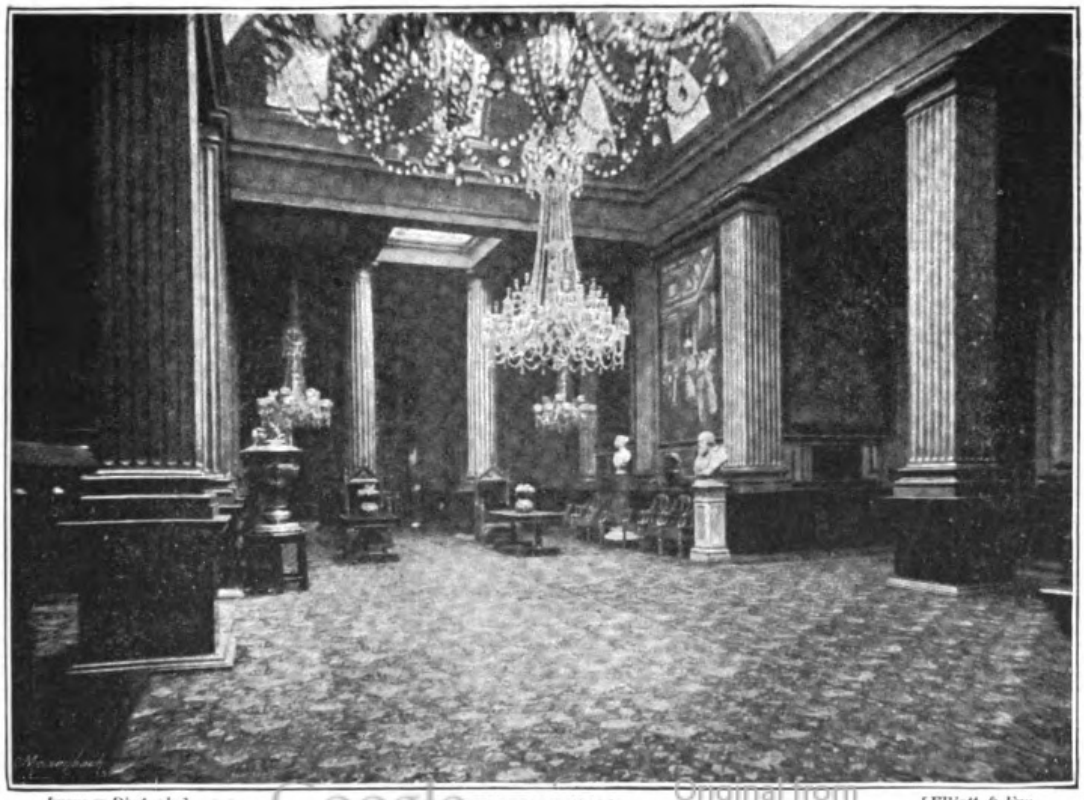
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From a Photo. by] THE LONG PARLOUR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

and won by the London team, and by them deposited in my care for the year."

Very handsome this cup is, also very costly, for it is of massive silver, beautifully embossed, and surmounted with Chinese dragons.



From a Photo. by] THE RECEPTION HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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From a Photo. by] THE CHINA CUP. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Worth photographing, was my thought; accordingly, you are able to form some idea of its proportions and make. Just over this hangs a beautiful piece of tapestry, representing Queen Elizabeth opening the first Exchange, and opposite is another piece showing the visit of Queen Victoria to the Mansion House in the Jubilee year.

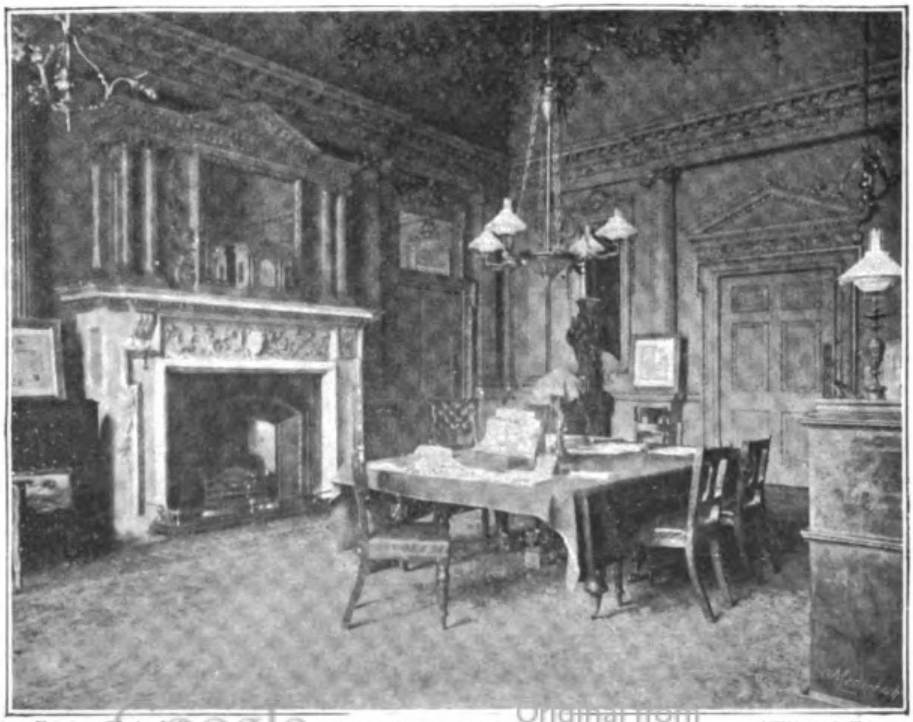
"These," said my courteous guide, "were the last pieces made at the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works, under the direction of the Duke of Albany."

Wondrously good these tapestries are; and it does seem a pity this sort of work is almost obsolete. The piece depicting Her Majesty visiting this place shows such perfect likenesses of each of the group, that at a little distance one might easily mistake it for a work in oils. A few busts are noticeable here: Queen Victoria and the lamented Prince Consort, King George IV., and the Marquis of Salisbury, the latter presented by the Corporation in 1888.

In this hall, I was informed, the Lord Mayor receives his guests on great occasions; it reaches right away to the Egyptian Hall; but before proceeding to investigate that place, I am shown two or three rooms of interest near to hand. Entering one on the right, we are curiously gazed upon by some workmen who are busily engaged at the far end.

"My business room," said the Lord Mayor, "but I am turned out just now, while these men are putting in a new window."

This room is called the Venetian Parlour. It is plainly but substantially furnished: containing, amongst other things, a number of framed testimonials and congratulations, presented to his lordship on his election, by different companies and societies. Evidently, here is a man liked and respected by all who have had dealings with him. I make no attempt here to discuss the reasons brought forward by a certain faction, that should cause Sir Stuart Knill to be passed over for election to civic honours. It was a sort of "storm in a teapot"; the Right Honourable went into



From a Photo. by] THE VENETIAN PARLOUR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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From a Photo. by] MASTER STUART KNILL. *[H. Wayland, Blackheath.*

office with a big majority, and the City has a chief of upright fearlessness of character, and of unswerving integrity in all his actions, as well as a right benevolent gentleman, a free-handed entertainer, and supporter of all the ancient dignities of office.

Still later, an accusation of want of loyalty has been brought. Now, I have had more than one opportunity of conversing with Lord Mayor Knill and his family, and I venture to say no more loyal man than he holds office in this country, and no one who would more readily serve his Queen in any emergency. With each member of the family the warmest fealty to the throne is manifest, expressed in no empty words, but evidently the language of the heart.

There is one thing in this room I must not overlook, because it is held to be of very great importance in the Mansion House family: it is a large framed portrait of the only grandson, Master Stuart Knill. Not only is he a name-sake, but actually his birthday is of corresponding date to that of his grandfather, and having arrived at the dignity of seven years, he has had his likeness taken for "a birthday present to his dear grandpa."

Mrs. John Knill comes in at this juncture, and after an introduction tells me all about her boy, with all a mother's pride in the bonnie face and winsome ways of the child whose life many a time had been despaired of, but who was now as healthy and hearty as one could wish. They all thought it would be capital to have him portrayed in his grandfather's robe, cocked hat, etc.; the boy was as proud as possible. Accordingly, Mr. H. Wayland, of Blackheath, took him with happy effect, and here you have the reproduction.

Perhaps some day Stuart, junr., will wear the civic insignia in reality; let us hope that he will wear it as worthily as his grandfather.

Here we stand talking a few minutes, then proceed together to the secretary's room, or the "Hive" as Mr. Soulsby calls it. This gentleman, I must tell you, is a fixture, and seems quite as much a part of the Mansion House as is the Corporation plate. It's a case of "Lord Mayors may come, Lord Mayors may go, but *I* stay on for ever." And well it is that such *is* the case, for the business of this place is like a complicated piece of mechanism, requiring practice as well as tact to keep it going. Perfect piles of correspondence cover the centre table: curious, too, some of it! If ever a man was beset with office and situation hunters, and inundated with begging letters — to say nothing of requests, both strange and amusing — it is the Lord Mayor of London. The great army of the unemployed of every grade, from a bank manager down to a messenger, from a director to a caretaker, each and every one thinks his lordship can find him a situation, and put him in it. It would, indeed, be an undertaking and a responsi-

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From a Photo. by] THE SECRETARY'S ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

bility for any man, especially as he knows nothing of their characters. And the begging letters! They are sufficiently numerous to quickly make a rich man a poor one, if the writers were helped as they desire. The compulsory refusal is evidently *not* one of the sweets of office to a man as kind-hearted as Sir Stuart Knill. That he *does* give, and gives largely, regardless of creed or any other matter, I know for a fact; but wherever it is possible the gift is bestowed quietly.

Now we turn to the letters, which contain some very peculiar and amusing requests. What would you think of turning the Mansion House into a matrimonial agency, with the Lord Mayor as managing director? Sounds queer, does it not? Yet one young settler out in Canada, tired of single blessedness and sighing for the married state, actually hit upon London's Lord Mayor as a suitable person to help him to a wife. Needless to say, the "agency" was not accepted.

Then, again, a Continental tradesman has an idea of turning the place into a market, with his lordship as chief salesman; for he sends over a large case of goods, asking that they may be sold on his behalf!

Another petition, of a different sort, met with more favourable consideration: it was that of a boy who had gone from an industrial school out to Montreal. He had left behind him three brothers, to whom he had since written, but his letters had been returned with "gone away" on the envelopes. The lad's letter was given into the hands of the City Commissioner, and after some considerable trouble all three were found living in different parts of London, and placed in communication with the brother in foreign lands. This is only one of frequent cases where the Mansion House aid is besought for the finding of lost friends, happy results often following.

Mr. Soulsby is depicted here, as you may find him at any time, deep in his duties; and when one thinks of the numerous dinners, balls, receptions, deputations, funds, and the other hundred and one matters that he has to attend to, I make up my mind that the office he has so successfully filled for upwards of eighteen years is no sinecure. Mr. Soulsby it was who called my attention to the very beautiful marble chimney-piece in this room. It is of pure Sicilian marble, exquisitely sculptured in fruit and flowers, the top supports being Corinthian columns, the lower having continuation of Corinthian character; while running around the fireplace is an exquisitively carved frieze.

As we emerge into the corridor, the entrance to the Justice Room faces us: but, as the Lord Mayor sits there later on, we leave that for the present, and proceed to the State Drawing Rooms. These two rooms are spanned mid-way with a lofty arch. Several doors in them communicate with other rooms, and each one being panelled in plate glass adds greatly to the grand effect. The prevailing tints of ceiling and walls are cream and gold, the latter being silk panelled. Here, as in the majority of the Mansion House rooms, gold carving of fruit and flowers in relief is a special feature. The marble chimney-pieces are very fine, as are also the crystal chandeliers and numerous candelabra. In one room the furniture is of walnut, upholstered with grey silk; in the

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From a Photo. by] THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

other the frames are over-burnished, with upholstery of gold silk.

"Here," explained his lordship, "the Lady Mayoress holds her receptions, which are generally very largely attended. The rooms are, of course, also open on all occasions when guests are here."

I remember then that the receptions are musical, and glance over at the fine "grand" in the corner, with three or four music-stands in its neighbourhood. Subsequently I had the pleasure of attending one of these receptions. Very enjoyable it was too, but would have been much more so if a part of the four hundred odd people who came had but left a little sooner; but, no, there they stayed; while cups of tea went briskly round, music never flagged, conversation was general, and we all got wedged into groups or corners; felt generally warm and uncomfortable; but smiled at each other as though we had reached the highest state of blissful existence.

To return, however. There is to be a banquet to-night, and cut flowers and plants are being placed here and there, brightening up the rooms that, though grand and stately, yet are stiff and formal.

We now pass out by the doorway at the upper end of the drawing-rooms; this bringing us to the top of the Grand Reception Hall. Here we pause, and looking down, note the massive supporting columns, and the stately proportions of the whole—seen here to the greatest advantage.

It is natural to think and speak here of the stately ceremonies, and of the illustrious visitors, long since faded into the shadows of the past, and to recall times when the Lord Mayors of London held an office of a somewhat different nature to what they do now.

For instance: he is in no danger of Her Majesty sending him to prison because he has not squeezed enough money out of the citizens to satisfy her demands; his predecessors of ancient times were! Then, again, he is suitably and handsomely lodged, whereas aforetimes he had to borrow a company's hall, hire a house, or put up with what he had got; the latter, of course, being generally much too small for the duties of his position.

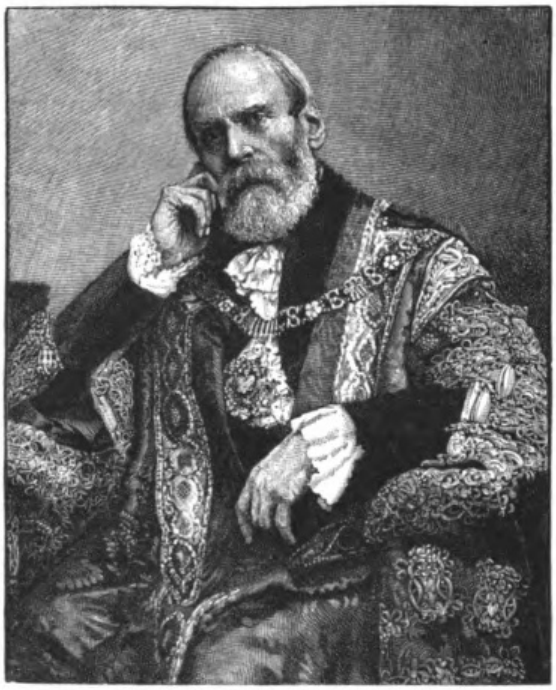
In 1739 the City thought the time had arrived for an official residence, and the foundation stone was laid by Lord Mayor Perry, the opening taking place amid much rejoicing on the part of the citizens in 1753. It is built of Portland stone, its exterior doubtless being familiar to most of my readers. I may here say that the bills for house and furniture amounted to £70,985 13s. 2d.; the plate costing £11,531 16s. 3d. It is now of much greater value, as each Lord Mayor adds about £500 worth.

The first Mayor was elected by Richard I. in 1189, but the prefix of Lord, with style of

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Right Honourable, was not granted until 1354, by Edward III.

There is a sort of magnet about the words "Mansion House," and, generally speaking, a vast amount of respect for the occupants who come and go year by year. The fact of it is, in the elevation and dignity of the Lord Mayor, City men behold theirs, for he is one of them. So, despite of much talking of doing away with the annual show, we still steadily vote ourselves a holiday; don all our best attire; and, emptying our warehouses and shop windows of their usual adornments, we fill them with happy families; and generally agree that it is a good old institution that ought to be kept up.



SIR STUART KNILL, BART., LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

I should imagine that it would be difficult to find a more responsible and hard-working post than that of Lord Mayor. To take but brief cognizance of the different duties for one year would be a prodigious task, so numerous and so wide is the extent. He is a Judge of the Central Criminal Court and London Sessions, presides at the Court of Aldermen, as well as at a legion of public meetings at the Mansion House and elsewhere. He receives numbers of distinguished foreign visitors, and has frequent communications with the Government as the City representative.

Should there be a change of monarchy, he must attend the Privy Council, and act as Chief Butler at the coronation. He is connected with more schools, hospitals, and societies than I can say; and any national or foreign calamity that occurs, he is the acting and willing medium for public subscriptions. He also sits daily in the Mansion House justice-room, where he tries prisoners and arbitrates in private causes, besides attending dinners, concerts, and balls innumerable.

All this makes up a sum total of engagements, that it is a wonder how any one man can go through with them.

This year, it certainly seems to be the right man in the right place. A tall, keen-eyed, grey-haired man, practical and business-like; evidently thoughtful and quietly shrewd; and, above all, evincing an innate courtesy and kindness of manner that win the respect of all.

A portrait and brief biography of the Lord Mayor was published in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for January of this year; and while penning these lines, the tidings reach me that Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer upon him a Baronetage, so I take the opportunity of asking my readers to join in hearty congratulations to Sir Stuart Knill and family.

Before passing through the large doorway, immediately near us, we proceed to note the two gigantic and finely sculptured pieces of Sardanapalus and Caractacus, by Weekes and Foley respectively; having done which,

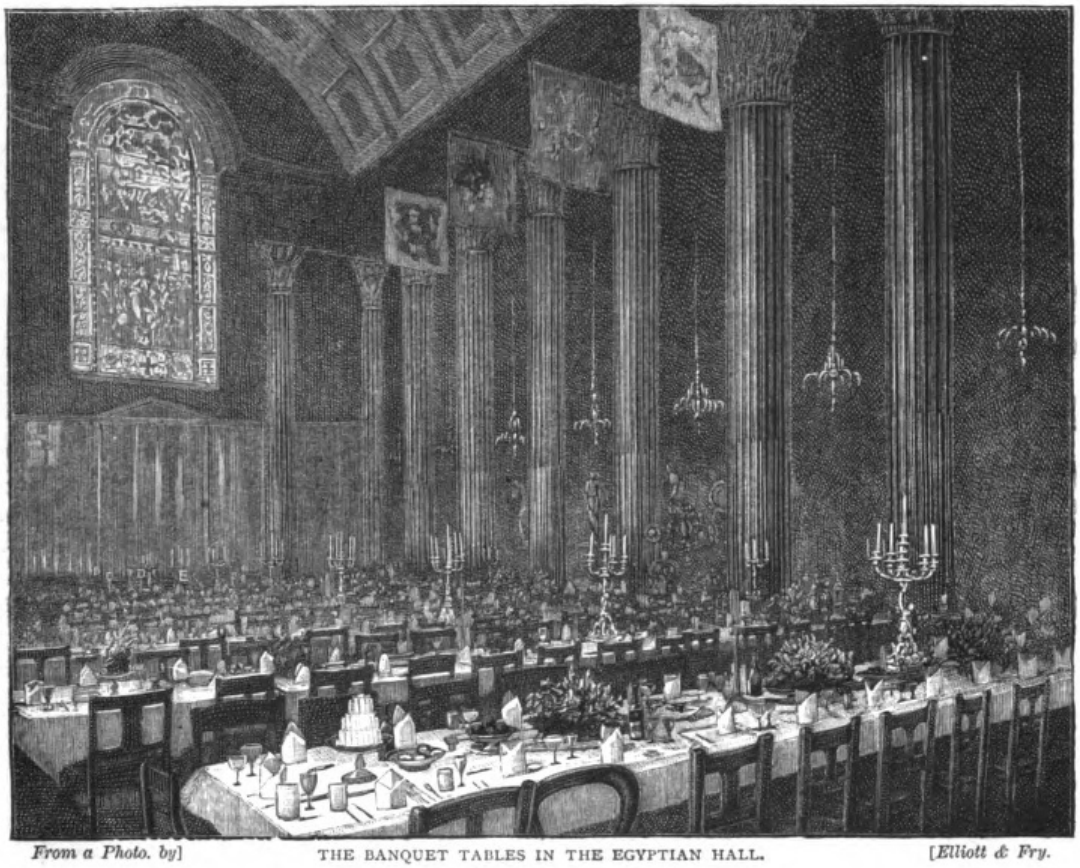


THE LADY MAYORESS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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we enter the Egyptian Hall, a place of noble proportions, designed by Lord Burlington.

"This hall," said his lordship, "as you probably know, is used for banquets, public meetings, and the Lord Mayor's Ball. At the banquets the Lord Mayor's seat is on a daïs facing the doors; about four hundred can dine here, the tables being placed round three sides, and in rows across the centre."



From a Photo. by] THE BANQUET TABLES IN THE EGYPTIAN HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Later on, I was a privileged spectator of a banquet given in honour of M. Waddington; a brilliant spectacle it was, and right well was the dignity of our ancient City maintained by Sir Stuart Knill. On that occasion a sketch was taken of the table before the company sat down, which will give some idea of the effective tableau presented later on.

This Egyptian Hall is worth inspecting in detail, and we walk leisurely around it, noting and chatting. Two rows of lofty, detached pillars stand out on either side; from the vaulted roof hang some gay banners of former Lord Mayors, prominent being the one of the gentleman now conversing with me. At either end are immense plate-glass mirrors reflecting back the whole of the interior; above these being two magnificent stained-glass windows, one showing a street procession of Edward VI., the other a water procession of Queen Elizabeth. On either side of the room, in rear of the pillars, are some grand specimens of sculptured statuary, all wrought by illustrious men; these were purchased by the Corporation after the Exhibition of 1851, at a cost of £10,000. Over the entrance is a horse-shoe balcony, where the privileged few may look on at the stately functions proceeding below. We could mentally recall several of unusual splendour: one, for instance, when the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was entertained in 1814. £20,000 was the sum then expended! Or, one still longer ago, when the far-famed Whittington entertained Henry V. and Queen Catherine. Whittington was a right liberal host; but the crowning point was after the banquet, when King, Queen, and Mayor stood in front of a fire made with precious woods mixed with spices. Conversation turned on money matters, the Mayor having lent the King immense sums of money wherewith to carry on the siege of Harfleur. Small wonder that the monarchs were astonished when Whittington took the bonds for such moneys

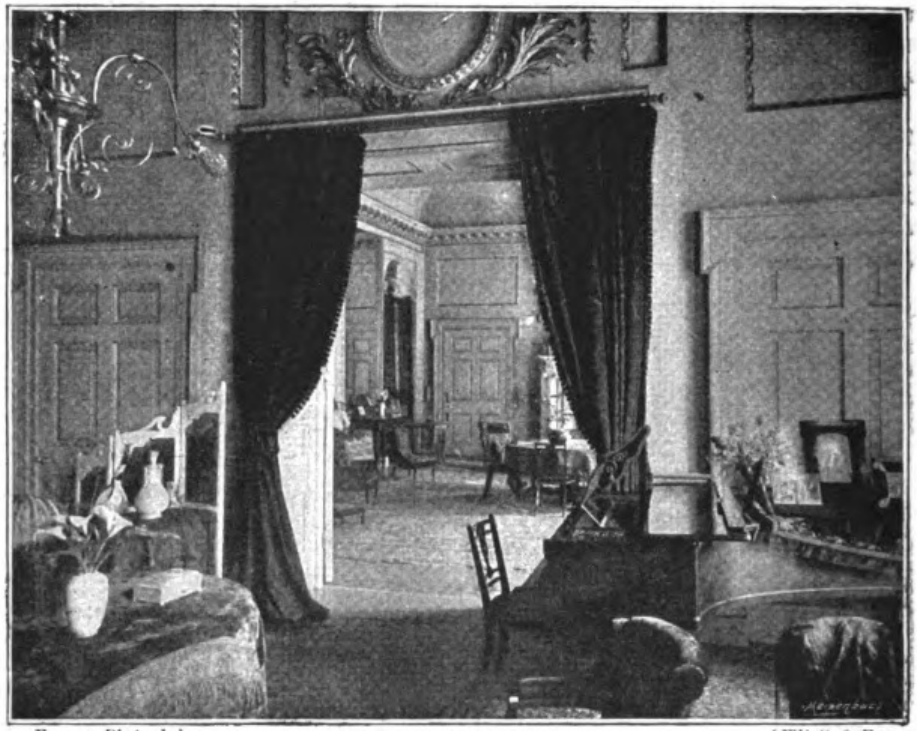
and calmly consigned them to the flames, the King giving utterance to his feelings with—

"Surely, never had King such a subject!"

To which the right loyal entertainer replied, as he bowed low with courtly gallantry:—

"Surely, sire, never had subject such a King!"

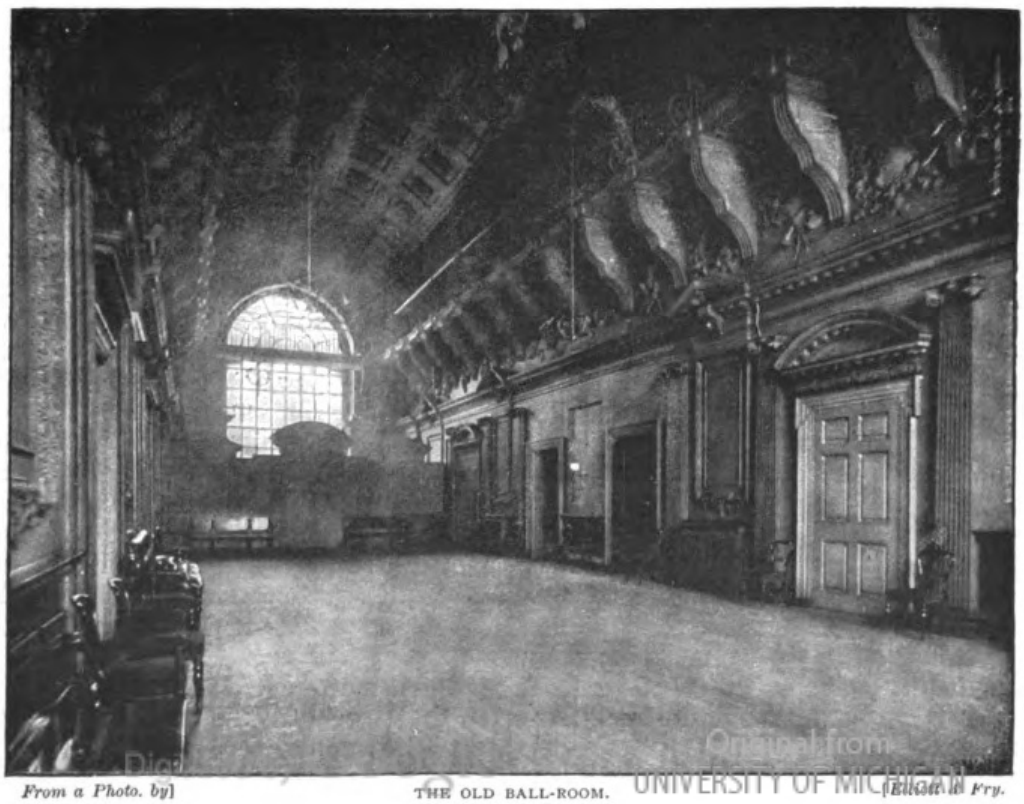
If the days of swelling the monarch's purse have gone by, the days of costly banquets are with us still; of which the annual one on the 9th of November is no mean example, the cost of that being computed at about £3,000, the Lord Mayor paying half, and the two Sheriffs a fourth each.



From a Photo. by] THE MORNING ROOMS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

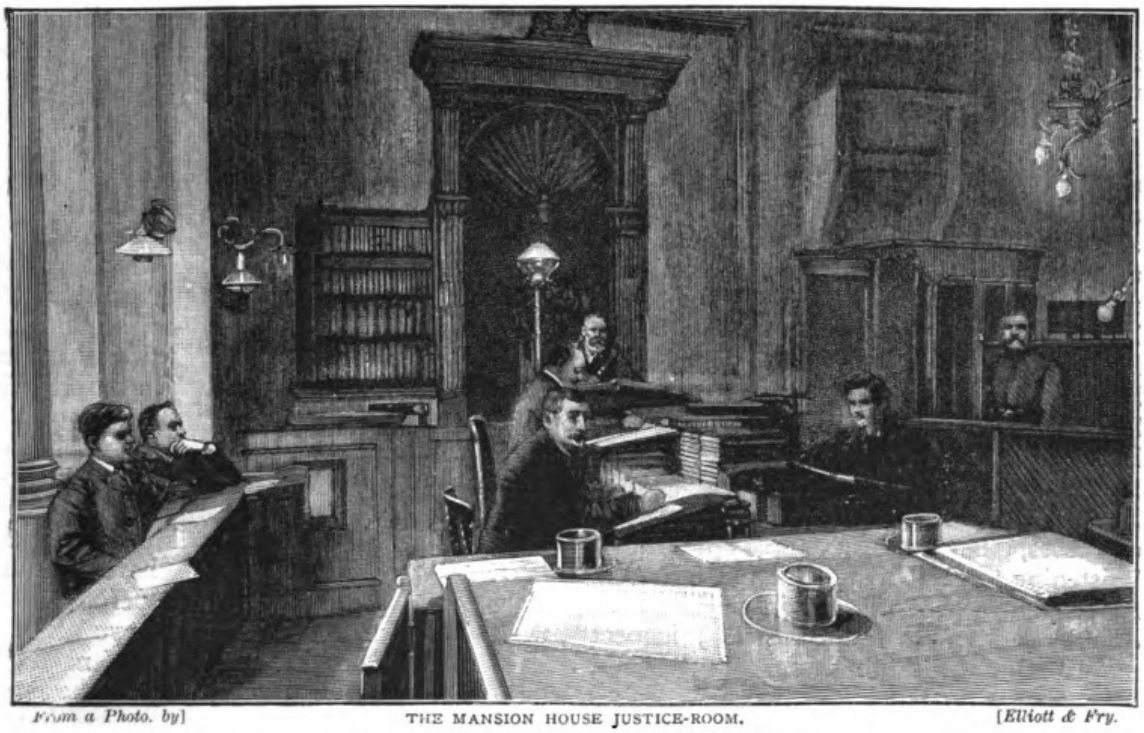
Here we leave banquet subjects and Banqueting Hall, and go up the staircase opening from the grand reception hall, and exactly opposite the one leading from the lower hall. The same beautiful designs are here continued on ceiling and wall, together with a profusion of floral decoration in windows and lobbies.

Just at the top are two morning rooms, these being furnished in walnut and gold, with hangings of rich plush, and decorated



From a Photo. by] THE OLD BALL-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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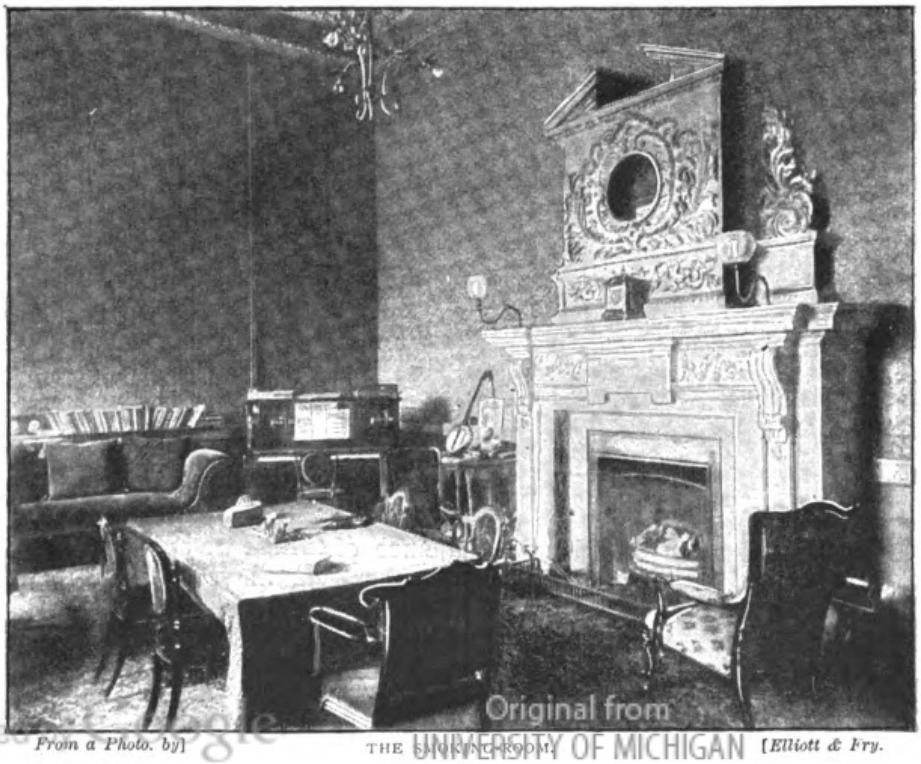
From a Photo. by] THE MANSION HOUSE JUSTICE-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

in cream and gold; the doors have plate-glass panels, the chimney-pieces are handsome and artistic, over one being a fine sculptured bust of Her Majesty the Queen. Birds in their cages are singing their sweetest, revelling in the bright sunshine streaming in at the windows. Music is scattered here and there; one of Erard's superb "grands" standing in an inviting position. Altogether, these rooms have a very attractive appearance.

Next, my Lord Mayor conducted me to the old ball-room. Here, he explained, many of the City Companies hold their "dinners," on the walls being displayed their shields and devices. The prevailing tone of the decorations are pale green, cream, and gold. A light gallery runs round the room, from which gallery open a number of bedrooms.

At one end of the room a screen reaches right across and on looking behind we find the flooring replaced with glass, this device, his lordship informed me, having been resorted to in order that more light could be introduced to the Justice Room, which is immediately below; this glass can be covered at will, thus bringing the room to its former size when requisite.

The billiard-room is contiguous to this, a pleasant room, decorated in terra-cotta, and fitted with handsome and comfortable



From a Photo. by] THE BANKING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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appointments. Then we visit a snug smoking den, a cosy little spot where his lordship can enjoy his weed, and keep, as he tells me, the smoke smell from the downstairs rooms.

But time is passing; the hour for the Justice Room approaches; so we hasten to the boudoir of the Lady Mayoress, to whom I am now introduced. A few pleasant words are addressed to me, a promise of a chat later on, and I hurry downstairs to see the Chief Magistrate take his seat in the court. First, a likeness is taken, consent being kindly accorded; so here you see the Lord Mayor occupying the seat of Justice, Mr. Douglas, Clerk of the Court, in his accustomed position, and various other officials in theirs. I stay for one or two cases, having thus an opportunity of listening to reproof and advice from the chair, and a sample of legal argument; then I wander off to the lower regions; inspect the plate-room, with its store of costly and elaborate pieces; the kitchens, where I find huge joints roasting in rows for the coming banquet, together with a plentiful supply of all the other accessories requisite for a Mansion House dinner.

so hospitable a man as Sir Stuart Knill. It scarcely needs my assurance of the perfection of hospitality which I, as well as others, received here; all that may be taken for granted.

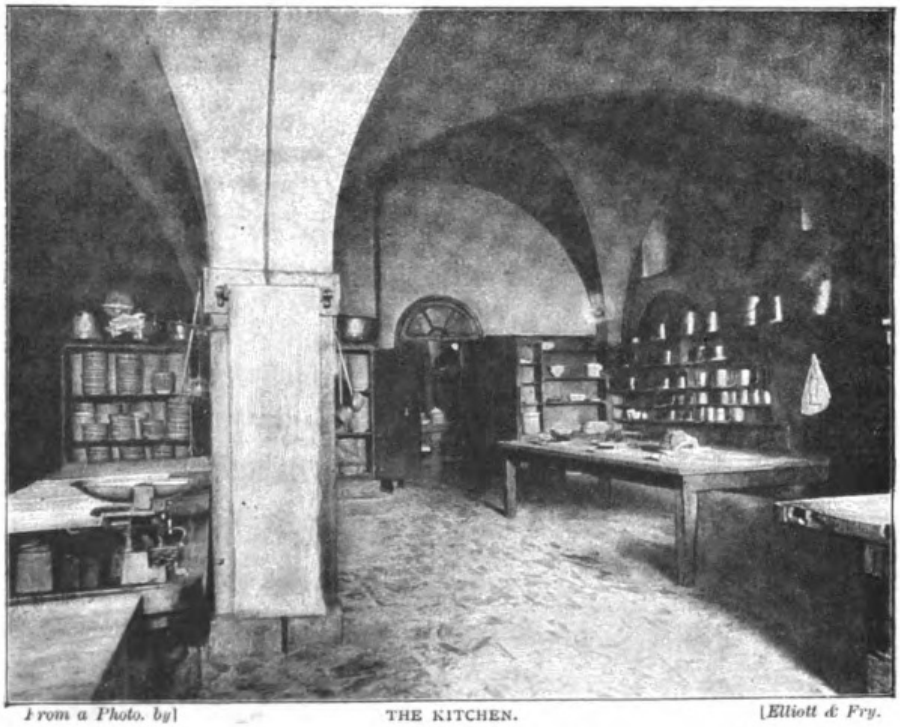
Later in the day, I had my promised interview with the Lady Mayoress; three of us—the extra one being Mrs. John Knill—settling down for a cosy talk, which proved so full of interest that the large hand of the timepiece travelled nearly twice round ere the good-bye was spoken. It was a charming room in which we sat, looking more like "home" than any room in the house.

A plentiful supply of music and books, lots of albums and framed portraits—presents of all sorts.

"People have been very kind," said the Lady Mayoress; "in fact, we have received so many things that I am wondering where we shall put them all when we leave here."

Then I found that although of necessity much time must be passed at the civic residence, yet the house at Blackheath was the favoured spot.

"Sunshine and fresh air, and a quiet country life," said my hostess, "I enjoy; and



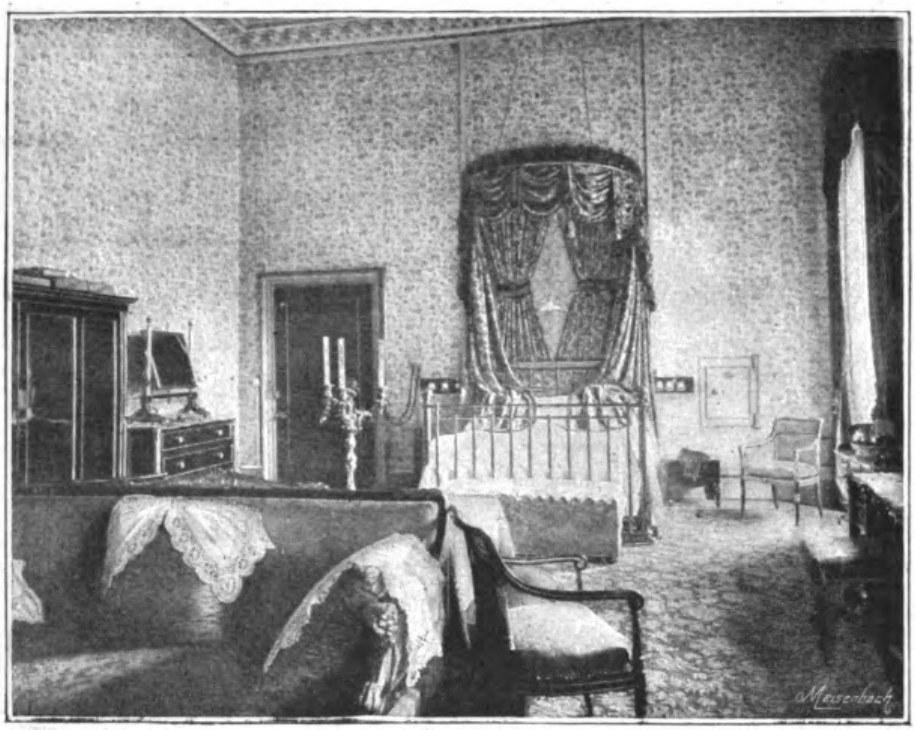
From a Photo. by] THE KITCHEN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Then, under the experienced guidance of Mr. Winny, the butler of nearly eleven years' standing, I explore the wine cellars—capacious and numerous; hear how many hundred dozen a good Lord Mayor will consume in his year, and inwardly wonder whether the salary of £10,000 will pay even half the expenses of

here we are so shut in, the rooms are dark, and yet so large that you scarcely catch a voice from the other end of one."

And so we went on to talk of the many and varied duties that devolve on the Lady Mayoress; many of them enjoyable, but the multiplicity making them very tiring.

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From a Photo. by] STATE BEDROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"Very kind of the people to ask us," said her ladyship, "but—yes—it *is* somewhat wearying: the continual round of 'at homes,' receptions, balls, etc., to say nothing of the large number of charitable, scholastic, and other good works in which we must take part."

From this we drifted into the needs and sufferings of the vast legion of the London poor. How much sympathy with and how much anxiety to help was shown by these ladies I cannot describe to you; regardless of creed, they would like to help all in need; but how many applications were received for assistance it was difficult for them to say.

"How do you treat these letters?" I asked; and was told in answer that as many as possible were answered in some way, as, "If you cannot help a person, it is only right and kind to put them out of suspense." It is evidently the middle-class people who have most of the sympathy of the Mansion House mistress, though; "for," said she, "when poverty overtakes *them*, they feel it more than those who have been brought up in a harder school; besides, there is more done for the latter; the outcast can take refuge in the workhouse or shelter if no other place is open to him, while the more gently nurtured shrink from it."

Then I listened with interest to an account of a Catholic Women's Shelter in the City, and a recital of facts gathered in personal visits to the place.

Literature was the next topic, and here I found myself in contact with two minds well stored with the works of the best writers; and minds that deplored the vast amount of light and unprofitable reading indulged in by so many at the present time.

This led to a practical remark from the Lady Mayoress, which would be well for the future of Young England if acted upon. "Why is it," she said, "that our boys are not well grounded in French and German, instead of the smattering of sciences and 'ologies that is so prevalent? See how necessary it is in mercantile houses at the present time: is it any wonder that foreigners come over and secure clerkships, while hundreds of Englishmen and lads are either out of employment, or working for a mere pittance in inferior positions?"

Sound reasoning this, and, coming from the wife of a thorough business man, it is not speaking of matters she does not understand.

I should think the sound common sense of the wife in this case would be invaluable to the husband; and if one can read at all, this is just the sort of family where a bond of mutual help, as well as mutual affection, exists.

Singularly happy is the Lady Mayoress in having a daughter-in-law who can so ably fill her place or second her in her duties, as

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can Mrs. John Knill. These duties have, in fact, often to devolve upon her entirely, as her ladyship—no longer young, and anything but robust—often finds rest absolutely necessary.

A photo. is taken of the boudoir and one of the State bedrooms, which Mrs. Knill points out to me. In the former I am happy in having persuaded the Lady Mayoress to sit, though, as she tells me, "she has a rooted objection to anything of the sort." And so we chatted, presently turning to the large amount of curiosity displayed by the people whenever a public appearance of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress is made, and the sometimes amusing experiences in consequence.

I had heard — and repeated it — of a countryman and his wife up to see the sights. They evidently had peculiar ideas of the Lord Mayor's functions or the use of his residence, for they were discovered gazing anxiously through the massive iron bars fixed in the lower front of the Mansion House; and when asked the reason, the old man replied that "he and his missis were up to see the soights, and so thought they might see the Lord Mayor: What toime do it begin?" evidently imagining it was either a circus or a menagerie, with the Lord Mayor as M.C. What a hearty laugh this was greeted with, and the natural kindness peeped out when Lady Knill remarked, "Poor things, if that is true, what a pity they could not come and see inside."



From a Photo. by] THE LADY MAYORESS' BOUDOIR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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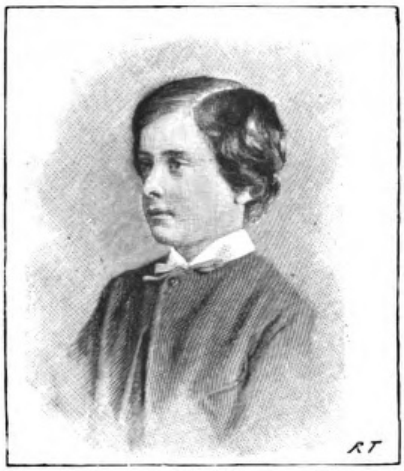


AGE 3.
From a Photo. by Mayall, Regent Street.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

BORN 1858.

LORD HERBRAND ARTHUR RUSSELL, the late Duke of Bedford's only brother, succeeded to the Dukedom on the death of his brother in February last. He was born in 1858, and was educated at



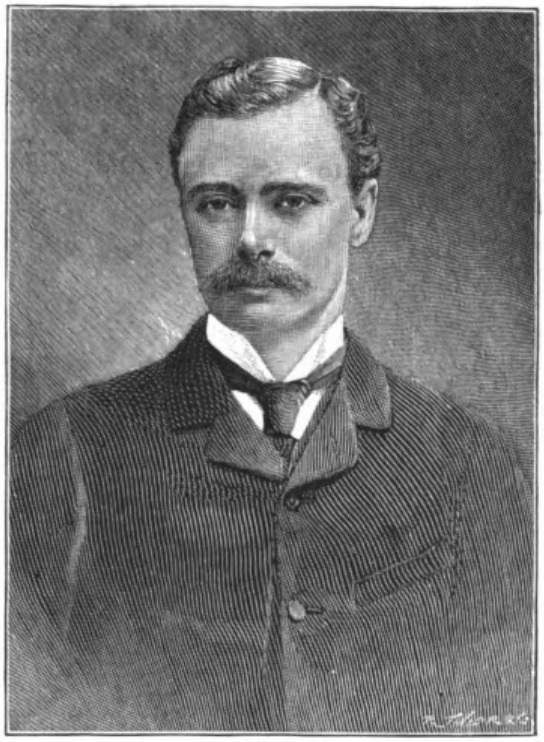
AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Heath, Regent Street.

Balliol College, Oxford. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, and served in the Egyptian Campaign in 1882, for which he received the medal and clasp. From 1884 to 1888 he served as Aide-de-Camp to the



AGE 24.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

Marquess of Dufferin, Viceroy of India. He married, in January, 1888, Mary du Caurroy, daughter of the Ven. Archdeacon Tribe, and has a son, Hastings William Sackville, born in December, 1888.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Square.

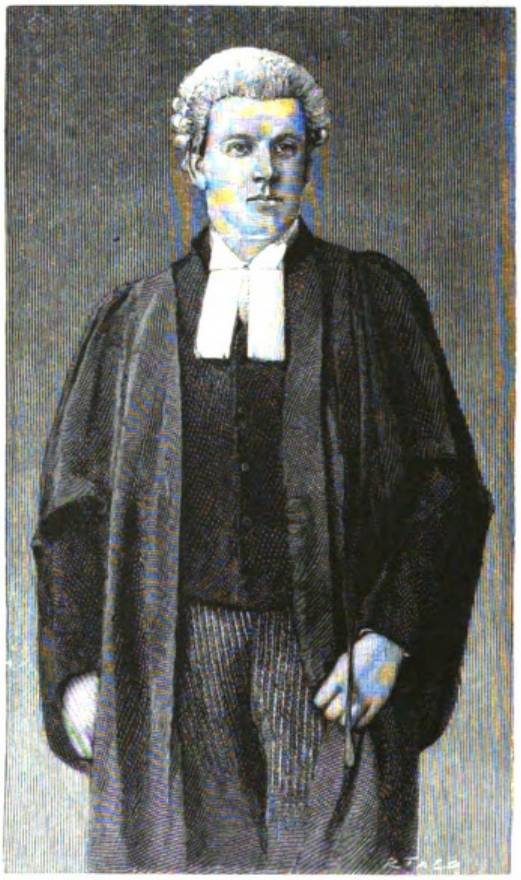
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AGE 14.
From a Photo. by D. Jones, Bold Street, Liverpool.

CHARLES F. GILL.
BORN 1851.

MR. CHARLES FREDERICK GILL, whose career at the Bar has been of exceptional brilliance, was born at Dublin, and educated at the Royal School, Dungannon. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple at the age of twenty-three, and went on the South-Eastern Circuit and the Sussex Sessions. He was Junior Counsel to the Post Office at the Central Criminal Court in 1886 and 1887, Senior Counsel from 1887 to 1889; Junior Counsel to the Treasury from 1889 to 1892, Senior Counsel 1892. In March, 1890, he was appointed Recorder of Chichester.



AGE 34.
From a Photo. by Lombardi & Co., Pall Mall East.



AGE 27.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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From a] AGE 5. *[Daguerreotype.*

MRS. HUNGERFORD.

THE well-known authoress of "Molly Bawn" is the daughter of the late Canon Hamilton, rector of St. Faughnan's Cathedral in Rosscarbery, Co. Cork. She began to write when very young, always taking the



From a Photo. by] AGE 12. *[Cook, Cork.*

prize at school for composition; and her first novel, "Phyllis," written before she was nineteen, was read by Mr. James Payn, who



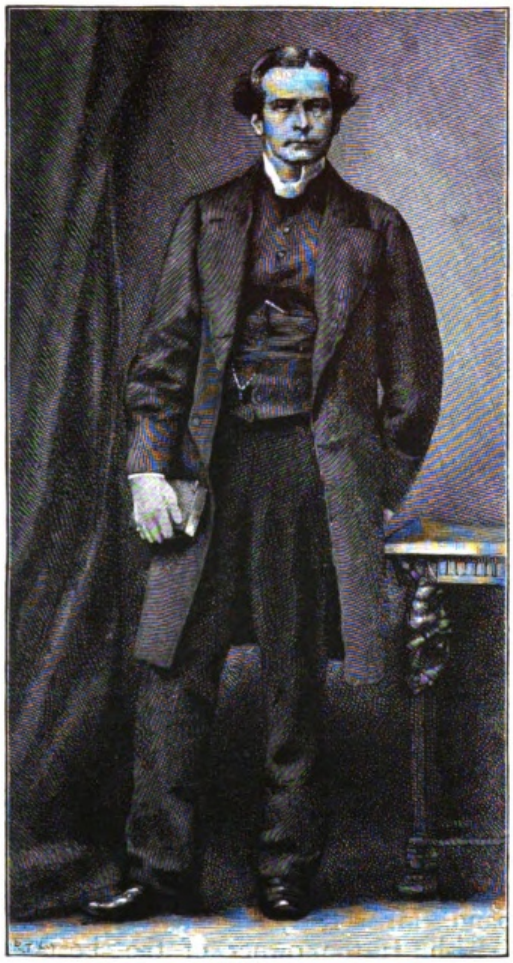
From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Elwell, Regent St., W.*

accepted it for Messrs. Smith and Elder. Since that time she has written between thirty and forty novels, which have found innumerable readers, among the most popular being "Molly Bawn," "Mrs. Geoffrey," "Portia," "Rossmoyne," "Undercurrents," "A Life's Remorse," "A Born Coquette," "A Conquering Heroine." Her husband, Mr. Henry Hungerford, who is also Irish, is the owner of the beautiful estate of St. Brenda's, Bandon, Co. Cork, where Mrs. Hungerford, who is the mother of six children, devotes herself to gardening and farming, as well as to the writing of her popular books.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Gay & Co., Cork.*

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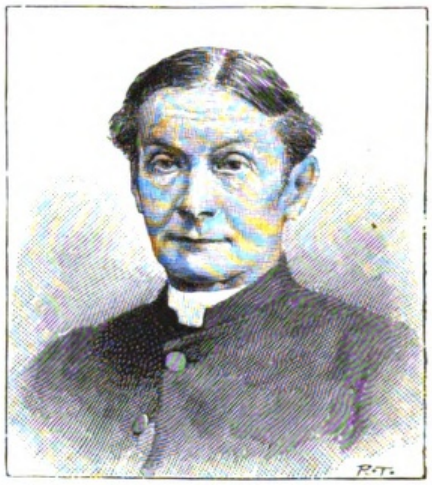
AGE 23.

From a Photo. by Silvy, Porchester Terrace, W.

THE BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS.

BORN 1833.

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE HOWARD WILKINSON, Bishop of St. Andrews, was educated at Oriel College, Oxford (B.A. 1855; M.A. 1859). He was curate of Kensington, 1857–59; perpetual curate of Seaham Harbour, 1859–63, and of Auckland, Durham, 1863–67. In 1867 he was appointed incumbent of St. Peter's, Great Windmill Street, London; and in 1870 he became vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. He was also an honorary canon of Truro Cathedral, and examining chaplain to the bishop of that diocese. He was select preacher at Oxford 1879–81. In January, 1883, he was appointed to the see of Truro, which had become vacant by the promotion of Dr. Benson to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; and he was consecrated by the new Primate, in St. Paul's Cathedral, on April 25th. From this see he



AGE 45.

From a Photo. by Fradelle, Regent Street, W.

was transferred to his present position as Bishop of St. Andrews. He is the author of several works on devotional and other religious subjects.



AGE 58.

From a Photo. by Argall, Truro.

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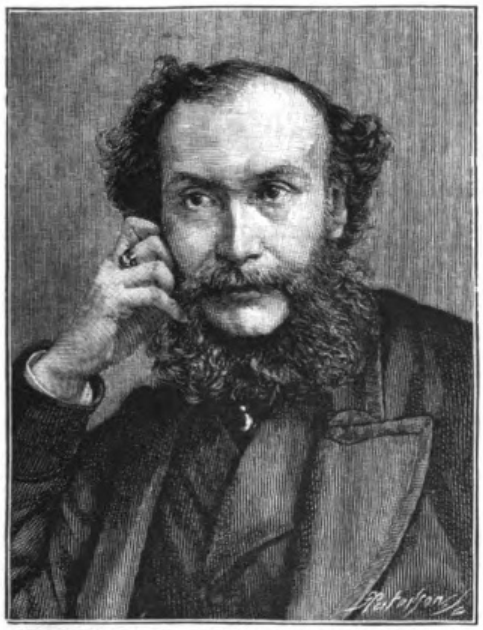


AGE 15.
From a Pencil Drawing.

GOURLAY STEELL.

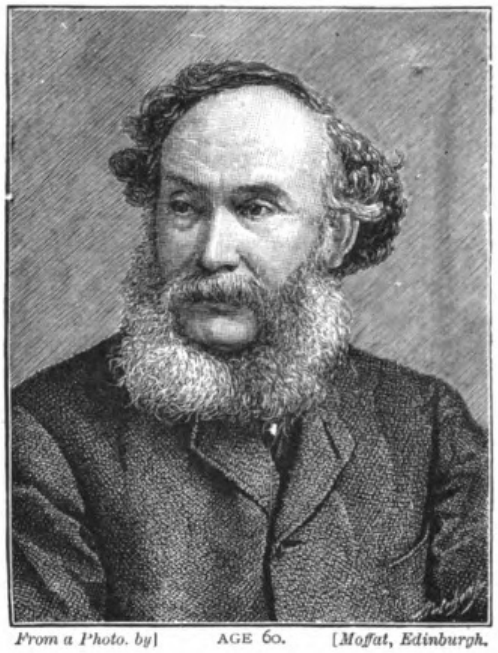
BORN 1819.

MR. GOURLAY STEELL, R.S.A., son of the late John Steell, artist in Edinburgh, and youngest brother of the late Sir John Steell, sculptor, was born at Edinburgh and educated there. He received his



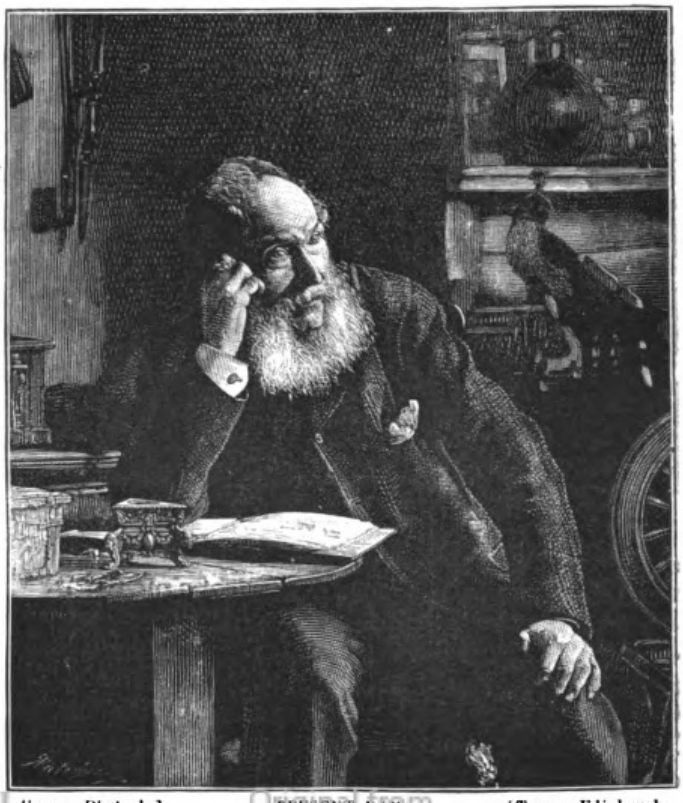
From a Photo. by] AGE 42. *[Rodgers, St. Andrews.*

Art training in the Galleries of the Board of Manufactures, under Sir William Allan, R.A., P.R.S.A., and in the private studio of Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A. His first exhibited work was a model of a greyhound, hung in the rooms of the Scottish Academy, in 1832; and his first exhibited picture, a life-size study of a bloodhound, in 1835. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1846, and an Academician in 1859. He was appointed Animal Painter to



From a Photo. by] AGE 60. *[Moffat, Edinburgh.*

Her Majesty for Scotland in 1874 and Principal Curator of the National Gallery of Scotland in 1882, and has for many years held the office of Animal Painter to the Highland and Agricultural Society.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Tunny, Edinburgh.*

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AGE 2.
From a Miniature.

LORD ALCESTER.

BORN 1821.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FREDERICK BEAUCHAMP PAGET SEYMOUR, BARON ALCESTER, G.C.B., is the son of Sir Horace Beauchamp Seymour. He was educated at Eton, and entered the Royal Navy. He was gazetted a lieutenant in 1842, and in the Burmese War of 1852 he led the Fusiliers to the capture of the Pagoda



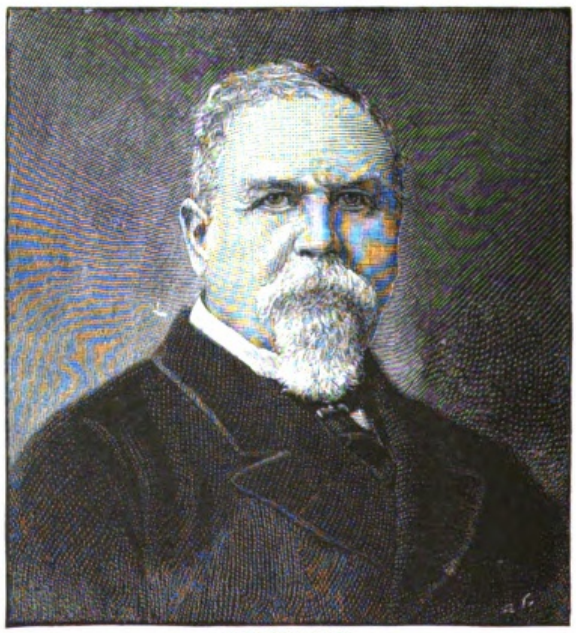
AGE 48.
From a Photo. by Maclardy, Oswestry.

at Pegu, was gazetted four times, and received the Burmese medal. This promise of a most distinguished career was entirely fulfilled, and culminated in the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, when Sir Beauchamp Seymour, as he was then, was in supreme command of the Mediterranean Fleet, where in a few hours he ruined or silenced all the forts, with the loss of very few English and with little injury to his



AGE 62.
From a Photo. by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

ships. For this achievement he received the thanks of Parliament, £20,000, and a Peerage.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

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Guy Harkaway's Substitute.

By M. P. Shiel.

THE congregation at Ebenezer were not so thoroughly satisfied with their pastor as they had once been. They liked him still—more perhaps than they thought—but their enthusiasm about him had subsided a little; somehow he did not seem to them to have the same baptism of unction, the same "liberty of utterance"—and he was by no means in such good health; substitutes—mostly laymen—had frequently to be found to fill his place, a thing that greatly tried the patience of the little flock.

Dr. Johnson somewhere speaks of the "complicated misery" of pedagogy. It is an excellent phrase to apply to the trials of a poor Dissenting minister in a prim, self-supporting little conventicle like Ebenezer—and Guy Harkaway found that he required all the harmlessness of a dove, the wisdom of a serpent, and the tact and *finesse* of an ant-eater to live altogether "free of offence."

He sat one Saturday afternoon in the little room he called his "study," thinking out the final flourishes he was to give to-morrow's "discourse." He always spoke extempore, perhaps not so much from choice, as that the leaders at Ebenezer had a strong conviction that, under no circumstances, could reading be called preaching; that it savoured of "Rome," and was, consequently, more or less sinful.

He was frowning vigorously at the opposite wall, arranging his thoughts—a tallish man with a red, honest face. He was only about thirty, but already several of his teeth had disappeared from the front of his mouth; in his eyes was a somewhat worn and weary look, as if a month's rest from the constant effort to please he was called upon to make would have done him the world of good.

"Come in, dear," he cried, in answer to a well-known tap at the door, his whole face lighting up with pleasure at the sound.

"Look, Guy; a letter from Atherstone!"

He opened the letter and read it, and then his face looked troubled again. His wife glanced over his shoulder as he read, and when they were finished they looked blankly at each other for a minute.

"What's to be done?" he asked, waiting for her to decide for him.

"You must go, Guy," she said with emphasis.

"How can I? Who is to take my place to-morrow?"

"One of the lay——"

"Yes, but a lay brother preached for me last Sunday, when I was too ill to do it myself. You know these people here won't



"A LETTER FROM ATHERSTONE."

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stand too much of that sort of thing—they must have the white tie and a special cut of black coat. Besides, are you quite sure that I *ought* to go?"

She sighed, and began to think, knitting her brows in the prettiest way, and taking a seat beside him. She did not look much over eighteen, this young wife, with her broad, low forehead, and short crop of curly brown hair, cut rather close round the shapely head—a head that had acquired the habit in their short married life of doing a large proportion of the thinking, and solving most of the little commonplace problems that accompanied and punctuated their cramped, but not unpicturesque, life.

"Certainly," she said at last, "it seems to me that your duty to yourself demands that you should go. It is so unfortunate that the letter did not come earlier in the week; still, I think it will be choosing the least of two evils if you go."

"My duty to myself isn't my whole duty."

"Well, no, I suppose not."

"Can you suggest any——"

"Yes—let me go myself to Mr. Delvin, and ask him to take your place. He can hardly refuse, and then I will go the round of the congregation, and make excuses for you. I can soothe most of them, you know. And you can start to-night. An additional £100 a year under present circumstances, my poor boy——" and she sighed again.

The matter was this. Guy was one of the two nephews of a maiden lady in Warwickshire, who was extremely old and capricious, being, besides, fairly well off. The other nephew had long been the favourite; but a year before this he had been heard to comment facetiously on the longevity of "the old lady." The remark had reached her ears, and Guy had straightway been summoned and informed that he might for the future consider himself as sole heir of her property. He had just married, and the event had been hailed in the little household with all the gladness it deserved. And now had come another summons—a final one as it seemed, for the letter announced that Miss Grant was dangerously ill—dying—and required the immediate presence by her bedside of the recipient of all her favours. Both Grace and Guy instinctively understood from the wording of the letter that it was not too late for the will to be altered, and that its ultimate form would depend in a great measure on the prompt obedience of the nephew.



"THE OLD LADY!"

There was no help for it—he must go; and Grace, with her practical helpfulness, soon had him ready for departure. Consulting a time-table, she saw that there were still a couple of hours before he need leave the house, and armed with a note from Guy to Mr. Delvin, she put on her broad straw hat and plain dark cloak, and set out on her mission.

Mr. Delvin had just returned from business, and was leaning back wearily in an armchair, a massive, well-to-do man, with an air of the City about him.

"Oh, Mr. Delvin," cried Grace, as she entered the room, "I have come to ask yet another favour of you; poor Guy——"

"What! ill again, Mrs. Harkaway?"

"No, not that quite, this time, but an aunt of his——"

"Oh, it's his aunt, now, is it?"

Mr. Delvin was not in his best humour, and his voice was hard and unsympathetic; but Grace was a parson's daughter, and a parson's wife, and she had acquired the art of smiling while her heart was aching.

She told him the story candidly, and as the consideration was one of money, it

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appealed to Mr. Delvin's only impressionable side. He was softened.

"And he wants me to preach for him to-morrow, eh?"

"Yes, that is it—you will, now, will you not?"

"The notice is a short one."

"One of your old sermons——"

"No, Mrs. Harkaway—no old sermons for the congregation at Ebenezer, *please*. I wish you would remember and just give your husband that hint; he and you really must realize fully that you have to deal with an exceptionally thoughtful, enlightened, and advanced communion here. Old sermons, eh! However, I'll try. To-morrow is not Sacrament Sunday, is it? No—well, tell Mr. Harkaway it is all right, I'll preach to-morrow on condition that he doesn't let that money slip through his fingers."

And so Guy went away with a lightened heart, feeling that the world was not wholly empty of sympathy and goodwill; while Grace went the rounds of the principal members of the congregation—the "pillars of the Church" they called one another—and told them how her husband had been called away, and how Mr. Delvin was to take his place. The news was received with marked coldness, but they had all more or less felt the influence of her grace and beauty. Starting with a fixed determination the other way when Guy had married her, they had yet fallen into the habit of liking her, and often, for her sake, repressed their natural inclination to *growl*, without even knowing that it was for her sake.

But when, at half-past ten on the Sunday morning, a strange preacher, whose very name was unknown to them, ascended the pulpit, their patience was put to a test more severe than ever. Every eye looked cynically askance, brows were puckered into momentary frowns; and Mr. Potter, the builder, in the front-middle pew, was heard to whisper audibly into his wife's ear that "this kind of Jack-in-the-box business would have to be put a stop to, and he was the man who would see it done!"

What could it mean? Where was Mr. Delvin? And who was this youngster with the red hair, the boyish face, and the broad, flowing black silk gown recalling the days of Wesley and Whitfield? They did not like black silk gowns; they did not want them; they would not have tolerated it in a preacher of their own. They were plain folk, living not in the eighteenth but the nineteenth century—a practical, radical age, doing its level best to taboo humbug in all its manifestations and forms. And they did not appreciate unannounced, unknown strangers, coming they knew not whence, preaching they knew not what new-fangled "doctrine of lies"; they wished to know—they were resolved on knowing—what they were having for their money.

The preacher too was nervous, oppressively nervous at first; his hands trembled, his features were pallid, and it was necessary for him to clear his throat with every fresh effort he made to speak; once he gave out the wrong number of a hymn, and had to correct himself at the last moment; he made mistakes in reading the "lessons." He seemed woefully conscious of the unsympathetic attitude of his audience, and when one of the most influential of the trustees got up to leave the chapel, walking down the whole length of the aisle with loudly-creaking boots, the minister turned green and scarlet, and seemed for the moment to lose his head.

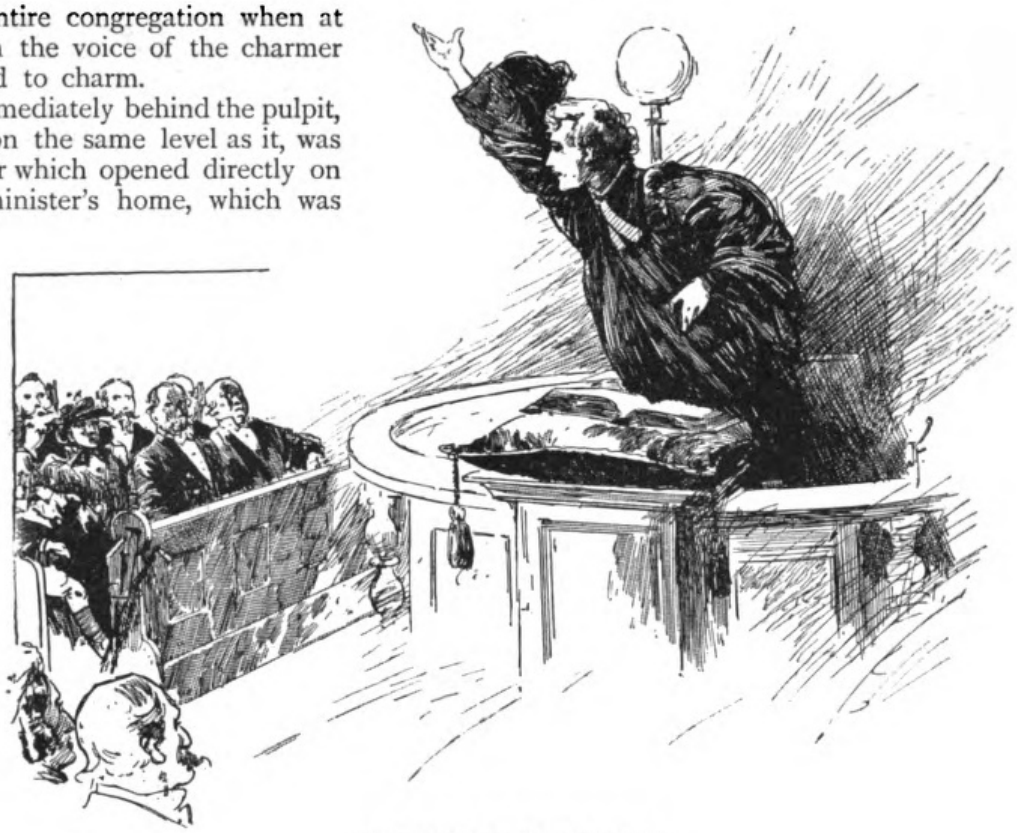
Then came the sermon. Everybody wriggled on a seat, blew a nose, coughed, and prepared to listen with critical severity. "But the Lord was with me," said the preacher, giving out the text, and making a great and triumphant effort to be calm—"and comforted me by the coming of Silas."

His voice was certainly in his favour. He had a low-toned, resonant, "carrying" voice, which filled the square little building like an actual, all-pervading presence. It seemed as if he only needed to become accustomed to its sound in order to cast off his painful self-consciousness, for he soon became natural, then interesting, then eloquent. Grown used to a round of well-worn commonplaces, the people leaned forward in their seats to drink in this new thought, to catch this fresh contagion of fervour. The preacher's eye began to flash with a more ardent and a more intelligent enthusiasm than that which they had grown old in witnessing; he surprised them with burst on burst of transcendental grandiloquence; he led them from climax to climax; vivid pictures; startling allegories; keen glances into things; high ideals; subtlest gleams of humour and practical admonitions fell in rapid succession like the scenes of a phantasmagory on the senses of the Ebenezerites. Here, truly, was something novel in the experience of the easy-going, self-satisfied little flock; and a great sigh almost of relief was heaved by

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the entire congregation when at length the voice of the charmer ceased to charm.

Immediately behind the pulpit, and on the same level as it, was a door which opened directly on the minister's home, which was



"THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER."

really part of the same building as the chapel. The preacher could therefore leave the chapel without having to pass through any part of it. Guy usually descended the stairs of the pulpit after each service, and came round to the communion-rail, where the ceremony of hand-shaking with the chief officers was religiously gone through; some of them were expecting the strange preacher to do the same, and even went up to the rail for the purpose of self-introduction; but he had already left the chapel through the door behind the pulpit.

They felt aggrieved at not knowing more about the arrangements made for supplying the needs of the chapel. Here was a strange preacher—an excellent one, it is true—suddenly appearing in, and disappearing from, their own pulpit, without a word of explanation from anyone.

Mr. Delvin's daughter, who had come in late, certainly volunteered the information that her father, when coming down stairs, had fallen and sprained his ankle, with the result that it became impossible for him to keep his appointment. A messenger had at once been dispatched to acquaint Mrs. Harkaway with the state of affairs; but what had been her subsequent course and how she had secured the services of the brilliant substitute, who had so entranced them, no one knew.

They went away, pleased and angry at the same time—a thrill of satisfaction at the glowing words they had listened to being their chief feeling. Supposing, instead of poor, well-meaning, but comparatively dreary Guy Harkaway, they had *that other* for their pastor! Why, all the other churches in the neighbourhood would be deserted; visions of an enlarged and thronged Ebenezer floated before their imagination; they saw themselves the deacons, "leaders," lay preachers, of one of the most popular religious centres in the metropolis; at a score of steaming dinner-tables that day the mere possibility of such a thing was discussed, as men discuss the uses to which they would apply a great fortune if they suddenly became possessed of one.

In the evening the chapel was crowded, and again there arose fresh cause for discontent — for instead of the fiery young preacher, whom ailing mammas and lack-adaisical daughters who never went out o' nights had come to hear, there stood before them in the pulpit old Mr. James, whose nasal drawl had never been known to fail to lull his entire audience into a complex state

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which was half despondency and half sleepiness.

Guy Harkaway returned from Atherstone on the Wednesday following. Grace, who was out at the time, found him seated, when she came in, in the little drawing-room, his head leaning on his hand. She ran up to him with a cry of joy, and put her arms about his neck. She had never been parted from him so long before.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said. "But you are not looking well—not well."

"It's the nerves, my aunt's doctor told me. He says I want rest, *which*, of course, is out of the question."

Grace turned her head away and sighed.

"But tell me, Guy, is she—dead?"

"She is almost as well as you are, my dear. To die, and to have an absurd fancy that you are dying, are two different things."

"Oh!" said Grace.

"And now tell me all the news—how did you get on on Sunday? What sort of sermons did Mr. Delvin give you?"

"We got on very fairly; but Mr. Delvin did not preach, after all. He sprained his ankle and couldn't; was it not strange?"

"Strange?"

"Yes; it seemed to me as if it was a kind of judgment on your leaving your work for the sake of no matter how many pounds, and by my advice, too. Never again, Guy, dear, never again must you do that. Oh, I have been so wretched and scared!"

"But," said he, opening his eyes in alarm, "you found someone—you did not leave the pulpit empty, Grace? The people will never forgive——"

"Yes; I found someone."

"Whom, then?"

"Mr.—Mr. James."

"Oh, that will do," he said, with relief. "Did the people seem to like it?"



"THE LEADING SPIRIT IN THE CLOTHES AND SOUP DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE."

"Yes, pretty well. But, Guy, dear, do not refer to Sunday and Sunday's work in speaking to anyone. It can only have the effect of reminding them of your absences; and, should anyone speak to you about it, discourage the subject as much as possible. Will you, now?"

Without quite understanding her eagerness on the matter, he acquiesced mildly, and asked for something to eat.

It soon became apparent that the doctor's diagnosis of Guy's malady was only too accurate: his nerves were sadly unstrung, he was beginning to see things in a distorted light, to find insupportable the daily crosses of his life which, as a healthy man, he had been able to accept as inevitable. That very evening, as he sat by the cosy hearth of one of his "flock"—an elderly lady who was the leading spirit in the Clothes and Soup Distribution Committee—he evinced decided proof of this break-up of his constitution.

"And now about the sermon on Sunday, Mr. Harkaway," she said, taking her seat on the other side of the fire, and smoothing down the folds of her mauve-coloured silk gown.

"I hope you liked it," said Guy.

"Liked it! Oh, Mr. Harkaway, do you doubt my powers of appreciation? How can one not like perfection?"—and the aureole of small spiral curls that clustered round her head shook at the recollection.

"Dear me!" said Guy, surprised, "I never thought Mr. James possessed such powers——"

"Mr. James!"

"You mean him, do you not—he preached on Sunday?"

"Now, Mr. Harkaway, do you really suppose I *could* mean anyone so ridiculous as dear old Mr. James? Of course, I don't;

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I mean the morning preacher; the stranger. And now I want you to tell me *all* about him — where he lives and preaches; how Mrs. Harkaway got him to preach for you, and whether we are to have him again, soon!"

Guy looked about him in confusion. What stranger could she mean? Mrs. Acton must be dreaming.

"I think," he stammered, "you will find that Mr. James preached both morning and evening. My wife told me——"

"But *I* tell you that he did nothing of the kind; and if your wife told you differently, it is extremely strange of her, that's all."

There was some mistake somewhere; it almost seemed as if Grace stood convicted before this stranger of some inexplicable falsehood, and he felt a cold shiver run through him at the consciousness.

"And, by the way, what became of dear Mrs. Harkaway on Sunday—was she not well?"

"Certainly—she was at chapel."

"Oh, excuse *me*, she was not; it was the talk of everyone that she was not."

"Are you quite sure? She told me——"

"But *I* tell you, Mr. Harkaway," said Mrs. Acton for the second time, with a gentle firmness and a curious smile—"*I* tell you that she was not. Now, then!"

There was no explaining it. Trying to hide the confusion in his face he took his hat to go, and his hand trembled visibly as he extended it in farewell.

"And so you can't tell me anything about the young preacher?" said Mrs. Acton as he was going. "How very, very strange! You must question Mrs. Harkaway very closely—we are all dying to hear about him—we are all in love with him—he will be just the man to take your place when you are moved up higher."

It was the same everywhere—he had a round of visits to pay—at every house the same two questions about the new preacher and his wife's absence, the same humiliating confession of ignorance on his part, and the same enthusiastic praises of his mysterious substitute, who seemed to have more than taken his place in the esteem of his people.

Before he had finished his visits he began to hate and dread the least reference to this unknown man, whom he came to regard with morbid abhorrence in the light of a successful rival. The coarser members of the church—*nouveaux riches*, who, without meaning any harm, thought him a kind of privileged servant of theirs—made invidious comparisons between him and his substitute, and spoke of what "*he* might do with Ebenezer Chapel if he would consent to take charge of it." In his really shockingly nervous state every such vulgarity was like the thrust of a sharp instrument in his flesh, causing acute physical pain.

He reflected, too, that it was Grace who had introduced this rival, whoever he might be; and then he thought with a shudder of her silence with regard to him—a silence that seemed akin to a direct falsehood; and a direct falsehood it certainly was to describe to him, as she had done, the effect of a sermon which so many witnesses declared she had not heard. And with the thought that for some strange reason she had *lied* to him, it seemed as if the very foundations of his life were being swept from under him, as if some black cloud had gathered around him—and her—shutting out with its shadow all light and hope. "Into what snare of the devil," he said, looking up into the darkening sky, "we are being drawn, God alone knoweth!"

He walked aimlessly about the streets for some time, and returned home late. He scarcely looked at Grace, who had been waiting long for him, but supported his head on his hand, staring vacantly into the fire. She went and knelt by his side, leaning her head on his arm.

"Something is the matter," she said, softly; "come, tell me all about it."

But he only glanced down at her with something of repugnance, and said nothing.

She waited, looking with him into the fire, drawing still closer to him. Then she said again:—

"Come, tell me now; let us bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of——"

"Why were you not in chapel on Sunday morning?" he asked.

She turned pale, and then flushed red

"Those interminable gossips——"

"Those interminable gossips speak the truth—you do not!"

Then she darted up from his side with the swift grace of a fawn, and the one exclamation: "Guy!"

"A nice position for me, is it not, to keep up the pretence of being a preacher of Truth, when my own wife——"

"Oh, I cannot bear it!" she wailed out, burying her hot face in her hands.

"You led me, wilfully led me, to believe that you were in chapel on Sunday morning:

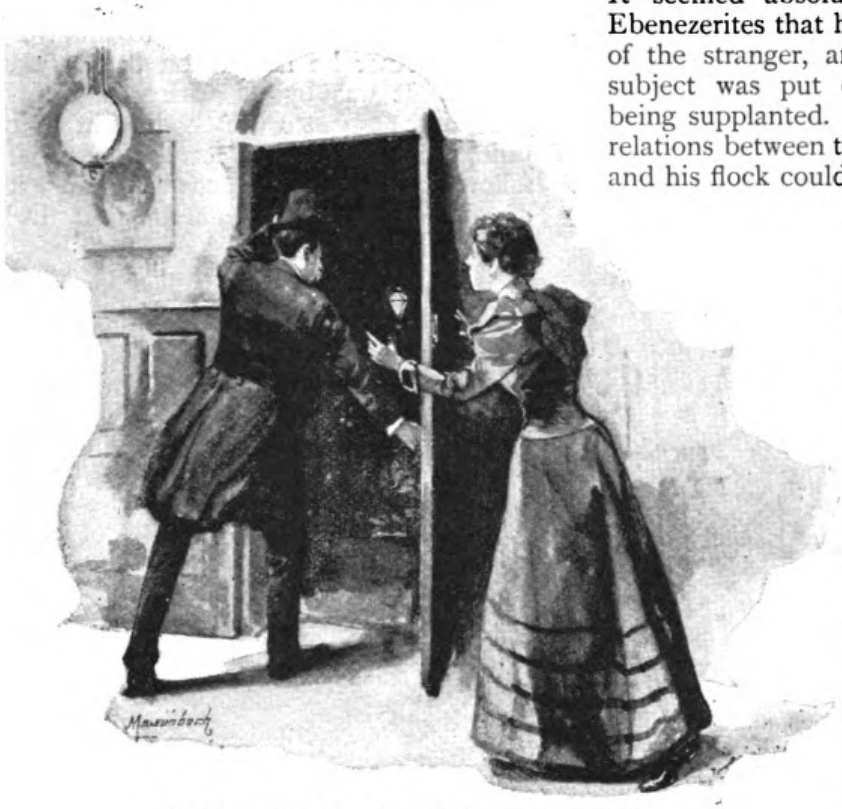
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the fact is, you were not there. Is it the thought of that you cannot bear?—if so, I can well understand you."

He was trying his best to be calm, but the words came hissing from his lips, and every nerve in his body was trembling. But she was sobbing in her hands, and made no answer.

"I refuse," he continued, "to hear anything further about the religious tramp you had here to preach in my pulpit. As you were false enough to try, for your own reasons, to conceal his presence here from me, I do not now wish to know who he was, whence he came, or anything about him. But if this be any consolation to you, let me tell you that that man has ruined me—yes, ruined me! He has contrived by a single sermon to make the people here utterly discontented with me and my work. His flashy style, his clap-trap cleverness, have had the effect of showing up my dulness. My ministry here for all practical purposes is at an end—and through you. Oh, I can't stand this house!"

He seized his hat and rushed to the door.



"HE SEIZED HIS HAT AND RUSHED TO THE DOOR."

"Come back!" she cried, recovering herself; "let me tell you——"

But she was too late, he had gone out into the darkness. Grace passed a night of complete misery, and many more such nights and days after that. Guy, it is true, so far conquered himself as to go about his work as usual—but he was suffering under a fit of acute self-depreciation, and he endured all the agonies of a self-tormentor. He took it into his head that the people were considering him unfit for the place he filled, and having this fancy, he really, in some measure, became unfit for it. He grew more and more gloomy, possessed with the fixed idea of his own unworthiness and Grace's lapse from truth. He scarcely spoke to her, and resolutely repulsed her slightest advance. His simple and honest nature found itself incapable of forgiving even one dishonesty.

Now, just in proportion as Guy's infatuation of morbid humility deepened, so the infatuation of his congregation for the unknown preacher rose higher. Every day Guy was pestered with questions about the only man he did not care to discuss; he could not give the desired details, but they thought that he would not, and began to suspect him first of jealousy and then of an unworthy secretiveness closely allied to positive prevarication.

It seemed absolutely incredible to the Ebenezerites that he should know nothing of the stranger, and his aversion to the subject was put down to the dread of being supplanted. Clearly, such strained relations between the minister of Ebenezer and his flock could not last long.

So one afternoon Grace was told to prepare the parlour for a meeting of a few of the dignitaries of the chapel, to take place that night.

"A mysterious meeting, surely," she thought, her heart misgiving her. "What can be its object? And why in the house instead of the chapel?"

They came one by one, with solemn faces, and took their seats round the table, at the head of which sat Guy. Poor Grace was shut out, but she hovered near the door hoping to catch stray words.

She heard Guy speaking in slow, mechanical tones, stopping short at intervals, as if

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making an effort to command his voice. Gradually the truth dawned on her, and her heart stood still. Standing near to the door she heard him say, after a long peroration, with raised voice :—

"This, then, my dear friends, is the purpose for which I have called you together. The Lord's Word must flow from pure sources, through pure channels; the priest and his household must be 'without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing,' speaking the truth unfeignedly from the heart. I tell you, candidly, that up to the present, I have no definite views as to the direction in which I shall turn my energies; but while the least shadow of blame rests on me and mine, I cannot pursue the work of the ministry—nor do I doubt that, thus doing my duty, some door will be opened to me." (Here he gulped down a sob, and ceased for a moment to speak.) "I therefore formally tender you my resignation as minister of Ebenezer Chapel."

"Oh! no, no, no, gentlemen!" cried Grace, rushing into the room—"do not listen to him: he is distraught! He would not hear what I had to say to him, and I, in my foolish pride, would not force him to hear."

They looked up, relieved at the interruption; they had just been realizing fully for the first time all the sterling worth and goodness they were about to lose, and they had been feeling heavy at heart. There is always a certain sense of loss in parting from moral gold.

"It is all a ridiculous mistake, I assure you, gentlemen, not worthy of your serious notice. He has taken it into his head that I have swerved from the truth, because I said I was in the chapel on the Sunday morning he was in Warwickshire."

"But you were *not* there," said a member of the committee in a not unkindly voice.

"You may believe me that I was."

"Not in the minister's pew—come, now!"

"No, not in the minister's pew."

"Where, then?"

She hung her head and blushed.

"No one saw you, that's quite certain."

"On the contrary, everyone saw me."

They looked blankly at one another.

"Tell us where you were, then."

"I was—oh! please, gentlemen—I was in the—the—pulpit!"

It was as if a shell full of dynamite had fallen among them.

"I do not know," she continued, "whether I have committed a very terrible sin in your eyes or not—I half suspect I have. But you probably do not know all the circumstances, gentlemen. My husband had left his duties here for pecuniary reasons, and no sooner had he left than my mind began to misgive me as to whether he had taken the very best course. It was by my advice that he had gone, and I spent a wretched night in conjuring up all sorts of misfortunes that might follow from the doubtful step. I had a kind of presentiment that somehow Mr. Delvin



"OH! NO, NO, NO, GENTLEMEN!"

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would be unable to keep the appointment—and so it really turned out. At the very last minute before service-time a messenger came to tell me of his accident. What was to be done? I could not then get a substitute, and I dared not let the Sunday service be turned into a prayer-meeting. I was afraid of something higher than mere human anger and resentment."

"Very right and proper!" said the chairman of committee, looking over his spectacles at his neighbour, and nodding decisively.

"And such a rattling sermon!" said a portly draper, with a tendency to slang.

"But how did you do it, mum?" asked another.

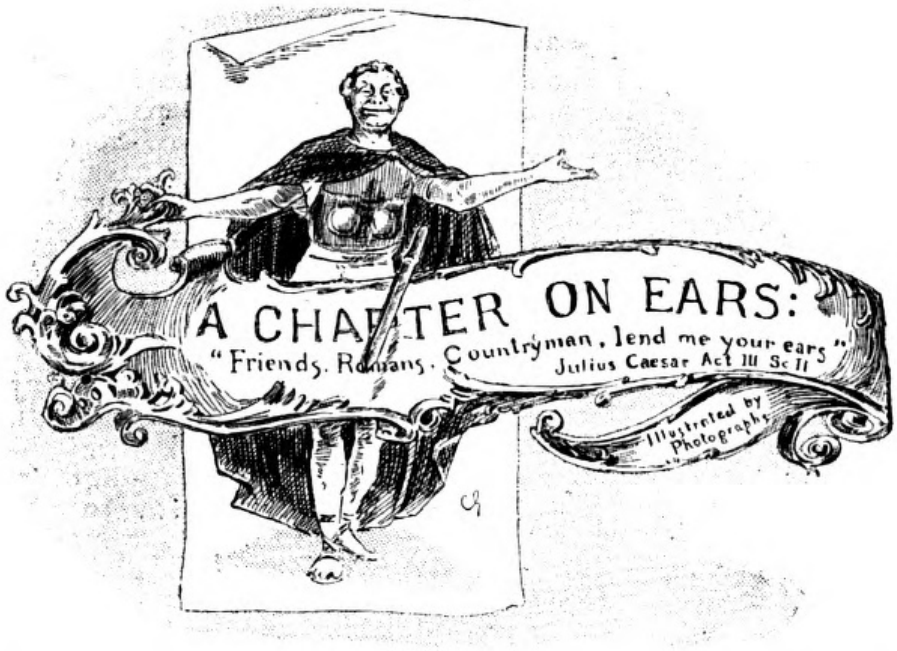
"It was very simple: I had an old red wig, which I had used in some charades years ago. I disguised my face in the best way I could—I am clever at that sort of thing—trusting to Guy's old gown and the pulpit to hide my dress and figure. I succeeded, you see."

"It strikes me you generally do succeed, Mrs. Harkaway," said an old member with infinite verve; "and now, I need not conceal from you that there has been some little talk among the more flighty part of the congregation of offering the living to the brilliant young preacher who took your husband's place. Mind you, there was nothing serious at the bottom of it—it was only talk, and foolish talk, too. However, as Mr. Harkaway thinks the place isn't good enough for him, and wants to resign, why, we offer it to the young preacher, of course. We will also vote you a month's holiday in the country to begin with, and you can take your husband with you. Do you accept now? I dare say these gentlemen will be agreeable."

And they were excessively agreeable in another sense, and shook Guy's hand till it hurt; then, having made a compact to keep the little meeting secret, and the occasion of it, they went off, leaving the two alone.

And as he bent fondly over her, praying for the forgiveness she so sweetly gave, he murmured low in her ear the old words whose deep meaning he was feeling with a quite new significance to-night: "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him."

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IT is sad to contemplate our lack of literature on ears. Much has been written about character in faces, hands, chins, and even noses, yet if we consider the ear minutely, we must discover that it offers a wider field for diversity in speculation than any other single member. This apathy may be attributed to the fact that the ear is not, like the nose, for example, borne by a particular race in any radically distinctive form. But it is mainly because there is no Grecian ear, or Semitic ear, or Ethiopian ear, that it possesses more individual interest as a feature.

Are men ashamed of their ears? Charles Lamb, it is true, hesitates not to boast of his delicate *side-intelligencers*, "neither envying the mule for his plenty nor the mole for her exactness." But as an offset to this, examine the portraits of our grandfathers. For two, yea, three centuries ears were hidden, covered up out of sight by a mass of hair, powdered and otherwise, and even to-day we are compelled to guess at their quality and quantity in some of our greatest men.

We have observed that there is a world of diversity in ears. Think for a moment how few members of a family have ears exactly alike, or to drop the adverb, say even resembling. Twins, as much alike as the proverbial two peas, invariably differ aurally. This is certainly significant. One would say that there must be some especial sensitiveness in the organism of an ear which is affected by the mind. Scotland Yard takes the measure and a minute inventory of the ears of a criminal, so that other bodily witnesses failing, helix or tragus will finally tend to acquit or convict the subsequent suspect.

Whether ears are an index to anything else or not, they certainly frequently serve as a guide to the character and extent of the hearing faculty. In the town where Mozart was born is exhibited a drawing of the ear of that illustrious musician side by side with that of an ordinary person. To properly understand the difference which marks them it is necessary to explain, by aid of the accompanying diagram, the anatomy of the ear.



In Mozart's ear the concha was so shallow as to scarcely be discernible.

The concha, or shell, acts as a reverberator

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and also as a reservoir of sound before it passes into the drum of the ear. The smaller the concha, therefore, the more sensitive the



MOZART'S EAR. NORMAL EAR.
From a Photograph by Wärthle & Spinnhirn of a Drawing in the Mozart Museum.

organ to sound, as there is less medium to receive the current and distribute it.

The size of an ear is generally believed by many well-intentioned persons to be in inverse proportion to the size of the brain or amount of intellectual faculties. We see no reason to differ from this theory. The only eulogy of large ears most people have come across is that of Queen Titania, who praised the "fair, *large* ears" of Bottom, the weaver.



CHARLES DICKENS'S EAR.

If the reader will accurately contemplate the ears of celebrities which appear in conjunction with these articles, they will become the possessors of some very curious facts. One of these facts is that to be great it is above all things necessary to have an abridged helix. It is urged that the man or woman who can boast of an abridged helix only demands time and opportunity to display the great powers of mind which it indi-



MR. GLADSTONE'S EAR.



CARDINAL NEWMAN'S EAR.

cates. It is true that to inculcate this theory into the minds of youth might be, if not pernicious, at least undesirable. Knowing themselves to be equipped with the ægis of an abridged helix, children might possibly be tempted to neglect their studies in waiting for the flood which should drift them in the wake of Gladstone, and a score of his compeers.

But if a thin helix is a boon, a prominent anti-helix is just the reverse. Anyone who has, therefore, hitherto prided himself or herself upon a prominent anti-helix, or even exhibited it to his or her friends with some complacency, should make haste to bring about an alteration —not in their ears, for that might be embarrassing—but in their views. The police bureaus of the world teem



JOHN STUART MILL'S EAR.

with photographs of persons not usually mentioned in polite circles. Nearly all of them—or, let us say, 75 per cent.—discover

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CARDINAL MANNING'S EAR.



MR. SWINBURNE'S EAR.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S EAR.

anti-helices abnormally developed. Cardinal Manning, however, seems to be a notable exception.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the sinister potentialities of the anti-helix are limited to the upper part of the ear. In its proper sphere just on a line with the tragus it is not only auspicious, but great. In this category are Charles Dickens, Cardinal Newman, John Stuart Mill, Swinburne, and the Duke of Devonshire. Some of the ears here presented have no anti-helix at all to speak of, as Patti, Sir J. E. Millais, Father Ignatius, and the Prince of Wales. This, if not a regrettable, is at least an inexplicable circumstance.



FATHER IGNATIUS'S EAR.



ADELINA PATTI'S EAR.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S EAR.

But before awarding too much prestige to extreme thinness of the helix itself, as embodied in the ears of many of those already mentioned, Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, Patti, Miss Yonge, one must turn to the possessors of a wide and overhanging helix. It may be urged that the combined psychic power wielded by the wide helix party is only another proof of the greatness of the thin helix; but in the face of such an argument, the ears of such persons as Charles Dickens, John Stuart Mill, the Duke of Devonshire, and even the Queen herself, cry aloud for a hearing. One must weigh all the points of the case before rendering an exact judgment. Now, this is no easy matter.

For instance, one would observe that the ears of Mozart and Stuart Mill are exactly alike. It is equally true that the latter composed, to the fraction of a note, exactly as much music as the other formulated imperishable logic; but the loophole of escape which seemed at hand for the aurognomist is suddenly blocked when he



SIR JOHN MILLAIS'S EAR.

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sets himself to contemplate the ear of Paderewski, with its deep, elongated concha, which should rather belong to a coal-heaver than to the first pianist of the age. Yet one should not expect much predetermination of character through the mediumship of the concha. Grant that the concha in nine cases out of ten will tell by its depth or shallowness whether its owner has delicate musical perceptions, is it not a fact that a man may be a great citizen and illustrious personage and not know one note of music from another, even poets like Lord Byron and—shall we add?—Mr. Gilbert?

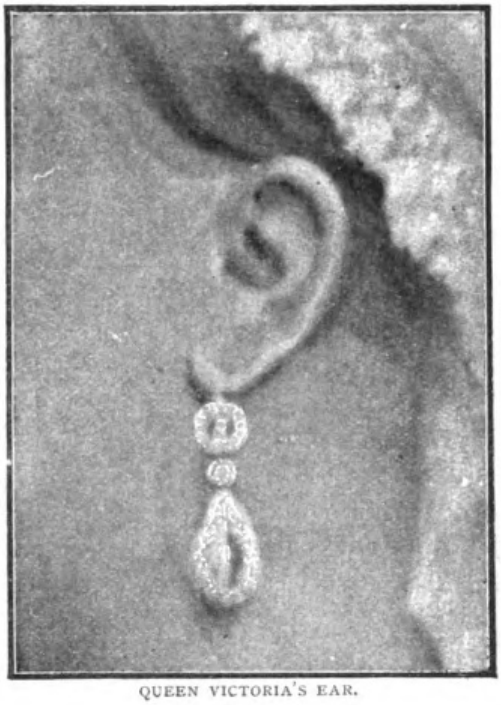


PADEREWSKI'S EAR.

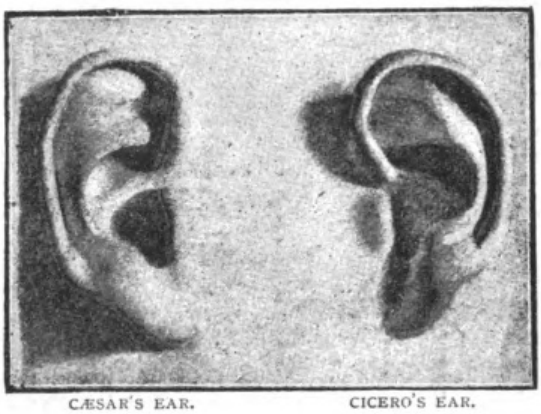


MISS FORTESCUE'S EAR.

In examining the ears of the ladies it is hard to arrive at a standard of beauty. The Queen, Madame Patti, Miss Charlotte Yonge, and Miss Fortescue exhibit very different types.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S EAR.



CÆSAR'S EAR. CICERO'S EAR.

It would be interesting if any standard of aural perfection could be arrived at. The Greeks settled the question as to the nose, but Alcibiades and Lysidas appear to have had altogether opposite ears. The authentic bust of Julius Cæsar, in the British Museum, represents him as having an ear shaped exactly like a pear, in which it is resembled by several of the accompanying ears. It is interesting to compare his ear with Cicero's.

Whatever deductions the ingenious may derive from this subject, there is in the illustrations ample material to reward both the humble reader and the more distinguished persons who have so graciously lent their ears unto an interesting theme.



MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE'S EAR.

(To be continued.)

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The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

By A. Conan Doyle.

XXIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE NAVAL TREATY.

THE July which immediately succeeded my marriage was made memorable by three cases of interest in which I had the privilege of being associated with Sherlock Holmes, and of studying his methods. I find them recorded in my notes under the headings of "The Adventure of the Second Stain," "The Adventure of the Naval Treaty," and "The Adventure of the Tired Captain." The first of these, however, deals with interests of such importance, and implicates so many of the first families in the kingdom, that for many years it will be impossible to make it public. No case, however, in which Holmes was ever engaged has illustrated the value of his analytical methods so clearly or has impressed those who were associated with him so deeply. I still retain an almost verbatim report of the interview in which he demonstrated the true facts of the case to Monsieur Dubuque, of the Paris police, and Fritz von Waldbaum, the well-known specialist of Dantzig, both of whom had wasted their energies upon what proved to be side issues. The new century will have come, however, before the story can be safely told. Meanwhile, I pass on to the second upon my list, which promised also, at one time, to be of national importance, and was marked by several incidents which give it a quite unique character.

During my school days I had been intimately associated with a lad named Percy Phelps, who was of much the same age as myself, though he was two classes ahead of me. He was a very brilliant boy, and carried away every prize which the school had to offer, finishing his exploits by winning a scholarship, which sent him on to continue his triumphant career at Cambridge. He was, I remember, extremely well connected, and even when we were all little boys together, we knew that his mother's brother was Lord Holdhurst, the great Conservative politician. This gaudy relationship did him little good at school; on the contrary, it seemed rather a piquant thing to us to chevy him about the playground and hit him over the shins with a wicket. But it was another thing when he came out into the world. I heard vaguely that his abilities and the influence which he commanded had won him a good position at the Foreign Office, and then he passed completely out of my mind until the following letter recalled his existence:—

"Briarbrae, Woking.

"My Dear Watson,—I have no doubt that you can remember 'Tadpole' Phelps, who was in the fifth form when you were in the third. It is possible even that you may have heard that, through my uncle's influence, I obtained a good appointment at the Foreign Office, and that I was in a situation of trust and honour until a horrible misfortune came suddenly to blast my career.

"There is no use writing the details of that dreadful event. In the event of your acceding to my request, it is probable that I shall have to narrate them to you. I have only just recovered from nine weeks of brain fever, and am still exceedingly weak. Do you think that you could bring your friend, Mr. Holmes, down to see me? I should like to have his opinion of the case, though the authorities assure me that nothing more can be done. Do try to bring him down, and as soon as possible. Every minute seems an hour while I live in this state of horrible suspense. Assure him that if I have not asked his advice sooner it was not because I did not appreciate his talents, but because I have been off my head ever since the blow fell. Now I am clear again, though I dare not think of it too much for fear of a relapse. I am still so weak that I have to write, as you see, by dictating. Do try and bring him.

"Your old schoolfellow,

"Percy Phelps."

There was something that touched me as I read this letter, something pitiable in the reiterated appeals to bring Holmes. So moved was I that, even if it had been a difficult matter, I should have tried it; but of course I knew well that Holmes loved his art so, that he was ever as ready to bring his aid as his client could be to receive it. My wife agreed with me that not a moment should be lost in laying the matter before him, and so within an hour of breakfast time I found myself back once more in the old rooms in Baker Street.

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"HOLMES WAS WORKING HARD OVER A CHEMICAL INVESTIGATION."

Holmes was seated at his side table clad in his dressing gown and working hard over a chemical investigation. A large curved retort was boiling furiously in the bluish flame of a Bunsen burner, and the distilled drops were condensing into a two-litre measure. My friend hardly glanced up as I entered, and I, seeing that his investigation must be of importance, seated myself in an armchair and waited. He dipped into this bottle or that, drawing out a few drops of each with his glass pipette, and finally brought a test-tube containing a solution over to the table. In his right hand he had a slip of litmus-paper.

"You come at a crisis, Watson," said he. "If this paper remains blue, all is well. If it turns red, it means a man's life." He dipped it into the test-tube and it flushed at once into a dull, dirty crimson. "Hum! I thought as much!" he cried. "I will be at your service in one instant, Watson. You will find tobacco in the Persian slipper." He turned to his desk and scribbled off several telegrams, which were handed over to the page-boy. Then he threw himself down in the chair opposite, and drew up his knees until his fingers clasped round his long, thin shins.

"A very commonplace little murder," said he. "You've got something better, I fancy. You are the stormy petrel of crime, Watson. What is it?"

I handed him the letter, which he read with the most concentrated attention.

"It does not tell us very much, does it?" he remarked, as he handed it back to me.

"Hardly anything."

"And yet the writing is of interest."

"But the writing is not his own."

"Precisely. It is a woman's."

"A man's, surely!" I cried.

"No, a woman's; and a woman of rare character. You see, at the commencement of an investigation, it is something to know that your client is in close contact with someone who for good or evil has an exceptional nature. My interest is already awakened in the case. If you are ready, we will start at once for Woking and see this diplomatist who is in such evil case, and the lady to whom he dictates his letters."

We were fortunate enough to catch an early train at Waterloo, and in a little under an hour we found ourselves among the fir-woods and the heather of Woking. Briarbrae proved to be a large detached house standing in extensive grounds, within a few minutes' walk of the station. On sending in our cards we were shown into an elegantly-appointed drawing-room, where we were joined in a few minutes by a rather stout man, who received us with much hospitality. His age may have been nearer forty than thirty, but his cheeks were so ruddy and his eyes so merry, that he still conveyed the impression of a plump and mischievous boy.

"I am so glad that you have come," said he, shaking our hands with effusion. "Percy has been inquiring for you all the morning. Ah, poor old chap, he clings to any straw. His father and mother asked me to see you,

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for tne mere mention of the subject is very painful to them."

"We have had no details yet," observed Holmes. "I perceive that you are not yourself a member of the family."

Our acquaintance looked surprised, and then glancing down he began to laugh.

"Of course you saw the 'J. H.' monogram on my locket," said he. "For a moment I thought you had done something clever. Joseph Harrison is my name, and as Percy is to marry my sister Annie, I shall at least be a relation by marriage. You will find my sister in his room, for she has nursed him hand-and-foot this two months back. Perhaps we had better go in at once, for I know how impatient he is."

The chamber into which we were shown was on the same floor as the drawing-room. It was furnished partly as a sitting and partly as a bedroom, with flowers arranged daintily in every nook and corner. A young man, very pale and worn, was lying upon a sofa near the open window, through which came the rich scent of the garden and the balmy summer air. A woman was sitting beside him, and rose as we entered.

"Shall I leave, Percy?" she asked.

He clutched her hand to detain her. "How are you, Watson?" said he, cordially. "I should never have known you under that moustache, and I daresay you would not be prepared to swear to me. This I presume is your celebrated friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

I introduced him in a few words, and we both sat down. The stout young man had left us, but his sister still remained, with her hand in that of the invalid. She was a striking-looking woman, a little short and thick for symmetry, but with a beautiful olive complexion, large, dark Italian eyes, and a wealth of deep black hair. Her rich tints made the white face of her companion the more worn and haggard by the contrast.

"I won't waste your time," said he, raising himself upon the sofa. "I'll plunge into the matter without further preamble. I was a happy and successful man, Mr. Holmes, and on the eve of being married, when a sudden and dreadful misfortune wrecked all my prospects in life.

"I was, as Watson may have told you, in the Foreign Office, and through the influence of my uncle, Lord Holdhurst, I rose rapidly to a responsible position. When my uncle



"'I WON'T WASTE YOUR TIME,' SAID HE."

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became Foreign Minister in this Administration he gave me several missions of trust, and as I always brought them to a successful conclusion, he came at last to have the utmost confidence in my ability and tact.

"Nearly ten weeks ago—to be more accurate, on the 23rd of May—he called me into his private room and, after complimenting me upon the good work which I had done, he informed me that he had a new commission of trust for me to execute.

"'This,' said he, taking a grey roll of paper from his bureau, 'is the original of that secret treaty between England and Italy of which, I regret to say, some rumours have already got into the public Press. It is of enormous importance that nothing further should leak out. The French or Russian Embassies would pay an immense sum to learn the contents of these papers. They should not leave my bureau were it not that it is absolutely necessary to have them copied. You have a desk in your office?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then take the treaty and lock it up there. I shall give directions that you may remain behind when the others go, so that you may copy it at your leisure, without fear of being overlooked. When you have finished, re-lock both the original and the draft in the desk, and hand them over to me personally to-morrow morning.'

"I took the papers and——"

"Excuse me an instant," said Holmes; "were you alone during this conversation?"

"Absolutely."

"In a large room?"

"Thirty feet each way."

"In the centre?"

"Yes, about it."

"And speaking low?"

"My uncle's voice is always remarkably low. I hardly spoke at all."

"Thank you," said Holmes, shutting his eyes; "pray go on."

"I did exactly what he had indicated, and waited until the other clerks had departed. One of them in my room, Charles Gorot, had some arrears of work to make up, so I left him there and went out to dine. When I returned he was gone. I was anxious to hurry my work, for I knew that Joseph, the Mr. Harrison whom you saw just now, was in town, and that he would travel down to Woking by the eleven o'clock train, and I wanted if possible to catch it.



"THEN TAKE THE TREATY."

"When I came to examine the treaty I saw at once that it was of such importance that my uncle had been guilty of no exaggeration in what he had said. Without going into details, I may say that it defined the position of Great Britain towards the Triple Alliance, and foreshadowed the policy which this country would pursue in the event of the French fleet gaining a complete ascendency over that of Italy in the Mediterranean. The questions treated in it were purely naval. At the end were the signatures of the high dignitaries who had signed it. I glanced my eyes over it, and then settled down to my task of copying.

"It was a long document, written in the French language, and containing twenty-six separate articles. I copied as quickly as I could, but at nine o'clock I had only done nine articles, and it seemed hopeless for me to attempt to catch my

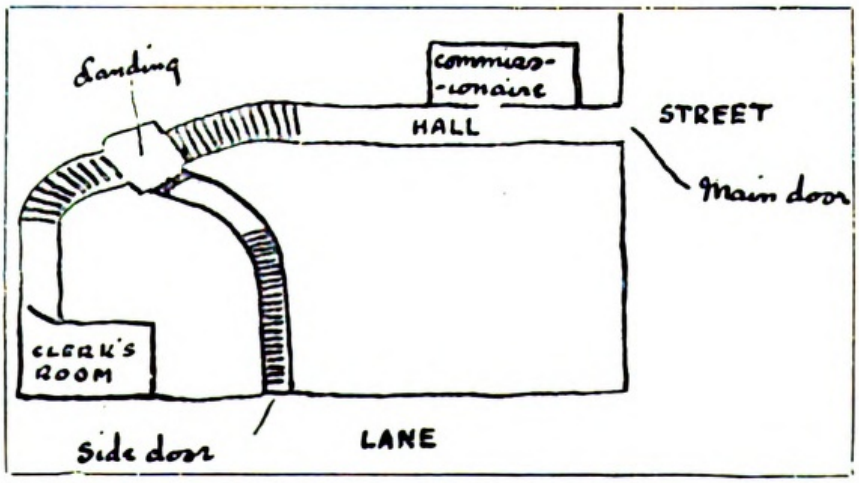
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train. I was feeling drowsy and stupid, partly from my dinner and also from the effects of a long day's work. A cup of coffee would clear my brain. A commissionaire remains all night in a little lodge at the foot of the stairs, and is in the habit of making coffee at his spirit-lamp for any of the officials who may be working over-time. I rang the bell, therefore, to summon him.

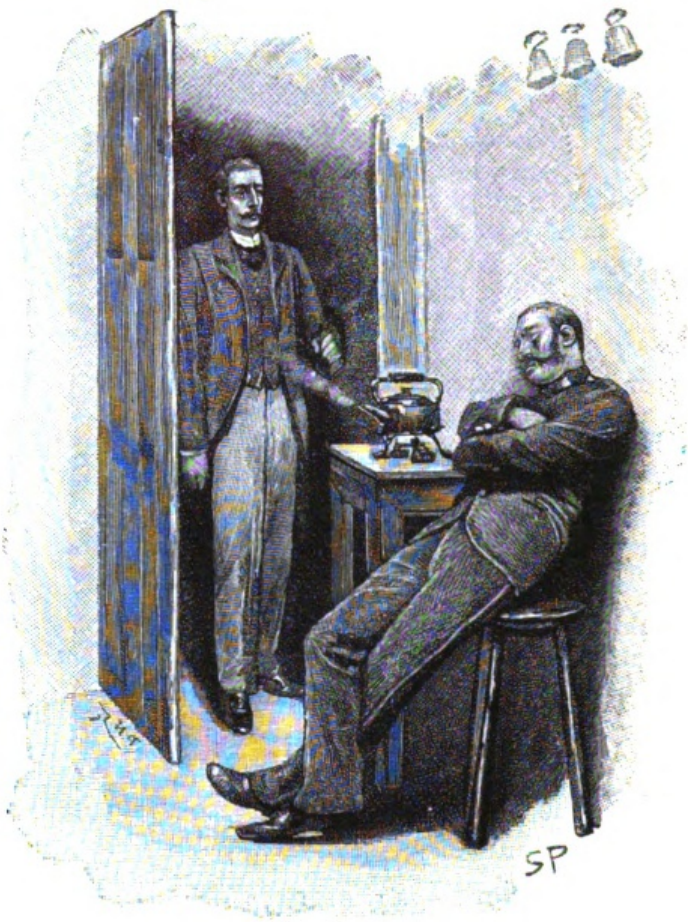
"To my surprise, it was a woman who answered the summons, a large, coarse-faced, elderly woman, in an apron. She explained that she was the commissionaire's wife, who did the charing, and I gave her the order for the coffee.

"I wrote two more articles, and then, feeling more drowsy than ever, I rose and walked up and down the room to stretch my legs. My coffee had not yet come, and I wondered what the cause of the delay could be. Opening the door, I started down the corridor to find out. There was a straight passage dimly lighted which led from the room in which I had been working, and was the only exit from it. It ended in a curving staircase, with the commissionaire's lodge in the passage at the bottom. Half-way down this staircase is a small landing, with another passage running into it at right angles. This second one leads, by means of a second small stair, to a side door used by servants, and also as a short cut by clerks when coming from Charles Street. Here is a rough chart of the place."

"Thank you. I think that I quite follow you," said Sherlock Holmes.



"HERE IS A ROUGH CHART OF THE PLACE."



"FAST ASLEEP IN HIS BOX."

"It is of the utmost importance that you should notice this point. I went down the stairs and into the hall, where I found the commissionaire fast asleep in his box, with the kettle boiling furiously upon the spirit-lamp, for the water was spurting over the floor. Then I put out my hand and was about to shake the man, who was still sleeping soundly, when a bell over his head rang loudly, and he woke with a start.

"'Mr. Phelps, sir!' said he, looking at me in bewilderment.

"'I came down to see if my coffee was ready.'

"'I was boiling the kettle when I fell asleep, sir.' He looked at me and then up at the still quivering bell, with an ever-growing astonishment upon his face.

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"'If you was here, sir, then who rang the bell?' he asked.

"'The bell!' I said. 'What bell is it?'

"'It's the bell of the room you were working in.'

"A cold hand seemed to close round my heart. Someone, then, was in that room where my precious treaty lay upon the table. I ran frantically up the stairs and along the passage. There was no one in the corridors, Mr. Holmes. There was no one in the room. All was exactly as I left it, save only that the papers committed to my care had been taken from the desk on which they lay. The copy was there and the original was gone."

Holmes sat up in his chair and rubbed his hands. I could see that the problem was entirely to his heart. "Pray, what did you do then?" he murmured.

"I recognised in an instant that the thief must have come up the stairs from the side door. Of course, I must have met him if he had come the other way."

"You were satisfied that he could not have been concealed in the room all the time, or in the corridor which you have just described as dimly lighted?"

"It is absolutely impossible. A rat could not conceal himself either in the room or the corridor. There is no cover at all."

"Thank you. Pray proceed."

"The commissionaire, seeing by my pale face that something was to be feared, had followed me upstairs. Now we both rushed along the corridor and down the steep steps which led to Charles Street. The door at the bottom was closed but unlocked. We flung it open and rushed out. I can distinctly remember that as we did so there came three chimes from a neighbouring church. It was a quarter to ten."

"That is of enormous importance," said Holmes, making a note upon his shirt cuff.

"The night was very dark, and a thin, warm rain was falling. There was no one in Charles Street, but a great traffic was going on, as usual, in Whitehall at the extremity. We rushed along the pavement, bareheaded as we were, and at the far corner we found a policeman standing.

"'A robbery has been committed,' I gasped. 'A document of immense value has been stolen from the Foreign Office. Has anyone passed this way?'

"'I have been standing here for a quarter of an hour, sir,' said he; 'only one person has passed during that time—a woman, tall and elderly, with a Paisley shawl.'

"'Ah, that is only my wife,' cried the commissionaire. 'Has no one else passed?'

"'No one.'

"'Then it must be the other way that the thief took,' cried the fellow, tugging at my sleeve.

"But I was not satisfied, and the attempts which he made to draw me away increased my suspicions.

"'Which way did the woman go?' I cried.

"'I don't know, sir. I noticed her pass, but I had no special reason for watching her. She seemed to be in a hurry.'

"'How long ago was it?'

"'Oh, not very many minutes.'

"'Within the last five?'

"'Well, it could not be more than five.'

"'You're only wasting your time, sir, and every minute now is of importance,' cried the commissionaire. 'Take my word for it that my old woman has nothing to do with it, and come down to the other end of the street. Well, if you won't I will,' and with that he rushed off in the other direction.

"But I was after him in an instant and caught him by the sleeve.

"'Where do you live?' said I.

"'No. 16, Ivy Lane, Brixton,' he answered; 'but don't let yourself be drawn away upon a false scent, Mr. Phelps. Come to the other end of the street, and let us see if we can hear of anything.'

"Nothing was to be lost by following his advice. With the policeman we both hurried down, but only to find the street full of traffic, many people coming and going, but all only too eager to get to a place of safety upon so wet a night. There was no lounger who could tell us who had passed.

"Then we returned to the office, and searched the stairs and the passage without result. The corridor which led to the room was laid down with a kind of creamy linoleum which shows an impression very easily. We examined it very carefully, but found no outline of any footmark."

"Had it been raining all the evening?"

"Since about seven."

"How is it, then, that the woman who came into the room about nine left no traces with her muddy boots?"

"I am glad you raise the point. It occurred to me at the time. The charwomen are in the habit of taking off their boots at the commissionaire's office, and putting on list slippers."

"That is very clear. There were no marks, then, though the night was a wet one? The chain of events is certainly one

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of extraordinary interest. What did you do next?"

"We examined the room also. There is no possibility of a secret door, and the windows are quite thirty feet from the ground. Both of them were fastened on the inside. The carpet prevents any possibility of a trap-door, and the ceiling is of the ordinary white-washed kind. I will pledge my life that whoever stole my papers could only have come through the door."

"How about the fireplace?"

"They use none. There is a stove. The bell-rope hangs from the wire just to the right of my desk. Whoever rang it must have come right up to the desk to do it. But why should any criminal wish to ring the bell? It is a most insoluble mystery."

"Certainly the incident was unusual. What were your next steps? You examined the room, I presume, to see if the intruder had left any traces—any cigar end, or dropped glove, or hairpin, or other trifle?"

"There was nothing of the sort."

"No smell?"

"Well, we never thought of that."

"Ah, a scent of tobacco would have been worth a great deal to us in such an investigation."

"I never smoke myself, so I think I should have observed it if there had been any smell of tobacco. There was absolutely no clue of any kind. The only tangible fact was that the commissionaire's wife—Mrs. Tangey was the name—had hurried out of the place. He could give no explanation save that it was about the time when the woman always went home. The policeman and I agreed that our best plan would be to seize the woman before she could get rid of the papers, presuming that she had them.

"The alarm had reached Scotland Yard by this time, and Mr. Forbes, the detective, came round at once and took up the case with a great deal of energy. We hired a hansom, and in half an hour we were at the address which had been given to us. A young woman opened the door, who proved to be Mrs. Tangey's eldest daughter. Her mother had not come back yet, and we were shown into the front room to wait.

"About ten minutes later a knock came at the door, and here we made the one serious mistake for which I blame myself. Instead of opening the door ourselves we allowed the girl to do so. We heard her say, 'Mother, there are two men in the house waiting to see you,' and an instant afterwards we heard the patter of feet rushing down the passage. Forbes flung open the door, and we both ran into the back room or kitchen, but the woman had got there before us. She stared at us with defiant eyes, and then suddenly recognising me, an expres-



"WHY, IF IT ISN'T MR. PHELPS!"

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sion of absolute astonishment came over her face.

"'Why, if it isn't Mr. Phelps, of the office!' she cried.

"'Come, come, who did you think we were when you ran away from us?' asked my companion.

"'I thought you were the brokers,' said she. 'We've had some trouble with a tradesman.'

"'That's not quite good enough,' answered Forbes. 'We have reason to believe that you have taken a paper of importance from the Foreign Office, and that you ran in here to dispose of it. You must come back with us to Scotland Yard to be searched.'

"It was in vain that she protested and resisted. A four-wheeler was brought, and we all three drove back in it. We had first made an examination of the kitchen, and especially of the kitchen fire, to see whether she might have made away with the papers during the instant that she was alone. There were no signs, however, of any ashes or scraps. When we reached Scotland Yard she was handed over at once to the female searcher. I waited in an agony of suspense until she came back with her report. There were no signs of the papers.

"Then, for the first time, the horror of my situation came in its full force upon me. Hitherto I had been acting, and action had numbed thought. I had been so confident of regaining the treaty at once that I had not dared to think of what would be the consequence if I failed to do so. But now there was nothing more to be done, and I had leisure to realize my position. It was horrible! Watson there would tell you that I was a nervous, sensitive boy at school. It is my nature. I thought of my uncle and of his colleagues in the Cabinet, of the shame which I had brought upon him, upon myself, upon everyone connected with me. What though I was the victim of an extraordinary accident? No allowance is made for accidents where diplomatic interests are at stake. I was ruined; shamefully, hopelessly ruined. I don't know what I did. I fancy I must have made a scene. I have a dim recollection of a group of officials who crowded round me endeavouring to soothe me. One of them drove down with me to Waterloo and saw me into the Woking train. I believe that he would have come all the way had it not been that Dr. Ferrier, who lives near me, was going down by that very train. The doctor most kindly took charge of me, and it was well he did so, for I had a fit in the station, and before we reached home I was practically a raving maniac.

"You can imagine the state of things here when they were roused from their beds by the doctor's ringing, and found me in this condition. Poor Annie here and my mother were broken-hearted. Dr. Ferrier had just heard enough from the detective at the station to be able to give an idea of what had happened, and his story did not mend matters. It was evident to all that I was in for a long illness, so Joseph was bundled out of this cheery bedroom, and it was turned into a sick room for me. Here I have lain, Mr. Holmes, for over nine weeks, unconscious, and raving with brain fever. If it had not been for Miss Harrison here and for the doctor's care, I should not be speaking to you now. She has nursed me by day, and a hired nurse has looked after me by night, for in my mad fits I was capable of anything. Slowly my reason has cleared, but it is only during the last three days that my memory has quite returned. Sometimes I wish that it never had. The first thing that I did was to wire to Mr. Forbes, who had the case in hand. He came out and assured me that, though everything has been done, no trace of a clue has been discovered. The commissionaire and his wife have been examined in every way without any light being thrown upon the matter. The suspicions of the police then rested upon young Gorot, who, as you may remember, stayed overtime in the office that night. His remaining behind and his French name were really the only two points which could suggest suspicion; but as a matter of fact, I did not begin work until he had gone, and his people are of Huguenot extraction, but as English in sympathy and tradition as you and I are. Nothing was found to implicate him in any way, and there the matter dropped. I turn to you, Mr. Holmes, as absolutely my last hope. If you fail me, then my honour as well as my position are for ever forfeited."

The invalid sank back upon his cushions, tired out by this long recital, while his nurse poured him out a glass of some stimulating medicine. Holmes sat silently with his head thrown back and his eyes closed in an attitude which might seem listless to a stranger, but which I knew betokened the most intense absorption.

"Your statement has been so explicit," said he at last, "that you have really left me very few questions to ask. There is one of the very utmost importance, however. Did

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you tell anyone that you had this special task to perform?"

"No one."

"Not Miss Harrison here, for example?"

"No. I had not been back to Woking between getting the order and executing the commission."

"And none of your people had by chance been to see you?"

"None."

"Did any of them know their way about in the office?"

"Oh, yes; all of them had been shown over it."

"Still, of course, if you said nothing to any one about the treaty, these inquiries are irrelevant."

"I said nothing."

"Do you know anything of the commissionaire?"

"Nothing, except that he is an old soldier."

"What regiment?"

"Oh, I have heard—Coldstream Guards."

"Thank you. I have no doubt I can get details from Forbes. The authorities are excellent at amassing facts, though they do not always use them to advantage. What a lovely thing a rose is!"

He walked past the couch to the open window, and held up the drooping stalk of a moss rose, looking down at the dainty blend of crimson and green. It was a new phase of his character to me, for I had never before seen him show any keen interest in natural objects.

"There is nothing in which deduction is so necessary as in religion," said he, leaning with his back against the shutters. "It can be built up as an exact science by the reasoner. Our highest assurance of the goodness of Providence seems to me to rest in the flowers. All other things, our powers, our desires, our food, are really necessary for our existence in the first instance. But this rose is an extra. Its smell and its colour are an embellishment of life, not a condition of it. It is only goodness which gives extras, and so I say again that we have much to hope from the flowers."

Percy Phelps and his nurse looked at Holmes during this demonstration with surprise and a good deal of disappointment written upon their faces. He had fallen into a reverie, with the moss rose between his fingers. It had lasted some minutes before the young lady broke in upon it.



"WHAT A LOVELY THING A ROSE IS."

"Do you see any prospect of solving this mystery, Mr. Holmes?" she asked, with a touch of asperity in her voice.

"Oh, the mystery!" he answered, coming back with a start to the realities of life. "Well, it would be absurd to deny that the case is a very abstruse and complicated one; but I can promise you that I will look into the matter and let you know any points which may strike me."

"Do you see any clue?"

"You have furnished me with seven, but of course I must test them before I can pronounce upon their value."

"You suspect someone?"

"I suspect myself—"

"What?"

"Of coming to conclusions too rapidly."

"Then go to London and test your conclusions."

"Your advice is very excellent, Miss Harrison," said Holmes, rising. "I think, Watson, we cannot do better. Do not allow yourself to indulge in false hopes, Mr. Phelps. The affair is a very tangled one."

"I shall be in a fever until I see you again," cried the diplomatist.

"Well, I'll come out by the same train to-morrow, though it's more than likely that my report will be a negative one."

"God bless you for promising to come," cried our client. "It gives me fresh life to know that something is being done. By the way, I have had a letter from Lord Holdhurst."

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"Ha, what did he say?"

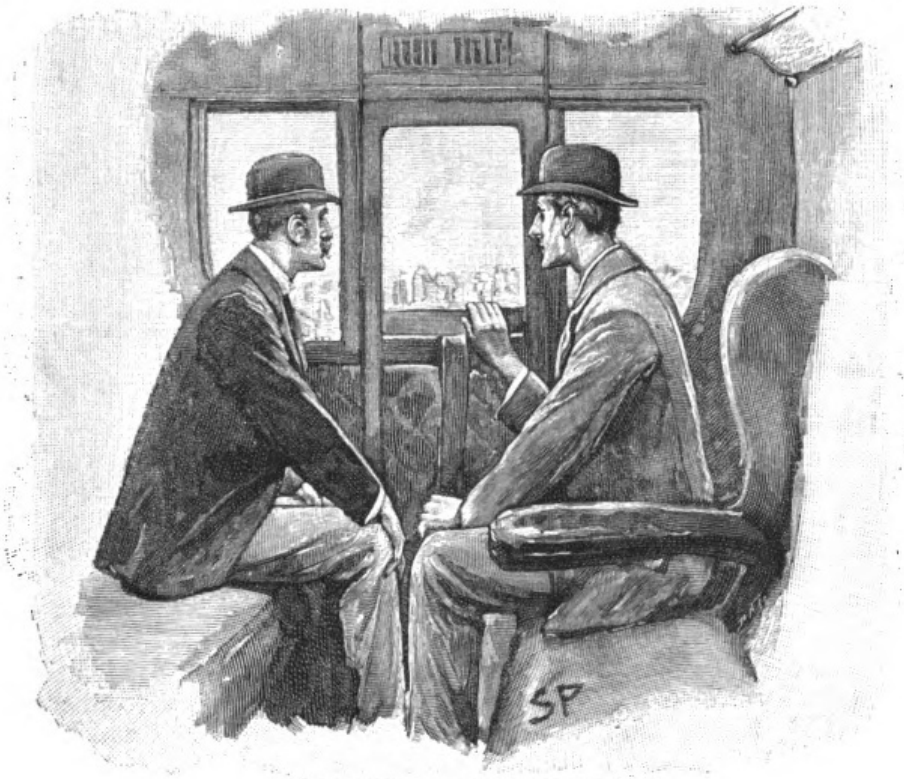
"He was cold, but not harsh. I daresay my severe illness prevented him from being that. He repeated that the matter was of the utmost importance, and added that no steps would be taken about my future—by which he means, of course, my dismissal—until my health was restored and I had an opportunity of repairing my misfortune."

"Well, that was reasonable and considerate," said Holmes. "Come, Watson, for we have a good day's work before us in town."

Mr. Joseph Harrison drove us down to the station, and we were soon whirling up in a Portsmouth train. Holmes was sunk in profound thought, and hardly opened his mouth until we had passed Clapham Junction.

"It's a very cheering thing to come into London by any of these lines which run high and allow you to look down upon the houses like this."

I thought he was joking, for the view was sordid enough, but he soon explained himself.



"THE VIEW WAS SORDID ENOUGH."

"Look at those big, isolated clumps of building rising up above the slates, like brick islands in a lead-coloured sea."

"The Board schools."

"Lighthouses, my boy! Beacons of the future! Capsules, with hundreds of bright little seeds in each, out of which will spring the wiser, better England of the future. I suppose that man Phelps does not drink?"

"I should not think so."

"Nor should I. But we are bound to take every possibility into account. The poor devil has certainly got himself into very hot water, and it's a question whether we shall ever be able to get him ashore. What did you think of Miss Harrison?"

"A girl of strong character."

"Yes, but she is a good sort, or I am mistaken. She and her brother are the only children of an ironmaster somewhere up Northumberland way. He got engaged to her when travelling last winter, and she came down to be introduced to his people, with her brother as escort. Then came the smash, and she stayed on to nurse her lover, while brother Joseph, finding himself pretty snug, stayed on too. I've been making a few independent inquiries, you see. But to-day must be a day of inquiries."

"My practice——" I began.

"Oh, if you find your own cases more interesting than mine——" said Holmes, with some asperity.

"I was going to say that my practice could get along very well for a day or two, since it is the slackest time in the year."

"Excellent!" said he, recovering his good humour. "Then we'll look into this matter together. I think that we should begin by seeing Forbes. He can probably tell us all the details we want, until we know from what side the case is to be approached."

"You said you had a clue."

"Well, we have several, but we can only test their value by further inquiry. The most difficult crime to track is the one which is purposeless. Now, this is not purposeless. Who is it that profits by it? There is the

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French Ambassador, there is the Russian, there is whoever might sell it to either of these, and there is Lord Holdhurst."

"Lord Holdhurst!"

"Well, it is just conceivable that a statesman might find himself in a position where he was not sorry to have such a document accidentally destroyed."

"Not a statesman with the honourable record of Lord Holdhurst."

"It is a possibility, and we cannot afford to disregard it. We shall see the noble lord to-day, and find out if he can tell us anything. Meanwhile, I have already set inquiries upon foot."

"Already?"

"Yes, I sent wires from Woking Station to every evening paper in London. This advertisement will appear in each of them."

He handed over a sheet torn from a note-book. On it was scribbled in pencil:—

"£10 Reward.—The number of the cab which dropped a fare at or about the door of the Foreign Office in Charles Street, at a quarter to ten in the evening of May 23rd. Apply 221B, Baker Street."

"You are confident that the thief came in a cab?"

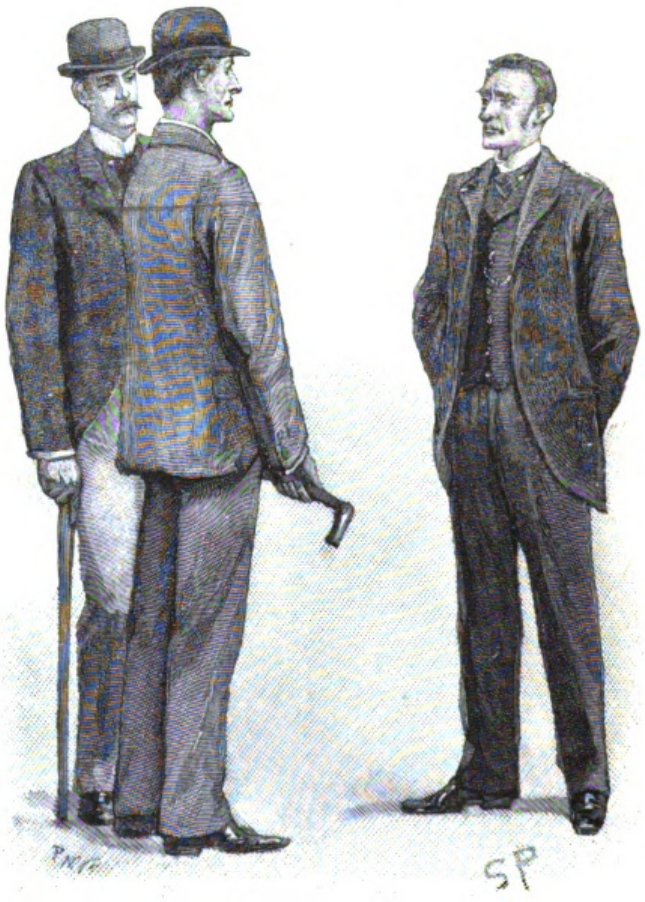
"If not, there is no harm done. But if Mr. Phelps is correct in stating that there is no hiding-place either in the room or the corridors, then the person must have come from outside. If he came from outside on so wet a night, and yet left no trace of damp upon the linoleum which was examined within a few minutes of his passing, then it is exceedingly probable that he came in a cab. Yes, I think that we may safely deduce a cab."

"It sounds plausible."

"That is one of the clues of which I spoke. It may lead us to something. And then, of course, there is the bell—which is the most distinctive feature of the case. Why should the bell ring? Was it the thief that did it out of bravado? Or was it someone who was with the thief who did it in order to prevent the crime? Or was it an accident? Or was it ——?" He sank back into the state of intense and silent thought from which he had emerged, but it seemed to me, accustomed as I was to his every mood, that some new possibility had dawned suddenly upon him.

It was twenty past three when we reached our terminus, and after a hasty luncheon at the buffet we pushed on at once to Scotland Yard. Holmes had already wired to Forbes, and we found him waiting to receive us: a small, foxy man, with a sharp but by no means amiable expression. He was decidedly frigid in his manner to us, especially when he heard the errand upon which we had come.

"I've heard of your methods before now, Mr. Holmes," said he, tartly. "You are ready enough to use all the information that the police can lay at your disposal, and then you try to finish the case yourself and bring discredit upon them."



"I'VE HEARD OF YOUR METHODS BEFORE NOW, MR. HOLMES."

"On the contrary," said Holmes; "out of my last fifty-three cases my name has only appeared in four, and the police have had all the credit in forty-nine. I don't blame you for not knowing this, for you are young and inexperienced; but if you wish to get on in your new duties you will work with me, and not against me."

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"I'd be very glad of a hint or two," said the detective, changing his manner. "I've certainly had no credit from the case so far."

"What steps have you taken?"

"Tangey, the commissionaire, has been shadowed. He left the Guards with a good character, and we can find nothing against him. His wife is a bad lot, though. I fancy she knows more about this than appears."

"Have you shadowed her?"

"We have set one of our women on to her. Mrs. Tangey drinks, and our woman has been with her twice when she was well on, but she could get nothing out of her."

"I understand that they have had brokers in the house?"

"Yes, but they were paid off."

"Where did the money come from?"

"That was all right. His pension was due. They have not shown any sign of being in funds."

"What explanation did she give of having answered the bell when Mr. Phelps rang for the coffee?"

"She said that her husband was very tired and she wished to relieve him."

"Well, certainly that would agree with his being found, a little later, asleep in his chair. There is nothing against them, then, but the woman's character. Did you ask her why she hurried away that night? Her haste attracted the attention of the police constable."

"She was later than usual, and wanted to get home."

"Did you point out to her that you and Mr. Phelps, who started at least twenty minutes after her, got home before her?"

"She explains that by the difference between a 'bus and a hansom."

"Did she make it clear why, on reaching her house, she ran into the back kitchen?"

"Because she had the money there with which to pay off the brokers."

"She has at least an answer for everything. Did you ask her whether in leaving she met anyone or saw anyone loitering about Charles Street?"

"She saw no one but the constable."

"Well, you seem to have cross-examined her pretty thoroughly. What else have you done?"

"The clerk, Gorot, has been shadowed all these nine weeks, but without result. We can show nothing against him."

"Anything else?"

"Well, we have nothing else to go upon—no evidence of any kind."

"Have you formed any theory about how that bell rang?"

"Well, I must confess that it beats me. It was a cool hand, whoever it was, to go and give the alarm like that."

"Yes, it was a queer thing to do. Many thanks to you for what you have told me. If I can put the man into your hands you shall hear from me. Come along, Watson!"

"Where are we going to now?" I asked, as we left the office.

"We are now going to interview Lord Holdhurst, the Cabinet Minister and future Premier of England."

(To be concluded next month.)

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"WHY, mister, you're the ninth to-day—
(And not the last, as I'll be bound)—
To come along and ask the way
To Little-Pigley-in-the-Pound;
And always with a canvas case
Containing paints to paint the place.

"But I'm afeard the likes o' you
Must hit on summut else to paint;
For Little-Pigley ain't on view—
And that's what Little-Pigley ain't—
And maybe you've a mind to know
Why Little-Pigley ain't on show?

"You artist gents is well aware
As Little-Pigley wasn't what
You might say kep' in fine repair—
A rambleshackling kind of spot:
The which is rightly what contents
Sech curious folks as artist gents.

"Us Pigley folks had bin inclined
To fancy—ah! for thirty year—
That Little-Pigley wouldn't mind
A dab o' putty here and theer.
Still, no one started to begin,
Though 'alf the roofs was tumblin' in.

"Then Roots'es chimbley down he come
And buried Mother Turmut's sow.
And then we thought, as things looked rum,
We might begin a-puttying now,
And held a meeting, prompt and plump,
About the matter, round the pump.

"And then and theer that meeting found—
And arter, at the 'Cow and Cup'—
That Little-Pigley-in-the-Pound
Required a bit o' doing-up;
The which (though being our intent)
Was flummoxed by a artist gent.

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"AT THE 'COW AND CUP.'"

"The gent—(as had a winning smile,
And pleasant-spoken as you please)—
Had bin with us a goodish while,
A-staying at the 'Seven Fleas';
And always reg'lar to be found
A-picturing the houses round.

"Now, when he heered about our plan
Of doing Pigley up a bit,
He seemed a reg'lar broken man—
We thought he'd go and have a fit;
With tears a-rolling down his face
He said we'd ruinate the place!

"Then round he comes to each in turn
As owned a cottage or a shed,
And filled our hearts with much concern
With all the dismal things he said:
Says he, 'You let the village be—
To touch it is a crime,' says he.

"Well, we was puzzled, you'll believe;
And weeks and weeks they came and went,
And still we didn't like to grieve
That pleasant-spoken artist gent.
And 'alf a roof was all I had,
And things were gettin' pretty bad.



"YOU LET THE VILLAGE BE,

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"Then Stubbs, he murmured, 'Not but what
Civility is right and fit;
Yet, arter all, a man hev got
To think about hisself a bit—
I seems to think we ought to keep
This place from tumblin' in a heap.'

"'Old Stubbs,' says me, 'we do believe
As your remarks is rightly meant;
But shall we up and go and grieve
That pleasant-spoken artist gent?
Why, if so be we was to take
An' do this thing, his 'eart would break!'

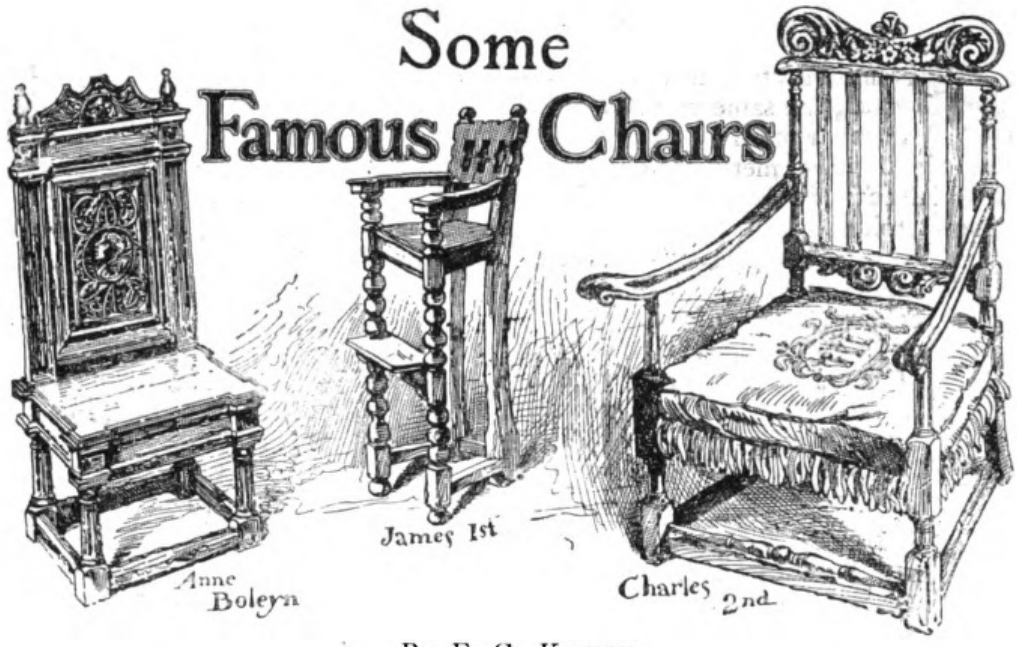
"And so it comes to pass that what
Were Little-Pigley-in-the-Pound
Is jest a mere promiscu's lot
O' little heaps about the ground—
There's some among us as repent
They ever seed that artist gent!"

J. F. SULLIVAN.



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Some Famous Chairs



By F. G. Kitton.

THACKERAY contended that the coats of distinguished men may possess as marked an individuality as their characters and their lineaments. Could not this theory be consistently applied to the favourite chairs of celebrated people? For the personal associations connected with these articles of furniture are apparently so tangible and real, that it does not require a great effort of imagination to picture the respective owners seated thereon, in characteristic attitudes assumed for labour, ease, or comfort. "Never ask me into your room of chairs: I should see all the men sitting in them!" said a well-known novelist to a gentleman of antiquarian tastes, who had made a hobby of collecting what he aptly termed "suggestive furniture."

This gentleman was the late Mr. George Godwin, F.S.A., for some time editor of the *Builder*, who succeeded in obtaining many such relics of departed greatness; for he considered that it would not be difficult to show the importance attaching to suggestive memorials of those who have taught or delighted the world, and that amongst such memorials the chair habitually used must hold a high place. A few years ago, shortly after Mr. Godwin's death, the famous chairs were brought to the hammer, when the present writer availed himself of an opportunity that might never recur of sketching the most interesting items in this unrivalled collection before it was dispersed. Several of the chairs here described formerly belonged to Mr. Godwin.

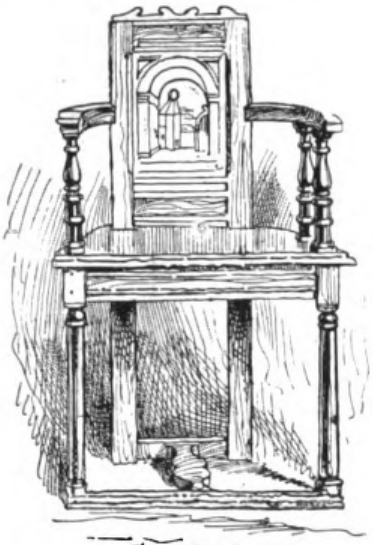
The first of the three Royal chairs, as delineated above, belonged to Anne Boleyn, and came out of Hever Castle about fifty years ago, when it was sold by the then owner, who, with consummate bad taste, while renovating this establishment with modern furniture, rejected that which was antique and beautiful. This chair is of oak, with the back panel richly carved; the legs are fluted Doric columns, and the front of the very low seat is ornamented with a coarse sort of marquetry, or *tarsiatura*. It is believed to be of French manufacture, probably of the time of Henri II. or Francis I.; and we may suppose it possible that the unfortunate Anne often sat on this substantial seat while King Hal made love to her.

The next drawing represents the veritable chair used by James VI. of Scotland (afterwards James I. of England) during his infancy, while under the care of the Earl of Mar, in Stirling Castle. It is of contemporary workmanship, solidly built of oak, the front posts affording a good example of Jacobean ball-turning. Sixty years ago, when in Lady Frances Erskine's possession, it was in a state of rapid decay, so probably its present condition is even more akin to dust.

The third Royal chair is known as Charles II.'s, it having provided sitting accommodation for the King in the Council Chamber at Great Yarmouth in 1662. This handsome specimen of contemporary furniture is also of oak, partly carved, having a crimson cushioned seat embroidered with the arms of Yarmouth, at which place it was purchased by Mr Godwin in 1883.

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The gem of this collection is undoubtedly Shakespeare's chair, the same in which he is believed to have written many of his immortal plays. The mere statement that such was the case would not, however, be sufficient to inspire confidence in its authenticity, but there is its pedigree, fully recorded, let in under glass behind. It is a small, stiff, square, oak arm-chair, with a somewhat crude carving of a church on the back, and having (when I sketched it) a slender chain drawn across the front, to warn off all who



Shaksheare

might presume to sit on such a seat. Its history, in handwriting of the time of Garrick, is as follows :—

"When Garrick was intending to celebrate the Memory of his ever-to-be-remembered Author Shakespeare, in praise of his superlative Genius, He heard that Paul Whitehead, the poet laureate, had a chair in which he, S., sat when he wrote most of his inimitable Plays. He requested the favour of me to call upon Whitehead, and ask his permission that he, G., might be indulged with the Loan of the said Chair on the occasion, from which He thought He should be enabled to make his Oration with more peculiar animation. I without Hesitation undertook the business, and waited upon him at his house upon Twickenham Common, and addressed Him in as mild and as modest terms as in my power, when He abruptly and absolutely, with a considerable degree of Ire, refused it, saying that Garrick was a Mountebank, and was by no means a fit person to be trusted with so valuable a Gem, upon which I retired greatly confused and discomfited. Soon after, however, Mr. Whitehead died, and his furniture, &c., coming to the Hammer to be sold, I asked Mr. Ben Bradbury, a neighbouring resident, to purchase It for me, with which he complied, made the



purchase, and afterwards made me a present of it, without permitting me to know to what amount it was sold, and it has ever since been in my possession in the genuine state in which it was bought, and shall so remain, barring accidents, for the Residue of my Life.

"J. B."

The chair said to have belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh (but believed by experts to be of a much later date) is important and stately; the frame is of turned ball-work, from which the gilt is gradually disappearing, and the seat and arms are covered with dark green cushions. It was brought from Orley Court, near Bideford, Sir Walter's country mansion; and tradition says that the room, called the Haunted Chamber, in which it was found, had not been opened for a century.

The drawing of Sir Philip Sidney's chair



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is taken from Hone's "Year Book," where it is described as an old, finely-carved chair, in the possession of a gentleman to whom it was presented by the owner of Penshurst, Kent, the venerable seat of the Sidney family, and the birthplace of Sir Philip. From tradition at Penshurst, it was the chair in which he customarily sat, and perhaps wrote his celebrated "Arcadia," here referred to as "the best pastoral romance, and one of the most popular books of its age." The carved design on the back, with a somewhat Egyptian-like type of head in the centre, is very elaborate and curious, and is about the date of Henry VII.



Alexander Pope is here represented by two chairs of very distinct types. One of these strongly resembles Shakespeare's, but the effect is much superior, the back being richly carved. This interesting oak seat was was presented to the South Kensington Museum, in 1872, by Lady Hawes, widow of Sir Benjamin Hawes, who was a descendant of William Hawes, the apothecary in attend-



Pope

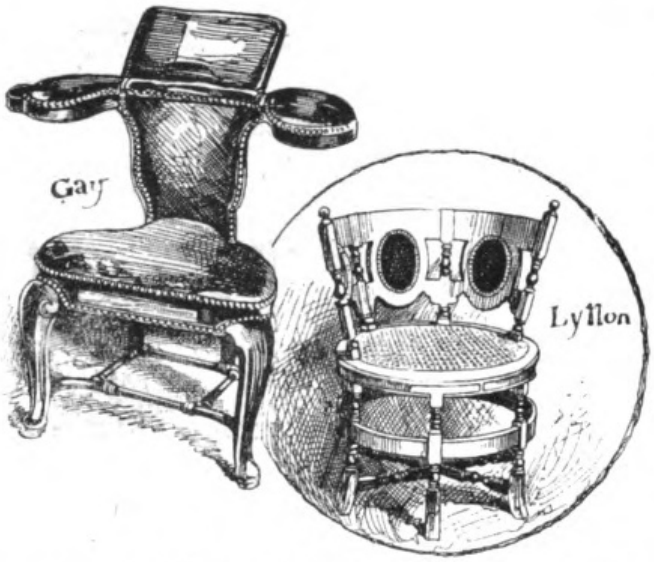


constantly used by Pope, and was exhibited, with other relics of Pope, at Twickenham, in July, 1888, on the occasion of the bi-centenary celebration of the poet's birth. It was given to a servant who had long lived in the poet's family, and now belongs to Lord Braybrooke. The other chair formerly belonging to Pope is more inviting, if less ornate—an oak corner chair of the period of William and Mary, covered in dark leather. Dr. Diamond, F.S.A., a former possessor, believed it to be really genuine, and, indeed, was willing to make an affidavit that it was Pope's chair.

Oliver Goldsmith's chair is, as might be expected, a very simple affair, of a type known as a "Wycombe," constructed of beech, and afterwards stained a dark green colour. It ance upon Goldsmith during his last illness. After his death, Goldsmith's furniture and other effects were sold by public auction, under the management of Mr. Hawes, who probably thus availed himself of that opportunity of acquiring such a pleasing souvenir of him who, as Garrick said, "wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll."

It would have been appropriate to have introduced here a representation of the chair of Goldsmith's admiring friend, Dr. Johnson. A seat that undoubtedly belonged to the burly doctor stood, for many years, an honoured relic in the quaint room of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell; but recent investigation resulted in the discovery that, much to the writer's chagrin, it had been removed, and his attempt to trace its present destina-

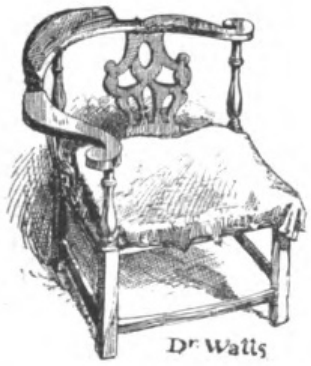
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tion unhappily failed. Although it has probably fallen into appreciative hands, it is much to be regretted that such a cherished object should thus disappear from public view.

The chair of Gay, the poet, is curious and probably unique. Apart from its associations, it is a remarkable specimen of ingenious adaptation of means to an end, forming not merely a seat, but also a desk for writing. Under the arms are drawers for holding writing implements, each turning on a pivot and having a candlestick attached. Under the seat is another similar receptacle, behind which is a secret drawer ingeniously fastened by a small bolt, not perceivable until the larger drawer is removed. The chair, it is necessary to explain, is used by sitting across it with the face towards the back. It passed to Gay's relations by marriage, and was eventually sold by auction.

Bulwer Lytton's quaint cane-bottomed chair is circular in form, the frame of walnut wood,



and the date apparently Jacobean. In it, at Craven Cottage, Fulham, the distinguished author wrote many of his earlier works. One can turn about in it, and give oneself comfort however fidgety one may be. It was presented by Lord Lytton to Mr. T. A. Baylis, who considered it one of the very best relics of his "very dear friend."

A comfortable corner chair of oak, with open-work back and leather seat, is that of Dr. Isaac Watts, "the excellent divine and harmonious hymnologist," and was brought from Abney Park, Hackney, where he resided with the family of Sir Thomas Abney for some thirty or forty years. It subsequently found its way into the Godwin Gallery.

An arm-chair in mahogany frame, with crimson morocco leather seat and back, was the favourite seat of Samuel Warren, author of "Ten Thousand a Year,"



etc., and was purchased by Mr. Godwin at the sale of the novelist's effects in 1878. The little oak writing-chair by its side, with cane seat and back, belonged to Shirley Brooks, sometime editor of *Punch*, and was given to the enthusiastic collector by Mrs. Brooks herself.

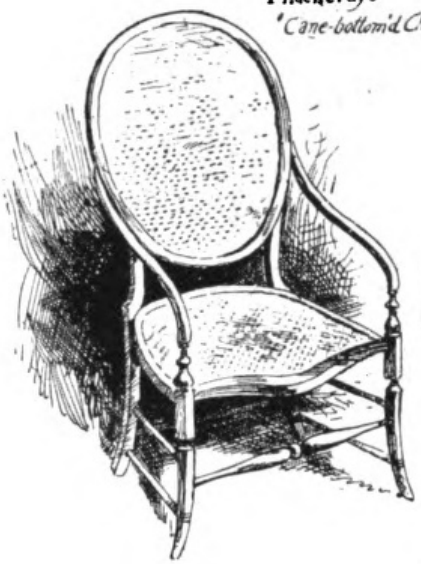
Anthony Trollope's library chair of American pine, given to Mr. Godwin by the novelist's family, has been rightly described as "a hard, uninstructive chair, without an idea in it." This character does not apply to the favourite seat of his illustrious contemporary, Charles Dickens — that simple, but comfortable, arm-chair which the author of "Pickwick" used in his study at Gad's Hill Place. Its aspect has been made generally familiar by means of Mr. Luke Fildes' spirited drawing, entitled "The

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Empty Chair," published in the *Graphic* shortly after the novelist's death. This famous chair was on view at the Victorian Exhibition held in the New Gallery in 1891-2, having been lent by Miss Dickens.

The large easy chair wherein it is said Thackeray used to write (or, rather, rest) is peculiar in having five legs, three of which are at the back. It has an ebonized frame,





removal to Kensington Palace Gardens. At the Victorian Exhibition was shown a still more interesting seat, which also belonged to the author of "Vanity Fair," namely, the cane-bottomed chair of his ballad. It is a lightly-constructed arm-chair, with caned seat and back, and was purchased at the sale of Thackeray's property, in 1864, by Sir W. A. Fraser, Bart., who lent it for exhibition.

An unpretentious bamboo easy chair was the favourite seat of the world-renowned Sarah Siddons when studying her theatrical



upholstered in crimson satin damask—and "looks not unlike a good-sized bath," large enough, one would imagine, to afford satisfactory accommodation for the bulky form of him whom Carlyle humorously alluded to as a "Cornish giant." Thackeray's chair was purchased by Mr. Godwin from a well-known firm in Bond Street, and it has been explained that, previous to this, the novelist had either given it away or exchanged it, probably on the occasion of his



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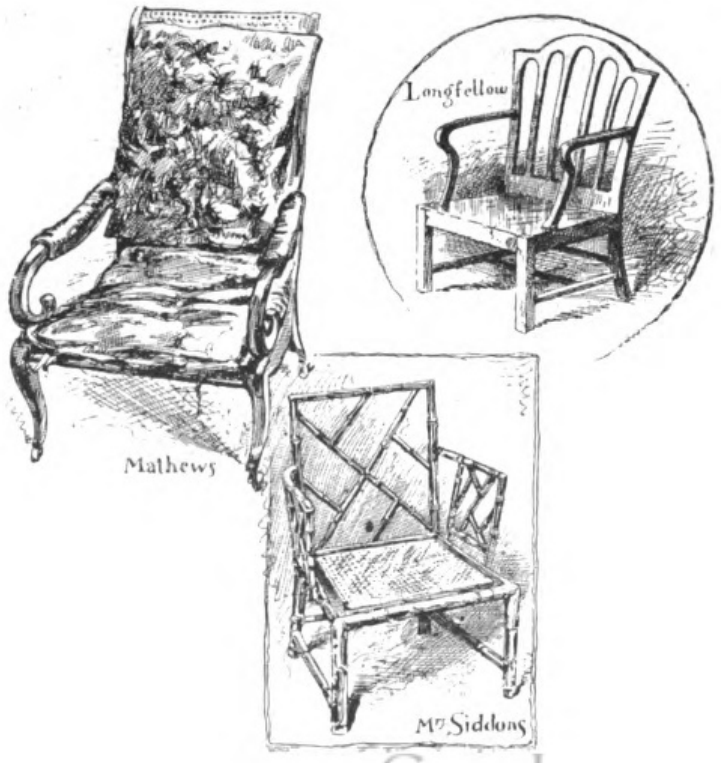
characters at home, and is the identical one specially taken on many occasions to the theatre for her use upon the stage. It was left, with other personal property, to Miss Wilkinson, her companion and confidential friend, who lived with the distinguished actress during the last years of her life. From this lady it passed to Dr. T. Stevenson, F.S.A., who gave it to Mr. Godwin. The latter gentleman also possessed the easy chair of the elder Charles Mathews, which he purchased at the sale of the actor's effects in 1878.

Longfellow's chair is a squat imitation of a Sheraton design, and probably manufactured in America, where it is still cherished by the family.

Garrick's chair is technically called a "lug" chair, by reason of the side pieces or "lugs" projecting from the back, which must effectually screen the head from transverse draughts. This cosy receptacle is well padded throughout, and covered with gay tapestry. A striking peculiarity is the movable ottoman below, which draws in and out, forming a resting-place for the famous actor's gouty extremities. A brass plate at the back is thus inscribed: "This Chair belonged to David Garrick, and was purchased by John Hare at the Countess of Essex' Sale at Christie's, on March 7th, 1883." Mr. Hare afterwards presented it to the Green Room Club.



There is a story connected with Lord Byron's handsome Louis XIV. chair, covered in crimson Utrecht velvet. In 1835, his intimate friend, Scrope Davies, an associate of the Byron coterie of elegant men, and a wit, had made his home in an apartment that was previously a hayloft, situated in one of the squares in Ostend, the approach to this unconventional dwelling being by means of a ladder. Scrope Davies had filled two rooms, fashioned in the loft, with relics from all the distinguished men he had known, and was visited by many eminent people as they passed through Ostend to pay their respects to King Leopold at Brussels. The father

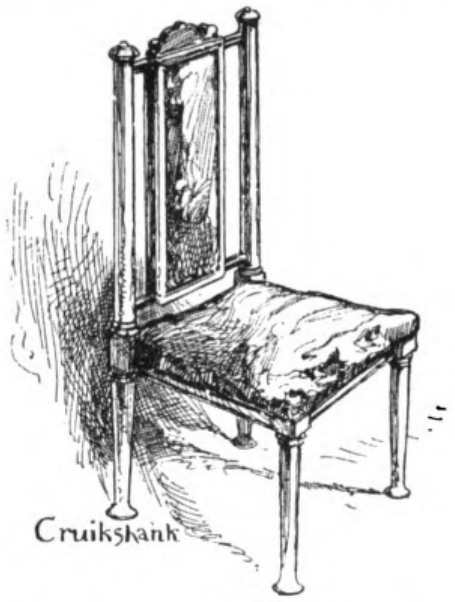




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of the lady who tells the story of Davies knew how to appreciate that remarkable man, who, in return, invited him to the loft, where he found a curious collection of objects. He was subsequently able to do Davies "a good turn," and this sympathy led to the gentleman one day carrying down the ladder this same high-backed chair with cloven feet, which Byron himself had given him. It originally came from his lordship's ancestral mansion, where he used it in his library.

The first of the chairs of three great artists is a small writing chair with crimson leather seat and back (somewhat tattered), which once



belonged to George Cruikshank. The next is a much more substantial seat, formerly owned by Thomas Bewick, the restorer of the



art of wood-engraving in England, but who is better known, perhaps, as the author and illustrator of Bewick's "British Birds" and "Quadrupeds." The present writer purchased this valuable relic at the Bewick Sale held at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1884, and, in order to maintain its identity, a silver plate has since



been inserted recording this fact, together with the intimation that Bewick had for many years been accustomed to sit in this very chair. A mournful interest is associated with Sir Edwin Landseer's easy chair, for in it (as it stood by his bedside) the great animal painter breathed his last.

A rough oaken chair, fit for a giant to rest on, is that of Walter Savage Landor, poet and miscellaneous writer. It is of



James I.'s date, and was included in the Godwin collection. So was Theodore Hook's, a very peculiar one of the Cromwell period, which may be used as a table, the circular back turning down and resting solidly on the arms. Mr. Godwin

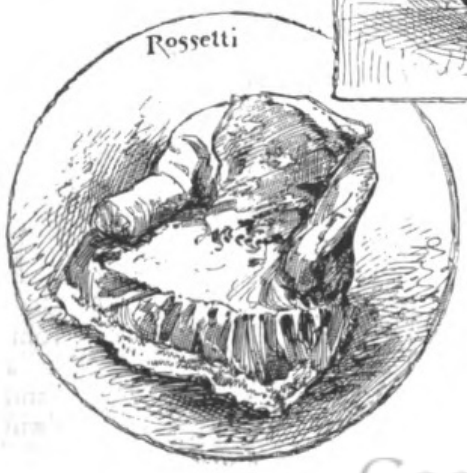
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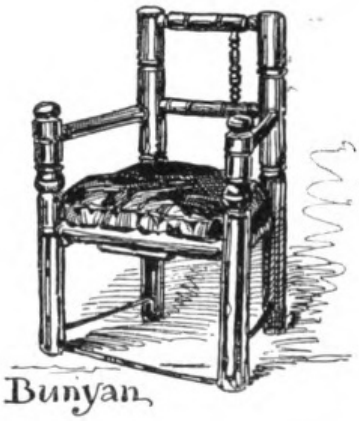
obtained it from Hook's house at Fulham, where he once saw him in it, and heard the punster make some of his wild jokes when seated on "his double-purposed throne."

The late Lord Tennyson's cane-bottomed study chair is a modern French type, and probably may still be seen by privileged persons in the deceased Laureate's study at Haslemere, where I sketched it a few years ago, as it stood near his writing-table. The favourite seat of the painter-poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is a comfortable but sorry-looking piece of furniture, and requires a brown holland cover to hide its imperfections, while an aggressive modern chair-back, disporting sky-blue swallows on a ground of old-gold material, is spread over the back.





John Bunyan's primitive-looking arm-chair, with cushioned seat, is still preserved in the vestry of Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, and is one of the few personal relics extant of the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." It



originally had three turned spindles in the back, only one of which remains; and the legs are braced together with iron to prevent premature collapse.

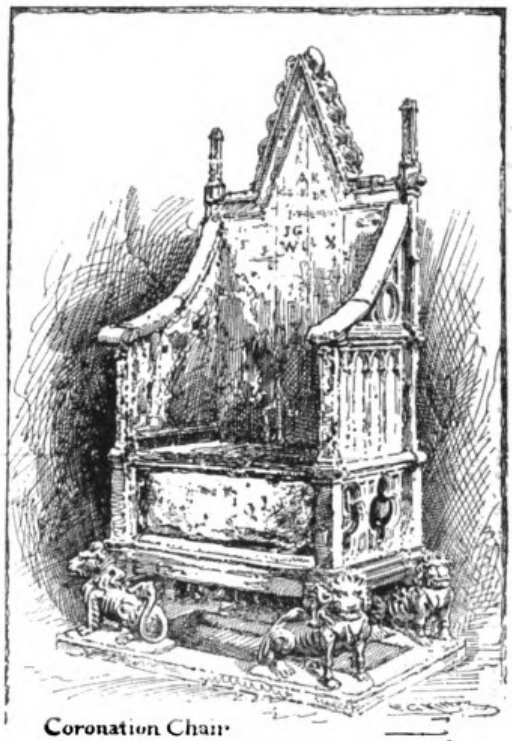
The cabin chair of Lord Nelson is a valuable historical relic of England's famous admiral. It is a simply contrived affair, the wooden frame painted green, and the turned and square legs and posts having three incised parallel lines on each of the front flat surfaces; the back consists of a thin bowing top with two rows of perforations, while the seat is of rush, neatly woven. A paper



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inscription on the back states that the chair was "formerly the property of Horatio Viscount Nelson, and was presented by Lord Stafford to the Norfolk and Norwich Museum," than which a more fitting resting-place could not be found.

This series of remarkable chairs would not be complete without mention of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. The seat of this ancient and historic chair rests upon the celebrated stone which, according to Buchanan, formerly stood in Argyllshire, and was transferred to Scone by King Kenneth, who inclosed it in a wooden chair. The monkish tradition states it to be the veritable stone which formed Jacob's pillow! In the more credible legend of Scotland it is described as the ancient inauguration stone of the Kings of Ireland, brought from the sister isle by Fergus, the son of Eric, who led the Dalriads to the shores of Argyllshire. The stone was removed to Westminster from Scone by Edward I., and there it remains, "the ancientest respected monument in the world." The history of its removal from Scone admits of no doubt, for a record exists of the expenses attending its transference; and this is the best evidence of the reverence which attached to this rude seat of the ancient Kings of Scotland, "who, standing on it in the sight of assembled thousands, had sworn to reverence the laws and to do justice to the people."



Coronation Chair.

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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Authors of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

IV.—THE HEIR OF CHARTELPOOL.

A DOCTOR in full practice in London often loses sight of his early home. This was not my case. I had spent all my young days in a small village in Yorkshire, and, as my practice increased and my leisure time grew rarer and rarer, I was still glad to spend a fortnight in each year in the old sequestered hamlet which had known me as child and boy.

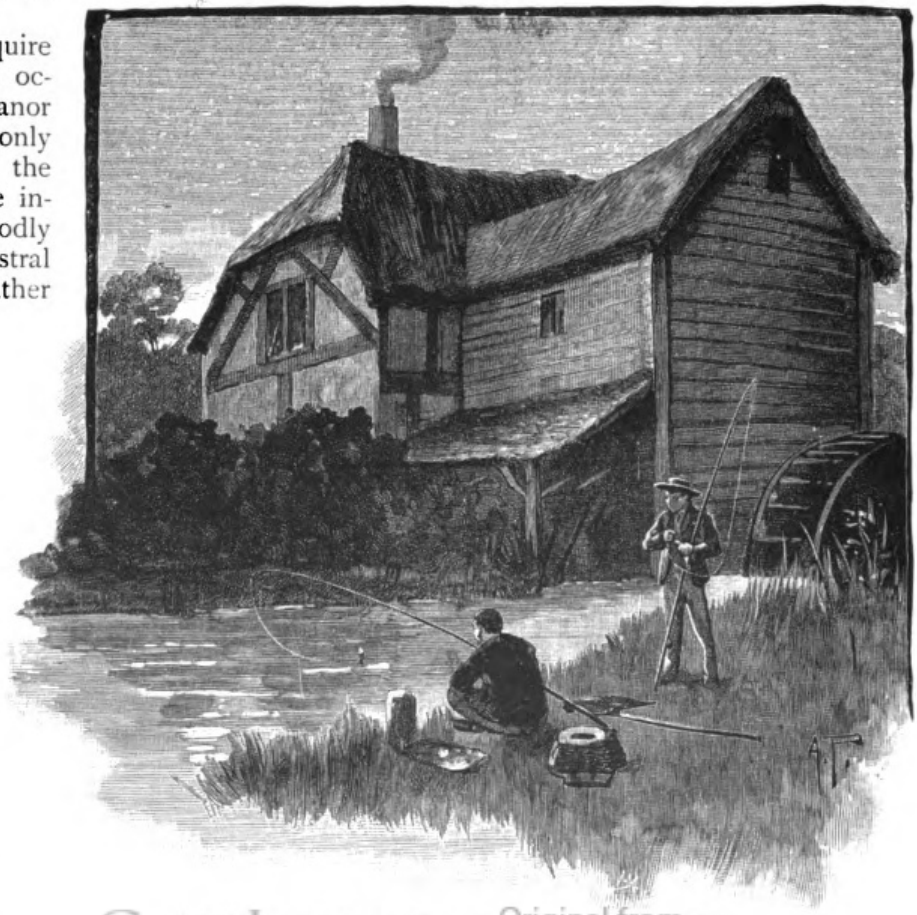
The thing which happens to all flesh came also into my life. The friends who knew me of old knew me no more, for the simple reason that they no longer knew anybody else on earth—they were lying in the churchyard. But one friend of about my own age always welcomed me with enthusiasm and heartiness when I could run down from London to spend a few days at Chartelpool.

Stanhope was the squire of the village. He occupied the old Manor House, and was the only man of wealth in the neighbourhood. He inherited not only a goodly share of old ancestral acres, but his grandfather and father before him had largely added to their means by coal mines, which were worked successfully, and which, in consequence, made Harold Stanhope one of the richest men of my acquaintance.

When I first knew him he was a dark-eyed, sallow-faced schoolboy. We spent a great deal of time riding and fishing together, and when we both went up to the University, we found ourselves men of the same college.

Harold was reserved and silent—a little shy and difficult to get on with—at least, so strangers said, but I always thought him the best fellow on earth. The fact is, I had at quite an early age plumbed the depths of his nature, and knew what he was really worth.

He was a man of few words, but of sterling merit—honourable and upright as the day. His manners were somewhat cold and reserved, but he had a warm heart and the constancy of a Jacob. Harold, or Hal, as his more intimate friends generally called him, fell in love at an early age with a beautiful girl whom he happened to meet



"WE SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF TIME FISHING TOGETHER."

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during his last term at Oxford. Kitty Clive was her name. She was of Irish extraction, and possessed all the charms, the impetuosity, and the fire of her countrywomen.

Hal fell head over ears in love with her, but for a long time he was a great deal too shy and too diffident of himself to tell her the fact. It was impossible for him to believe that beautiful Kitty could love so dull a fellow. This was his way of putting it. I was in his confidence from the first, and at last, I am glad to say, I induced him to put his fortunes to the test. He did so falteringly, and was amazed to find that Kitty adored him.

They were married soon after, and took up their abode at the old Manor House at Chartelpool, to be the delight and solace of the old Squire's life. He was an old man and a widower, and Hal was his only child. He survived the marriage exactly ten years, and then he died. I was present at his death-bed, for it was one of Hal's failings, or perhaps one of his weaknesses, to regard me as the best medical man of the day.

On this occasion, however, I was powerless to stay the hand of death. The Squire breathed his last in my presence, and I accompanied Harold when he laid his father in the family vault. On the night of the funeral I noticed a troubled expression on my friend's brow. I inferred, and rightly, that it was not only caused by sorrow at the loss he had sustained.

"What is it, Hal?" I said, suddenly. "You had better unburden yourself, old fellow."

"I mean to," said Harold, "although, perhaps, I oughtn't to bother you."

"What concerns you never bothers me," I retorted.

"Well, it's just this: my father on his death-bed spoke with great regret, and even bitterness, about the fact of our having no heirs to carry on the property. To tell the truth, I never bothered myself about the fact of our having no children. Kitty and I are all-sufficient to each other, and it was not until my father said something about the entail, and about the nature of the man who will inherit Chartelpool Manor whenever I die, that I saw the thing in a serious light. Kitty and I are married ten years now. We have no children, and are never likely to have any. Whenever I go, the place and the property descend to a man whose character and antecedents are as bad as bad can be. You have heard of Charles Stanhope, have you not, Halifax?"

"Rather!" I replied. "You don't mean to tell me *that* dissolute fellow is the next heir?"

"It is true; 'pon my word I never realized the fact till my father spoke to me, and until his death and the reading of the will to-day put the whole thing in a clear and forcible light. Well, well, this is the sort of matter that no man can cure, and I only wish that I had not bothered you about it, Halifax."

I was silent for a moment, for in truth there was nothing to say. Then I uttered a few commonplaces, and presently the conversation was turned.

I went to town the next morning, and Stanhope and his affairs passed more or less out of sight in my own busy life. Judge, therefore, of my pleasure and astonishment when, about eighteen months afterwards, I received a telegram with the Chartelpool mark on it. It contained these words: "*Wife doing well. Fine boy arrived this morning.*"

The next day I got a long letter from my delighted friend, and was in due course asked to the christening.

I was too busy at the time to attend the ceremony, but as Hal also insisted on my standing sponsor, I told him that he must get a proxy to take my place, and sent down the handsomest silver-gilt mug I could purchase, to the heir of Chartelpool.

Months and even years passed by, and in the increasing duties and increasing interests which came in my way, I forgot Hal Stanhope and his joys and sorrows.

I had just taken a small house in Harley Street, was comfortably established there, and was looking forward to the possibility of extensive changes in my own *ménage*, when, entering the house late one winter's evening, I was suddenly confronted by the gaunt face and tall figure of my old friend Stanhope. My consulting-room was brightly lit up, and Hal's travel-stained face and intensely anxious expression seemed quite out of keeping with the neat room.

He rushed up to me when I appeared, and wrung one of my hands frantically.

"Thank God, you've come at last," he said, in a broken and hoarse voice. "I took the liberty to ask your servant to put up a few things in a bag for you. If we start immediately we shall be in time to catch the 6.30 train to the north. Come along, Guy, old man—I'll carry the bag, and we can walk down to the nearest cab-stand."

"No, no—what does this mean?" I exclaimed. "Are you out of your senses, Harold? We can't possibly rush off in this

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"THANK GOD, YOU'VE COME AT LAST!"

frantic way. You must have something to eat before we start."

Harold seemed to swallow hard for a moment.

"Food would choke me," he said, with a gasp. "The boy—the boy is ill, Halifax. He met with an accident, fell downstairs. The local doctor, Eliot—Tom Eliot is his name, a right good fellow—he thinks badly of him. I have come for you; and we had better ask Parsons to follow by the next train. The boy is in danger. You see for yourself there is not one instant to lose."

My poor friend's manner was agitated and broken down to the last degree. As he uttered his disjointed sentences his voice shook. When he had finished speaking, he flung himself into a chair and pushed back his somewhat shaggy hair with a gesture which indicated mental anguish.

His words awoke in me a corresponding throb of the deepest sympathy. I was not only to be the doctor who was called to attend a case of extreme peril, but I was to save at any cost the only child of my dearest friend.

I pulled out my watch and looked at it hastily.

"It is not yet six o'clock," I said—"your train leaves at 6.30. We shall not take more than a quarter of an hour driving from here to King's Cross. We have two or three minutes, therefore, to discuss matters before leaving London. Try and tell me, as quietly and as quickly as you can, the nature of the injuries which the child has sustained."

"I don't know that I can. It's all confusion to me. The boy fell from a height down the stone stairs. It is a miracle that he was not killed on the spot."

"When did it happen?"

"This time yesterday."

"Who has attended him since the accident?"

"Our local doctor, Tom Eliot."

"You must be able to tell me, Harold, how the boy is affected."

"I can't—I couldn't look at him. He has scarcely stirred or moved since the fall. Something wrong in the spine or brain, I believe. Oh! my God, he will die—I know he will die! Kitty says——"

"Yes?"

"I can't tell you—I feel all dazed."

Stanhope stood up as he spoke.

"Don't you think we'd better be starting?" he said.

"I have ordered a hansom," I replied, "and my servant has run round to see if Parsons is in, for it would greatly expedite matters if he could come down with us. And now you must have a glass of wine."

"I couldn't swallow it. If the hansom is at the door we had better drive to King's Cross. I wouldn't miss this train for the universe."

"You shan't miss it, my poor fellow. There! I hear a hansom stopping at the door; get into it, if it makes you happier. I must pack a few instruments which I may require. I'll join you in a twinkling."

Hal strode straight through the hall,

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looking like a man who was half dazed and blind. He opened the hall-door, walked down the steps and entered the hansom. I hurried about, packed my case of surgical instruments, filled a flask with sherry and another with brandy, and was just going down my own steps when a servant ran up with a scrawl from Parsons.

I opened it, and read the following words by the lamplight: "*Meet you at King's Cross Station in time for* 6.30 *for the north.—J. Parsons.*"

I uttered an exclamation of relief, for I had secured the services of a man I considered one of the best surgeons of the day. I sprang into the hansom. "To King's Cross, as quick as you can," I shouted to the driver. The fleet horse bounded forward, and I turned to the distracted father by my side.

"Cheer up," I said, touching his hand for an instant; "Parsons will come north with us. The best surgical skill in the world will be at your boy's service."

Stanhope made no reply. I doubt very much if he even heard me. All the time that we were driving to King's Cross he kept bending forward and muttering half to himself, half for my benefit, "We'll be late: that brute of a horse is broken-winded. My God, we'll be late, we'll be late!"

"No," I said, suddenly. "There's a clock right in front of you. See for yourself what the hour is—scarcely ten minutes past six."

Stanhope glanced up in the direction to which I pointed. I noticed that his deep-set eyes were bloodshot, and had a wild gleam in them.

"Good heavens!" I murmured under my breath, "if the child dies, my poor friend is extremely likely to lose his reason."

A few minutes later we drew up at the great station for the north. Hal immediately took my arm and dragged me forward to the ticket office. He had a return ticket for himself, and after purchasing a first-class for me, he again seized my arm and rushed on in the direction of the train.

"You are forgetting your change," I said.

"Confound the change!" he retorted.

I waited for an instant, detached myself from him, ran back, secured the change out of a £10 note, and was once more at his side. To my immense relief I saw Parsons's well-known figure waiting for us on the platform.

"Now, Stanhope," I said, as sternly as I could speak, "pull yourself together. There is no good whatever to be gained by the excitement you are showing."

"I can't help it, Guy, old boy. If you had seen Kitty's face!"

"My dear chap, I can realize a little of your feeling; but do try and calm yourself, for the sake of your Kitty and your boy. Now let us speak to Parsons. He is standing just opposite to us, with a porter holding his bag. Let him see that you have the courage to keep quiet."

My words had a salutary effect. Hal became less wild and *distrait*, and the great assurance and the intense calm of Parsons's manner did much to steady his nerves. Our train was waiting for us; we took our seats. I tipped the guard to give us a compartment to ourselves, and a few moments later we were speeding away to the north. We arrived at Chartelpool station between ten and eleven that night. A close carriage had been sent for us, and we drove quickly in the direction of the Manor. It was a somewhat long drive and all up-hill, but Stanhope's restlessness, I was glad to see, had completely vanished. He now sat in absolute silence, with his back to the horses, and never once attempted to join in the conversation which Parsons and I kept up together.

As we were driving quickly through the hamlet of Chartelpool, the red glow of a blacksmith's forge shone out across the road. It was a late hour for the blacksmith to be busy, but the sound of his ponderous hammer was distinctly heard. His brawny arms flashed into view, and a shower of living sparks surrounded him. A man was leaning up against the door of the shed, and a horse was tied by a halter close by.

The moment he saw us the man started forward, and put an ugly face up to the carriage window.

"Halloa, Squire!" he shouted, addressing Stanhope. "How's the kid this evening, eh? Better?"

Stanhope made no reply, but a look of intense repulsion passed over his features. He knew the man, and so did I. In case the little boy died he was the heir to Chartelpool Manor. We drove out of sight, and Hal broke the silence by saying suddenly:—

"You recognised that fellow, didn't you, Guy?"

"Yes," I answered. "Has he come to live here?"

"Yes, he has taken the tumble-down old Grange, a place at my very gates, as you know. He lives here now, with a brood of sons as disreputable as himself. They have changed the whole aspect of the place. My God, my God, how I hate the fellow!"

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"HOW'S THE KID THIS EVENING, EH?"

Hal covered his face and groaned. Parsons looked at me significantly. A few minutes later we had arrived at our destination, and were taken immediately to Stanhope's study, where Eliot, the local practitioner who had charge of the case, awaited us. He gave us a brief account of the accident and described the child's present condition.

"We will go up to see him now," said Parsons, in his brief, concise voice. We went upstairs and entered the splendid and spacious nurseries occupied by the sick child.

He was in the inner nursery, lying on a little white bed, which had been drawn almost into the centre of the room. His mother stood at the head of the bed, with her hands clasped, and a long, white dressing-gown covering her from her throat to her feet. Her face was as white as her dress. She came forward to greet both Parsons and myself, offering us both a hand, but not uttering a syllable.

"Will you leave us for a little?" I said to the mother. "We will come to you as soon as we have made our examination and formed our verdict."

"I would rather stay with the child," she said.

I glanced round at Stanhope. It would be difficult to force the mother to leave her apparently dying child, and yet we could not conduct our examination to the best advantage in her presence. He understood me, strode forward and touched his wife on her arm.

"Come, Kitty," he said. "You can come back as soon as ever the doctors have given their verdict. It is but fair now to leave them alone with the child."

She did not utter another word of remonstrance, but placed her hand with a touching sort of submission in Stanhope's. He led her immediately from the room.

It was not until she was gone that I ventured to take a long look at the little heir of Chartelpool. He had evidently scarcely moved or shown the faintest signs of life since the moment of the accident. His lovely cherub face looked as if it were carved in marble; his round arms and small hands were bare. An aureole of bright hair surrounded his forehead. He was a noble looking child—sturdy of limb and of great size for his age.

Eliot began to describe the nature of the accident. Parsons listened attentively, and then the work of examination began. We turned the child very tenderly on his face and hands, the spine was carefully felt by the sensitive fingers of the surgeon. The little head was tapped here and there. Then the child was laid once more on his back, and Parsons, sitting down, motioned to us to do likewise.

"There is evidently severe injury to the brain," he began. "I should say there is a fracture of the base of the skull, accompanied with hemorrhage."

He paused here. His next words came out slowly.

"And yet, serious as all this is," he continued, "I think the child may survive if the hemorrhage is not progressing. I have seen similar cases recover, but the worst of it is that in children there is a great fear that the recovery will be with impaired intellect, more

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or less complete. Were the hemorrhage over the vault of the cranium, and one had any indication as to its region, I would trephine and relieve the pressure, but I fear there is no doubt the serious injury is beyond our reach. There is nothing whatever for it but simply to wait and see; but I feel that I must say, though there is a distinct hope of the child's slow recovery to life, the condition of his intellect will be permanently impaired. Such has always been my experience. At the present moment, as you must both know well, the child is in a most precarious condition, and it is impossible to say anything very definite as to the outcome one way or another. Anyhow, there is nothing whatever to be done but to wait events."

"I cannot agree with you," I interrupted, eagerly. "I am of opinion that the injury is to the upper surface of the brain. That is the cause of the serious mischief, though I admit there is probably shock and concussion at the base."

I then described the symptoms which led me to this conclusion, and strongly advocated a trephining operation, even if only with a view to exploring in search of the impaired spot.

"No," replied Parsons; "the injury is, I am certain, to the base of the brain, and surgical interference would be worse than useless. It would not only be of no avail as far as relief is concerned, but would positively add to the danger already existing. Of course, I have every hope that the boy may partially recover. His intellect will never be the same, however."

"Good heavens!" I could not help exclaiming. "Is the boy to become an idiot? An idiot, and heir to all these estates; an idiot, and the son of Harold and Kitty Stanhope! Death would be better. I wish you would consider the possibility of trephining, Parsons."

"I cannot counsel it," he answered. "The risk would be too great. Were there any definite ground to go on, and did I know the exact spot where the injury has taken place, I might dare to try it, but even then not without the parents' complete sanction. You must remember that this operation cannot be performed on the part of the brain which I believe to be affected."

"I have performed the operation on the dead," I said, "but not yet, it is true, on a living subject."

"Well, it would be useless in this case," said the surgeon, with a little heat. He rose as he spoke. "Nothing can be done," he said, in a decided tone, "but to wait events. Now we had better see the poor parents."

We went downstairs. I shall never forget the scene that followed; it is absolutely impossible for me to describe it. The silent anguish of the mother—her perfect self-control, her attitude, the way she looked at Stanhope, the way she approached his chair and laid her hand on one of his shoulders.



"SHE LAID HER HAND ON ONE OF HIS SHOULDERS"

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As for him, poor fellow, he was completely overcome, and when Parsons had to break the cruel tidings that even at the best the noble boy must live with an impaired intellect, and that there was a strong possibility of his not surviving the accident, Stanhope covered his face with his big hands and absolutely sobbed aloud.

As long as I live, I shall never forget the sound of that awful weeping, wrung from a strong man in his agony. Even Parsons, who looked as if he were made of iron, was visibly affected. He turned his head aside and muttered into my ear:—

"My God! I can't stand any more of this—I shall return to town by the next train."

I felt incapable of saying a word to induce him to delay his departure. At that moment I felt more than annoyed with him. He showed, in my opinion, a cautiousness which amounted almost to cowardice. Under the circumstances, a rasher man would have ventured to perform the operation which alone could give little Hal Stanhope back his reason. I remembered now, when too late, that Parsons was always remarkable for his overcarefulness, and regretted that I had not brought Fieldman down to see the child.

Eliot and I accompanied the surgeon into the hall, we had a few last words together, and then the sounds of the carriage wheels were heard as they bore him away in time to catch the midnight train to town.

I went back to the room where we had left the father and mother, and Eliot went upstairs to watch by the sick child's bed. Stanhope was now the sole occupant of the large dining-room, and I guessed that his wife had returned to the child. He had partly recovered from the intense emotion which he had exhibited in Parsons's presence, and was now walking restlessly up and down in front of the hearth.

"Sit down and have some supper, Guy," he said to me. "Help yourself, old fellow."

"You will eat with me?" I queried.

"I could not swallow food; don't ask me," he said, with a shake of his head.

I saw it was useless to press him at that moment, and seating myself at the table I made a short meal. I can truly say that the food tasted like ashes in my mouth. When I had finished eating, Hal sat down by me and to my surprise began to ask me questions with regard to the boy.

"Tell me exactly what Parsons said over again," he remarked. "I heard the words, of course, at the time, but they were so mixed up with a singing in my ears, and a drumming round the region of my heart, that I could listen to nothing distinctly. I am quieter now and can hear what you say. Tell me the truth, Guy."

"The truth is simply this," I answered: "the child suffers from serious injuries of the brain and spine. These are causing insensibility and paralysis. The paralysis is of a nature which is not necessarily fatal, and the possibilities are that after a time a certain amount of consciousness will return, and by-and-by he will be able to use his limbs again."

"The brain will be all right, of course?" queried Hal. "I've a confused idea that Parsons said something dreadful about the future condition of the brain; but perhaps I made a mistake. With the sort of shock which I was suffering from at the time such a mistake is highly probable—eh, Guy, eh?"

He looked at me with such intense eagerness, I thought the cruellest moment in my life had come when I was obliged to shake my head.

"You heard correctly, my poor fellow," I said. "The injury to the brain is so extensive that even should the paralysis and insensibility pass off gradually, the higher centres are some of them sure to be affected; and, as Parsons said, more or less of mental impairment is, I fear, certain."

"My God!" said Hal. "In other words, that means that the boy will be an idiot."

"It may not be quite so bad as that," I said, in a faint voice.

"Yes, yes, Guy—I know better. I saw the truth in the surgeon's eyes—I read it now in your face. The heir of Chartelpool will be an idiot. God help us! God help his mother and me!"

I was silent—I had not a word to say. It would have been cruel to attempt even a word of sympathy.

"Still, he'll be heir of Chartelpool," continued Hal.

"That is true," I answered, wondering that he could turn to such a fact for consolation.

"And that brute of a Charles Stanhope and his sons are cut out," he continued. "*That* is a comfort—it is more than a comfort."

He went up to the supper-table as he spoke, poured out a large glass of brandy, added a very little water to it, and gulped it down.

"And Parsons can do nothing for the child?" he said, facing round on me.

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"He says there is nothing to be done," I retorted. "I almost wish now that I had brought Fieldman to see the child."

"In the name of Heaven, why? Is not Parsons the first man in his profession?"

"Undoubtedly one of the first, but he is cautious. In my opinion he is too cautious."

"What do you mean?"

"There is an operation which might be performed on the child, which, if successful, would restore him to perfect health."

"Then, in Heaven's name, why isn't it done?"

"Parsons thinks the risk too great."

"What risk?"

"The risk to life."

"Is the operation so critical?"

"It is; if it failed — and Parsons considers that in this case it would be sure to fail—the boy would die."

"Ah, and Charlie Stanhope would be heir! That settles the point. We must not run the risk."

"If the boy were mine, I should perform the operation," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"It is my conviction that he would stand it. But I must not urge you. The risk is too momentous."

"It is, Guy, it is. The operation must not be thought of. There is no gainsaying an opinion like Parsons's."

"I believe Fieldman would have attempted it. If the case were mine, I should counsel Fieldman being telegraphed for even now."

"No, no, better not," interrupted Hal. "Life at any cost—life at any cost must be preserved. The risk is too tremendous. Let us abide by Parsons's verdict."

At this moment Mrs. Stanhope entered the room. She overheard her husband's last words, and came up to him at once. The deathly pallor of her face was almost startling. Her patient eyes were hard in their glassy brightness.

"What are you talking about?" she asked, leaning her hand as she spoke on Stanhope's shoulder.

He was seated by the table. He turned back and slipped his arm round her waist.

"We are talking about the boy, of course," he said. "Halifax has been repeating Parsons's opinion to me over again."



"HE SLIPPED HIS ARM ROUND HER WAIST.

"It is impossible to believe that opinion," said the mother. "Our noble boy an idiot! Great surgeons are often wrong, and this one will be proved to have made a frightful error, I am firmly convinced."

"No, no, Kitty," said Stanhope. "Men like Parsons never make mistakes."

"That is not true," she said, turning to me. "You have known of such cases, have you not, Dr. Halifax?"

"I have," I answered, emphatically.

She gave her husband a swift glance of the saddest triumph it was possible to witness.

"Has Mr. Parsons gone?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"Yes," replied Stanhope; "he could do no possible good by remaining."

"I am sorry he came down," she said, with sudden passion. "We did not want our boy's

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doom pronounced and nothing, nothing at all, done for his recovery."

"But it is a comfort, it is a sort of comfort at least to know that the child may live, Kitty," said Stanhope. "At least that brute of a Charlie Stanhope will be cut out."

"Who cares about that?" she said, stamping her foot. "Mr. Parsons has gone, having done nothing. Dr. Halifax, have you no measures to propose for the child's relief?"

"There is an operation which Fieldman might perform," I began at once.

"Fieldman!" she interrupted. "I have heard of him. He is a very great surgeon, indeed." Her eyes began to blaze with renewed hope.

"You would like Mr. Fieldman to be sent for, Dr. Halifax?"

"Yes," I replied; "but Hal here thinks otherwise."

Stanhope suddenly stood up. He put one arm round his wife and drew her to his side.

"This is the state of the case, Kitty," he said. "Parsons has pronounced the boy fairly safe as far as life is concerned; his intellect will be impaired, of course, but we cannot go into that point at the present moment. The main and most important fact is that the boy will live. Now, Halifax knows of an operation, which, if successful, would save his intellect."

"Ah! then it must be done," said Kitty Stanhope.

"Listen to me, my darling," said her husband. "Parsons thinks the operation will kill the boy. He does not wish it to be attempted. We must not risk it, my love."

"We must," she repeated. "There are no two questions in the matter. The operation must be attempted."

"Not at the risk of the boy's life. What can you be dreaming about, Kitty?"

"Do you call the existence you have just spoken of life?" she retorted, with sudden passion. "I love the child. He is my only one. He is my treasure beyond price. But I don't care to bestow such a life as Mr. Parsons spoke of on him. Better, far better, let him die. We will risk the operation."

"Kitty, you forget that brute Charlie Stanhope."

"I do," she answered, promptly. "He is nothing to me. As far as I am concerned he does not exist. Chartelpool is nothing to me. The boy—the boy with his bright spirit unclouded, either here or with the angels, that is everything. Hal, I beg of you to allow the operation to be performed."

"Kitty, my darling, I cannot. The risk is too tremendous. I cannot consent to its being run."

Stanhope was making a great effort to speak quietly; but there was a suppressed fire in his manner which I had never before witnessed.

"Leave us for a little, Dr. Halifax," said Mrs. Stanhope, flashing a quick glance at me.

I went out of the room and upstairs to the child's nursery. Eliot was seated by the bed. The beautiful little marble figure lay there stretched out, flat and still, motionless as though he were his own effigy on a tombstone.

"I wish to God," I said, as I glanced at him, "that I had brought Fieldman down! I am sure Fieldman would have attempted to trephine, and so relieve the pressure. I am certain Parsons is wrong with regard to the spot where the injury exists. As it is, Harold Stanhope has taken fright and will not permit any risk to be run."

"It would be highly dangerous, I have no doubt," said Eliot.

"I agree with the mother," I retorted. "The mother would risk the operation. I admire her pluck beyond words."

I had a little further conversation with Eliot and then left the room. I was standing in the outer nursery when Mrs. Stanhope entered and passed me swiftly by without even bestowing a glance upon me. The intense marble calm of her face was broken. It was now disfigured by the marks of tears. I saw that she had been crying bitterly. She re-entered the boy's room and I went downstairs.

Neither Hal nor I thought of going to bed, although, after a time, he lay down on the sofa and slept heavily until the morning. I shall never forget the leaden weight, the awful tedium of the day which followed. I had promised to remain with Stanhope until that miserable apology for life which Parsons anticipated returned to the child.

There was no change whatever—no touch of returning consciousness during the long hours of this day. The deep insensibility in which the little fellow lay was absolutely unbroken. To an inexperienced eye it must almost have seemed as if the boy's spirit had already fled. All day long Mrs. Stanhope remained by his side. What little she ate or drank was taken there. She had completely recovered her still composure. Her calm was marvellous, although now and then I noticed that her lips moved as if she were praying about something. Once, towards evening, she followed me out of the nursery.

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"Do you think the child worse?" she asked.

"No," I answered; "he is in precisely the same condition he was in when we arrived yesterday."

"You think he will recover?" she continued, fixing her eyes on me.

"There are certain signs which lead me to think he will not die," I replied, somewhat evasively.



"DO YOU THINK THE CHILD WORSE?'

"But I am praying very earnestly that he may die," she answered. "I don't wish him to retain the sort of death in life which Mr. Parsons has prophesied for him."

"It may not be so bad as you fear," I answered.

She shook her head, gave me a broken-hearted glance, and returned immediately to the sick room. I now knew why her lips moved so often—she was praying for the child's death.

Soon afterwards, unable to endure the awful tedium of the house, I went out for a stroll. I walked through the village, and regretted very much that I had done so, when on my way home I was met by that disreputable person, Charles Stanhope, who immediately insisted on joining me.

He was half tipsy, and any shadow of compunction which he might possibly feel in addressing the Squire of Chartelpool was naturally absent from his manner when he merely spoke to the doctor.

"Hooray!" he began. "So I'm to be heir after all! The kid hasn't a leg to stand on. I believe if you told me the truth, doctor, that his death is expected each moment."

"Nothing of the kind," I answered, promptly. (For the first time I felt quite inclined to indorse Stanhope's views that this wretch must be kept out of possession at any cost.)

"The boy will not die," I repeated; "you can take a doctor's word for that."

I strode quickly away, and heard the brute hurling curses after me as I went down the avenue. I said nothing to Hal of my interview with his enemy, and as we were both tired out, and there was nothing whatever to be done for the child but simply to wait the issue of events, we both retired at an early hour to our rooms.

While I remained downstairs I had been the victim of the most overpowering drowsiness. There come such moments in the lives of all people. There come hours when the simple desire for natural sleep triumphs over sorrow, over anxiety, over mental pain. The physical is stronger at such a time than the mental. The body is worn out—rest it must. Thus criminals sleep on the eve of execution.

The desire for slumber had visited me in this overwhelming manner while I remained downstairs. I scarcely heard Stanhope while he conversed. The pathetic figure of the child who lay in living death became blurred and indistinct to my mental view.

I went gladly upstairs, entered my room, shut the door, and prepared for slumber. Strange! Incomprehensible! At this moment I became wide awake. All wish for sleep left me. I was intensely, painfully wakeful.

I sat down in an armchair and waited for sleep to visit me. I perceived that it had no intention of doing so; there was, therefore, not the least use in my going to bed. In my present wakeful state I must think of something, and what more natural than for me to turn my thoughts to the operation which might be performed on little Hal Stanhope, and which would, if successful, save his life in that full sense which makes it a pleasure to live?

I had performed the operation of trephining in every possible region of the head, but only on the dead body. I had seen it done

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in hospital, however, and it had occupied my thoughts long ago as a possible means of relieving pressure even near the base of the brain.

As I thought it all over I felt more and more convinced that Parsons was wrong, and that the injury was in a region where trephining could be successfully performed. I felt almost daring enough to attempt it. I had brought all the necessary instruments with me in my surgical case. The operation could be performed at this very hour, and the boy might be safe in the morning.

So strong was the impulse which came over me to risk everything, that I felt almost inclined to rush off to Stanhope and wring a consent from him. I knew the mother would give hers without the least difficulty. Impelled by an almost incontrollable impulse, I rose from my chair—then again I sat down. Parsons's words, uttered with such conviction and solemnity, returned to me. The operation might be performed truly, and the boy might be dead in the morning. Then my old friend would curse me, and I should feel like a murderer to my dying day.

No, I must not risk the performance of so critical an operation unaided. If Fieldman were here the case would be different.

Before I lay down to rest I looked carefully through my case of instruments. They were all bright and ready for use. I left them on the table, laid my head on the pillow, and found that, when I was not particularly thinking about it, sleep visited me. In a few moments I was wrapped in the deepest repose.

After a time, I don't know when, I began to dream. My dream was distinct, direct, and vivid. Most dreams have a certain confusion about them. This had not any.

I dreamt that a great impelling Power visited me: a Presence unseen but most surely felt. The Power or Presence gave implicit directions, which I implicitly obeyed. Under its guidance, I rose from my bed, dressed myself completely, opened the door of my room and went out. I went into the sick room, where I knew I should find Eliot. The mother was lying on a sofa in the room. She was in a dead sleep, and looked completely worn out. The child was still nothing more than a marble effigy.

"Eliot," I said, in my dream, "I am going to perform the operation of trephining immediately, and I want your assistance."

"You must be mad," replied Eliot.

"No, I am not mad," I answered. "I am perfectly sane. Come into the next room—I must speak to you."

Eliot followed me. Dissatisfaction and incredulity were written very plainly on his face. I made use of words to him which struck me at the time as not in the least like my own. Then I felt that the invisible Power was speaking through me, and I knew that Eliot must yield to the influence which was completely overmastering me.



"COMPLETELY WORN OUT."

I saw that his face became animated and even enthusiastic. He seized me by my hand and wrung it.

"Get the mother's leave, and I will help you," he said. "I believe in you, by Jove I do. Get the mother to consent, and I will help you with all my might and main."

In my dream I saw him return to the sick child's nursery. In a moment he returned, accompanied by Mrs. Stanhope.

"I want you to consent to my performing an operation on the child," I said. "I am

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certain I shall be successful. Will you allow me to try?"

She looked at me with wide-open, almost dazed eyes. All of a sudden I saw life and hope spring back to them.

"Yes, yes," she said; "I trust you—I believe in you. I consent—be the consequences what they may."

She rushed back to the nursery and began to make preparations. I went to fetch my instruments and Eliot got the chloroform.

With Eliot's aid, then, and with the assistance of the mother—who, with pale face and compressed lips, and with the nerve of a surgical nurse, rendered me all necessary help—I felt myself performing the operation. My hands were as cool and firm as iron. I had not a tremor; not a moment's hesitation. The trephining was performed successfully, and the clot which produced pressure on the vault of the brain (I was right after all as to the locality) successfully removed. The child sighed once or twice during the operation. I felt sure that he would do well. Then in my dream I saw myself returning to my bed, and worn out, I sank into the repose which I had duly earned.

I had no more dreams, and when I awoke at a late hour the following morning it was to see the winter's daylight struggling into the room. The instant I opened my eyes I remembered my dream, and wished heartily that it was true. I made a fervent resolve, even in the moment of awakening, to speak to Stanhope on the subject, and with his permission to telegraph for Fieldman without an hour's delay. Just then a voice spoke to me—I turned on my pillow with a start of surprise, for Eliot was standing by my bedside.

"Am I wanted?" I said. "Have I overslept myself? Is the child worse?"

"I came to tell you that the child is decidedly better," he replied, "and Mrs. Stanhope is most anxious that you should not get up until you are really rested. I never saw a man, in all my life, look so worn out as you did when you went to bed."

"Well, you see, I had no sleep the night before," I answered, but Eliot's words surprised me—I thought them exaggerated, and hastened to add:—

"At any rate, I am perfectly rested now."

"Well, don't hurry up," he replied. "We'll send for you if there is the least occasion."

"What do you mean by the child being better?" I asked. "If so, if there is the least return of consciousness, I ought to be with the little fellow at once."

I sprang up in bed.

"Has the miserable life foretold by Parsons begun to return to the boy?" I asked. "In that case the improvement will be very, very gradual."

"What are you talking about, Halifax?" exclaimed Eliot. "The child is better, because, in my opinion, the operation has been a success."

For a moment I could find no words to speak. Then I gasped out in an incredulous, weak sort of voice, "What operation?"

"Surely, Halifax, you must have taken leave of your senses," replied Eliot, staring at me in astonishment, as well he might. "Don't you remember what you did last night?"

"I slept last night," I said, "I slept—and my God, I dreamed! But what of that?"

"Don't you know what you did between the hours of two and four?"

Eliot looked at me now with undisguised alarm.

"It must have been about then I had my dream," I said, sinking back in a state of tremor on my pillow.

"What in the world are you thinking of, man?" said Eliot, almost angrily. "Wake at least now and listen to me. You must know perfectly well what you did — how you occupied the time between the hours of two and four. You had no dream, Halifax; you were as wide awake, as cool, as collected as man could be. I never admired anyone in the whole course of my life as I admired you last night. You will be the first surgeon of your day. I never saw a surgeon, in hospital or out, with the skill, precision, and nerve that you have exhibited."

"I am speaking the truth, I assure you," I answered, "when I tell you that I am only conscious of having had a very vivid dream during the night. Kindly put me out of suspense and tell me what I really did."

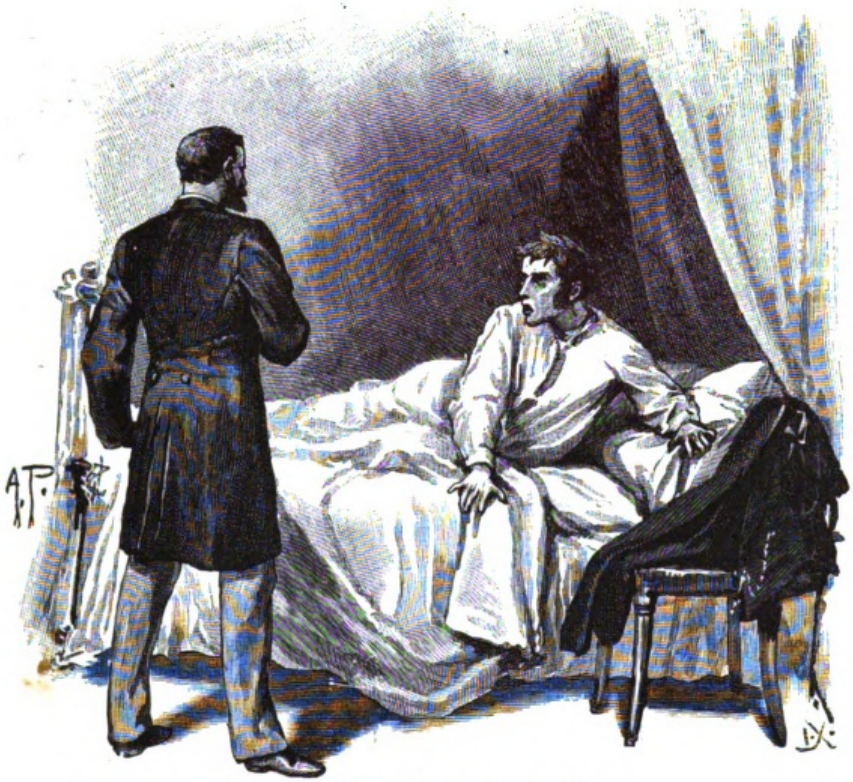
Eliot's look of admiration was now changed to one of pity. "Poor fellow!" I heard him mutter, "no wonder his brain should be a little dazed this morning. But to forget all about it; that is most extraordinary. I hope to goodness there is nothing seriously wrong with him!"

"For Heaven's sake, speak!" I cried. "What, in the name of all that is extraordinary, have I done?"

"You performed the operation which Parsons would not attempt on little Harold Stanhope."

"Never!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet.

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"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, SPEAK!"

"Fact, I assure you."

"Tell me about it," I asked, almost feebly.

"Well, this is a most extraordinary case," began Eliot.

"Tell me about it," I repeated, clutching him by the arm. "If you don't want me to go stark, staring mad—tell me the whole story, without a moment's delay."

"I will do so. Keep cool, try and keep cool," repeated Eliot.

He then began, in a matter-of-fact voice, which it was extremely difficult to doubt, to speak as follows:—

"The clock had just struck two—I was sitting in the nursery and watching the boy. You came in, looking particularly resolute. You said briefly and firmly, 'I am going to perform the operation, and you must help me.' I was staggered, and asked you if you were mad.

"For reply, you took me by the arm and seemed to sweep me with you into the next room.

"'I am convinced the operation will be a success,' you said. 'I have thought over this case ever since I came down, and I am now convinced that the injury is within comparatively easy reach. Certain symptoms have given me a clue to the spot, and if I reach it there must be relief. I can see it in my mind's eye, and it will be an easy matter. As surely as I stand before you, Eliot, the child will recover perfectly if the operation is performed.'

"'We can do nothing without at least one of the parents' consent,' I replied.

"'Then get the mother's,' you answered. 'She is lying down in the next room. Wake her and bring her here. She is a sane woman and a brave one. She will consent, not the least doubt of it. Go; be quick; each moment is precious.'

"I rushed away. I awakened Mrs. Stanhope. She tottered to her feet. I supported her into the room where you stood, looking inspired. The forcible words you had used to me you repeated to the mother. Your look, your manner, your tone impressed us both. In short, you carried us away on the wings of your enthusiasm. You felt inspired yourself; you inspired us both with such hope that we forgot fear. Before you had done speaking I turned to Mrs. Stanhope and begged of her to consent. I had no need to do so. Her eyes told me that she had consented already.

"'There is the boy's father," I said, but I uttered the words feebly.

"'I take the responsibility on myself,' said the mother. 'When the danger is past, he will thank me when he thanks you, Dr. Halifax.'

"'There is not a moment to lose,' you repeated, as though you scarcely heard her words.

"'I will make ready, and I will stand by you and help you all the time,' she replied.

"She went back to the night nursery, and you rushed away to fetch your instruments. When you came back she had placed a table, lights, and all things necessary for your use quite handy. While you were performing the operation she stood without flinching by your side, and acted like a trained assistant. From the beginning to the end it occupied exactly one hour. I never saw anything

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done more neatly, more thoroughly. Towards the end the child moved his right hand and sighed twice heavily.

"When all was over, and when, under ordinary circumstances, you would have sat down to watch the patient, you seemed suddenly to collapse. You told me, I will confess something to my surprise at the moment, that you wished to go back to your room. I looked into your face, and saw that you were *done*—there is no other word for it. You staggered rather than walked to the door. I never saw anyone look so worn out."

"No wonder!" I ejaculated. "Eliot, I performed that operation in my sleep!"

"No, no," he answered, in agitation. "You can't get me to believe that: you were wide awake. I never saw anyone with more complete control of his faculties."

"I was fast asleep," I answered; "I dreamt it all. I remember each thing you have told me. I dreamt it all. My God! I evidently did more than dream. Can this be true? But, no, you must be mocking me."

"Not I; here are your instruments not yet cleaned. Look at them, and then come and see the child. The child is much better."

"For God's sake, leave me to myself for a little," I said. "If this is not all a dream, it is the most marvellous case of somnambulism that has ever yet been recorded. Leave me alone for a little, Eliot. I'll get dressed somehow and join you in the sick room; that is, if I don't go mad in the meantime."

"Not you," said Eliot. "If you were really asleep, you may congratulate yourself on having done a more successful operation than I ever saw performed by waking man. Keep cool, Halifax. I can only say that, awake or asleep, Providence must have guided your movements last night."

Eliot left the room, and I sat for a moment with my head pressed against my hands. I did not believe the story—and yet a glance at the instruments on the table could not fail to convince me.

Then I dressed with frantic speed, plunged my head into cold water two or three times, and, tolerably collected at last, but feeling as if I were half-a-dozen years older, I went into the sick room. There lay the little fellow with his pretty eyes open—a faint dawning smile round his lips, and a slight colour coming back to his cheeks.

There sat the mother, bending over him as if she were worshipping him; and there stood Hal, with his face all disfigured as if he had just had a great crying bout. When I appeared, he made two strides towards me, put a big hand on each shoulder and pushed me towards the dressing-room.

"Good God! Halifax," he said. "What craze came over you, old chap?"

"It's all right now," I said. "But—just for my own satisfaction, for the boy is quite out of danger—I should like you to send for Fieldman. I want to tell him the whole story, and to give him my reasons for differing from Parsons."

"I'll send for all the surgeons in London, if you wish it."

"No, Hal," I said, trying to speak steadily and to recover myself, for I was really in a frightful state of maze. "But the fact is, I have done a most extraordinary thing, and I want Fieldman to see my work and to hear my story. I performed the operation in my sleep, Hal, old fellow."

"So they tell me. What care I whether you did it awake or asleep? You saved the boy—I don't care how you did it, Halifax. You're the best fellow on earth—bar none!"

"Well, I should like to see Fieldman," I answered, sinking into a chair.

We telegraphed for the great surgeon, who arrived that evening. To him I confided the whole extraordinary story. He heard me to the end, refused to commit himself with regard to Parsons, but looked anxiously at me, felt my pulse, and looked into my eyes.

"You must take a month's holiday, or your nerves will be going wrong," he said. "Fact, I assure you. You must go away at once."

"Before I stir a step," I answered, "you must give me your opinion of the boy."

"All right, stay where you are; I'll come back to you."

He was absent a little over half an hour.

"The operation is absolutely successful," he said. "The boy will recover perfectly. He will be as well as ever he was. All he needs now is quiet and rest. By Jove, you did an extraordinary thing, Halifax. A most unaccountable and successful thing. Only listen to me. In the name of science, don't repeat it!"

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Beauties.

From a Photo. by Goldie Bros., Cardiff.



"IRIS."

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From a Photo. by Arthur Langton, London, S.W.

From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



Miss Alice Deane.



Miss Violet Cameron



Mrs Alexander Scott.

From a Photo. by R. E. Ruddock, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

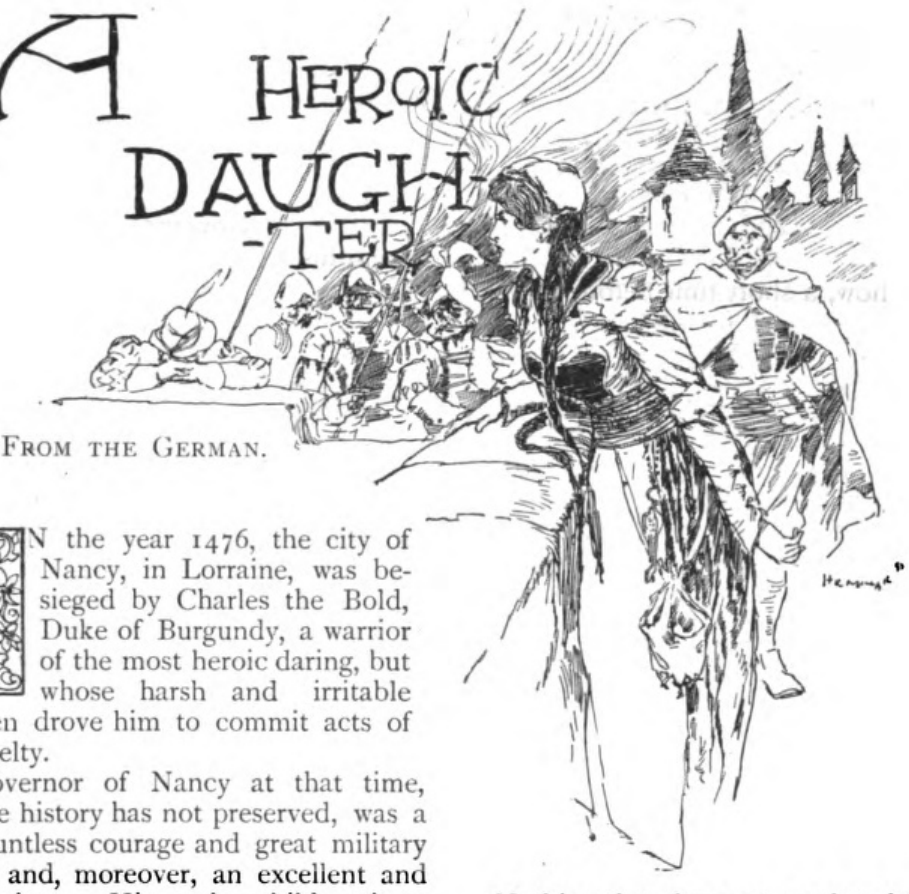
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A HEROIC DAUGHTER



FROM THE GERMAN.

IN the year 1476, the city of Nancy, in Lorraine, was besieged by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, a warrior of the most heroic daring, but whose harsh and irritable temper often drove him to commit acts of wanton cruelty.

The Governor of Nancy at that time, whose name history has not preserved, was a man of dauntless courage and great military experience, and, moreover, an excellent and devoted father. His only child, whose mother had died in giving her birth, was the joy and pride of his heart, and shone conspicuously among all the maidens of her time for her goodness and knowledge.

Telesila at the date of the siege was in her eighteenth year, and had already received many offers of marriage from nobles attracted by the charms of her beauty and amiability, but she refused all suitors, preferring to watch over the declining days of her grey-haired father, and by her love and devotion cheer and prolong his existence.

The inhabitants, led by their Governor, in whose skill and judgment they had the utmost confidence, made a brave defence against the countless troops of the fiery Duke.

All the men and youths capable of bearing arms had taken weapons, as was fitting in the time of danger, and posted themselves on the ramparts to beat off every attack.

The aged men encouraged the faint-hearted, and insisted on the women aiding, as far as their strength permitted, by carrying stones to the walls to be hurled down on the besiegers; they also lighted fires under enormous caldrons filled with pitch, oil, and even water, and when the enemy ventured on an assault, the seething mass was poured on their devoted heads.

Nothing that the most resolute bravery and experienced skill could accomplish was left undone to defend the town, and Charles, after vainly endeavouring for a considerable time to take the place by assault, at length resolved to make overtures of peace, hoping thus to gain the end which it seemed useless to expect from force of arms.

He whose custom it was to deliver every conquered city to be plundered and burnt; he who, after a successful siege, invariably wreaked his bitterest vengeance on the inhabitants and defenders, now proposed to the Governor and inhabitants of Nancy that they should surrender and open to him the gates of the city, pledging himself to protect their dwellings and property from all plundering, and to take care that no one should suffer the least harm either in life or possessions. The proposals caused many to waver, but the noble Governor, who had grown grey in the service of his prince, stepped forward, and declared that he would rather be buried under the ruins of the ramparts than deliver up the city to the enemy, as long as there were means to defend it. He encouraged soldiers and citizens to bravery and perseverance, and implored them to keep the city for their sovereign, the Duke of Lorraine, and he succeeded so well by his

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enthusiastic eloquence that all swore to sacrifice their lives rather than surrender.

While the brave Governor thus reanimated the courage of the men, his daughter on her side raised the women's fainting spirits, and cheered them by her presence and inspiriting words, and by her own conduct gave the example to maids and matrons to share in the hardships and dangers of the defence. She reminded them how, a short time before, when the Duke of Burgundy besieged the town of Beauvais, the women had taken up arms and fought beside the men on the ramparts, and how they had succeeded in driving back the besiegers.

"These brave women were far fewer than we are," continued Telesila, "while the enemy was the same in number and strength. Why should we be afraid, when we have before us such an example of devoted patriotism?"

This speech made the greatest impression on the minds of her listeners. Fresh courage was instilled into men and women, and no one spoke of surrender.

Meanwhile, Charles had recourse to every stratagem that ingenuity could devise to endeavour to render himself master of the town. During the night watches he kept the besieged in a state of alarm by continual feints of attack, and then, as morning advanced, when they were quite wearied and worn out, he would rush with tenfold violence to the assault.

He caused large stones to be hurled by the machines at the walls wherever they were weakest, in the hope of making a breach, which at last, by the greatest efforts, he succeeded in doing, and after two hours' desperate fighting, he forced an entrance into the city, breathing vengeance against its defenders, whose obstinate resistance, combined with the loss he had sustained of his bravest warriors, had enraged him beyond measure. But it was especially against the Governor that all his anger and hatred were directed, as he knew that the latter had steadfastly refused the terms of capitulation, and had induced the inhabitants to offer such prolonged resistance.

He swore that the Governor should be the first on whom his relentless vengeance would fall, but his intended victim, to escape recognition, had disguised himself in an ordinary citizen's dress, and now stood, unknown, among the assembled inhabitants, who were awaiting their fate at the hands of the enraged Duke.

Charles demanded that the Governor should be instantly delivered up to him, but the people would rather die themselves than betray their beloved chief into the hands of the bloody conqueror.

Duke Charles threatened to destroy all with fire and sword if his demands were not instantly complied with, while at the same time he promised a large reward to whomsoever would point out the Governor's hiding-place.



"THE ASSAULT."

His threats and promises were equally vain. All remained silent.

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Then stepped forth an old man (it was the Governor himself in his disguise) and said that he would reveal the secret, if the Duke would swear on his sword to pardon all the inhabitants and protect their property.

"Never!" roared the infuriated Duke. "In a town taken by assault the victor allows no terms to be dictated to him, and I will take such measures to discover your Governor as shall strike terror into your hearts." Whereupon he declared that every tenth person should die, and ordered his heralds to proceed to the work of numbering the people.

Then the men and women, boys and girls, old and young, were placed in one long rank, which reached from the spot where Charles was holding his court to the uttermost fortification of the city.



"PLACING HERSELF ON HIS RIGHT SIDE, SO CONTRIVED THAT HE WOULD BE NUMBER NINE."

All grew pale, and deadly fear was in every countenance as they listened to the terrible sentence. As father, mother, daughter, and son stood there side by side, each trembled for the other's life. The air resounded with the weeping and wailing of women who had a short time before defied the enemy; the men stood silent with bent heads.

The Duke now signed to his heralds to begin the counting, and to separate every tenth person, whose head should fall by the sword.

Telesila had placed herself close beside her father, and was now trembling for his life. She watched, with eyes sharpened by love and fear, every movement of the heralds, and always counted in advance in order to discover if her dear father would be one of the doomed. With horror, she recognised that the fatal number would fall on him!

In a moment her resolution was formed and carried out: she slipped gently behind him, and placing herself on his right side, so contrived that he would be number nine, while she herself would be the tenth. The herald drew near, and it was only when the doom fell upon his daughter that the father understood why she had changed her place. Wildly he besought the herald to take him: he was the one on whom the fatal number should fall; Telesila had purposely changed her place to save him.

Telesila maintained that it had only happened by chance, and, while taking care not to reveal the secret of her father's identity, she earnestly begged to be allowed to die, as the lot had fallen on her. For a long time father and daughter maintained the loving dispute, and at last the herald, not daring to decide, led them both to the Duke.

Here the strife of fatherly love against filial love was renewed, and provoked so much general emotion that even the rough Duke himself was softened.

The father insisted on dying for his daughter: that the doom rightfully was his; while the daughter implored them to take her life and spare her grey-haired father.

Charles hesitated long as to how he should

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"THE HERALD LED THEM TO THE DUKE."

decide; he was quite ignorant of whom he had before him, for no word had fallen during their noble strife which could betray their rank.

But at length the Governor, carried away by the excess of parental love, cried aloud:—

"Mighty Duke, do not hesitate as to which of us you shall condemn to death. I will give up to you the man who has so roused your vengeance, for whom so many brave citizens must die. See, the Governor stands before you; kill him, but spare my daughter, this peerless example of filial love!"

The bystanders as they listened to these words were filled with dread expectation of what would follow. All were moved to tears and trembled for the life of their beloved Governor, who, with such noble heroism, was willing to die that they might be pardoned. They surrounded himself and his daughter in close ranks, as if to form a rampart so that the murderer's sword might only reach him through their faithful hearts.

The Duke, accustomed though he was to slaughter and destruction, had never before witnessed such a touching scene. The whole people raised a cry of supplication, and implored their conqueror to put them to death, and spare him whom they held so dear.

On the other hand, the noble old man besought Charles to take his life and pardon his faithful people; he alone was to blame, for it was he who had incited them to such prolonged resistance.

Telesila insisted on being allowed to die for her father, and vowed before God and His saints that she would not survive him.

The Duke's followers were, meanwhile, watching their lord's countenance in anxious expectation, trying to read therein how he would act. Gradually his stern features relaxed, a softened expression stole over them, and at last, rising from his seat, amidst universal silence, he addressed father and daughter in the following words:—

"You have touched the innermost depths of my heart; you shall not die. If it is sweet to conquer, let me feel that it is sweeter still to pardon. Noble Telesila, you have saved your father. May you enjoy for long years the happiness of watching over and caring for his old age. And you, noble old man, brave as you are in war, may your happiness as a father exceed your bravery—you, who have reared so heroic a daughter. It does my heart good in the midst of the awful bloodshed and slaughter to find such love and devotion; you have made me experience how sweet and pleasant are the feelings of benevolence, and therefore, not only you, but all the inhabitants are pardoned."

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A GORILLA ROMANCE

By W. L. Alden.

THE Doorkeeper threw himself into one of the large arm-chairs of the smoking-room of the Potter House, which, as everyone knows, is the chief hotel of Chicago, and one of the objects of which no stranger can speak disrespectfully to a Chicago man and live. He wiped his brow with his enormous yellow silk handkerchief, and ordered the waiter to bring him some whisky. As he was ordinarily a total abstainer, it was evident that something very unusual had happened to disturb the even current of the Doorkeeper's habits, and I asked him what was the matter.

"If you'd been up to my Museum an hour ago, you wouldn't have asked what was the matter. You'd have seen for yourself the biggest row I've struck since I've been running a Dime Museum in this town, and I've been here now going on five years."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"It didn't happen. It was the natural consequence of my cussed soft-heartedness. That's what's stood in my light ever since I went into business for myself. Never you do a kind action: that is, unless you're a millionaire, and don't have to depend on your own exertions for a living. What's that song the Sunday-school children sing?—'Kind words can never die!' That's just what's the matter with them. They keep alive, and keep a getting even with you all the rest of your life. Why, I'd have been a rich man twenty times over if I'd had sense enough to be a little less darned benevolent.

"About three weeks ago a chap from California—so he said—came to see me in my office, and wanted a situation as a Gorilla. He was ragged and thin, and said that he was starving. When I asked him if he'd had any experience as a Gorilla, he was honest enough to say that he hadn't, but he said he had been a conductor on a Chicago street car, and he calculated that the Gorilla business would come middling easy to him. Well! I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, and then I knew that a good Gorilla is one of the strongest attractions a Dime Museum can have. I hadn't any Gorilla, for the last one I had died of delirium tremens, and I was waiting till I could find one who was a Blue Ribbon man. I asked the man if he was a steady drinker, or only a periodical drinker, and he swore that he had never touched a drop of whisky in his life, and had a medal at the pawnbroker's that John B. Gough had hung around his neck with his own hands. I was fool enough to believe this, though I know as well as anybody else that a Californian who says he never drinks is only saving up his thirst till it

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gets good and strong, and then just you look out for him. I hired that fellow then and there, and had him measured for a suit of Gorilla skins that very afternoon.

"He took to the business quite naturally, and as I had a good, comfortable cage made for him, he led a pretty easy life. He enjoyed pulling off the women's bonnets when they came too near his cage, and the other women who had the sense to keep outside of his reach said it was just too sweet for anything to see the solemn way in which the poor dear beast would sit and pull those vulgar, ridiculous bonnets to pieces. After the show closed, and the Gorilla had got his skin off, and washed the paint off his face and hands, he would sit down with the other Freaks and make himself generally popular, being in the main a good-tempered chap, with a lot of good stories, and two or three pretty good songs.

"There was one of our company that didn't like the Gorilla, and nothing he could do would make her admit that there was any good in him. This was the Combined Female Contortionist and Strongest Woman in the World. She was genuine, and corresponded in every particular to the small bills, which is more than you can rightly expect in any show. To see her standing on her head and balancing the Dwarf on one foot and the Living Skeleton on the other, was a sight to draw tears from the eyes of anyone that knows what real genius is. Then you should have seen her hold the Fat Woman in her teeth. She would stand on a raised platform, and after a belt was fastened round the Fat Woman's waist, she would take it in her teeth and swing her clear of the floor. The Fat Woman's weight was genuine, too, for she wore a lead corset to bring her up to seven hundred pounds, she being naturally plump and weighing a good one hundred and fifty without her pads and her corset. She was a good girl, too, was the Strongest Woman, and her whole soul was in her profession. She didn't want to get married nor any such nonsense, and she used to say that she had rather be able to balance the Fat Woman on her feet, she standing on her head at the time, than to be married to Jay Gould, and have him die the next day. That was what she was trying to work up to, you understand—the balancing of the Fat Woman on both feet—same as she balanced the Dwarf and the Living Skeleton; and I believe that she would have fetched it in time. What she will do now nobody knows, and he won't tell.



"THE STRONGEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD."

"The Living Skeleton had never seemed to care for anything but his meals, he being a most tremendous eater, like most of his sort. That's the way Living Skeletons are educated. Feed them on nothing but meat, and keep feeding them about once in every three hours, and you'll turn out as many Living Skeletons as the market can hold. He had been with me going on for seven years, and had never showed the least grain of interest in any woman; but his time had come at last. He fell in love with the Strongest Woman, and he had it mighty bad. 'It's all on account of that balancing act,' he said to me. 'The very first time I sat on the sole of her foot and she stood on her head, so calm and sweet and like a first-class regular angel, I knew it was all up with me. I don't care for my meals no more compared with what I used to, and if I can't win her love I know I shall grow fat and choke to death, like that genuine Fat Boy we had last year.'

"I tried to get at the Strongest Woman's

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views about the Skeleton, and I didn't have much difficulty about it. She said he was a nice, quiet, gentlemanly person, and if she was a marrying woman she might think seriously about him.

"'As it is,' she said, 'I am wedded to my profession, and I won't marry any man, at least not while I am before the public. I'll be a sister to him, if that'll suit him, but he had better forget me and take care of himself. I'm very much afraid it is telling on him, and he is gaining flesh.'

"Now the Gorilla, being sweet on the Strongest Woman himself, and she hating him as the devil does soda-water, as the saying is, grew sulky. He took to getting angry at what the public said about him, and when a man would say, 'What a horrid ugly beast he is, to be sure,' the Gorilla would want to talk back at him, though, of course, he had sense enough not to do it. However, I began to get uneasy, for I was afraid that the Gorilla would take to drink, and do something that would create a scandal, or that he would break out into language, and slang the public till they would lose confidence not only in him, but in all the rest of the show. The Fat Woman who sat next to him at table was a good deal worried too, for she was afraid of him, and as she afterwards told me, was always expecting to see him try to ease his mind on the Living Skeleton, of whom he was naturally jealous. The poor woman, who was as kind-hearted a soul as ever lived, was so taken up with the affair that she could think of nothing else, and often she would forget to scream when a boy would stick a pin into her ankle, which, of course, led to doubts as to her genuineness.

"The Gorilla was always saying aggravating things to the Skeleton; which was contemptible, seeing as the Skeleton was as weak as a cat and had nothing of the fighting man about him. When I overheard anything of the kind, I, of course, gave the Gorilla my views on his conduct, and warned him that I would discharge him if he made trouble in my Happy Family; but for all that I saw the day was coming when he would be sure to break out, and I more than half made up my mind to discharge him without waiting for any outbreak. But there again my cussed benevolence stood in my way, and I couldn't quite bring myself to discharge a really efficient Gorilla just because he didn't happen to like the Living Skeleton. Well, the crisis was bound to come, as a crisis always does, except, of course, it has something to do with politics. This morning the Gorilla went out early and bought a bottle of whisky and smuggled it into his cage, where he hid it under the straw. He would go and take a hack at it every half-hour or so, and when the show opened he was about as full as he could hold.

"At first the public didn't notice anything peculiar, and probably thought that the Gorilla had been fed pretty well, and was in unusually good spirits. The fact was that he was fighting drunk, and was cussin' the public to himself in a way that would have led to somebody's getting insulted and drawing on him if he had been understood. By-and-by a fat, big, stupid-looking politician came along, and, after standing a while in front of the Gorilla's cage, remarked



"THE GORILLA WAS ALWAYS SAYING AGGRAVATING THINGS TO THE SKELETON."

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to a friend that the Gorilla was almost as ugly as a nigger, and he wondered he didn't have a place on the Republican General Committee. The Gorilla happened to be a Democrat of the p'isonest kind, and to be compared to a nigger, and called a Republican all at once, was more than he could stand. He shook his fist through the bars of his cage at the man and said, 'Look here! If you're man enough to take off your coat, I'll smash the ugly face off you with all the pleasure in life!' The man was so much astonished to hear the Gorilla speak that at first it took his breath away, but being a fighter from way back, as an active politician has got to be, he said after about a minute, 'Come out of that cage, you dirty beast, and we'll see who is the better man.' With that the Gorilla threw away the stick he always carried, pretending that he needed it to help him stand upright, and opened the door of his cage and jumped down.

"I wasn't there at the start, and they tell me that I missed one of the prettiest fights that Chicago ever saw. The politician kept his end up middling well, but the Gorilla was too much for him, and in three rounds knocked him clean out. By that time the excitement was tremendous: the women were screaming and fainting and making for the door all at once, and the men were trying to get in the front of the ring, and betting on the Gorilla or the politician, according as their best judgment dictated, and yelling with as much enthusiasm as if they were attending a political convention. When the Gorilla had finished his man he asked if any other gentleman would like to step forward, but nobody seemed to want to take a hand, so the Gorilla judged that the time had come for him to attend to his private interests, and get square with the Living Skeleton. He made straight for the platform where the Freaks were sitting, and went for that Skeleton as if there were no hereafter for either of them. After he had offered to knock the Skeleton's head off for two cents, and had his offer declined, he reached for him, but the Fat Woman gave a shriek, and waddling between them fell on the Gorilla and floored him. The crowd cheered, and for a minute the betting on the Fat Woman and the Gorilla was about even, but he managed to get on his feet again, and, owing to the Fat Woman's having torn a hole in her stocking during the struggle, her bran began to flow, and before she could get to the dressing-room she was reduced to her natural size, and her reputation was gone for ever.

"The coast being now clear, the Gorilla grabbed the Skeleton by the waistband and was going to heave him clean across the room, when the Strongest Woman walks up to him, and without saying a word, gives him one in the right eye, straight from the shoulder. It knocked him off the platform, and when he pulled himself together and got on his legs again, he was the most astonished Gorilla you ever dreamed of. However, seeing as he was fighting drunk, he wasn't going to be contented with one flooring. He climbed on the platform again and went for the Skeleton a second time, but the Strongest Woman was there before him. She took him by the collar of his skin and his right leg, and giving him a gentle swing, so as to get the heft of him, you understand, she hove him about thirty feet straight through the air. He brought up against the side of his cage, and when some gentlemen, desiring to see the thing out, picked him up and sponged him off, he said he had had



"A MOST ASTONISHED GORILLA."

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enough. About half of his ribs, I should judge, was stove in, and he's in the hospital this very minute.

"I arrived just as they were picking him up, and as soon as I knew how things stood I made the people a speech. I asked them if, as honest men and gentlemen, they could deny that they had had their full money's worth; and they owned that they had. I said: 'Gentlemen! there's tricks in every trade, and I don't pretend to say that my Gorilla and my Fat Woman are not to a certain extent works of art. But tell me in what other show you ever saw such a heavenly fight, and such a magnificent display of the beauty, nobility, and purity of woman?'

"Well, they were pretty middling sensible people, I will give them that much credit, and they agreed that they had no reason to be dissatisfied, and after talking the fight over for a while, and taking up a collection for the Strongest Woman, which panned out more than thirty dollars, they left, giving three cheers for the Strongest Woman and for me.



"I consider that I am well out of a bad scrape, but for all that my losses this day have been pretty heavy. I've lost my Gorilla, and, what is worse, the public has lost confidence in Gorillas, and I shan't be able to exhibit another for at least a year. Then the Fat Woman's reputation is gone, and she can never show again in Chicago until people have forgotten her and she has changed her name. Besides, I shall have to get a genuine Fat Woman to take her place, and they come high, there not being enough of them to supply the demand. Taking one thing with another, I calculate that this day's work will cost me, in the course of the year, not less than three hundred dollars, not including the cost of burying the Gorilla's remains, if it comes to that, as it probably will. If ever you go into the show business, you take my advice and never have anything to do with an American Gorilla, no matter what State he comes from. Get a good sober German. They make the best and the most reliable Gorillas in the profession."

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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

From a Photo. by **Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.**

(From a Photo. presented by the Duke and Duchess to Moulvie Rafiüddin Ahmad.)

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The Royal Marriage.

From an Oriental Point of View.

By Moulvie Rafiüddin Ahmad.

[*The following article appears with the special permission and approval of Her Majesty the Queen.*]

The ring is on;
The "wilt thou?" answer'd, and again
The "wilt thou?" ask'd; till out of twain
The sweet "I will" has made ye one.
—*Tennyson.*

IN compliance with the wishes of some distinguished friends, and in remembrance of the privilege I had of witnessing the Royal Marriage at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, I shall embody in these pages a few observations on the State ceremony, and on similar ceremonies in Mohammedan countries.

I must first remove an erroneous impression, current both in England and over the Continent. I have heard it stated by many eminent persons that European nations can never successfully compete with Orientals in the display of loyalty and attachment towards their Sovereign and the Royal Family. The first thing that struck me in connection with the Royal Marriage was the unbounded attachment of the people of England to the person of their Sovereign and the members of her family.

The pageantry over the Marriage of the Duke of York proved, beyond all possibility of doubt, that the English nation are as much lovers of Royalty as we are in the East. Nay: their love is even deeper than our own. What Eastern nation would have spent such enormous sums on hiring seats to view the procession? That thousands and even millions of people should stand and wait for six or eight hours under a tropical sun, only to have a glimpse at the Royal bride and bridegroom, is really out-Orientalling Orientals in regard to loyalty.

But the greatest triumph of the display was its spontaneity. In many countries, both Asiatic and European, a Royal Marriage is a Government affair. Every minute thing is arranged by Government officials. In England it is the affair of the public. The people gave themselves a general holiday, although the Government refused to grant them one. Contrarily to what would have happened in Eastern countries, the Government did not take an active part; and what part they did take was as if at the dictation of the public. Hardly any decorations were to be found at the Houses of Parliament and other official buildings. The expression of national delight was plainly written in the length and breadth of the Capital, and clearly read in the countless faces that lined the endless streets.

Elsewhere attachment is shown to public persons by respectful silence. It is the peculiar characteristic of the inhabitants of England to acknowledge a public man by cheers. The louder the cheers the greater the popularity. The continued and ringing cheers which the Queen-Empress and her family received at the hands of the masses proved their complete identification with the happiness of the first family of the land.

An Oriental visitor would hardly believe that a nation habitually so calm, cold, and reserved could be strained to such feverish excitement on national occasions. London, with all its flags and decorations, with a bright tropical sun, with a jovial and excited public, red and blue uniforms, and ladies' dresses of all the colours of the rainbow, recalled Bombay or Constantinople. It would have been a libel to call it a city of fogs and mists and jet-black British clothes.

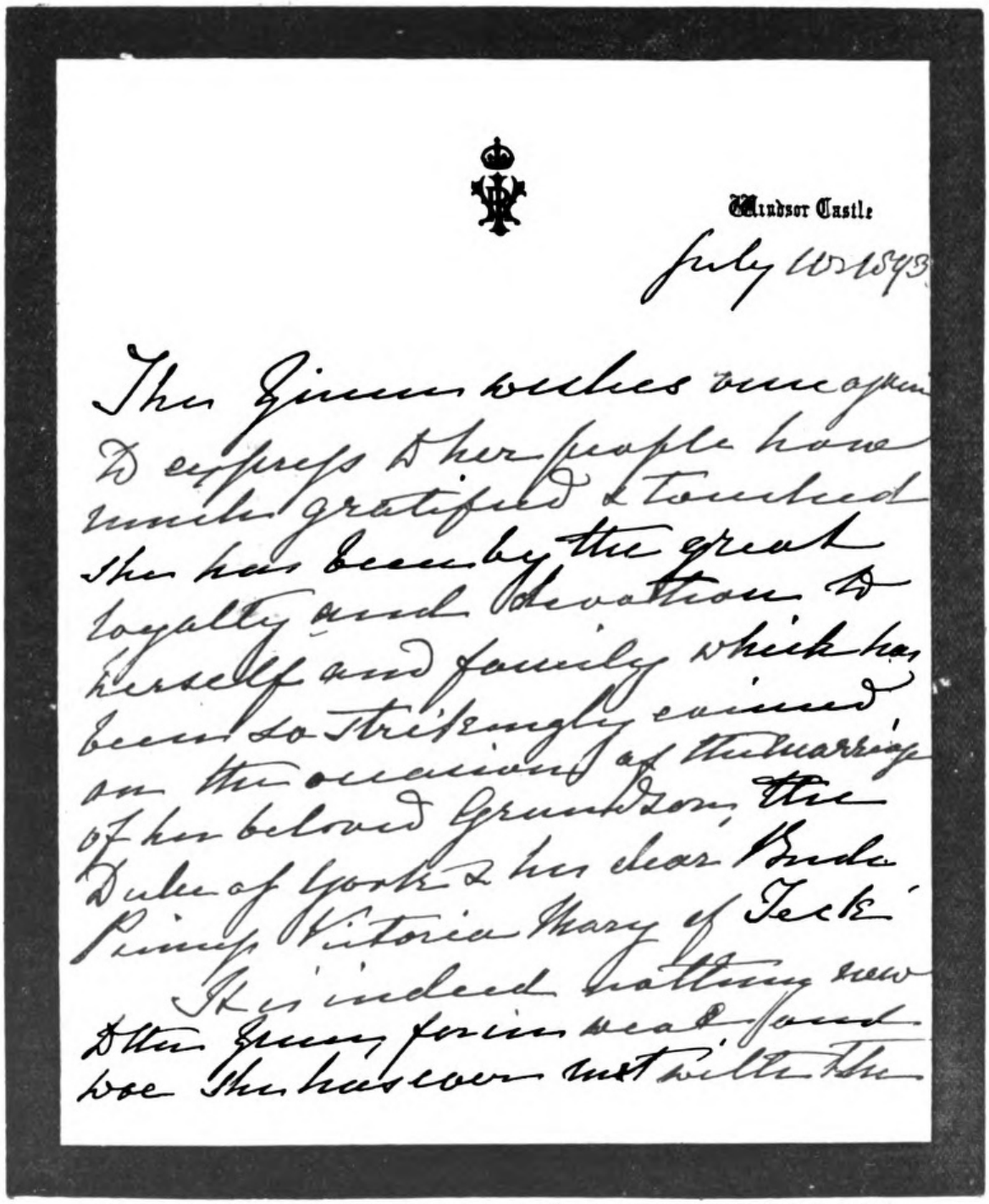
Marriage is a blessed institution. From the cottage to the palace "it kindles, it warms, it brightens, it sweetens all around." But nuptials in a family beloved by an entire nation have a peculiar interest. They are important, because they do in their results affect the manners and morals of a great many persons who form their judgment of what is right on the example of distinguished houses and historical families. As the Arabian prophet says, "a people follow the ways of their kings."

It stands to reason, therefore, that the more a nation adores their Royalty, the more

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do they desire to see a very high standard of excellence among its members. It is not surprising, then, that the nation took a deep interest in the marriage of the Heir-Presumptive to the Throne; and it is really a matter of gratification that it has been approved by them all and sanctified by universal blessing.

In good old days, both in Europe and in Asia, marriages in the Royal Family were arranged by Ambassadors for political convenience, in which the wishes of the parties themselves counted for very little. Even religious difficulties considered insuperable in their nature have been very often set aside—as, for example, in the marriages of Mogul Princes with Hindu Princesses of Rajpootana. Even in European countries Royal brides and bridegrooms were scarce given a chance to see each other, and what is called wooing was


Windsor Castle

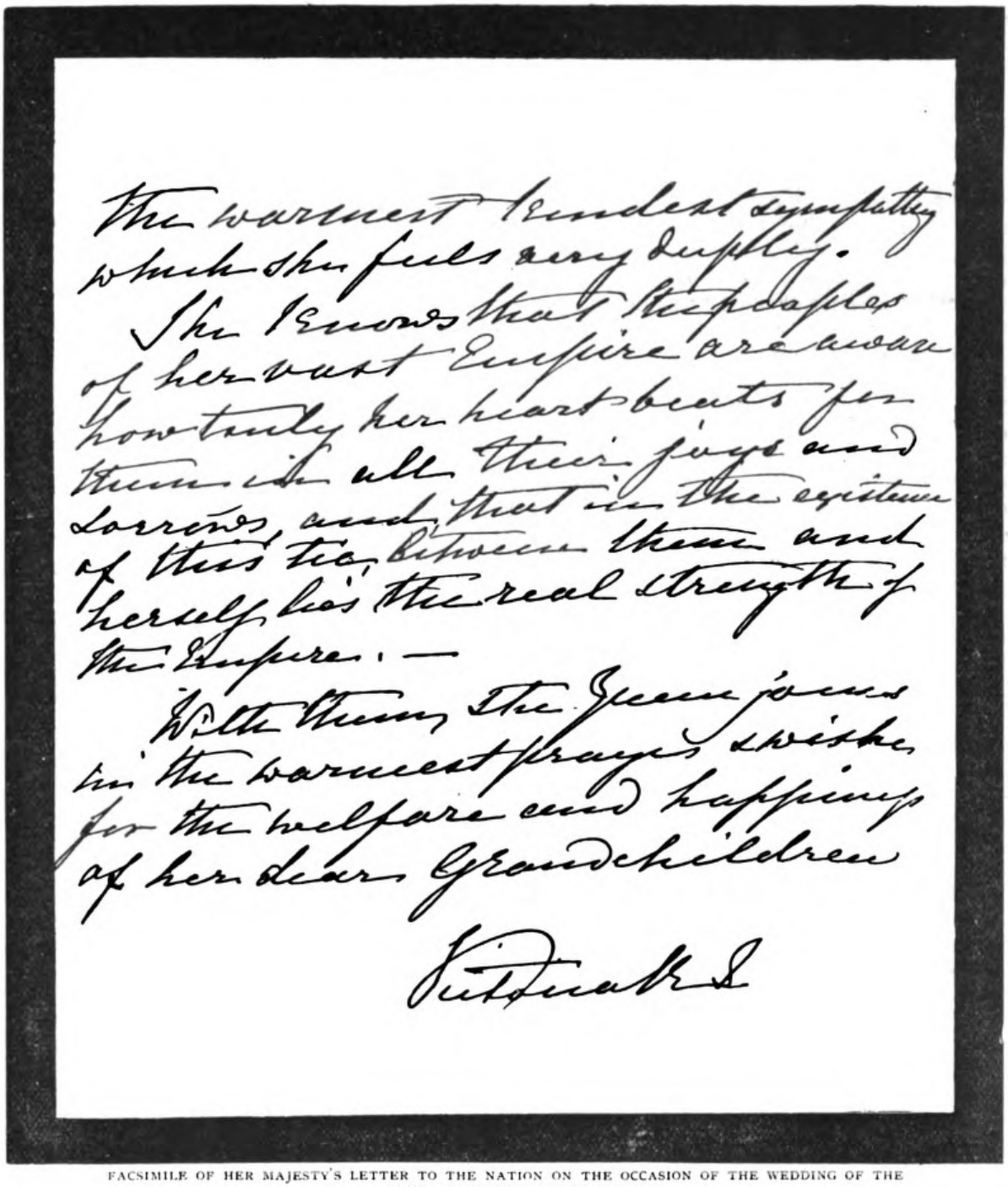
July 10 1893

The Queen wishes once again to express to her people how much gratified & touched she has been by the great loyalty and devotion to herself and family which has been shown so strikingly evinced on the occasions of the marriage of her beloved Grandson, the Duke of York & her dear Godchild Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.

It is indeed soothing & touching for the Queen, for in these sad & sorrowful days she has even more than usual to

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The warmest kindest sympathy
which she feels any duplicity.
She knows that Her subjects
of her vast Empire are aware
how truly her heart beats for
them in all their joys and
sorrows, and that in the existence
of this tie between them and
herself lies the real strength of
the Empire. —
With them the Queen joins
in the warmest prayers & wishes
for the welfare and happiness
of her dear Grandchildren

Victoria R.

FACSIMILE OF HER MAJESTY'S LETTER TO THE NATION ON THE OCCASION OF THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.
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practically unknown. Portraits, it is true, were not infrequently exchanged; but these, as can easily be imagined from many instances of the present day, were not always faithful. On the eve of the wedding day the young people were very often bitterly disappointed at the stern realities. Instances are recorded in which Princes in disguise took long journeys to the countries of their brides, to steal a glance at them even at the risk of their lives. Marriages in promotion of political alliances are by no means things of the past; but in this instance, happily, an English Prince was free to choose his bride, like any other subject; and well has he exercised his privilege, by selecting an English Princess both handsome and accomplished.

The Royal processions were the striking incidents of the wedding day. They were exceedingly beautiful, and added greatly to the general grandeur. But they differed very widely from the processions of the Eastern

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potentates. We have (thanks to the powerful pen of their Court chroniclers) a description of the processions of the mighty Mogul Emperors. On festive occasions the Great Mogul proceeded to his mosque either on a stately, powerful steed or mounted on a swift elephant, distributing money on both sides of the highway to the needy and the old. Before him went drums, trumpets, pipes, clarions, and other loud instruments of music; canopies, umbrellas, *aftabgiries*, and other ensigns of majesty made of cloth of gold, set with diamonds, rubies, and all sorts of precious stones. Then came magnificent Arab and Persian horses, with saddles of gold and embroidered velvet, enamelled with pearls and emeralds; elephants of State, with beautiful howdahs, glittering with ornaments from head to heel, carrying flags and standards, trophies, and other ensigns of the magnificence and greatness of the King of Kings. Around and behind His Imperial Majesty were Sultans, Amirs, Khans, and Rajahs, each attired in his best costume, and attended by his chosen officers, equipped with warlike weapons. Next came palanquins covered by crimson velvet embroidered with jewels, a fringe of great pearls hanging in ropes a foot deep; State carriages of gold and silver most beautifully adorned, including the 16th-century simple English carriage sent as a present to the mighty Mogul by good King James I. of Great Britain and Ireland; chariots of Guzerat, drawn by milk-white bullocks of rare value, provided to the Sublime Durbar by the Kings of Ahmedabad and of Bijapur. Thus went the Mogul to his place of worship. But even ordinary marriage processions in India, which are generally arranged at night, may successfully compete in beauty and magnificence with the annual Lord Mayor's procession in London.

The English ceremony was performed amid Oriental magnificence. All the accessories that rank, wealth, and beauty could bring lent their grace to the gorgeous and impressive event. The Royal marriage may, in more than one respect, enlighten an Eastern mind in regard to the Queen's Court and the functions to be observed therein. On such occasions the fact that Britain is not only a great European but also a mighty Eastern power comes home to an Asiatic in England. Here it is that he can see a reflection of the historic splendour of the Mogul's Court. Here it is that he finds himself temporarily restored to his own conditions.

Of all national ceremonies and festive gatherings I have witnessed in European countries, the ceremony in St. James's Chapel, and the festivities in Rome in connection with the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen of Italy, come nearest, in beauty and splendour, to similar pageants in the East. The Chapel Royal is, perhaps, not extensive enough for grand national ceremonies; but it seemed to me that the very narrowness of the building contributed to the impressiveness of the ceremony. There were representatives of all classes and professions:—

Lords, ladies, captains, councillors and priests,
Their choice nobility and flower,
Embassies from regions far remote, in various habits,
Met from all parts to celebrate the day.

Naval and military officers with splendid uniforms, plumed helmets, ornamented hilts and swords, and medals won for long service and heroic deeds, stood conspicuous in every part of the assemblage. Distinguished noblemen, wearing the insignia of the Garter, the pride and envy of English statesmen, and the glory of foreign Princes, were scattered on all sides of the assembly.

Great Ministers of State, who, as a rule, in this country vie with each other in the simplicity of their clothes, looked an interesting mixture of soldiers, philosophers, and courtiers in gaudy official uniforms. The Lord Chamberlain (who is the most important personage in such ceremonies), and his numerous assistants with their silver sticks, gold maces, and other strange ensigns of might and majesty, surpassed all others in the display of costly antique dresses. Lastly, there were to be seen, like tulips in the field, representatives of national beauty and fashion, maidens and matrons in choicest attire — their heads glittering with tiaras, their necks adorned with precious jewels, their hands bright with diamonds and emeralds.

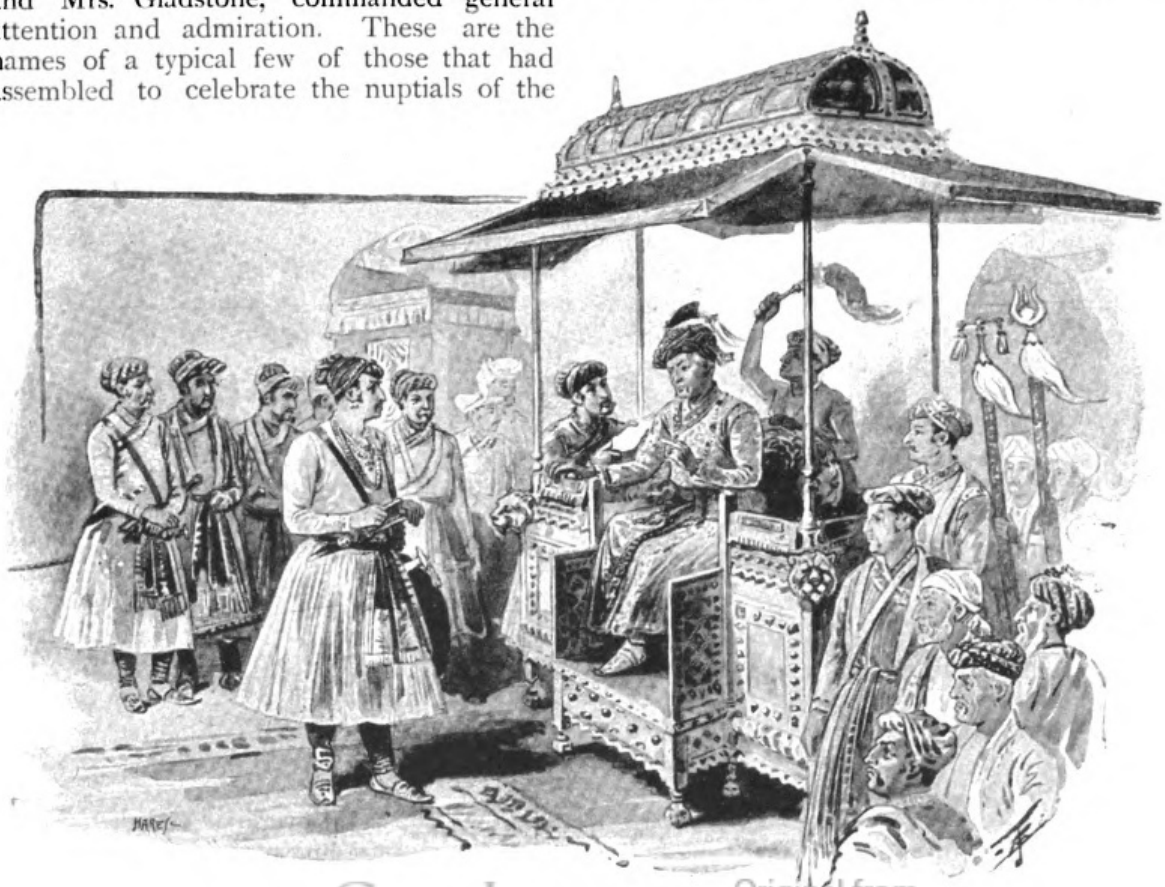
In this brilliant assemblage, where every person was a political or a social celebrity, there were some upon whose faces the public eye reverentially loved to dwell. An Oriental would expect to see such persons seated in a row near the foot of the Throne, irrespectively of their political opinions. But natives of this country carry their politics as people of the East their turbans: wherever they go. Englishmen of eminence hold their seats in accordance with their political creeds, even in the Imperial presence. On the Liberal benches appeared Mr. Gladstone, the great Parliamentary and oratorical athlete, the physical and mental marvel of the age. Opposite sat Lord Salisbury, Leader of the

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Tory party, a statesman well known in the East as a jealous guardian of the power and prestige of England, and hereditary custodian of her traditions and institutions at home. Opposite to each other were seated young statesmen of extraordinary administrative capacity and intellectual equipments—Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour. Very near each other on the Tory benches were observed an English and a Scotch Duke, both of them heads of historical families, Chancellors of distinguished Universities, born leaders of great assemblies — Devonshire and Argyll. On the same benches was conspicuous the great master of lucid, weighty, and penetrating speeches, whom it is always a delight to hear in the House of Commons — Mr. Chamberlain, chief of the Radical Unionists. On the Liberal benches could be distinguished Mr. Morley, Professor Bryce, Lord Herschell, all men of high literary and legal distinction. By a cruel mishap, the Hindu Princes of India, most conservative of men, found themselves side by side with Liberals. Distinguished members of the fair sex, well known in society for qualities of head and heart, such as the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Salisbury, Lady Spencer, and Mrs. Gladstone, commanded general attention and admiration. These are the names of a typical few of those that had assembled to celebrate the nuptials of the grandson of their revered Sovereign: names of which the Court of any age or country, ancient or modern, would be deservedly proud.

The chancel was set apart for the Royal Family and their foreign relations. These, as they arrived, were conducted to their seats by the Lord Chamberlain and his lieutenants. Their names and titles were not called aloud by a herald, as would have happened in certain Courts. When the Queen-Empress arrived the company stood up respectfully; and Her Majesty graciously bowed once to the right and once to the left, recognising, with a cheerful smile, as is usual with her, every one upon whom her eye alighted. There was a sublime simplicity about her which arrested everybody's attention. When all had again taken their seats, the bridegroom arrived, accompanied by his father and his uncle. All these were dressed in blue uniforms, for the Prince is primarily a naval officer.

For the information of Oriental readers, I must remark that there was no particular marriage dress about the bridegroom; nor was he loaded with *sehras* and *hars* (garlands and chaplets of flowers) from head to foot.



THE COURT OF AKBAR.
From an Illustrated Manuscript in the British Museum.

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The custom of wearing garlands and crowns of flowers on the marriage day, which prevailed both among the ancient Romans and among the ancient Anglo-Saxons, seems to have disappeared from these isles in modern times. But the Prince made up the deficiency of flowers by wearing stars and medals upon his breast, and the insignia of the Garter over his shoulders. He did not look nervous, and bore himself with great dignity. Soon after him arrived the heroine of the day, accompanied by her father and brothers, and followed by a train of beautiful princesses—the bridesmaids. All these, who were magnificently dressed in white, carried large *guldustas* (bouquets) in their hands, and stood in succession after the bride, so motionless as to present the appearance of nymphs by "Grecian chisel traced." The last of them was a sprightly girl of five, who conducted herself throughout the ceremony with astonishing repose.

The bride was attired in milk-white: unlike Oriental brides, who wear red. She had all the modesty of a bride. The deep sense of the coming responsibilities, mixed with that peculiar sensation which no pen can describe but all brides invariably feel, had lent her a look of pleasing nervousness. Her dress was an interesting blend of East and West. In accord with the East, she had a long veil hanging before her from head to heel, so thin that she could see and be seen through it. The original object of the veil, that of hiding a bride's blushes from the looks of others and of her lover, is not, therefore, maintained. After the fashion of the West, she had a long train attached to her dress behind, but not so long as to necessitate the assistance of attendants, or to appear cumbrous. The Princess did not seem to wear any hymeneal crown or chaplet of flowers; but she carried in her hand a large bouquet, full of materials for half-a-dozen garlands. She wore, along with other ornaments, a beautiful necklace of diamonds, a gift from Her Majesty, extremely becoming and delightful. The bride was the subject of general admiration. Oriental readers must not suppose that her trousseau was a present from the bridegroom. It was from her parents; it being customary here that the trousseau should be the last present to her from them. Nor am I aware of the bridegroom having received any outfit from the parents of the bride. In the East the parents of the bridegroom, along with other presents, send the marriage trousseau to the bride, and the parents of the bride send a rich outfit to the bridegroom. Large sums are spent upon dress. The trousseau of the Begum of Bhopal cost £40,000, and the outfit of her husband £26,000.

The binding of the nuptial tie was not a very complicated affair, like that of the Hindus or the Chinese; nor was it very simple, like that of the Mohammedans. But it was very solemn and serious, likely to overawe any couple that may stand at the altar. The Kazi was the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was heard in breathless silence when he delivered his brief, effective sermon. The most impressive part of the ceremony, however, did not arrive till the last moment, when the bride and bridegroom went round to those most near and dear to them in order to receive their parental benedictions. The spectacle was pathetic, and everybody who saw it seemed seized with an inexplicable emotion. The mother of the bride appeared quite overpowered at the prospect of separation from her only daughter, exactly as the mother of the poorest bride would have appeared.

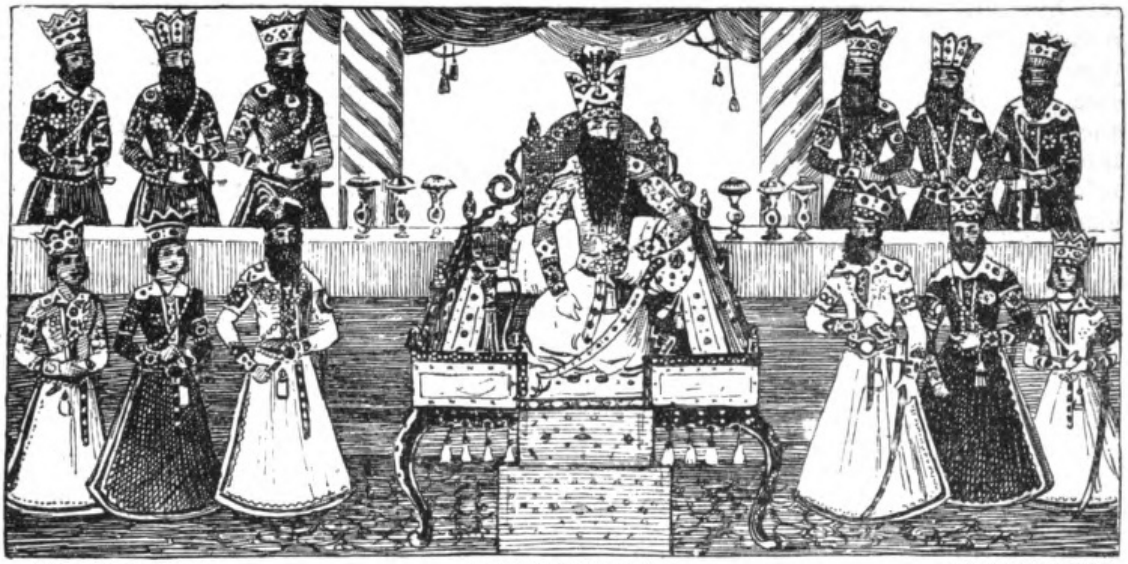
The chancel was then a sight worth seeing. Well might the Queen be happy and proud on such an occasion! The splendour of her Court wanted nothing to make it perfect. Before her were all the nobles and the grandees of the State. Beside and around her was the noblest blood of Europe: the Sovereign of Denmark and his beloved consort (parents of Kings and Queens), the son and heir of the Czar of All the Russias, the brother of the Kaiser of Germany, the young Duke of Hesse, the Prince of Wales and his ever young and beautiful wife, the younger Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal, all standing side by side, full of hope and joy and good wishes for the married pair. Well might the heart of the Queen-Empress bow down in thankfulness to the Giver of all mercies, Who had spared her to witness this auspicious event and conferred upon her such a unique position among the rulers of the world!

After the ceremony, along with other guests, I went to Buckingham Palace, where the company partook of what they call here the marriage breakfast. Many more, who, on account of the narrow space in the Chapel, could not be present at the marriage, arrived in full dress, and were warmly greeted. The guests mixed freely and exchanged remarks on the great event of the day. The hall in which refreshments were laid not being large enough for the assembled guests, the party was divided into two or three. When I

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entered the room I found that the wedding breakfast corresponded to the custom of distributing sweets among the guests in a Moslem marriage, and not so much to the banquet in honour of the marriage.

There were to be found no species of Indian *halwar* (or sweet); the principal object of interest was the bride's cake. The cake was cut with much formality and distributed among the guests present; bits of it were sent as remembrancers of the Marriage to friends residing abroad. None of the Royal Family was present. The Lord Chamberlain played the host. He came up to me with a pleasant smile, and asked me how I had enjoyed the day; but before I had time to answer him, he was off to see Mrs. Gladstone safely through the crowd.



After a Photograph in] THE COURT OF PERSIA. *[Cousin's "Persia."*

Let us now recall how marriages are performed among the Moslems in Eastern countries. I must here state that custom has superseded religion regarding various ceremonies in connection with Moslem marriages. The day of nuptials being the best time for general rejoicings, it is the occasion for entertaining friends and relations on a liberal scale. Long before the day of the ceremony guests begin to assemble from all parts of the country, some of them at considerable sacrifice to themselves, at the residences both of the bride and of the bridegroom; and neither trouble nor expense is spared to make them joyful. The humblest bride and bridegroom are made to feel that they are king and queen for the time being. I am inclined to believe that even kings and queens themselves, at their coronation, do not more keenly feel the sense of their importance than an Eastern couple on their day of wedding. In some houses, for as many as forty days, amusements, such as fireworks, dancing, music, and indoor games, are provided for the benefit of the guests. Marriages are *fêtes*, particularly for women; and it is but right that these diversions should play an important part in them. The numerous ways in which the inmates of the Zenana amuse themselves could be described only in many pages.

The lady relations of the bride devote themselves zealously, some days preceding the marriage, towards her adornment, so that on the great day she is a picture of health and happiness. We Orientals have no bridesmaids; but the intimate lady friends of the bride keep her company at her residence a few days before marriage. The younger brothers and sisters of the bride and bridegroom, who are adorned with flowers, are conscious of their own significance, and demand homage from their juvenile acquaintances.

The ceremony is generally at night. The Kazi (magistrate) assists at the celebration, though his presence is in no way necessary for the validity of the contract. At the time of Cromwell, marriages, even in this country, were performed before a magistrate. As a rule, Mohammedan marriages in India are not celebrated in mosques. Custom has made it incumbent upon the bridegroom to proceed as a humble suitor to the residence of the bride, where great preparations are made to receive him and his party with Oriental splendour. On the evening of the marriage day the bridegroom, on horseback,

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starts for the residence of the bride, with a torchlight procession headed by bands of musicians, and surrounded by a large party of his friends and acquaintances.

On the grounds of the residence of the bride a large *Mandwa* (canopy) is raised, which is beautifully illuminated with candles and *butties* all round, while the floor is decorated with costly Persian carpets. On one side of this quadrangular structure a daïs (or hymeneal throne) is formed for the bridegroom, his near relations, and the Kazi. To the right and to the left of this visitors are seated in rows. To do honour to their host, the visitors generally appear in their best attire; and it is pleasing to see them exchanging the little civilities appropriate to the occasion.

Opposite to the daïs, on the other side of the building, are seated dancing girls surrounded by instruments of music and its ministers; holding themselves in readiness to sing congratulatory songs immediately after the flourish of trumpets announcing the contraction of the sacred tie. Leaving the bridegroom in this assembly, we must cast a glance at the apartments of his bride.

Seated on the bridal throne, wearing a crown of fragrant flowers, and loaded with other floral decorations on all sides, the lady reigns supreme. She is surrounded by her mother, her sisters, her aunts, and a host of fair admirers. Women are fond of displaying their jewellery, and the Moslem bride is no exception to the rule. It would take much space to describe her necklaces, bracelets, jewelled chains, ear-rings, etc.: suffice it to say that even her shoes are embroidered with gold and precious stones. The passage from celibacy to matrimony is easy in England; but for her entry into the society of married women an Eastern bride has to pass through numerous little ceremonies, in the strict discharge of which the matrons around her are closely interested. The senior married ladies particularly, being the depositaries of the unwritten but time-honoured traditions of holy matrimony, and authorized exponents of its rites, enjoy exceptional privileges on such occasions. The bride is generally in a long red or pink, dress, embroidered with gold and trimmed round the skirt with heavy fringe. This dress varies almost in every province; but silk is preferred anywhere, for the climate obliges the ladies to wear very light dresses. The hair is dressed in tresses and perfumed with essences. In the centre of the head is seen suspended a rich jewel, which has been formed to represent the sun, or the crescent, or a star, or a flower. On the thumb of her right hand, in the form of a ring, is to be seen a very small looking-glass called *Arsi*.

The ceremony of the marital contract consists in a simple question and answer. The clergyman asks the man: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" The Kazi interrogates the faithful: "Do you accept —— in contract of marriage?" As it is not customary for the bride to appear in person, before the Kazi and the general assembly, to declare her unqualified acceptance of the contract, she is represented by a proxy. This gentleman, with two witnesses, proceeds to the apartments of the bride, and within the hearing of the witnesses asks her if she accepts —— for her lawful husband and authorizes him to be her plenipotentiary. Having obtained her full consent, he comes to the Kazi with the witnesses, prepared to respond to the interrogations of the magistrate. This done, the Kazi declares them man and wife, and invokes the blessings of Heaven in a solemn prayer. Sweets and sherbet are distributed among the guests, while the fire of the guns and the flourish of the trumpets announce the event to the world at large.

The bridegroom rises to embrace near relations of his own and those of the bride, and makes a bow to others in response to their congratulations. Soon after the Kazi takes his leave, and Bacchus takes the chair. The night is spent in dancing and other amusements; to be followed by a grand banquet in the morning.

After the banquet comes the most important hour for the bridegroom. The gentlemen retire, leaving the bridegroom in the possession of the ladies. He is now formally received into the Zenana, and is seated side by side with his bride, who wears a veil. Presents are delivered to them from the lady guests, who formally approach, and wish the pair a happy and prosperous married life. The presents generally consist of embroidered handkerchiefs, jewelled rings, and other articles of daily use. The bride prepares to quit the roof under which she has spent perhaps the most happy portion of her life. She is extremely sorry; her mother and sisters are sobbing and in tears.

In Turkey, when the bride goes to wish him good-bye, her father ornaments her waist with the nuptial belt, which ceremony is the last adieu the father makes. I have said that the bride is seated veiled with the bridegroom.

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The unveiling of her face by the bridegroom is done with much formality: usually to the great delight of himself and those around him. The two then kneel down together; and, after a short prayer, the bridegroom, in a triumphal procession, takes his bride home much in the same manner as he came to her residence.

The order of marriage is more or less alike in the marriages of Princes and in those of peasants; but the ranks of the parties naturally make a difference in the variety of entertainments and in the magnitude of the general splendour. In the marriages of Princes, for example, the poor and the needy of the country are fed for many days and liberally clothed, and large sums are distributed in charity. Peers are royally feasted and entertained at the Royal palace every night. Elsewhere will be found indication of the nature of the gifts made to Princes.

After the description of the festivities in the Queen's Court, it will be interesting to the reader to know how the Mogul Emperors of Hindustan held Imperial Durbars on festive occasions in the heyday of their prosperity. There is little doubt that the Durbar of the Great Mogul has never been surpassed in grandeur by any Court, ancient or modern. The highly finished etiquette of the people at the Mogul Court, their sweet mode of address, their ready wit and hospitable nature, their easy manners and winning affection, have been a theme upon which distinguished visitors have always delighted to dwell. After the Mogul Emperor's, the most splendid Court in the East has been that of Persia. The accompanying illustrations of the two Courts will be, no doubt, very interesting.



ORIENTAL IDEA OF A EUROPEAN PRINCESS.
From an Original Drawing in the British Museum.

In all ages the principal ensigns of majesty have been the Throne and the diadem. Kings of all nations have freely spent their treasures to beautify and enrich those emblems of national greatness. It is no exaggeration to say that the world has never seen the like of the celebrated Peacock Throne, or of the Koh-i-noor, now in possession of the Empress of India. English readers who happen to have seen regal Thrones in European countries will be interested to know what the Peacock Throne was like. It is a thing of the past. "The Throne was three yards in length, two and a half in breadth, and five in height. It was set with rubies, garnets, diamonds, pearls, and emeralds all over. The outside of the canopy was of enamel work with occasional gems; the inside was thickly set with rubies, etc.; and it was supported by twelve emerald columns. On the top of each pillar there were two peacocks thick set with gems; and between each two peacocks a tree set with rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and pearls. The ascent consisted of three steps set with jewels of fine water. It was completed in the course of seven years. Of the eleven jewelled recesses formed around it for cushions, the middle one, intended for the seat of the Emperor, had cost ten lacs of rupees." — *Badshah Nama of Kazwini.*

The order observed on great festive occasions has been described as follows: "On His Majesty's auspicious approach, according to established custom, from the music-gallery — situated in front of the august Jehroka — the kettle-drum of joy proclaims the fame aloud. In the first place, conformably to the rules of the mighty Empire, pass in review fleet steeds, with inlaid and enamelled furniture; renowned elephants, resembling mountains and

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CHAND BIBI, PRINCESS OF AHMEDNAGAR.

decked complete trappings, ornamented with gold and precious stones. After this the Princes of high descent, agreeably to their respective ranks, have permission to be seated near the Imperial throne. Then Khans, Amirs, Mirzas from Iran and Turan, renowned Ministers, Viziers of high degree, principal noblemen, public officers, etc., victorious soldiers, eminent men of letters, skilful physicians, and others, in accordance with their respective rank, station, dignity, office, condition, and quality, are arranged in their proper places, not having authority to move or speak beyond their respective spheres. Also Ambassadors conversant in languages, from the Emperors of Constantinople, the Kings of Iran and Turan, with letters and rare presents, being admitted to the Imperial presence, obtain permission to stand in a place suitable to their character. In every quarter between the outer and inner balustrades are stationed active *Meer Toozells* (Lord Chamberlain's assistants), bearing wands of gold and silver inlaid and enamelled, together with their assistants and attendants, who keep order in such a manner that none can move from his appointed place."

On the Emperor taking his seat, all those present performed the Kornish (a form of kneeling), and then remained standing according to their rank, with their hands crossed. This salutation signifies, in the language of the *Ain*, that the saluter has placed his head (which is the seat of the senses and the mind) into the hand of humility, giving it to the Royal assembly as a present, and has made himself, in obedience, ready for any service that may be required of him. In Her Majesty's Court, in Levées, and Drawing Rooms, though there is strict order of precedence, there is no distance fixed from the Throne for the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal to take their stand: they stand side by side with each other and also with the Sovereign. In the Court of Akbar, the Princes had to observe strict rules in this respect. "The eldest Prince places himself when standing at a distance of 1 to 4yds. from the Throne, or when sitting at a distance of 2 to 8yds. The second Prince stands from 1½ to 6yds. from the Throne, and in sitting from 3 to 12yds. So also the third. Then come the elect of the highest rank, who are worthy of the spiritual guidance of His Majesty, at a distance of from 3 to 15yds., and in sitting from 5 to 20yds. After these follow the senior grandees from 3½yds., and then the other grandees from 10 to 12½yds. from the Throne."—*Ain-i-Akbari.*

Musical entertainments were greatly in favour at the Court of the Moguls. Abul Fazl says: "His Majesty (Akbar) pays much attention to music, and is the patron of all who practise this enchanting art. There are numerous musicians at Court, both men and women. The Court musicians are arranged in seven divisions, one for each day of the week." At His Majesty's command, "they let the wine of harmony flow, and thus increase intoxication in some and sobriety in others." The Court chronicler of the

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reign of Shah Jehan says: "Singers with voices delightfully melodious, and companies of Moguls and Indians, ornamented and arrayed in dresses of different forms, warble such charming strains as arrest the birds in their flight." I have attended many concerts in Europe, and if the description of the chronicler be true, I think the Court singers of the Mogul Court were superior to the singers in European drawing-rooms.

The numberless presents that the Duke and Duchess of York have received naturally suggest a note on the presents given to and by Mogul Princes. Presents were given to the Mogul Princes at every interview—as a mark of homage more than anything else: some of them were as low as the value of a single rupee. The Emperors delighted to give rather than to receive presents. Jehangir, in his Memoirs, says: "Hakim Ali brought me a chaplet of pearls of the value of a lac of rupees, which at the time I accepted · but some days afterwards, sending for him to my presence, I threw the chaplet around his neck. It never could in truth afford me any real gratification to receive from any vassals gifts or presents in any shape; on the contrary, towards my hand should their eyes be ever turned; and so long as I retain the means it is my part to bestow upon everyone favour and rewards, according to merit."

Some idea regarding the sort of gifts the Mogul Princes received from the Emperor may be had from the *Khilat*, presented by the Government of India, following the tradition of the Mogul predecessors, to the bridegroom of the Nawab Shah Jehan Begum of Bhopal, on the occasion of her marriage. It consisted of one diamond aigrette, one large pearl necklace, one turban, one gold-embroidered mantle, one shawl, one coat, one piece of *kimkhwab*, four double-barrelled guns, one gold-hilted scimitar, one gold-laced sword belt, one dagger, one bow, one quiver, one shield, one elephant (with chased silver gilt howdah with trappings), one headpiece, one gold-embroidered fan, one velvet-covered throne, one horse (with gold and silver trappings and gold-embroidered saddle).* King James I. sent through Sir Thomas Roe to the Emperor Jehangir one coach, some virginals, some knives, an embroidered scarf; to which Sir Thomas added his own sword.

Lastly, I feel constrained to give extracts from complimentary letters between James I. and Jehangir:—

"James, by the grace of Almighty God the Creator of Heaven and Earth, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Christian faith, etc. To the High and Mighty Monarch the Great Mogul, King of the Oriental Indies, of Candahar, of Chismer and Corazan, etc., greeting.

"We, having notice of your great favour towards us and our subjects, etc. . . . . And for the confirmation of our great inclination and well-wishing towards you; we pray you to accept in good part, the present which our said Ambassador will deliver unto you; and so do commit you to the merciful protection of Almighty God."

The Mogul's letter to James I. was as follows: "Unto a King rightly descended from his ancestors, bred in military affairs, and clothed with honour and justice; a commander worthy of all command, strong and constant in religion, which the great Prophet Christ did teach: King James, whose love has bred such impression in my thoughts as shall never be forgotten; but as the smell of amber or as a garden of fragrant flowers, whose beauty and odour is still increasing: so be assured my love shall grow and increase with yours. Your letter which you sent me in the behalf of your merchants I have read; whereby I rest assured in your tender love towards me, and desire you not to take it ill for not having writ unto you heretofore. . . . And as now and formerly I have received from you divers tokens of your love, so I desire your mindfulness of me by some novelties from your country as an augment of friendship between us, for such is the custom of Princes here. . . . And if any in my country, not fearing God nor obeying their King, or any other void of religion, should endeavour to be an instrument to break this league of friendship, I would send my son, Sultan Caroon, soldier approved in the wars, to cut him off, that no obstacle may hinder the continuance and increase of our affections."*

Our readers will be extremely grateful to the Queen for her kindness in permitting us to reproduce her letter to the nation on the occasion of the wedding.

Having received a request from an English lady for an illustration of the dress of a Mohammedan Princess of the time of Akbar, I will embody in this article a portrait of the famous Princess of Ahmednagar (Chand Bibi). At the same time I have thought it fit to insert an ideal portrait of a

* History of Bhopal. By H.H. Shah Jehan Begum.

* From Harris's collection of voyages and travels.

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European Princess, painted for the amusement of the ladies of the Mogul Court.

This contrast of the joyous ceremonials of the East and of the West naturally leads to a wide conclusion, or aspiration. Different as they are in certain details, they still, as must have been observed, are close akin in spirit, in pageant, and in purpose. It could not be otherwise; for, although they are separated by the width of the earth, the two peoples are so closely the same in spirit that, in the clash of races and of Empires through many centuries, they have become the same in destiny and in aim. They have fallen under the same governance, the rule of the Queen-Empress; and under the same governance they will remain, unless (as there is sometimes reason to fear) the administrators of the Empire should, yielding to the decadence which in great democracies sometimes overcomes the Imperial perception, and distraught by

> Wordy trucklings of the transient hour,

be to themselves untrue, and become cosmopolites, the friends of every country save their own. It is not for me, guest in a country geographically far from home, to draw morals for my hosts: yet I, too, as clearly as any modern man of feeling who would curtail the Estimates at the bidding of his duty, not to his Queen but to Humanity — I, too, am a subject of the Empress; and, even as he prefers an abstract idea to his political allegiance, I, too, claim the right of preference, and of avowal. If monarchs do not rule by Divine right, as it is believed in the East that they do, one might, with Mr. Ruskin, ask by what right they govern at all; but whether Victoria rules by that right or by no such right, rule she does, and India rejoices. When they come to the Throne, the Duke and Duchess of York, we may be sure, will be not less devoted than the Queen-Empress has been to the Imperial duties by which Her Majesty has won the hearts of the millions in the East who own her sway. They will realize, as Her Majesty has done, that the Throne of England is sovereign in India, just as it is at home; and they are known, like her, to have a proved affection for the peoples of India. So, to conclude, I would trespass only so far as, in the character of onlooker, seeing most of the game—of the observer from afar, seeing the Empire in a perspective larger than that which is possible to habitual dwellers in its capital —to express the hope that this happy event which I have described may bring home, to the minds of such of us in England as have been tempted by the propositions of the political decadents, the ideal (fact and inspiration blent) of a marriage between East and West —a union (under which the Humanity man as well as the Imperialist should be at ease) that can never be dissolved while England is

> Loyal to the Royal in herself.



From a Photo by MOULVIE RAFIUDDIN AHMAD. [*Elliott & Fry*

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The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

By A. Conan Doyle.

XXIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE NAVAL TREATY.

(Continued from page 403.)

WE were fortunate in finding that Lord Holdhurst was still in his chambers at Downing Street, and on Holmes sending in his card we were instantly shown up. The statesman received us with that old-fashioned courtesy for which he is remarkable, and seated us on the two luxurious easy chairs on either side of the fireplace. Standing on the rug between us, with his slight, tall figure, his sharp-featured, thoughtful face, and his curling hair prematurely tinged with grey, he seemed to represent that not too common type, a nobleman who is in truth noble.



"A NOBLEMAN."

"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr. Holmes," said he, smiling. "And, of course, I cannot pretend to be ignorant of the object of your visit. There has only been one occurrence in these offices which could call for your attention. In whose interest are you acting, may I ask?"

"In that of Mr. Percy Phelps," answered Holmes.

"Ah, my unfortunate nephew! You can understand that our kinship makes it the more impossible for me to screen him in any way. I fear that the incident must have a very prejudicial effect upon his career."

"But if the document is found?"

"Ah, that, of course, would be different."

"I had one or two questions which I wished to ask you, Lord Holdhurst."

"I shall be happy to give you any information in my power."

"Was it in this room that you gave your

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instructions as to the copying of the document?"

"It was."

"Then you could hardly have been overheard?"

"It is out of the question."

"Did you ever mention to anyone that it was your intention to give out the treaty to be copied?"

"Never."

"You are certain of that?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, since you never said so, and Mr. Phelps never said so, and nobody else knew anything of the matter, then the thief's presence in the room was purely accidental. He saw his chance and he took it."

The statesman smiled. "You take me out of my province there," said he.

Holmes considered for a moment. "There is another very important point which I wish to discuss with you," said he. "You feared, as I understand, that very grave results might follow from the details of this treaty becoming known?"

A shadow passed over the expressive face of the statesman. "Very grave results, indeed."

"And have they occurred?"

"Not yet."

"If the treaty had reached, let us say, the French or Russian Foreign Office, you would expect to hear of it?"

"I should," said Lord Holdhurst, with a wry face.

"Since nearly ten weeks have elapsed then, and nothing has been heard, it is not unfair to suppose that for some reason the treaty has not reached them?"

Lord Holdhurst shrugged his shoulders.

"We can hardly suppose, Mr. Holmes, that the thief took the treaty in order to frame it and hang it up."

"Perhaps he is waiting for a better price."

"If he waits a little longer he will get no price at all. The treaty will cease to be a secret in a few months."

"That is most important," said Holmes. "Of course it is a possible supposition that the thief has had a sudden illness——"

"An attack of brain fever, for example?" asked the statesman, flashing a swift glance at him.

"I did not say so," said Holmes, imperturbably. "And now, Lord Holdhurst, we have already taken up too much of your valuable time, and we shall wish you good-day."

"Every success to your investigation, be the criminal who it may," answered the nobleman, as he bowed us out at the door.

"He's a fine fellow," said Holmes, as we came out into Whitehall. "But he has a struggle to keep up his position. He is far from rich, and has many calls. You noticed, of course, that his boots had been re-soled? Now, Watson, I won't detain you from your legitimate work any longer. I shall do nothing more to-day, unless I have an answer to my cab advertisement. But I should be extremely obliged to you if you would come down with me to Woking to-morrow, by the same train which we took to-day."

I met him accordingly next morning, and we travelled down to Woking together. He had had no answer to his advertisement, he said, and no fresh light had been thrown upon the case. He had, when he so willed it, the utter immobility of countenance of a red Indian, and I could not gather from his appearance whether he was satisfied or not with the position of the case. His conversation, I remember, was about the Bertillon system of measurements, and he expressed his enthusiastic admiration of the French savant.

We found our client still under the charge of his devoted nurse, but looking considerably better than before. He rose from the sofa and greeted us without difficulty when we entered.

"Any news?" he asked, eagerly.

"My report, as I expected, is a negative one," said Holmes. "I have seen Forbes, and I have seen your uncle, and I have set one or two trains of inquiry upon foot which may lead to something."

"You have not lost heart, then?"

"By no means."

"God bless you for saying that!" cried Miss Harrison. "If we keep our courage and our patience, the truth must come out."

"We have more to tell you than you have for us," said Phelps, reseating himself upon the couch.

"I hoped you might have something."

"Yes, we have had an adventure during the night, and one which might have proved to be a serious one," his expression grew very grave as he spoke, and a look of something akin to fear sprang up in his eyes. "Do you know," said he, "that I begin to believe that I am the unconscious centre of some monstrous conspiracy, and that my life is aimed at as well as my honour?"

"Ah!" cried Holmes.

"It sounds incredible, for I have not, as

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"'ANY NEWS?' HE ASKED."

far as I know, an enemy in the world. Yet from last night's experience I can come to no other conclusion."

"Pray let me hear it."

"You must know that last night was the very first night that I have ever slept without a nurse in the room. I was so much better that I thought I could dispense with one. I had a night-light burning, however. Well, about two in the morning I had sunk into a light sleep, when I was suddenly aroused by a slight noise. It was like the sound which a mouse makes when it is gnawing a plank, and I lay listening to it for some time, under the impression that it must come from that cause. Then it grew louder, and suddenly there came from the window a sharp metallic snick. I sat up in amazement. There could be no doubt what the sounds were now. The faint ones had been caused by someone forcing an instrument through the slit between the sashes, and the second by the catch being pressed back.

"There was a pause then for about ten minutes, as if the person were waiting to see whether the noise had awoken me. Then I heard a gentle creaking as the window was very slowly opened. I could stand it no longer, for my nerves are not what they used to be. I sprang out of bed and flung open the shutters. A man was crouching at the window. I could see little of him, for he was gone like a flash. He was wrapped in some sort of cloak, which came across the lower part of his face. One thing only I am sure of, and that is that he had some weapon in his hand. It looked to me like a long knife. I distinctly saw the gleam of it as he turned to run."

"This is most interesting," said Holmes. "Pray, what did you do then?"

"I should have followed him through the open window if I had been stronger. As it was, I rang the bell and roused the house. It took me some little time, for the bell rings in the kitchen, and the servants all sleep upstairs. I shouted, however, and that brought Joseph down, and he roused the others. Joseph and the groom found marks on the flower-bed outside the window, but the weather has been so dry lately that they found it hopeless to follow the trail across the grass. There's a place, however, on the wooden fence which skirts the road which shows signs, they tell me, as if someone had got over and had snapped the top of the rail in doing so. I have said nothing to the local police yet, for I thought I had best have your opinion first."

This tale of our client's appeared to have an extraordinary effect upon Sherlock Holmes. He rose from his chair and paced about the room in incontrollable excitement.

"Misfortunes never come singly," said Phelps, smiling, though it was evident that his adventure had somewhat shaken him.

"You have certainly had your share," said Holmes. "Do you think you could walk round the house with me?"

"Oh, yes, I should like a little sunshine. Joseph will come too."

"And I also," said Miss Harrison.

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"I am afraid not," said Holmes, shaking his head. "I think I must ask you to remain sitting exactly where you are."

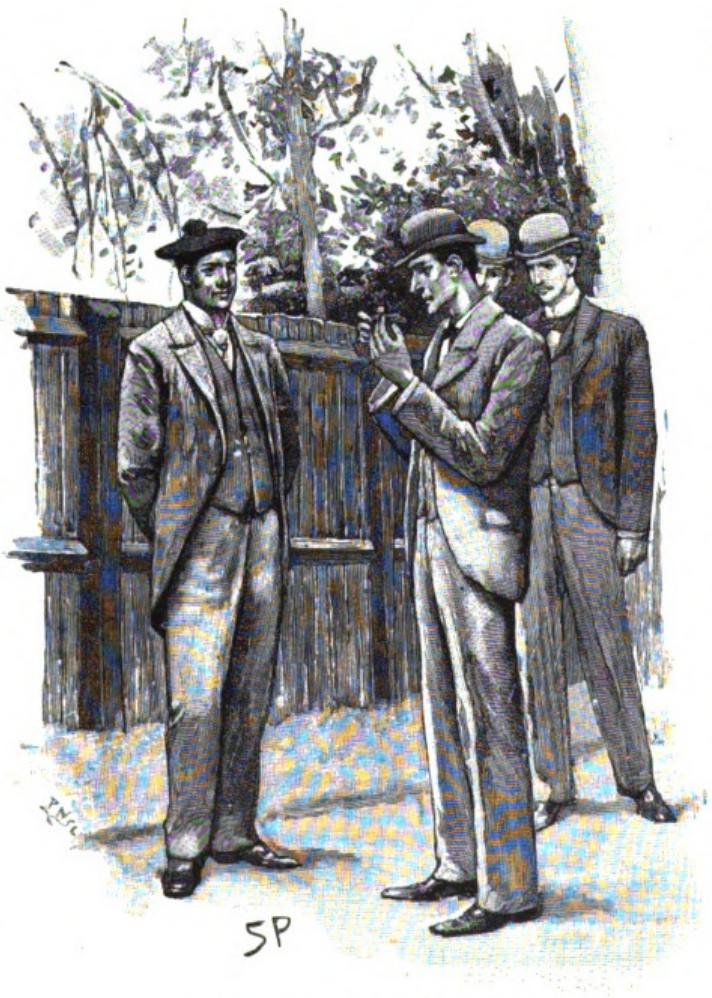
The young lady resumed her seat with an air of displeasure. Her brother, however, had joined us, and we set off all four together. We passed round the lawn to the outside of the young diplomatist's window. There were, as he had said, marks upon the flower-bed, but they were hopelessly blurred and vague. Holmes stooped over them for an instant, and then rose, shrugging his shoulders.

"I don't think anyone could make much of this," said he. "Let us go round the house and see why this particular room was chosen by the burglar. I should have thought those larger windows of the drawing-room and dining-room would have had more attractions for him."

"They are more visible from the road," suggested Mr. Joseph Harrison.

"Ah, yes, of course. There is a door here which he might have attempted. What is it for?"

"It is the side entrance for tradespeople. Of course, it is locked at night."



"HOLMES EXAMINED IT CRITICALLY."

"Have you ever had an alarm like this before?"

"Never," said our client.

"Do you keep plate in the house, or anything to attract burglars?"

"Nothing of value."

Holmes strolled round the house with his hands in his pockets, and a negligent air which was unusual with him.

"By the way," said he, to Joseph Harrison, "you found some place, I understand, where the fellow scaled the fence. Let us have a look at that."

The plump young man led us to a spot where the top of one of the wooden rails had been cracked. A small fragment of the wood was hanging down. Holmes pulled it off and examined it critically.

"Do you think that was done last night? It looks rather old, does it not?"

"Well, possibly so."

"There are no marks of anyone jumping down upon the other side. No, I fancy we shall get no help here. Let us go back to the bedroom and talk the matter over."

Percy Phelps was walking very slowly, leaning upon the arm of his future brother-in-law. Holmes walked swiftly across the lawn, and we were at the open window of the bedroom long before the others came up.

"Miss Harrison," said Holmes, speaking with the utmost intensity of manner. "You must stay where you are all day. Let nothing prevent you from staying where you are all day. It is of the utmost importance."

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Holmes," said the girl, in astonishment.

"When you go to bed lock the door of this room on the outside and keep the key. Promise to do this."

"But Percy?"

"He will come to London with us."

"And I am to remain here?"

"It is for his sake. You can serve him! Quick! Promise!"

She gave a quick nod of assent just as the other two came up.

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"Why do you sit moping there, Annie?" cried her brother. "Come out into the sunshine!"

"No, thank you, Joseph. I have a slight headache, and this room is deliciously cool and soothing."

"What do you propose now, Mr. Holmes?" asked our client.

"Well, in investigating this minor affair we must not lose sight of our main inquiry. It would be a very great help to me if you would come up to London with us."

"At once?"

"Well, as soon as you conveniently can. Say in an hour."

"I feel quite strong enough, if I can really be of any help."

"The greatest possible."

"Perhaps you would like me to stay there to-night?"

"I was just going to propose it."

"Then if my friend of the night comes to revisit me, he will find the bird flown. We are all in your hands, Mr. Holmes, and you must tell us exactly what you would like done. Perhaps you would prefer that Joseph came with us, so as to look after me?"

"Oh, no; my friend Watson is a medical man, you know, and he'll look after you. We'll have our lunch here, if you will permit us, and then we shall all three set off for town together."

It was arranged as he suggested, though Miss Harrison excused herself from leaving the bedroom, in accordance with Holmes's suggestion. What the object of my friend's manœuvres was I could not conceive, unless it were to keep the lady away from Phelps, who, rejoiced by his returning health and by the prospect of action, lunched with us in the dining-room. Holmes had a still more startling surprise for us, however, for after accompanying us down to the station and seeing us into our carriage, he calmly announced that he had no intention of leaving Woking.

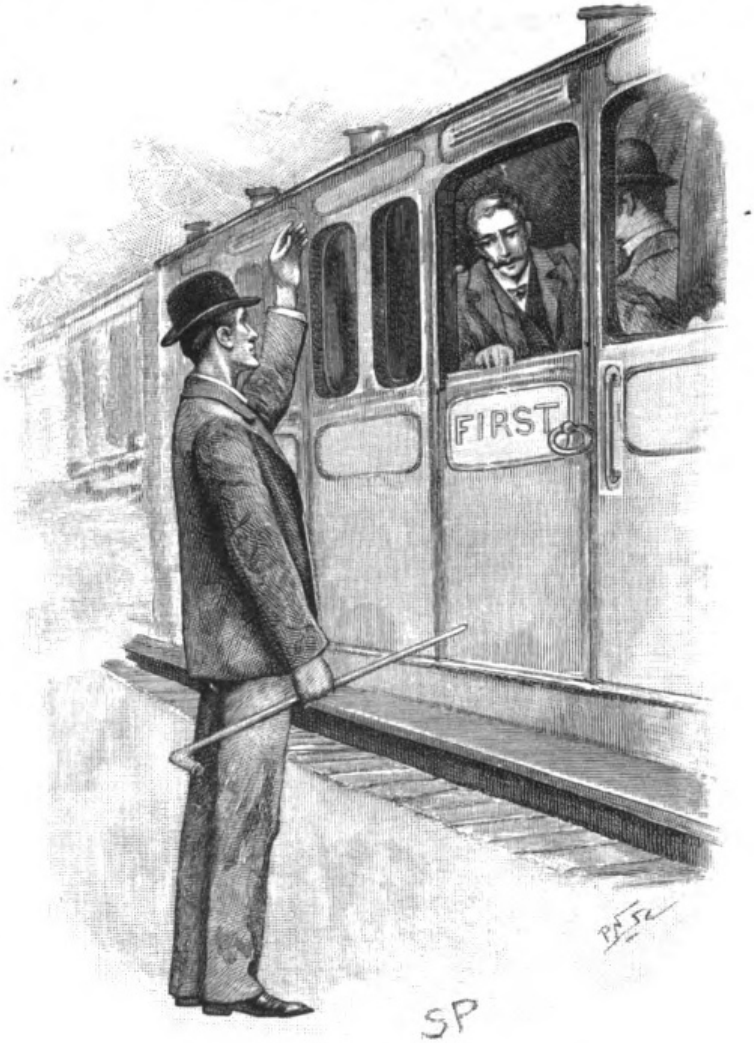
"There are one or two small points which I should desire to clear up before I go," said he. "Your absence, Mr. Phelps, will in some ways rather assist me. Watson, when you reach London you would oblige me by driving at once to Baker Street with our friend here, and remaining with him until I see you again. It is fortunate that you are old schoolfellows, as you must have much to talk over. Mr. Phelps can have the spare bedroom to-night, and I will be with you in time for breakfast, for there is a train which will take me into Waterloo at eight."

"But how about our investigation in London?" asked Phelps, ruefully.

"We can do that to-morrow. I think that just at present I can be of more immediate use here."

"You might tell them at Briarbrae that I hope to be back to-morrow night," cried Phelps, as we began to move from the platform.

"I hardly expect to go back to Briarbrae,"



I HARDLY EXPECT TO GO BACK TO BRIARBRAE."

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answered Holmes, and waved his hand to us cheerily as we shot out from the station.

Phelps and I talked it over on our journey, but neither of us could devise a satisfactory reason for this new development.

"I suppose he wants to find out some clue as to the burglary last night, if a burglar it was. For myself, I don't believe it was an ordinary thief."

"What is your own idea, then?"

"Upon my word, you may put it down to my weak nerves or not, but I believe there is some deep political intrigue going on around me, and that, for some reason that passes my understanding, my life is aimed at by the conspirators. It sounds high-flown and absurd, but consider the facts! Why should a thief try to break in at a bedroom window, where there could be no hope of any plunder, and why should he come with a long knife in his hand?"

"You are sure it was not a housebreaker's jemmy?"

"Oh, no; it was a knife. I saw the flash of the blade quite distinctly."

"But why on earth should you be pursued with such animosity?"

"Ah, that is the question."

"Well, if Holmes takes the same view, that would account for his action, would it not? Presuming that your theory is correct, if he can lay his hands upon the man who threatened you last night, he will have gone a long way towards finding who took the naval treaty. It is absurd to suppose that you have two enemies, one of whom robs you while the other threatens your life."

"But Mr. Holmes said that he was not going to Briarbrae."

"I have known him for some time," said I, "but I never knew him do anything yet without a very good reason," and with that our conversation drifted off into other topics.

But it was a weary day for me. Phelps was still weak after his long illness, and his misfortunes made him querulous and nervous. In vain I endeavoured to interest him in Afghanistan, in India, in social questions, in anything which might take his mind out of the groove. He would always come back to his lost treaty; wondering, guessing, speculating as to what Holmes was doing, what steps Lord Holdhurst was taking, what news we should have in the morning. As the evening wore on, his excitement became quite painful.

"You have implicit faith in Holmes?" he asked.

"I have seen him do some remarkable things."

"But he never brought light into anything quite so dark as this?"

"Oh, yes; I have known him solve questions which presented fewer clues than yours."

"But not where such large interests are at stake?"

"I don't know that. To my certain knowledge he has acted on behalf of three of the reigning Houses of Europe in very vital matters."

"But you know him well, Watson. He is such an inscrutable fellow, that I never quite know what to make of him. Do you think he is hopeful? Do you think he expects to make a success of it?"

"He has said nothing."

"That is a bad sign."

"On the contrary, I have noticed that when he is off the trail he generally says so. It is when he is on a scent, and is not quite absolutely sure yet that it is the right one, that he is most taciturn. Now, my dear fellow, we can't help matters by making ourselves nervous about them, so let me implore you to go to bed, and so be fresh for whatever may await us to-morrow."

I was able at last to persuade my companion to take my advice, though I knew from his excited manner that there was not much hope of sleep for him. Indeed, his mood was infectious, for I lay tossing half the night myself, brooding over this strange, problem, and inventing a hundred theories each of which was more impossible than the last. Why had Holmes remained at Woking? Why had he asked Miss Harrison to remain in the sick room all day? Why had he been so careful not to inform the people at Briarbrae that he intended to remain near them? I cudgelled my brains until I fell asleep in the endeavour to find some explanation which would cover all these facts.

It was seven o'clock when I awoke, and I set off at once for Phelps's room, to find him haggard and spent after a sleepless night. His first question was whether Holmes had arrived yet.

"He'll be here when he promised," said I, "and not an instant sooner or later."

And my words were true, for shortly after eight a hansom dashed up to the door and our friend got out of it. Standing in the window, we saw that his left hand was swathed in a bandage and that his face was very grim and pale. He entered the house, but it was some little time before he came upstairs.

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"He looks like a beaten man," cried Phelps.

I was forced to confess that he was right. "After all," said I, "the clue of the matter lies probably here in town."

Phelps gave a groan.

"I don't know how it is," said he, "but I had hoped for so much from his return. But surely his hand was not tied up like that yesterday? What can be the matter?"

"You are not wounded, Holmes?" I asked, as my friend entered the room.

"Tut, it is only a scratch through my own clumsiness," he answered, nodding his good morning to us. "This case of yours, Mr. Phelps, is certainly one of the darkest which I have ever investigated."

said Holmes, uncovering a dish of curried chicken. "Her cuisine is a little limited, but she has as good an idea of breakfast as a Scotchwoman. What have you there, Watson?"

"Ham and eggs," I answered.

"Good! What are you going to take, Mr. Phelps: curried fowl, or eggs, or will you help yourself?"

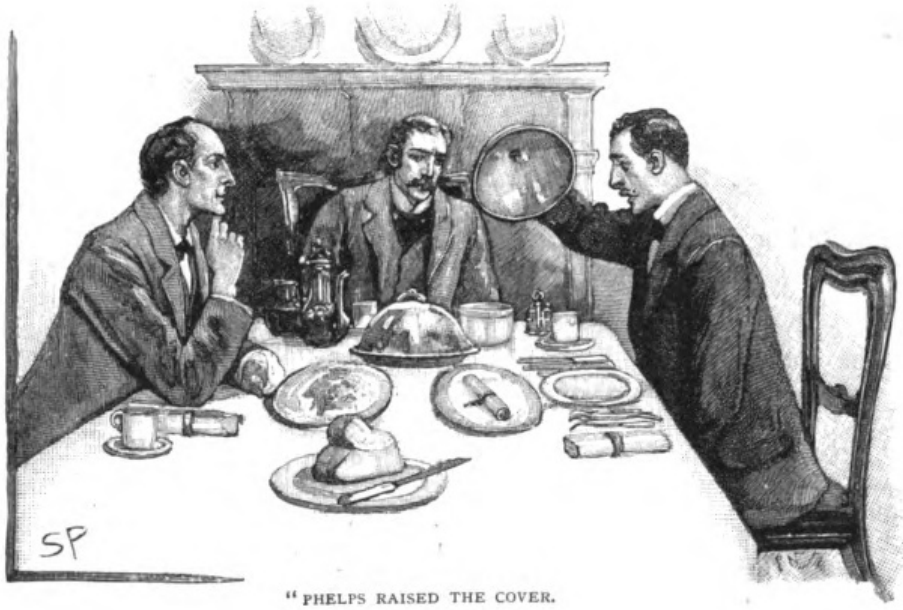
"Thank you, I can eat nothing," said Phelps.

"Oh, come! Try the dish before you."

"Thank you, I would really rather not."

"Well, then," said Holmes, with a mischievous twinkle, "I suppose that you have no objection to helping me?"

Phelps raised the cover, and as he did so



"PHELPS RAISED THE COVER.

"I feared that you would find it beyond you."

"It has been a most remarkable experience."

"That bandage tells of adventures," said I. "Won't you tell us what has happened?"

"After breakfast, my dear Watson. Remember that I have breathed thirty miles of Surrey air this morning. I suppose there has been no answer from my cabman advertisement? Well, well, we cannot expect to score every time."

The table was all laid, and, just as I was about to ring, Mrs. Hudson entered with the tea and coffee. A few minutes later she brought in three covers, and we all drew up to the table, Holmes ravenous, I curious, and Phelps in the gloomiest state of depression.

"Mrs. Hudson has risen to the occasion,"

he uttered a scream and sat there staring with a face as white as the plate upon which he looked. Across the centre of it was lying a little cylinder of blue-grey paper. He caught it up, devoured it with his eyes, and then danced madly about the room, pressing it to his bosom and shrieking out in his delight. Then he fell back into an arm-chair, so limp and exhausted with his own emotions that we had to pour brandy down his throat to keep him from fainting.

"There! there!" said Holmes, soothingly, patting him upon the shoulder. "It was too bad to spring it on you like this; but Watson here will tell you that I never can resist a touch of the dramatic."

Phelps seized his hand and kissed it.

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"God bless you!" he cried; "you have saved my honour."

"Well, my own was at stake, you know," said Holmes. "I assure you, it is just as hateful to me to fail in a case as it can be to you to blunder over a commission."

Phelps thrust away the precious document into the innermost pocket of his coat.

"I have not the heart to interrupt your breakfast any further, and yet I am dying to know how you got it and where it was."

Sherlock Holmes swallowed a cup of coffee and turned his attention to the ham and eggs. Then he rose, lit his pipe, and settled himself down into his chair.

"I'll tell you what I did first, and how I came to do it afterwards," said he. "After leaving you at the station I went for a charming walk through some admirable Surrey scenery to a pretty little village called Ripley, where I had my tea at an inn, and took the precaution of filling my flask and of putting a paper of sandwiches in my pocket. There I remained until evening, when I set off for Woking again, and found myself in the high road outside Briarbrae just after sunset.

"Well, I waited until the road was clear—it is never a very frequented one at any time, I fancy—and then I clambered over the fence into the grounds."

"Surely the gate was open?" ejaculated Phelps.

"Yes; but I have a peculiar taste in these matters. I chose the place where the three fir trees stand, and behind their screen I got over without the least chance of anyone in the house being able to see me. I crouched down among the bushes on the other side, and crawled from one to the other—witness the disreputable state of my trouser knees—until I had reached the clump of rhododendrons just opposite to your bedroom window. There I squatted down and awaited developments.

"The blind was not down in your room, and I could see Miss Harrison sitting there reading by the table. It was a quarter past ten when she closed her book, fastened the shutters, and retired. I heard her shut the door, and felt quite sure that she had turned the key in the lock."

"The key?" ejaculated Phelps.

"Yes, I had given Miss Harrison instructions to lock the door on the outside and take the key with her when she went to bed. She carried out every one of my injunctions to the letter, and certainly without her co-operation you would not have that paper in your coat pocket. She departed then and the lights went out, and I was left squatting in the rhododendron bush.

"The night was fine, but still it was a very weary vigil. Of course, it has the sort of excitement about it that the sportsman feels when he lies beside the water-course and waits for the big game. It was very long, though—almost as long, Watson, as when you and I waited in that deadly room when we looked into the little problem of the 'Speckled Band.' There was a church clock down at Woking which struck the quarters, and I thought more than once that it had stopped. At last, however, about two in the morning, I suddenly heard the gentle sound of a bolt being pushed back, and the creaking of a key. A moment later the servants' door was opened, and Mr. Joseph Harrison stepped out into the moonlight."



"JOSEPH HARRISON STEPPED OUT."

"Joseph!" ejaculated Phelps.

"He was bare-headed, but he had a black cloak thrown over his shoulder so that he could conceal his face in an instant, if there were any alarm. He walked on tip-toe under the shadow of the wall, and when he reached the window, he worked a long-bladed knife

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through the sash and pushed back the catch. Then he flung open the window and, putting his knife through the crack in the shutters, he thrust the bar up and swung them open.

"From where I lay I had a perfect view of the inside of the room and of every one of his movements. He lit the two candles which stand upon the mantelpiece, and then he proceeded to turn back the corner of the carpet in the neigbourhood of the door. Presently he stooped and picked out a square piece of board, such as is usually left to enable plumbers to get at the joints of the gas pipes. This one covered, as a matter of fact, the T-joint which gives off the pipe which supplies the kitchen underneath. Out of this hiding-place he drew that little cylinder of paper, pushed down the board, rearranged the carpet, blew out the candles, and walked straight into my arms as I stood waiting for him outside the window.

"Well, he has rather more viciousness than I gave him credit for, has Master Joseph. He flew at me with his knife, and I had to grass him twice, and got a cut over the knuckles, before I had the upper hand of him. He looked 'murder' out of the only eye he could see with when we had finished, but he listened to reason and gave up the papers. Having got them I let my man go, but I wired full particulars to Forbes this morning. If he is quick enough to catch his bird, well and good! But if, as I shrewdly suspect, he finds the nest empty before he gets there, why, all the better for the Government. I fancy that Lord Holdhurst, for one, and Mr. Percy Phelps for another, would very much rather that the affair never got as far as a police-court."

"My God!" gasped our client. "Do you tell me that during these long ten weeks of agony, the stolen papers were within the very room with me all the time?"

"So it was."

"And Joseph! Joseph a villain and a thief!"

"Hum! I am afraid Joseph's character is a rather deeper and more dangerous one than one might judge from his appearance. From what I have heard from him this morning, I gather that he has lost heavily in dabbling with stocks, and that he is ready to do anything on earth to better his fortunes. Being an absolutely selfish man, when a chance presented itself he did not allow either his sister's happiness or your reputation to hold his hand."

Percy Phelps sank back in his chair. "My head whirls," said he; "your words have dazed me."

"The principal difficulty in your case," remarked Holmes, in his didactic fashion, "lay in the fact of there being too much evidence. What was vital was overlaid and hidden by what was irrelevant. Of all the facts which were presented to us, we had to pick just those which we deemed to be essential, and then piece them together in their order, so as to reconstruct this very remarkable chain of events. I had already begun to suspect Joseph, from the fact that you had intended to travel home with him that night, and that therefore it was a likely enough thing that he should call for you—knowing the Foreign Office well—upon his way. When I heard that someone had been so anxious to get into the bedroom, in which no one but Joseph could have concealed anything—you told us in your narrative how you had turned Joseph out when you arrived with the doctor—my suspicions all changed to certainties, especially as the attempt was made on the first night upon which the nurse was absent, showing that the intruder was well acquainted with the ways of the house."

"How blind I have been!"

"The facts of the case, as far as I have worked them out, are these: This Joseph Harrison entered the office through the Charles Street door, and knowing his way he walked straight into your room the instant after you left it. Finding no one there he promptly rang the bell, and at the instant that he did so his eyes caught the paper upon the table. A glance showed him that chance had put in his way a State document of immense value, and in an instant he had thrust it into his pocket and was gone. A few minutes elapsed, as you remember, before the sleepy commissionaire drew your attention to the bell, and those were just enough to give the thief time to make his escape.

"He made his way to Woking by the first train, and, having examined his booty and assured himself that it really was of immense value, he concealed it in what he thought was a very safe place, with the intention of taking it out again in a day or two, and carrying it to the French Embassy, or wherever he thought that a long price was to be had. Then came your sudden return. He, without a moment's warning, was bundled out of his room, and from that time onwards there were always at least two of you there to prevent him from regaining his treasure. The situation to him must have been a maddening one. But at last he thought he saw his

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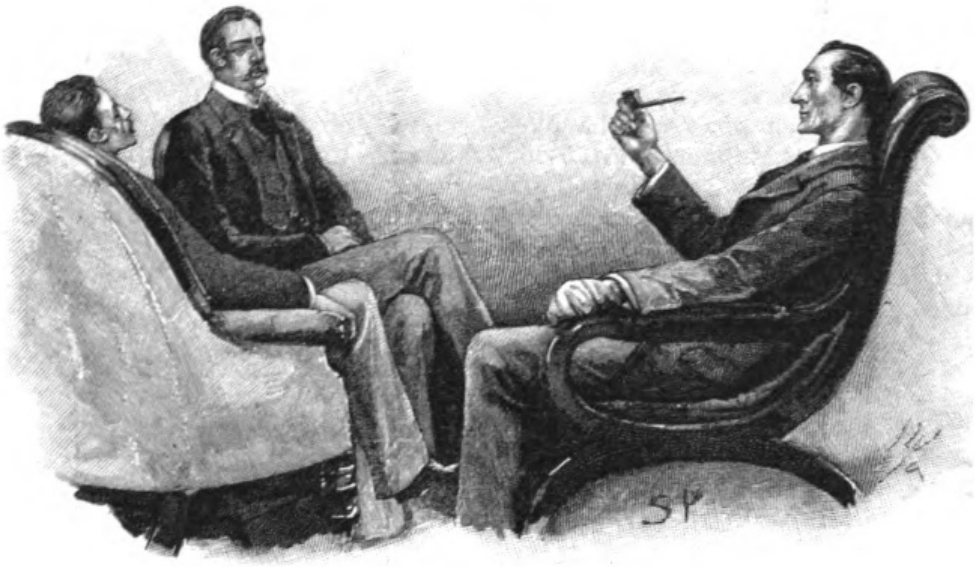
chance. He tried to steal in, but was baffled by your wakefulness. You may remember that you did not take your usual draught that night."

"I remember."

"I fancy that he had taken steps to make that draught efficacious, and that he quite relied upon your being unconscious. Of course, I understood that he would repeat the attempt whenever it could be done with safety. Your leaving the room gave him the chance he wanted. I kept Miss Harrison in it all day, so that he might not anticipate us. Then, having given him the idea that the coast was clear, I kept guard as I have described. I already knew that the papers were probably in the room, but I had no desire to rip up all the planking and skirting in search of them. I let him take *them*, therefore, from the hiding-place, and so saved myself an infinity of trouble. Is there any other point which I can make clear?"

"Why did he try the window on the first occasion," I asked, "when he might have entered by the door?"

"In reaching the door he would have to pass seven bedrooms. On the other hand, he could get out on to the lawn with ease. Anything else?"



"IS THERE ANY OTHER POINT WHICH I CAN MAKE CLEAR?"

"You do not think," asked Phelps, "that he had any murderous intention? The knife was only meant as a tool."

"It may be so," answered Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "I can only say for certain that Mr. Joseph Harrison is a gentleman to whose mercy I should be extremely unwilling to trust."

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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

X.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

NEW LIGHTS IN THE NEW HOUSE.

MR. GLADSTONE, meditating in the brief recess on the Parliament which meets again in this month of November, after one of the most arduous Sessions of modern times, has come to the conclusion that, taking it as a whole, whilst it has developed no marked phases of individual brilliancy or Parliamentary capacity, the present House of Commons is rather above the average than below it. That is an opinion possibly unconsciously influenced by the fact that it has, in face of unprecedented opposition, passed the Home Rule Bill.

However it be as to the general composition of the new House, there can be no question of the accuracy of the admission that at the end of twelve months no new member has stood forth with promise of making a high or even a first-class position. It is possible that the peculiar circumstances of the Session have in some degree been responsible for this. For months, when dealing with the principal measures of the year, the gag was morally enforced upon the rank-and-file of the Ministerial party. No one concerned for the advance of the Bill wanted to know what a young member thought of it, or how, opportunity given him, he would express himself. What was wanted was his vote.

"TOMMY" BOWLES, *et cie.*

This state of things did not extend to the Opposition side. There there was the incentive of performing a double service to the party. By talking for half an hour a young Conservative of debating capacity might pick a hole in the Home Rule Bill. By talking for sixty minutes, even if he said nothing to the point, he would postpone by an hour the passage of the obnoxious measure. It was a fine opportunity for young Chathams on the Conservative side. But the most striking if not the sole result has been Mr. "Tommy" Bowles. The member for King's Lynn early perceived his chance, and, late and early, has made use of it. Omniscient, impervious, he has filled so large a space on the Parliamentary canvas that there is hardly room for other figures; which, in view of the thirst for variety that marks average mankind, seems a pity. Other new members on the Conservative side whose figures are partly visible behind the gigantic personality of the member for King's Lynn are Mr. Dunbar Barton, who has delivered some weighty speeches; Mr. Byrne, who has early caught the indescribable House of Commons' manner; and Mr. Vicary Gibbs, who has usefully instructed Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Goschen, and other tyros on financial matters, not to speak of his interposition on the final step of the Home Rule Bill in Committee, which, undesignedly, led to the most memorable riot seen in the House of Commons since Cromwell's day.



"TOMMY" BOWLES.

MR. CARSON.

Mr. Carson is a gentleman who enjoys the confidence of his colleagues on the Front Opposition Bench, notably that of Mr. Arthur Balfour, no mean judge of Parliamentary capacity. It must be said from the point

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"COERCION CARSON."

of view of the dispassionate observer, that the junior member for Dublin University has not, in several speeches made since Parliament met, justified expectation. He is not as yet able to shake off the manner learned through a long course of Crown prosecutions in Ireland. When he is discussing the speech or action of an hon. or right hon. gentleman opposite, he always treats him as if he had found him in the dock, and as if the brief before him hinted at unutterable crimes brought home to him by the inquiry and testimony of members of the Irish Constabulary. The manner is so natural and ingrained that there is doubt whether it will ever be overcome or even modified. This is a pity, for it is simply professional. Nevertheless—indeed, therefore—it will never do in the House of Commons.

MR. MORTON —NOT ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS.

On the Liberal side the name of Mr. E. C. J. Morton is the only one that occurs to the mind in search of promise among new members. The matter of his speech is admirable, its arrangement lucid, its argument persuasive. Success is marred by lack of grace in delivery, accentuated by Mr. Morton's insistence on addressing the House from the corner seat of the front bench below the gangway. It is apparently a small matter, but he would, for immediate effect, do twice as well if he spoke from a back bench. The position would have the double effect of making less obtrusive the appalling collection of papers which seem indispensable to his addresses, and would relieve a sensitive audience from the distraction of ungainly movements as, inflamed by his own eloquence, he, with shuffling feet, restlessly moves up and down and half way round.

MR. WEIR.

Wales has brought no new member of note into the Parliamentary field, nor is there anything new from Ireland. Scotland, with the dry humour for which it was ever famous, has contributed Mr. Weir and Dr. Macgregor. It would be impossible for the ordinary student of Parliamentary reports to understand why these two gentlemen should make the House roar with laughter. It is not easy by any pen description to convey the secret. It lies in subtle eccentricities of manner, voice, attitude, and gesture. Mr. Weir, his useful legislative career unhappily handicapped by indisposition, has never taken part in ordered debate. He has found a wide and fruitful field of labour in addressing questions to Ministers. They do not often rise nearer to heights of Imperial interest than is found in the state of the drains at Pitlochrie, the tardy arrival of a train on the Highland Railway, or the post-



MR. GALLOWAY WEIR.

ponement by forty minutes of a telegram addressed to a fishmonger who thought it would reach Lochaber no more.

If Mr. Weir's mission, when he rises with two questions in hand, were to announce that the Russians are bivouacked on the Pamirs, or that the Tricolour flag flaunts over Bangkok, his manner could not be more impressive.

It is testimony to the richness of the soil that he has grafted upon it two distinct manners. When he first delighted the House by appearing at question time, he was wont

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slowly to rise in response to the Speaker's call. For a moment no sound issued from his lips. He gazed round the waiting House and then, drawing forth his *pince-nez*, placed it on his nose with majestic sweep of the right arm. Another pause, and there was heard, rolling through the hushed Chamber, a deep chest note saying, "Mr. Speaker, Sir, I beg to ask the right hon. gentleman the Secretary for Scotland Ques-ti-on Number Eighty-three." Mr. Weir did not forthwith drop into his seat as others do when they have put a question. With another majestic sweep of the arm he removed the *pince-nez*, glanced round to watch the effect of his interposition, and slowly subsided, staring haughtily round at members rolling about in their seats in ecstasy of laughter at the little comedy. Mr. Weir rarely had less than a cluster of four questions on the paper, and, in time, it came to pass that his successive rising to put them was hailed with an enthusiastic burst of cheering that plainly puzzled the strangers in the gallery.

Towards the middle of the Session he achieved a new success. At an epoch when the Government were sorely pressed for time, he rose and, addressing Mr. Gladstone in his slow, solemn manner, invited him to state whether it would not be more convenient for members who had questions on the paper simply to recite the number, at which cue the Minister should rise and reply. This, from a gentleman whose preliminaries to a question often occupied as much time as the setting forth of the answer, hugely delighted the House. Mr. Weir was not to be disconcerted, and the next day, having on the paper his customary cluster of interrogations, he, being called on by the Speaker, responded with the remark, "Forty-four," going on as his turn came round with the subsequent remarks, "Forty-five," "Forty-six," "Forty-seven." No mere print could indicate the force and meaning he threw into the intonation of these numerals.

As for the purport of these momentous interrogatories, I take at random two, following in a group of six which appear on one day's paper on an evening just before the adjournment for the holidays:—

"To ask the Secretary for Scotland, whether he is aware that Mr. Gordon, land valuator, one of the Deer Forest Commissioners now engaged in Caithness, has for a number of years acted as valuator for many of the landlords in that county: and, if he will inquire into the circumstances of the case."

"To ask the Secretary of State for War, how many black powder ·303 cartridges can be fired from the Maxim machine gun before the barrel becomes unfit for accurate shooting."

DR. MACGREGOR.

Dr. Macgregor's manner, not less attractive to the House, which, above all things, likes to laugh, is wholly different. Whilst Mr. Weir sits below the gangway, a position indicative of an independent mind, prepared upon occasion to vote against esteemed leaders, Dr. Macgregor is posted in the rear of the Treasury Bench, ready to protect its occupants against any strategic movement of the enemy. Like his countryman, he is interrogative in his manner, but unlike Mr. Weir, he has been known to take part in ordered debate. Whether rising to put a question or make a speech, nothing can exceed the impressiveness of his manner. He was, from the first, convinced that Mr. Gladstone was too slow to anger against obstructive policy in the House of Commons. He felt unwilling to embarrass his right hon. friend, who, after all, might, to a certain extent, be supposed to know something of his own business. But the manner in which, with elbow resting on the back of the bench, and with legs crossed, the Doctor shook his head at fresh instances of unchecked inroads of obstruction, was more eloquent than words.

At one crisis he was moved to take upon himself the responsibility of immediate action. One night whilst the House was in Committee

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on the Home Rule Bill, he rose and gravely gave the gentlemen opposite a week's notice. If, he said, at six o'clock on the following Friday the particular clause under discussion were not passed, he would move that forthwith the question be put, "that the clause be added to the Bill."

The Opposition affected to make light of this, but it was not without a thrill of apprehension they found the Doctor at his place when the fatal hour struck. It was a morning sitting, on which occasion the debate automatically closes at ten minutes to seven. Somehow the Doctor missed his chance, and before he could retrieve the opportunity the hands of the clock touched ten minutes to seven, and all was over for the day. But a very short time after a Cabinet Council was held, at which it was decided that obstruction must be scotched, and notice was given of the introduction of the guillotine process.

It was at a later stage of the interminable debate that Dr. Macgregor, whom members had forgotten, again appeared on the scene. The House had long been debating an amendment on the Report stage. The division was imminent. The Speaker had, indeed, risen to put the question, when Dr. Macgregor interposed, and, waving the Speaker down, said in solemn tones, "Mr. Speaker, Sir, one or two ideas have occurred to me."

What they might have been was never disclosed beyond the inquiry, not original—Dr. Macgregor attributed it to the late Sydney Smith—"When doctors differ, who shall decide?" The House laughed so uproariously, that Dr. Macgregor got no further, and was fain to resume his seat. Not to this day has he understood why the House should have gone into paroxysms of laughter at his opening sentence, though he probably has since ascertained that the epigrammatic remark he quoted was wrongly attributed to Sydney Smith.

MR. GLADSTONE.

Whilst no young members have earned laurels in the new Parliament, some old ones have added many leaves to theirs. First, appropriately, though not in accordance with invariable custom, comes the Premier. For twenty years I have had constant opportunity of observing Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, and declare that never within that time has he excelled himself as compared with the past Session. He may have made speeches more striking in respect of eloquence and force, though of that I am doubtful. Taking the whole conduct of the Session, which has weighed almost exclusively upon his shoulders, there is nothing in his prime to compare with this prolonged triumph. At the beginning of the Session it was taken as a matter of course that he would divide the labour of the year with Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley. The plan was so excellent and precise that it was impossible to doubt its actuality. Mr. Gladstone was to introduce the Home Rule Bill, even to move the second reading. Charge of the long debate expected on this stage, and more especially the wearying work night after night in Committee, were to be confided to the Chief Secretary, whilst Sir William Harcourt would remain on guard reserved for emergencies.



MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS LIEUTENANTS.

As for Mr. Gladstone, he would probably be in his place every day up to the dinner hour, at approach of which he would disappear with the certainty of being put to bed before midnight. Conservative newspapers, anxious



MR GLADSTONE GOES HOME.

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above all things that the precious life of the Premier should not be endangered, were not to be comforted even by this prospect. It would, they perpended, be too much for a statesman, his energies sapped by sixty years' hard labour in the public service.

Of what really happened the student of Parliamentary reports has a general idea, though the situation can be fully realized only by those present in the House day by day and through all the sitting. Whilst the Home Rule Bill was to the fore, Mr. Gladstone was, with an interval for dinner, in his place from first to last. Even the dinner hour he cut shorter than was others' wont. Often when the hands of the clock drew close to eight and the Chamber grew empty, Mr. Gladstone was found at the end of the Treasury Bench, with hand to ear listening intently to some inconsiderable member at whose uprising the audience had hastily dispersed. Mr. Morley had no chance with him, nor Sir William Harcourt either. It might have been thought that he would be content with answering Mr. Balfour or his "right hon. friend" Mr. Chamberlain, leaving to the Chief Secretary or the Solicitor-General the task of replying to members of smaller calibre. That was a reasonable expectation, disappointed, if necessary, half-a-dozen times in a sitting. No one was too inconsiderable for him to reply to.



"TIRELESS ACTIVITY."

The only place at which he drew a line was the occasional interposition of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, though with what pang self-restraint was here observed no man knoweth. In the opinion of some of his hearers he marred the otherwise perfect symmetry of his speech on the third reading, by devoting the opening passages to the confusion of Mr. Chaplin, who had challenged his presentation of Cavour's views on Irish Home Rule.

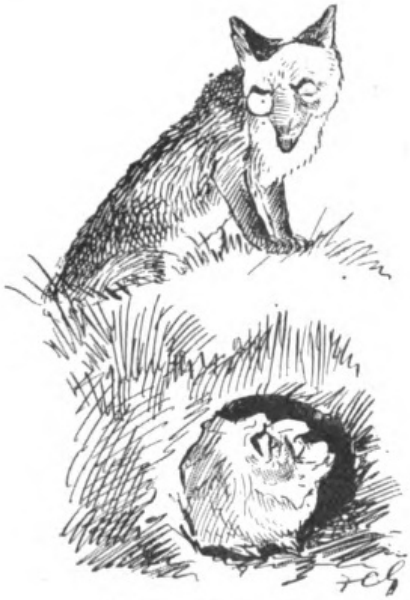
It seemed to impatient onlookers that this constant appearance of the Premier on the scene was conducive to prolongation of the debate. If in Committee he had taken a course that would certainly have been adopted by Mr. Disraeli — either ignored the speech of a second or third rate man, or let it be answered by the Minister conjoined with himself in charge of the Bill —the conversation would have flickered out. The interposition of the Premier, upon whatever inducement, instantly raised the debate to the highest level, and drew into the controversy leaders in other parts of the House who otherwise would have abstained from speech. On many occasions that was indubitably true. The habit is mentioned here merely in illustration of the tireless activity of the youthful octogenarian.

The success which attended a much disputed strategy of the Premier's on analogous lines, makes one chary of assuming that he was, on the whole, wrong in this particular matter. On successive stages of the Bill the obstruction with which it was met wore away such patience as is possessed by the Radical section of his supporters. Had they won their way, the duration of the struggle would have been nearer forty days than eighty-two. Since the Reform Bill of 1831 was disposed of in forty-seven days, the Corn Laws repealed in ten days, the Reform Bill of 1867 passed in thirty-four days, the Irish Church Disestablished in nineteen days, and the Irish Land Act of 1881 run through the Commons in forty-six days, that might have been held to suffice. Mr. Gladstone, patient, long-suffering beyond average capacity, resisted importunity, and without once even showing signs of losing his temper, politely pegged away.

He had his reward in a triumph which, as far as I have observed, did not in the comments on the final stage of the controversy receive the notice it merited. A main plank in Mr. Chamberlain's policy, eagerly adopted by the united Opposition, was to force the hand of the Government in the matter of the Closure, and thus provide excuse for the

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House of Lords to throw out the Bill on the ground that it had not been fully debated in the Commons. The Old Parliamentary Hand perceived this game, and though Mr. Chamberlain won to the extent that the Closure was in the end systematically applied, Mr. Gladstone trumped his card by allotting to the measure a period of discussion equal in the aggregate to what had sufficed for the



"I SEE YOU, MR. FOX."

establishment of the Union, the passing of the Reform Act, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The result of this was seen when the Bill reached the Lords. Neither Lord Salisbury, as Leader of the Conservative Opposition, nor Lord Selborne, representing the Dissentient Liberals, once alluded to "the gag."

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Next to Mr. Gladstone, the honours of the Session undoubtedly rest with Mr. Balfour. The fact that he has not pushed his way to the front makes fuller the satisfaction with which his arrival is hailed. His position has been one of peculiar difficulty. Early in the Session his supremacy was threatened by the reappearance of Lord Randolph Churchill on the scene. In the Conservative ranks there was a sneaking affection for Lord Randolph, in which lurked grave potentialities. He had shown them sport in earlier days. To him more than to any other was due the overthrow of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry in 1885. At the beginning of the Session he was the dark horse of the political race. No one could say at what point of it his colours might not suddenly flash.

Mr. Balfour at that time had shown no particular aptitude for the post of Leader, to which, consequent upon Lord Randolph's withdrawal from the boards, he had been called. He was plainly indifferent to the pride of place, and evidently bored with the duties it imposed upon him. Even in the matter of attendance he flouted the traditions of the commander of an army in time of war. He came late to his post on the Front Opposition Bench, and, like Charles Lamb at the India Office, made up for it by going away early. Of all men in the House he seemed most indifferent to the prospect of Lord Randolph Churchill's re-appearance. It was, I believe, at his instance that the Prodigal was invited to return to his old home on the Front Opposition Bench. It was from his side that Lord Randolph rose to make the speech on the introduction of the Irish Home Rule Bill that marked his re-entry in Parliamentary life. No voice cheered him so loudly as did Mr. Balfour's. As he spoke, no face beamed upon him with such kindly



"A FRIENDLY SMILE."

interest and friendly encouragement. The keen-eyed House, watching the scene with the interest all personal questions have for it, recognised in the young Leader's bearing at this critical epoch the simple influence of a fine nature incapable of petty jealousy, indifferent to personal aggrandisement.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Another and more truculent horn of Mr. Balfour's dilemma projected from the corner seat below the gangway on the benches opposite. It is no easy matter to run in

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double harness with Mr. Chamberlain. At the end of a memorable and exciting course, it must be admitted that Mr. Balfour has achieved the undertaking with supreme credit. There have been times when party animosity has discovered Mr. Chamberlain leading and Mr. Balfour following. That would, in the circumstances, be personally and politically a position in which a high-spirited man would find life unbearable, in which open revolt would be irresistible. Whatever may have been Mr. Balfour's secret thoughts at particular turns of the long game, he has never publicly betrayed consciousness of the alleged situation. Only once has the House fancied he showed any disposition to lay a warning hand on Mr. Chamberlain's shoulder.



"DOUBLE HARNESS."

This happened on the seventy-fourth night "the gagged House" had been talking at large round the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Gladstone moved a resolution designed on the following Friday to bring the Report stage to a conclusion. Mr. Chamberlain resisted this in a speech more than usually acrimonious in its tone, in the course of which his "right hon. friend" on the Treasury Bench came in for something over the customary measure of attention. The attack, considering its elaborate preparation and the force with which it was delivered, had fallen a little flat—probably not because it was less brilliant or forceful than Mr. Chamberlain's speeches through the Session had been; but because even the Opposition were under the spell of the monotony of vituperation. Mr. Chamberlain began the debate, and Mr. Balfour closed it in a speech not less effective from a debating point of view, but infused by an entirely different spirit. He did not spare the adversary, but his attempts to dispatch him were conducted with a grace, a courtesy, and something of personal deference which recalled the highest Parliamentary standard. Unfriendly critics insisted that this tone and manner were specially designed to contrast with Mr. Chamberlain's. More probably it was due to a mere accident of exceptional good health and temper. However it be, it marked an advance in Mr. Balfour's supremacy over the House of Commons from which he has not since fallen away. The marked approval of the most critical assembly in the world has reacted upon him, and success has engendered the resolve to succeed.



"LORDS."

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

There is no temptation for noble Lords to flock to London to take their part in the autumn Session. As a rule, the vast majority of peers are successful in dissembling their interest in Parliamentary life. When the roll was scanned in

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anticipation of the division on the Home Rule Bill last September, it was found, though the Parliament of Victoria was already twelve months old, upwards of 100 peers had not made response to the writ received by them when it was summoned. They came up breathless in batches of a dozen or a score in time to vote against the Bill. That duty accomplished they have gone their ways, and will certainly not come to town for an autumn Session, in which no sacred ark of Land, or Church, or Union is touched.

It must be admitted that, on the whole, the House of Lords is not an attractive place, either for members or for lookers on. During the Session it meets four days a week, but oftener than not finds itself in the position of having no work to do. The Lord Chancellor, with something of the pomp, circumstance, and inutility of the valiant Duke of York, marches up to the Woolsack and marches back again; when, as the Parliamentary report puts it, "the House then adjourned."



THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

For all practical purposes the House of Lords might for at least three months of an ordinary Session be content with meeting once a week, and need not on that particular night sit beyond the dinner hour. As such an arrangement would imply that for six days out of the seven the world would go round pretty much the same as if their lordships were in Session, they are not likely to fall in with this suggestion.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

In various matters of procedure the House of Lords differs from the Commons. Like the Commons, it is presided over by a member of its own body, holding his seat by equal tenure. But a gulf, wider than the passage between the two Houses, divides the Lord Chancellor from the Speaker. In the first place the Speaker is elected by the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor is nominated by and is actually a member of the Government of the day. The consequence follows that whilst the Speaker is above all political consideration, the Lord Chancellor is a leading active member of his party. The Speaker never takes part in debate. In the House of Lords no big debate is complete without a deliverance from the Lord Chancellor.

It is a quaint custom, significant of some uneasiness in the situation, that when the Lord Chancellor takes part in debate, he steps a pace to the left of the Woolsack; thus, as it were, temporarily divesting himself of presidential function and speaking as a private member.

One natural consequence of the diverse circumstances under which the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker come to the chair is seen in their varied measure of authority. The Lord Chancellor presides, but does not govern. The Speaker in the chair of the House of Commons is autocratic. Whilst the Speaker orders the course of a debate, selecting successive contributors out of the competing throng, no one in the Lords is so poor as to do the Chancellor the reverence of trying to "catch his eye." In a set debate like that of September, the succession of speakers is settled by the Whips in conference on either side.

PERSONAL REFERENCES.

Another custom in which Lords and Commons pointedly differ is in the matter of reference to individual members made in the course of debate. In the Commons it is a grave breach of order that would be promptly and angrily resented for any member to allude to another by name. He is always "the hon. member" for the borough or county he represents, "the right hon. gentleman," "the noble lord," or "my hon. friend." The only variation to this custom is on the part of the Speaker, who when he calls upon a member to take his turn in debate, does so by name. Even the Speaker

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when addressing the House from the chair, and having occasion to allude to a member personally, must needs adopt the roundabout style enjoined by the House of Commons' usage. Since the peers represent no one but themselves, this practice would in their House be impossible. Members are accordingly directly alluded to in debate by their ordinary name and style.

HATS.

In the House of Commons it is the custom for members to wear hats while seated in debate, a fashion which strikes the stranger in the gallery as very odd. In the Lords, the hat is permissible, but its use is exceptional. There is a good and sufficient reason for this variation of custom. Whilst the House of Commons have for centuries been engaged in making history, they have never had a hat-rail made for themselves. It it true there is a cloak-room, half way down the broad staircase that gives entrance to the Lobby. But a hat might almost as well be left at home as planted out there. The Lords have hat and coat rail conveniently set in the hall outside the glorious brass gateway that opens on to their House. Peers in regular attendance have their own hook bearing their honoured name. It is as natural to place their hats there as it is to leave them in the hall of their residence, and they do it accordingly.

Last Session the First Commissioner of Works had his attention called by a despairing member of the House of Commons to this curious omission. Possibly when the new Session opens members may find a House of Commons, for the first time in its history, endowed with a convenient hat-rail.

"MY KINGDOM FOR A HAT."

Whilst members generally wear their hats in the House of Commons, Ministers are distinguished among other things by usually sitting bare-headed. This is doubtless owing to the fact that most Ministers have private rooms behind the Speaker's chair, where they can conveniently leave their out-of-door apparel. There are not many members of the present Parliament who ever saw Mr. Gladstone seated on either front bench with his own hat on. Last time he wore his hat in the House was eighteen years ago. In the Session of 1875, he, having in a famous letter confided to Lord Granville his intention to retire from political life, occasionally looked in to see how things were getting on under Lord Hartington's leadership. Always he brought his hat with him and put it on as he sat at the end of the Front Opposition Bench, a quarter usually affected by ex-Under-Secretaries. Also, he wore his gloves and carried his stick, all, perhaps unconsciously, designed to complete the casual character of his visit and the "hope I don't intrude"-ness of his bearing. When news came of the Bulgarian atrocities, hat and gloves and stick were left outside the House, and have never since been seen in the House with the Speaker in the chair.

I said just now that not many members of the present Parliament have seen Mr. Gladstone with his own hat on. The distinction was drawn advisedly, for there is a time of later date when he was seen in the House under someone else's. It happened in the troublous days of the Parliament, 1885. One night business had boiled over in a storm of disorder. The House had been cleared for a division, in which circumstance a member desiring to address the Chair must do so seated, with his hat on. The Premier wished to raise a point of order, but his hat was in his room. Half-a-dozen were proffered for his use. He accepted the loan of that of the colleague who was then Sir Farrer Herschell, Solicitor-General. Mr. Gladstone put it on, to find it was several sizes too small.

Many years have passed since that day, but none who were present can forget the curious effect as, with the inadequate hat comically cocked over his gleaming eye, the Premier addressed the appalled Chairman of Committees.



"TOO SMALL?"

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A Haunted Villa of the Present Century.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

IN the early part of the spring of this year, Florence was full of visitors, drawn thither by the presence of that august personage, Queen Victoria of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, at the Villa Palmieri. Many of these strangers flocked to the hotels in the town, while others rented the numerous villas that stud the hills by which this ancient and interesting city is surrounded. Among these villas there are some very old ones, having been built centuries ago; although, to suit the inhabitants of the present day, the hands of modern architects have obliterated the external façades and altered the internal arrangements of these ancient structures.

On a hill on the old road to Fiesole there was a large, square-built villa, that formerly belonged to a wealthy Italian, who could trace his family name to the Etruscan period. He died a few years since, leaving the whole of his property, which was very considerable, in trust to his only son, a mere babe then, and now not yet out of his teens. The villa in question, which is part of the inheritance, standing as I have already stated on the summit of a hill, is a two-story one, and stands in its own grounds, which are very extensive and woody. From the terrace, which is level with the ground floor, there is a magnificent view of Florence and the neighbouring hills that surround it; but with all its grandeur of situation and comfort, there has been some mystery about it—at least, people have imagined so—and this handsome habitation has remained unlet for many years.

This spring, however, an exception was made, and the villa was let for two months, to a scion of one of the noblest families in Europe, his charming consort and retinue. Before signing the contract they were ignorant of the many rumours that were afloat about the villa, but soon after taking possession, they were informed by kind, or rather unkind, neighbours and others that the house was said to be haunted. Some said that there were subterranean chambers and passages which were frequented by malefactors, such as counterfeit coiners and other rogues. Another that there was a secret vault, where most of the valuable property left by the late proprietor had been stored, to avoid property taxes, which in Italy would amount to enormous sums; and thus, for fear of discovery, the villa was kept unlet.

These rumours did not conduce to the peace of mind of the new tenants; this was especially so with one, who was the hostess's companion, and was a young lady of nervous temperament, and very imaginative. In fact, on the very first night after taking possession of their temporary abode, this young lady's rest was disturbed by unaccountable, and, as she called them, unearthly, noises.

It is necessary here to state that the whole of the noble family and followers slept on the first floor, and that the noises seemed to emanate either from the ground floor or basement. There was said to be howling, slamming of doors, tapping, and noises as if furniture was being dragged along the floor.

At first they endeavoured to ascertain for themselves the causes of these nocturnal disturbances, but failing to make any discoveries, they consulted an old monk, who had inhabited that neighbourhood for years; but this religious luminary, instead of alleviating their fears, made them still more nervous by relating how a former owner of the villa had confessed to him, before he departed from this mortal sphere, that there were secret passages, chambers, and stairs in the villa. This made matters worse, if anything, and as some of the inmates became quite prostrate for want of sleep, they next consulted a high local official, who informed them that it was suspected that under a villa near Florence there were counterfeit coiners, but that they had never been able to ascertain the exact place, and he promised them assistance and sent officers from time to time, but during their presence there of a night no noises were heard, and they utterly failed to elucidate the mystery. At last they obtained the services of an Englishman who has had much

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"ON THE VERY FIRST NIGHT THIS YOUNG LADY'S REST WAS DISTURBED."

experience in unravelling mysteries and detecting criminals, and who happened to be in Florence at the time.

He presented himself at the villa at half-past two in the afternoon of the 7th of April, and was received right royally by the noble scion and his good lady, and after listening attentively to all they had to say about their extraordinary nocturnal experiences, he was shown over the house by the lady and her youthful companion. The latter had been very active in discovering hollow sounds in the walls, trap-doors in the ceilings, which she suggested led to secret stairs, passages, and chambers, which were no doubt made use of by the natural or supernatural ghosts that disturbed their rest at night.

One of these trap-doors was pointed out to the officer, and he was told that it had been asserted there was a chamber above it sufficiently large to seat twenty-five persons round a table. He naturally could not conceive why and for what purpose such a place should have been built, which could only be reached through a small trap-door high up in the ceiling, and therefore asked if they ever had the curiosity of sending anyone up to this reputed secret chamber. He was informed that on one occasion a man-servant was sent up to inspect it, but that on pushing the trap-door back and looking in he gave a scream and jumped down, and, trembling like an aspen leaf, swore that someone threw something at him, and that no money in the whole world would induce him to go up again.

The officer obtained a ladder and went up through the ceiling into this mysterious chamber, to find, alas! no ghost, no one there to throw anything at him, but only a narrow space between two walls, which are generally built to hide the back view of a staircase leading to the floor above. In a similar manner he explained away the rest of the suspected secret cupboards, hollow-sounding walls, etc., to the great delight of the two fair ladies, who appeared much reassured, although they still harped upon the noises they heard at night, which they hoped he, the officer, would be able to unravel and explain. He said that at present he was unable to offer an opinion about the matter, and the only way would be, if they heard the noises again, to let him know, and he would then pass a night there and endeavour to ascertain the cause.

A few days elapsed, and then he was told that the disturbances had recommenced, only not to the extent as before. So arrangements were made for the officer to spend a night there, and he arrived at the upper garden gate at 11.30 p.m. on Wednesday, the 12th April, when he was let in by the

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"THE OFFICER OBTAINED A LADDER AND WENT UP THROUGH THE CEILING."

noble sire, who expected him, and who, by pre-arrangement, had sent all the servants, indeed everyone except his better half, to bed, so that the officer's presence there that night should not be known.

On entering the portals of this haunted mansion the front door was securely fastened, and care was taken to see that every window and door by which entrance could be obtained from the outside was properly secured, and this was done, as he explained, to enable him to ascertain if the intruder came from the outside, or through some secret door or other opening within the building. The next care was to procure a dark lantern, open all the inner doors of the ground floor to enable him to move from room to room with as little noise as possible, and finally to choose a place from which best to watch and wait for the coming ghost. All these arrangements completed, the host and hostess were requested to retire to rest. A few minutes after he was left in sole possession of the ground floor, and in total darkness, barring a slight ray of light sent forth by the dark lantern. He threw himself into an arm-chair and tried to pierce the intense darkness, which became quite painful to his eyes. After about half an hour he found the light in the lantern was extinguished, and on examining it he found it defective and that he could make no more use of it, and he went from room to room in search of a fresh light. After a long search he succeeded in finding a candle, which he placed in a candlestick and returned with it to his watching-place.

He had not long blown out the candle and thrown himself back in the arm-chair when he suddenly heard a distant noise as if something was being dragged along the polished parquetry flooring. Quickly striking a match and lighting the candle, he advanced to the door leading to an inner room, when all of a sudden the candle fell out of the candlestick, rolling along the polished floor, leaving him in total darkness once more. He knelt on the floor, groping about in search of the lost candle, and while in that position he felt as if something brushed against him, but the intense obscurity prevented him from ascertaining what it could be.

On recovering the candle he once more retraced his steps to the room where he had left the matches, and, obtaining a light, went round the different rooms, making a thorough inspection. On reaching the door leading from the drawing-room to the front hall, he noticed a rope being dragged along the floor; he jumped on the rope to arrest its further progress, but a sudden jerk from the other end, added to the slippery flooring, made him lose his footing, and he went sprawling on the ground, the candle falling from his hand. He was once more left in total darkness, but nevertheless succeeded in grasping the end of the rope, holding on tenaciously, hoping to arrest its progress; but

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"HE JUMPED ON THE ROPE."

owing to the suddenness of his fall, added to the force by which the rope was being propelled, and the polished parquetry, he was dragged partially through the door leading into the hall. At that very moment the door of the staircase leading to the floor above flew open.

The final *tableau* was unique: at the foot of the stairs stood half-a-dozen domestics with ghastly pale faces, holding lights in their trembling hands, who, having heard the tumult below, mustered sufficient courage to come in a body to ascertain the cause. On the floor before them was the prostrate form of the officer, holding in his right hand a revolver, and the left grasping firmly the end of a rope, the other end of which was fastened to the collar of a big pointer dog. This was the actual ghost who ought properly to have been fastened in the basement of the house, but through the negligence or kindness of one of the servants was allowed to promenade undisturbed the two floors. It was lucky for the officer as well as the dog that the latter was not ferocious, for had he been so, and attempted violence, his master would have been deprived of him by the aid of a bullet from the revolver

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Great London Fires.

By Sidney Greenwood.

EARLY in the reign of Charles II., on Friday, September 2nd, 1666, broke out the Great Fire of London, which fact has been accorded a place in the history of our country, and upon which so much has been said.

Samuel Pepys, in his diaries, gives some interesting accounts of the events at the time of this disastrous scourge which befell the ancient City of London. The King himself lent a helping hand by taking command of a large body of citizens, who were bent upon applying science only as an effective means of dealing with such an enormous conflagration.

So far successful were they by blowing up houses with gunpowder to prevent the spreading of the flames, that certain streets were saved which otherwise would have been doomed and the damage still greater than it was. From the Tower to St. Paul's there was one mass of devastation. People were running in all directions, removing their goods and chattels to the riverside for conveyance. Steeples of churches gave way, and houses were ever falling in, many streets were reduced to ashes, and like hundreds of furnaces roaring amidst thunderous crashes.

The King rode up Cheapside on horseback, casting his eyes around, viewing what was inevitably doomed to destruction.

The greatest argument then afloat as to the visitation of such a plague was that it was a punishment for the sin of gluttony; the origin of the fire being unexplained further than it broke out at Pudding Lane and ended at Pye Corner. The fire raged four days and nights, leaving the City as if a volcano had burst in its midst.

The beneficial consequences to the City soon became manifest, through the suggestions of the Aldermen to rebuild wider streets and to abolish wooden buildings; and instead of this misfortune being productive of so much evil, it proved of incalculable benefit to the country.

It may be interesting to mention here something about the crude and ineffective appliances which were in use at the time, consisting of "Brazen hand squirts and leathern buckets," of which, according to an Act passed in 1667 by the Common Council, were provided for each of the parishes in the City two of these brazen squirts, holding about one gallon of water, and 800 leathern buckets to each of the four districts into which the City was divided; together with a number of pick-axes and shovels, which were evidently of more use in gaining access to the houses than in beating out the flames.

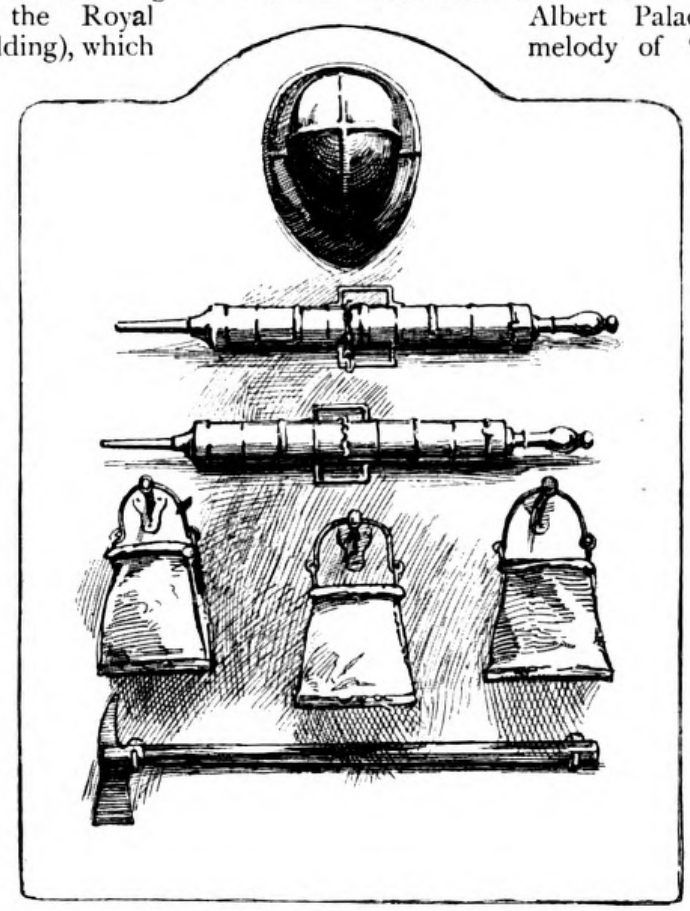


A CITY FIRE 200 YEARS AGO.

Newsham and Fowke were rival engine makers of this date, and it was during a competition that those of the former proved to be more

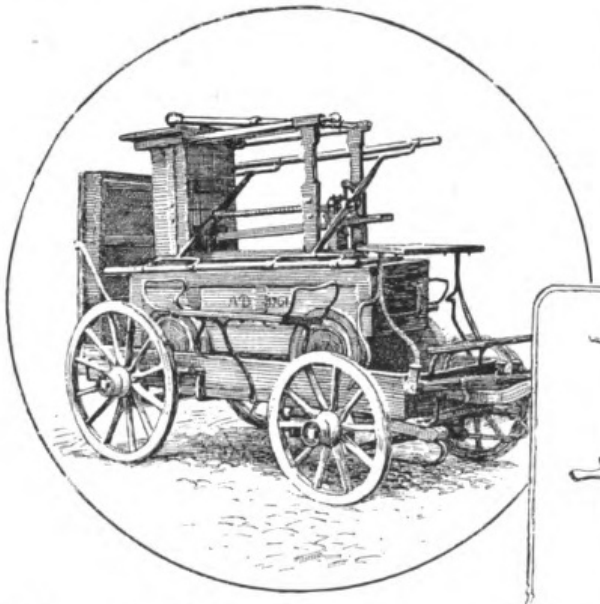
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powerful, throwing water as high as the old Grasshopper on the Royal Exchange (old building), which was 165ft. high. After this, Fowke's engine appears to have dropped out altogether, leaving no traces of its existence. In a painting by Hogarth, "The Times," No. 1, of 1762, an engine bearing the inscription of the Union Fire Office, is probably one of this manufacture. In Lombard Street and locality there were seventeen engines kept at the time the Royal Exchange caught fire on the night of 10th Jan., 1838, of which one only was in a condition to be brought out, and from all accounts was not got to work. On this memorable night it may be interesting to note a singular coincidence which occurred, viz.: While the Royal Exchange was burning the famous carillon of sixty-one bells attached to the fine old organ at the Albert Palace rang out the melody of "There's nae luck about the house"; the echo of which recoils at the present date upon the ill-fated palace, which, although not recently burned, has been condemned piecemeal to the auctioneer's hammer. Our sketches illustrate the old types of engines in use from 1761 to 1852, in the parishes of Christ Church, Newgate, and St. Leonards, Foster Lane, the names of the churchwardens appearing on same to the present day; another, as depicted, was put upon a truck for quicker conveyance to fires, and is of a similar construction, it being made by the firm of Merryweather and Sons, of Long Acre, and tells a tale in itself of the modern improvements which have been added to the present day.



HAND SQUIRTS AND BUCKETS OF 1667.

The next fire on record of much consequence after the Great Fire





EARLY FIRE ENGINES.

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LONDON FIREMAN IN UNIFORM—A.D 1696.

of 1666 broke out in the powdering-room of Mr. Eldridge, a peruke maker, in Exchange Alley, Cornhill, on the morning of March 25th, 1748, at one o'clock, and continued burning until 12 p.m. the same day, laying waste an extensive range of houses and streets, eighty in number, and playing great havoc with the adjoining houses. Among those buildings destroyed were several private dwellings of City merchants; shops, and, singular to remark, insurance companies met a like fate, together with their engines, buckets, and appliances for extinction. The wind at the time was blowing strongly in the S.S.W., causing the flames to spread with such rapidity that, in so few hours, it effected a considerable devastation in this, one of the most opulent parts of the City.

So slow was London to improve upon the fire appliances then in vogue, that it was not until 1791 that a fire watch or brigade was established.



M.F.B. FIREMAN IN UNIFORM—PRESENT DAY.



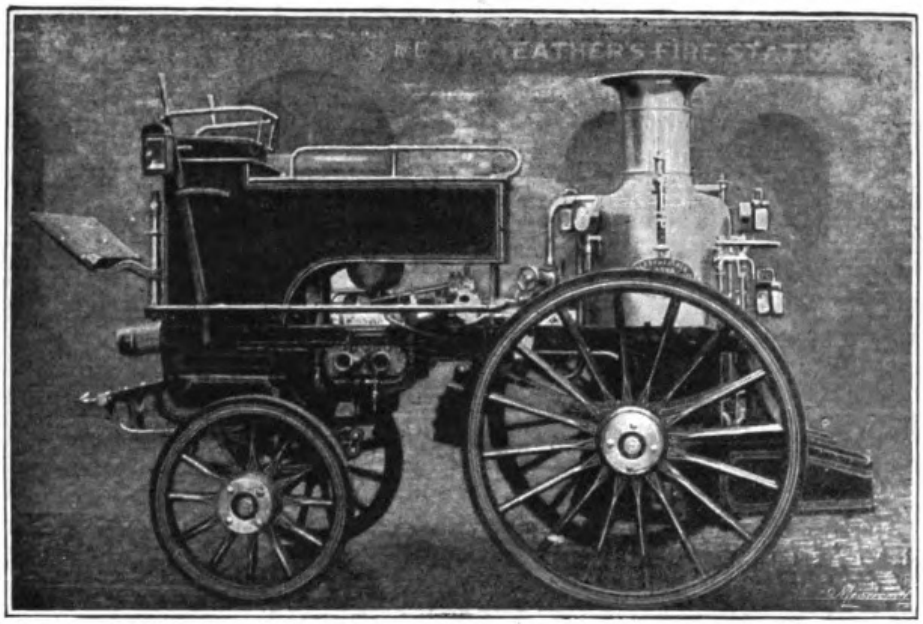
A "ROYAL EXCHANGE" FIREMAN.
(From a portrait.)

The parochial system of fire protection at this time being entirely ineffective, the work was for the most part undertaken by insurance offices. Each company had its own engine and men, with the emblems of the offices on the engines and displayed on badges worn on the left arm. The uniforms consisted of double-breasted jackets, knee breeches and long boots, with a "Brummagem" or overcoat worn over the jacket.

It is interesting here to note that the Sun, Phœnix, and Royal Exchange Offices dress their messengers in the same colours now as their firemen wore in those days.

In 1830 the insurance companies resolved to reorganize their forces by doing away with their separate establishments, and com-

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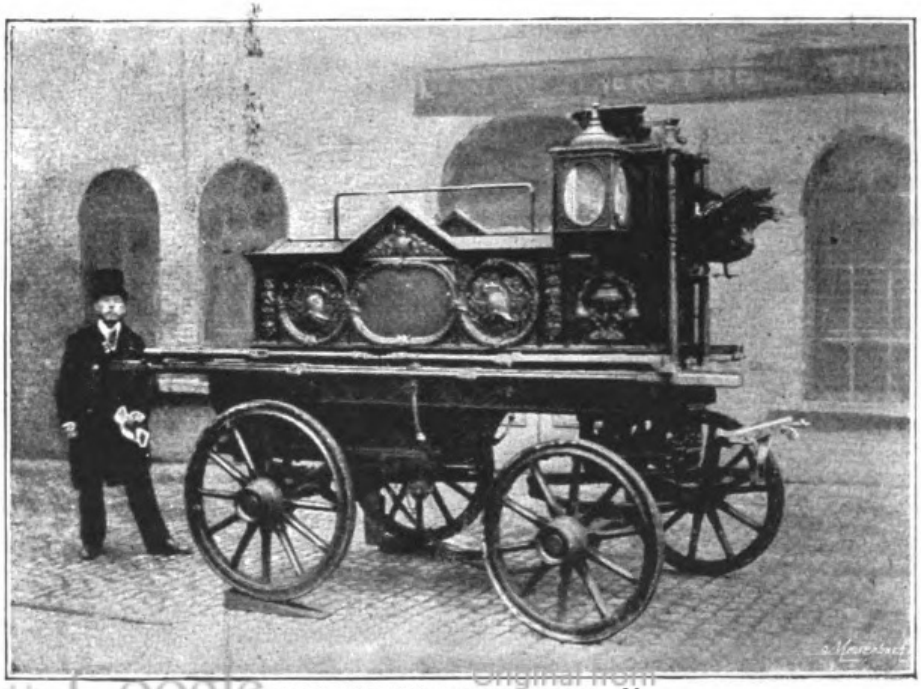
MODERN FIRE ENGINE, GREENWICH PATTERN, BY MERRYWEATHER AND SONS.

bining the whole in one brigade. They invited James Braidwood, then Firemaster of Edinburgh, to take the head as Director of the London Fire Brigade Establishment, which was inaugurated on January 1st, 1833, being supported by ten of the offices, who contributed to the expenses of maintenance in accordance with the business they did. During the thirty-three years of its existence it dealt with 29,069 fires, excluding false alarms and chimney fires. They adopted steam fire engines only towards the close of their career, although these were first introduced to their notice by Braithwaite in the year 1835.

In another sketch will be seen an engine in use in 1862, which is of Italian design but English manufacture. It bears, in a conspicuous position, the inscription, "Publica Utilita," also a brass plate on the side stating that it was presented by the inhabitants of Lambeth to Frederick Hodges at the Distillery, Lambeth; the cost or the decorations on same being £600, the engine itself costing £300. This engine, to the present day, is in thorough order, and has done many a public service in its time, well earning the inscription bestowed upon it.

The engines chiefly used were manuals with 7in. pumps, with levers not made to fold over, wooden fore carriages, and somewhat longer cisterns and hose boxes than those of the present date, being much lower in build and more heavy in running.

Some explanation of the curious old badges of insurance companies, which remain upon the buildings in certain parts of Old London to the present day, together with the illustrations here reproduced, will serve to satisfy the curiosity of many persons who at some time or other have asked the question: "What are those things stuck on the houses for?" Well, all the early fire insurance



ENGINE PRESENTED TO MR. HODGES, 1862.

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offices had their special "Office Mark," which consisted of a plate of lead or other metal bearing either the name of the office or its trade-mark to place on insured houses. These "Fire Office Marks" have quite a history of their own, as will be gathered from the accompanying illustrations.



Cowper, in his poem "Friendship," written at Olney, in Oxfordshire, probably in 1782, writes the following lines :—

> A friendship that in frequent fits
> Of controversial rage emits
> The sparks of disputation,
> Like Hand-in-Hand insurance plates
> Most unavoidably creates
> The thoughts of conflagration.



They were also intended to decide, in case of fire, which company's engine should attend to put it out—certainly a strange proceeding, deserving of being added to the History of Fire Appliances. Some of the oldest offices, viz., the Sun, Hand-in-Hand, and Royal Exchange, actually issued moulded leaden marks bearing the number of the policy with which they were issued at the time. These relics of the past are treasured by insurance companies, either in glass cases under lock and key, or mounted on polished oak tablets in the sanctum of their chiefs. It was originally made a condition by the offices that no house should be considered properly and perfectly insured until the metal mark was actually affixed upon it, this condition being founded on an impression that in times of great political excitement, the official indication that a house was insured might protect it against incendiarism; it being manifest in such cases that the loss by fire would not fall upon the owner of the building, on whom the mob might probably desire to wreak vengeance. Thus fire insurance gave a moral as well as a pecuniary protection.



Houses may occasionally be seen in the older parts of London bearing several of these fire insurance marks; this circumstance being noted by the facetious author of the "New Tory Guide," published during 1710 or thereabouts :—

> For not e'en the Regent himself has endured
> (Though I've seen him with badges and orders all shine
> *Till he looked like a house that was over-insured)*
> A much heavier burden of glories than mine.



The oldest surviving office is that of the Hand-in-Hand, which, however, was not the first title of the society, as in early times it was designated "The Amicable Contributors for Insuring from Loss by Fire," and was after this known as "The Amicable Contributionship," and finally by its present title. The society was founded in London in 1696, and the original "proposals" of the association were dated at "Tom's Coffee House," in St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, where attendance was daily given. The founders numbered about 100 persons, and it is generally believed that Daniel Defoe (author of the famous work "Robinson Crusoe") took



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part in the establishment of this society, although there is no authentic evidence of the fact. In 1809 Old Drury Lane Theatre was burned for the third time, and on the occasion of its being re-opened (in 1812), James and Horace Smith published their inimitable "Rejected Addresses, or the New Theatrum Pœtarum," in which are commemorated some of the scenes of the fire :—

The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete ;
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement flew.
The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phœnix and the Sun,
The Exchange, where old insurers run,
The Eagle, where the new.



The Royal Exchange Office has a facsimile of the old building for its mark, as it appeared before being burnt down. The Phœnix, with its very appropriate name and prosperity, speaks for itself ; whilst the Union, for its mark, doubles that of the Hand-in-Hand, being so closely allied at the date of formation. The London has a quaint old mark emblematical of Britannia. The Sun shines forth its gilded rays. The Royal, with its majestic name, is suggestive of wealth ; whilst the Alliance stands as firm as ever upon the rock of its foundation. The Atlas, since its formation, has steadily supported the world upon its shoulders unto the present day. The Lancashire and other offices came into the field of battle at a later date, building up institutions in themselves unsurpassed by other trading communities of this country.

Mr. Braidwood continued his duties with every satisfaction to the brigade, and was at his post when, on Saturday evening, June 22nd, 1861, at ten minutes to five o'clock, intelligence reached him at the head office of the Fire Brigade in Watling Street, City, of a serious outbreak of fire at Tooley Street, to which he gallantly proceeded with all haste, taking with him all the







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available force of engines and men to the spot where began his greatest task, and which was fated to have such a serious termination.

This terrific conflagration proved to be the greatest since that of 1666; nothing like it had been experienced during the previous fifty years, the loss having been estimated at about £2,000,000. The scene of this catastrophe was on the waterside portion of Tooley Street nearest London Bridge, a locality which has been singularly unfortunate, several fires having occurred there previously and also up to recent dates.

The outbreak took place in the extensive range of premises known as Cotton's Wharf, and in the bonded warehouses belonging to Messrs. Scovell, having an extensive river-side frontage, covering a space of three acres They were six stories in height, filled with valuable merchandise of every description, among which were thousands of chests of tea, coffee, and bales of silk stored away in the upper floors, while in the lower floors and basement was an immense stock of Russian tallow, tar, oils, bales of cotton, hops and grain.

The account runs that whilst Mr. Braidwood was engaged in superintending the refreshments being dealt out to his men, a terrific explosion occurred; in an instant it was seen that the whole of the frontage of the second warehouse was about to fall outward in the Avenue, when Henderson, the foreman of the brigade, shouted for the men to run. They immediately dropped their branches and fled; two men with Henderson escaped from the front gateway, the others ran in an opposite direction and jumped into the river. Their chief made an effort to follow, but was struck down by the upper part of a wall, and buried beneath some tons of *débris*. His men at once attempted to rescue him from the burning ruins, but on account of the continuous falling of the walls, they were reluctantly obliged to discontinue doing so until a later stage of the fire.

The balustrades and coping of London Bridge were fringed with thousands of spectators, some of whom it was reported, in the struggle to get a place, fell into the river and were drowned.

Mention is made by eye-witnesses of the general stampede of rats that deserted the burning piles, as if from a sinking ship, and of their making haste to the opposite shore, climbing and clinging to pieces of burnt wood which had fallen into the river and were floating with the tide.

From the bridge was to be seen a spectacle rarely to be witnessed: the river appeared turned to blood, the neighbouring houses and churches lit up as if at a great pyrotechnic display. Many persons paid exorbitant tolls to pass up the staircase of the Monument, to view from the eminence of this architectural structure (in itself erected to commemorate the Fire of London) this never-to-be-forgotten scene.

Barrels of tar and tallow floated alight upon the water, drifting merrily, like small islands of flame. At one time about 20,000 casks of Russian tallow were computed to be alight; but after burning four days and nights, the fire burnt itself out, and the City was not revisited by a conflagration of great consequence until summoned to Wood Street.

Before describing this event we will, however, say a few words regarding "Bob." "Bob," otherwise known as the fireman's dog, was a retriever, and distinguished himself in many ways worth mentioning, making his home at the old Southwark Fire Station. He was ever in attendance, ready to turn out and follow the engine to a fire directly the bell was rung, when, on arrival at the scene of conflagration, he was always ready to obey orders, and would run up the ladders, jump through the windows, entering dangerous buildings more quickly than any fireman.



"BOB."

Once at a fire in Duke Street, in the vicinity of the station, where the flames were rapidly spreading, threatening the whole structure, "Bob" darted into the burning house, where, after making his round to try and save the lives of any persons who might be left behind, he suc-

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ceeded only so far in this case as to rescue the domestic cat, which he brought out in his mouth, carrying it gently to a place of safety. On another occasion, still in the memory of London firemen, at a call to a house alight in the Westminster Bridge Road, the Brigade thought all lives had been saved and everybody had been got out. When "Bob," with his ordinary sagacity, after making his round or survey, as usual, decided otherwise by keeping scratching and barking at a small door, he was promptly ordered to hold his noise and retire. Although usually very obedient, he barked still louder than ever, and, becoming furious, seemed to say: "Be quick and open the door." The firemen were afraid to open the door in case the draught caused thereby would further prevent their efforts to extinguish the flames. But as "Bob" was so boisterous, one of the men present said, "There's some reason why 'Bob' makes this ado; let's open the door."

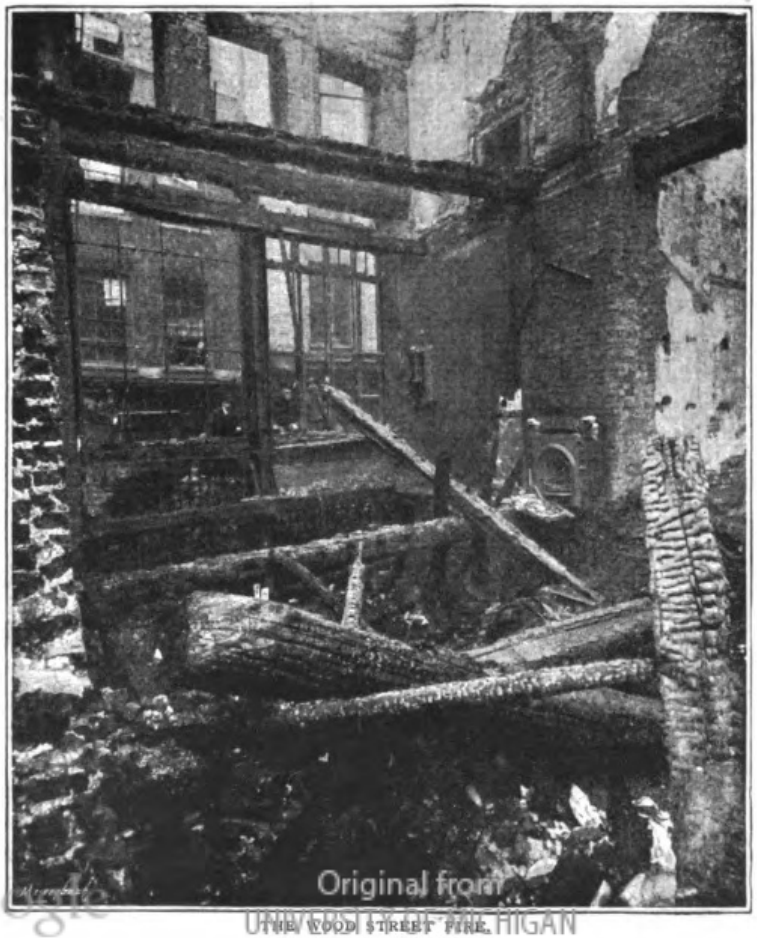
The door was burst open, when the astonished firemen found a poor little child crouching down in the corner, panic-stricken, who, but for "Bob," would have soon been suffocated and burned to death. No doubt it was the child's cry he heard amidst the crackling of the flames, and in his determination to assist, added another to the score of lives he was destined to save.

Among the tricks taught him were the following: When asked to pump the engine, "Bob," a good-natured dog, would sit on his hind legs, at the same time working his fore legs up and down with as much regularity as the firemen themselves when working a manual engine. But notwithstanding this faithful creature's rescue of many lives, alas! poor "Bob" had his day. But it was a glorious day for him, and happened like this: Whilst the engine was proceeding to a fire in the Caledonian Road, "Bob," eager for action, ran in front of the horses, was knocked down, and the wheels passed over his body — thus destroying his life when at his post of duty.

He was succeeded by "Bill," who equally honoured the canine race, and was owned by Samuel Wood, one of the oldest and bravest of London fire-escape men, who saved nearly one hundred lives, and who had as his faithful companion "Bill," around whose neck the parishioners of Whitechapel placed a silver collar in token of his valuable services. During the nine years he had filled the important position of fire-escape dog, "Bill," like his master, had to be very wakeful, and was at his service during the whole of the night, while he slept at the foot of his bed during the daytime; he never attempted to run out of doors until the hour approached for duty at the station, never allowing his master to sleep too long. He was always sure to wake him if a little late, but how the dog knew the time caused many a lengthy yarn.

The brigade returning only the night previous from the burning of the Alhambra Theatre, and having had hardly time to change their clothing, were summoned to a more serious outbreak in Wood Street, City, on December 8th, 1882, which proved a great commercial calamity, involving as it did so many different firms and London agents of provincial and foreign houses, many of whom had their season's stock ready for sending out.

Amidst the labyrinth of streets between



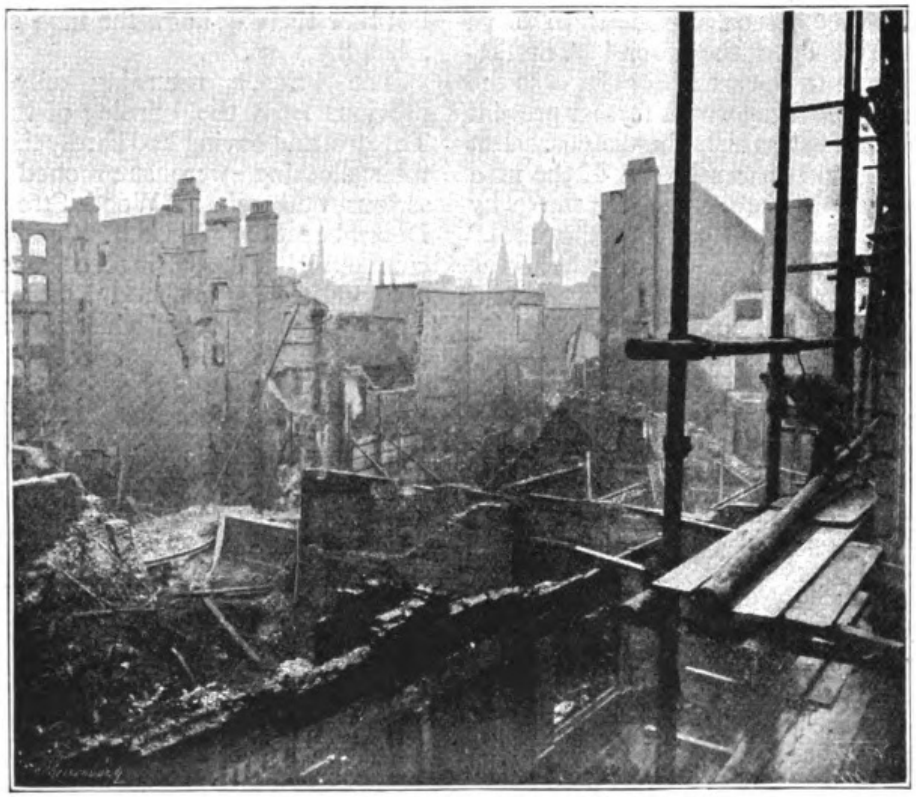
THE WOOD STREET FIRE.

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the General Post Office and Guildhall was a scene of the utmost commotion. The illustration here reproduced serves as a good insight into the dimensions of the fire, the damage of which was estimated at upwards of £1,000,000. When the first steamer arrived flames were bursting forth from nearly all the windows in the premises of Messrs. Foster, Porter, and Co., they being alight from beginning to end. The roof, however, soon took fire, and the flames curling over it, ignited the extensive premises of Messrs. Rylands and Co., and of Messrs. which lies hard by, had a thick and substantially-built party wall and a fire-protective roof, which probably allowed it to remain practically undamaged.

Zion College, with its valuable library, escaped also with a slight warming, which was alone capable of well airing the rooms at this time of year.

Besides the photographs reproduced here, some idea of the extent of the area covered by the fire may be estimated, seeing that no less than a surface of 2,071,000 superficial square feet was laid a barren waste; as if the



THE WOOD STREET FIRE (MESSRS. RYLANDS' PREMISES).

Silber and Fleming. At this moment the alarming nature of the fire was telegraphed to all the outlying districts, asking for additional help. But, however, as was shown, the extremely dangerous position of affairs had not been fully appreciated, and by four o'clock the whole pile of buildings running from Addle Street to London Wall, a frontage of about 150ft., was furiously blazing, notwithstanding there being 150 men and 26 steamers at work endeavouring to quell the flames, which were spreading to the centre block of buildings, devouring as they went warehouse after warehouse. Huge blocks of red-hot masonry were continuously falling in the narrow streets, filling them up several feet in depth. Luckily the Curriers' Hall, relics of part of an ancient city confronted the spectator, instead of what were, before the fire commenced, streets of comparatively modern buildings.

The next outbreak of considerable magnitude to take place was the well remembered Paternoster Row fire, which broke out on April 2nd, 1884. It was about 7.30 p.m. that the premises of Messrs. Pardon and Son were discovered to be on fire in the basement; the flames soon gained the upper floors by shooting up the lift, setting alight the various upper rooms, and, gaining upon the roof, shot up a lurid glare, lighting up St. Paul's Cathedral close by, a sight which at once attracted people from all parts, intent upon seeing a fire such as perhaps had not

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THE PATERNOSTER ROW FIRE.

been their luck to witness before. Christ's Hospital, also, a handsome stone building, showed up prominently in the distance for many miles, marking the spot of what was unmistakably a great London fire.

The workpeople engaged on the premises at the time made a hurried escape, and happily no casualties occurred. Great difficulty was experienced by the brigade in getting access to the fire on account of the narrowness of the streets and the contiguous lanes running in all directions from the seat of the fire. A good bird's-eye view is given of the fire in the photograph which was taken from the gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral overlooking the burnt-out houses beneath, and in which is plainly seen Christ Church, Newgate, among the many buildings around.

About four hundred police, under Superintendent Foster, were told off to keep the crowds of people in abeyance, and from hindering the firemen in their unceasing efforts to cope with the fire.

Captain Shaw, as usual at large outbreaks, was in early attendance on the scene, and, with his command over the brigade, rendered very efficient service; favoured by a low wind, he was soon able to grapple with this outbreak, and succeeded in reducing the enormous risk which was at one time imminent.

With these two exceptions, what is commonly known as the Charterhouse fire was the largest conflagration in London since the formation of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. It burnt furiously for six hours. The fire was discovered at about four o'clock on Thursday morning, October 8th, 1885, on the premises of an embroidery manufactory at No. 18, in a very large block of warehouses known as Charterhouse Buildings, lying at the north-west corner of the City. The flames rapidly ran from one warehouse to another, until at length the whole block presented a huge fiery furnace burning in all directions. Buildings of five and six stories fell in one after the other.

A few minutes after this memorable outbreak had occurred, a message was rung up at the headquarters saying that two large warehouses were alight in Charterhouse Buildings, and upon a fireman being sent up the lofty tower at Winchester House and reporting that a fire was showing a strong light in this district, a steamer was at once dispatched, which was followed up by the chief officer. At the time of his arrival it was observed that a large chemical works adjoining was fully ablaze, adding more fuel and flame to the magnificent sight viewed by those around, occurring as it did at an early hour in the morning. By five o'clock no fewer than

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THE CHARTERHOUSE FIRE.

fourteen of these warehouses were well alight in the Charterhouse block, when serious apprehension was entertained for the safety of the buildings on the other side of the road; and notwithstanding there being thirty engines at work throwing copious volumes of water upon the burning masses, the people occupying the houses on the opposite side were aroused from their beds by the firemen, and told to leave at once and seek a safer place for refuge until the fire had been subdued.

The scenes which now ensued were pitiable in the extreme. On every side were to be seen partially dressed men and women carrying scantily and hurriedly clad children and babies in arms, or some of their household goods, out of danger, for which trouble they were well rewarded, for no sooner had some left their houses when, through the extensive heat from the other side of the road, the buildings were observed to take fire, placing at the moment Charterhouse Schools and St. Mary's Vicarage in great danger.

Around the fire were gathered one mass of brass-helmeted men. Occasionally a wall here and there would fall, causing the firemen to run for their lives. Captain Shaw himself had, at one stage of the fire, a very narrow escape of meeting a similar fate to that which befell his predecessor, for a large block of masonry fell upon the spot where he had been



THE MILTON STREET FIRE.

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standing only two seconds before. The photograph illustrating this site as it appeared after burning for six hours shows the towering walls left standing, which at length were pulled down, leaving a vast smouldering mass of ruins, in dimensions 25?ft. by 150ft., with much damage all around to the adjoining buildings and those on the opposite side. All throughout the day firemen were employed in pouring water from the street hydrants upon the heated *débris* and pulling down the tottering walls.

Milton Street, hidden behind Cheapside, and almost adjacent to Wood Street, was the scene of another big City fire. At four o'clock on the morning of May 6th, 1889, before London or the City was astir, it raged with great fierceness, for several hours feeding itself on the City Soap Works; originating in a block of buildings bounded by Milton Street, Moor Lane, Butler Street, and Sydney Avenue, comprising five stories and covering a large area. In Moor Lane, the fire attacked four large buildings, used as printing offices. Not until the morning had far advanced were the firemen able to extinguish this outbreak, and after the steamers had left, the hydrants were turned on to the heated *débris*.

The pulling down of dangerous walls was proceeded with until late in the afternoon, amidst many spectators, brought to the scene by the accounts published, and who were watching the walls sway to and fro as the men pulled them with ropes slung round the tops, with a "Heave-ho! heave-ho," and the rope, passing round the brickwork, was seen to cut itself in twain, letting the would-be pullers down, scrambling upon each other. Not, however, daunted by this mishap, again a chain was cast round the brickwork and affixed to a rope, which this time was more successful, and a gigantic pile of bricks was seen to totter as if not being able to make up its mind to fall or stay where it had remained so many years, when all at once they gracefully swayed and fell with a tremendous crash, for which part, however, few of the crowd waited, they making for the nearest places of safety. Delineated in this photograph can be seen the masses of brickwork all of a heap as they fell, also a copper vat here and there for boiling the soap, and many other interesting objects.

From the previous great London fires, the Queen Victoria Street one differs in many respects. The following notes made at the time of the outbreak should be of interest, especially as of late the London Docks have been trying to beat the records of modernized City fires by taxing every effort of the brigade and causing them to concentrate their entire forces upon them, thereby attracting much public notice, causing many to look up their policies, in case it may be (to quote the barber's words) "Your turn next, sir!" This outbreak occurred mid-day on Tuesday, 30th of December, 1890, whilst the hands were working in the large printing factory of Messrs. Davidson and Sons, 119, Queen Victoria Street, they having to make a very hurried escape from the large warehouses, which were, as if in an instant, ablaze. The fire soon burned through the rear into Upper Thames Street to Nos. 226 and 227, doing



THE QUEEN VICTORIA STREET FIRE.

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very extensive damage here and ending in a total destruction of several large warehouses, as well as considerable damage to St. Benet's Church, adjoining. There was a strong north-easterly wind blowing at the time, which aided the conflagration in spreading from No. 119, where it originated, to No. 141, requiring twenty-three engines in attendance to subdue the flames, also three floats from the Thames to play on it from the rear.

It is probable that, had the party walls been sound, it would have been confined somewhat in the direction in which it broke out. From a glance at this photograph, taken when the fire had been extinguished, there will be observed many huge icicles hanging from the joists and masonry, suggesting an Arctic-like appearance, rarely seen on these occasions. Many large pieces of ice formed on the burning timber, and fire could be seen burning among ice-bound *débris*. These ruined buildings, architecturally constructed, and comprising a frontage of 70 yards, presented an exceedingly pretty and picturesque appearance, well worthy of being reproduced from an artist's point of view. The weather on this occasion had a remarkable effect upon the firemen; also upon the appliances at work. The water froze as it left the branches, running in globular form around the nozzles, causing much hindrance in getting them to work, and the hose froze to the ground and building with which it came in contact. Firemen became coated in ice from head to foot, and small icicles clung to Captain Shaw's hair and beard, giving him the appearance of a veritable Santa Claus.

The Welsh church of St. Benet's had a narrow escape from being destroyed, as a sudden outburst of flames in the wooden belfry showed it had caught fire, and the roof and tower were badly scorched.

At this moment much excitement was caused by the crowd seeing a fireman brought out on a stretcher half suffocated and frozen, who was subsequently restored by the assistance of many willing hands. At last the fire was subdued, and cooled down within a few hours of the end of the old year, leaving the buildings presenting a Christmas card-like appearance to those who viewed them.

This remained in their memory as the last great fire only until eclipsed by the recent fire scourge in St. Mary Axe, which broke out at 1 a.m. on Tuesday morning, the 18th of July, 1893. Amidst immense warehouses in close proximity to Houndsditch, and bounded on the east by Bevis Marks, on the north by St. Mary Axe, and south-west by Bury Court, Jeffrey Square, lies this vast chasm of *débris*, which is clearly illustrated by the accompanying photograph. Not only was the destruction not confined to this large quadrangle, but the flames extended to many of the buildings on the opposite sides of the streets and completely burnt them out, devouring contents and buildings alike.

The fire continued raging and spreading in all directions, and by five o'clock was comparatively at its worst, and, baffling somewhat the strenuous efforts of the brigade, with 30 steamers and about 300 men to stay its progress, continued burning and smouldering



THE ST. MARY AXE FIRE.

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till the following Thursday evening. Alike on other occasions, many incidents occurred of some interest, such as the rescuing of a lunatic, who, panic-stricken by such a sight, refused to receive assistance from the firemen out of a dangerous position until considerable force was used. As soon as the news became known, thousands of spectators visited the spot with the intention of viewing the *débris*, each in turn eager to view the crumbling walls, cracking and falling in all directions, the greater portion of which fell about two o'clock in the afternoon, bringing the heavy masonry and brickwork down with a thunderous crash, forcing in the fronts of the houses opposite, in Bevis Marks, and falling through the basements.

The Fire Brigade, now under the new commandership of Captain Simonds, worked indefatigably for four days — introducing here the new water tower (invented by the chief officer), which rendered much service at the outbreak; and although they were prevented from making their usually early stop to the progress of the flames owing to the buildings being stored with such large quantities of inflammable stock, they succeeded in saving this quarter of the City which was threatened with destruction.

It is not generally known that when so much combustible material catches fire it is a matter of impossibility to put it out immediately with our present means of fire extinction, or any other means likely to be invented. The fire must take its course, advancing forward, either aided by wind, draughts, or fresh fuel; but whilst in progress it is here that the skilled services of firemen are brought to bear at certain points of vantage, and on the adjoining buildings, whereby the fire is generally confined within a limited area.

The estimated amount of damage was put at £300,000, and fifty warehouses were either burnt out or seriously damaged. Happily there was not a single fatality during the extinction, which marks a feature in the efficient drill and discipline maintained throughout the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

NOTE.—Thanks are due to the Managers and Secretaries of the various Fire Offices, Leonard Miller, Esq. (Merryweather's), Greenwich, etc., for courtesies during the compilation of this article.



OIL PAINTING ON ORIGINAL ENGINE OF UNION FIRE OFFICE, CORNHILL.

All the Photos. in this article are by the London Stereoscopic Co., except that of "Lob," which is by Parker & Co., High Holborn.

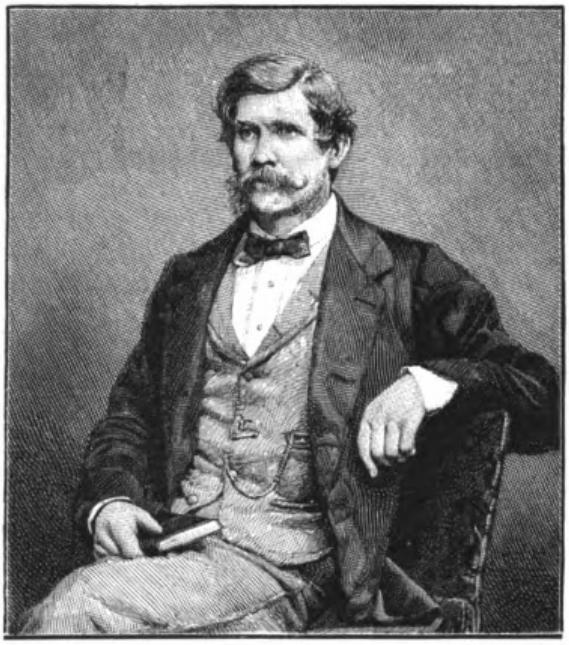
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Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, C.B.

BORN 1828.

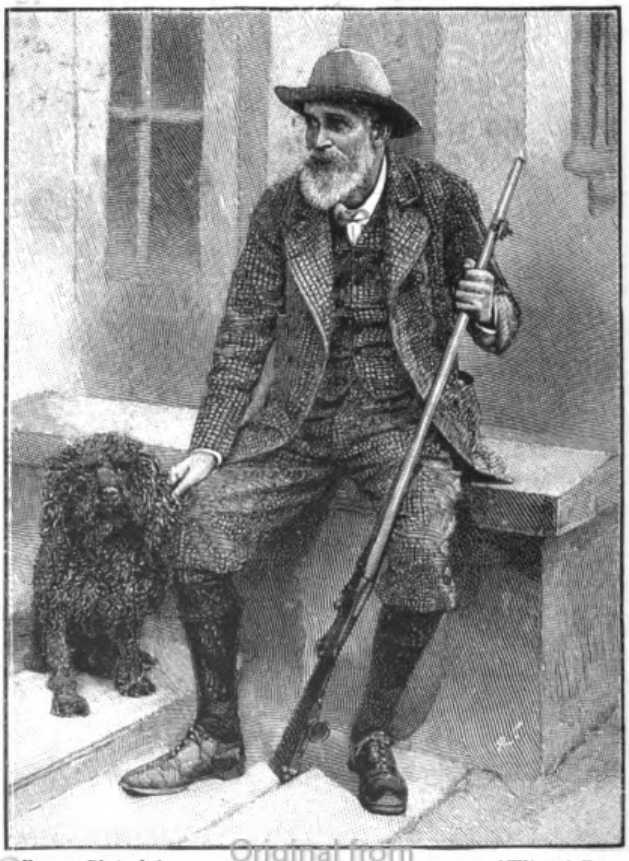
SIR HENRY HALFORD'S biography is set forth in detail in the Interview which appears in another part of this number. It is, therefore, unnecessary to do more than note in this place that at the age at which our first portrait represents him he was just on the point of taking up shooting, but did not actually begin to practise till the following year. At forty-one he went to his first meeting at Wimbledon. The present-day portrait was taken especially for this series a few weeks ago.



From a] AGE 31. *[Photograph.*



From a] AGE 41. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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AGE 26.
From a Photo. by Rejlander, Albert Mansions, S.W.

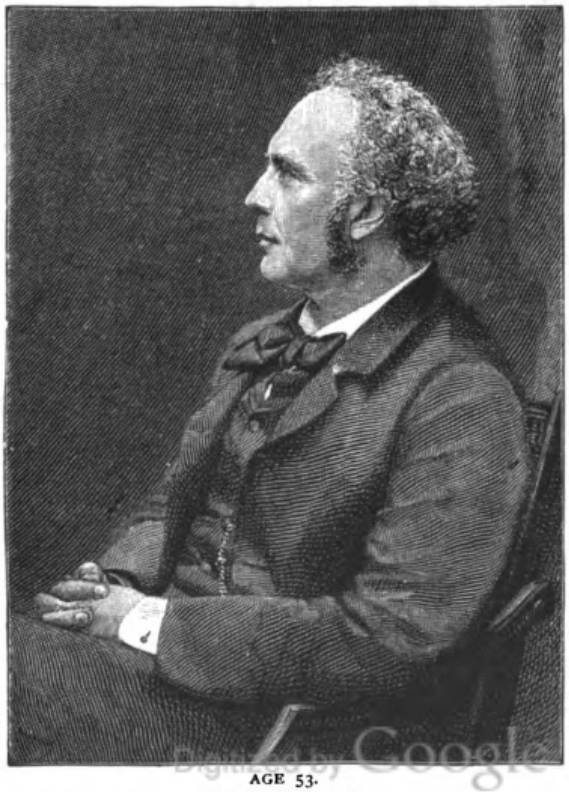


AGE 41.
From a Photo. by Rejlander, Albert Mansions, S.W.

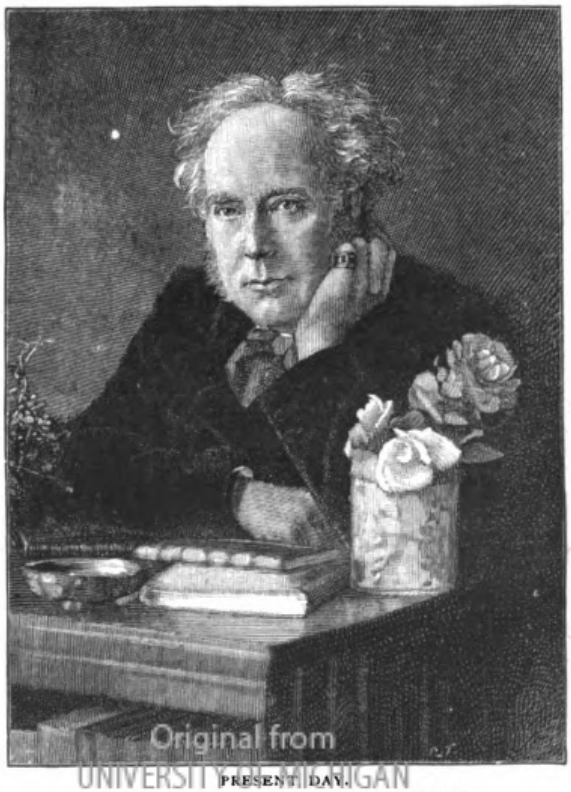
THE REV. AUGUSTUS STOPFORD BROOKE.

BORN 1832.

THE REV. AUGUSTUS STOPFORD BROOKE, born in Dublin, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he gained the Downe Prize and the Vice-Chancellor's Prize for English verse. He graduated B.A. in 1856 and M.A. in 1858. He was curate of St. Matthew, Marylebone, 1857–59; and became minister of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, June, 1876. He was appointed a Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen in 1872. Mr. Brooke is the author of "Life and Letters of the late Frederick W. Robertson," 1865; "Theology in the English Poets," 1874; "Primer of English Literature"; "The Early Life of Jesus"; and a volume of poems, 1888.

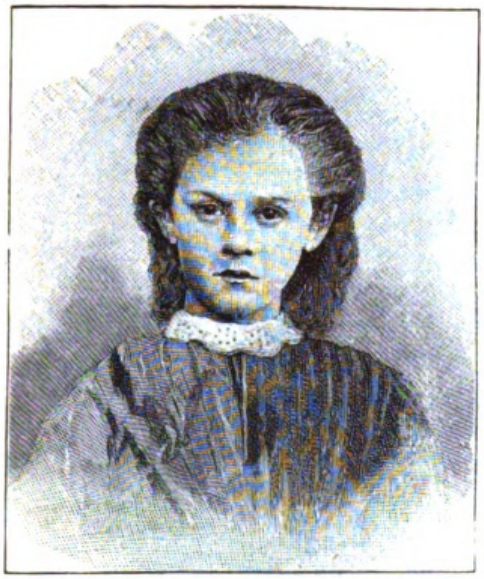


AGE 53.
From a Photograph.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Lancaster, 235, High Holborn.

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From a AGE 6. [*Photograph.*

MISS CLARA JECKS.

MISS CLARA JECKS, whose long series of successes on the stage, chiefly at the Adelphi Theatre, is familiar to every playgoer, is the daughter of another well-known actress, the late Mrs. Jecks (Miss Harriet Coventry), from whom she inherits her talent and who brought her up to the stage from her earliest years. Miss Jecks' gifts are musical as well as histrionic, and her versatility is amazing; and in any play where a dance or a musical piece is required she is always equal to the occasion.



From a Photo. by] AGE 16. [*Elliott & Fry.*



AGE 10.
From a Photo. by T. Coleman, Brunswick Place, N.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*Martin & Salmon.*

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AGE 15.
From a Photo. by the Photographie Parisienne.

JOSEPH HOLLMAN.

BORN 1852.

HERR JOSEPH HOLLMAN, the most celebrated violoncello player of the day, was born at Maestricht. At eighteen he obtained the first prize for the violoncello at the Brussels Conservatoire. He then began to



From a] AGE 20. [*Photograph*

appear in public, and has performed with magnificent success in almost every civilized country, from whose Sovereigns he has received innumerable decorations and honours.

He produces in a greater degree than any other player a fulness and power of sound, while at the same time his correctness of



AGE 26.
From a Photo. by A. Caccia, Havre.

taste and delicacy of feeling are such as have never been surpassed. He is also well known as a composer, among his most popular pieces being his fantasia on "Carmen" and his "Romances Without Words."



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Stulz, Maestricht.

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From a Photo. by] AGE 20. *[W. Hall, Brighton.*

THE HON. SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM.

BORN 1835.

THE HON. SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM, son of George Grantham, of Barcombe Place, Sussex, was born at Lewes, and educated at King's College School. He was called to the Bar in 1863,



AGE 45.
From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker, Margaret Street, W.

after obtaining the studentship given by the four Inns of Court to the most distinguished student of the term; was made Q.C. 1877; and became a Bencher of the Inner Temple in 1878; J.P. and Deputy-Chairman of Sussex; and Judge of the High Court of Justice, 1886. From 1874 to 1885 he



From a] AGE 35. *[Photograph.*

sat as M.P. for East Surrey; and from 1885 to January, 1886, for Croydon, when he was made a Judge, and consequently retired from Parliament.



PRESENT DAY
From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano 25, Old Bond Street, W.

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REVELATION.

the polecat, nor the stoat, nor the skunk, nor the weasel that went pop.

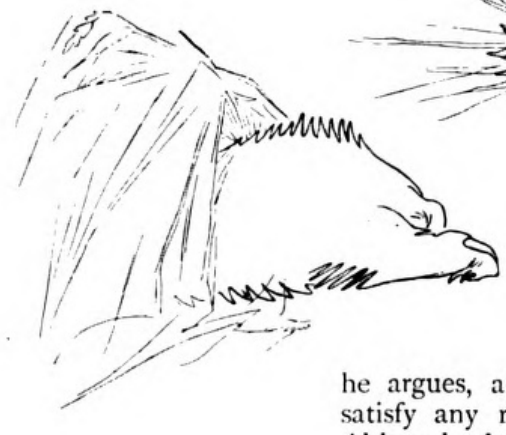
Every admirer of modesty should love the badger. So little he obtrudes himself that we are often assured that the badger (or the brock, as it is still called locally) is within a specimen or two of ob-

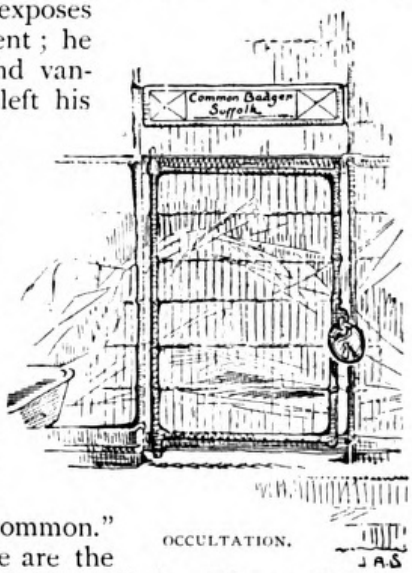


literation. But it is the brock's modesty that conceals his existence, for well he knows that, in his case, brock's display may not contribute much to brock's benefit; which words are an advertisement.

Badger-drawing is a thing of the past, and rightly. But upon this page the drawing of a badger may now be seen without danger of interference from the police. He is the white badger, and is never easy to draw. His native objection to daylight overcomes his sense of duty to the public, and nothing will make him show himself, short of taking away all his straw. Raking away his coverlet only exposes him for a moment; he burrows again and vanishes. He has left his card on the wire, he argues, and that ought to satisfy any reasonable visitor. Although, labelled as he is, "Common Badger," he may feel rather ashamed of that card. That is a notion that I can never get rid of. All over the Gardens various animals are insulted by the epithet "common." Then there are the "Stump-tail Lizard," the "Dusty Ichneumon," and the "Hairy-nosed Wombat," not to mention the "Bottle-nosed Whale," that isn't here at all. Is man justified in







OCCULTATION.



ABSQUATULATION.

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DISGRACED AT CREAKLE'S.

so insulting his more virtuous fellow-creatures? Why should we show vulgar discourtesy even to a whale? The ratels, too, although not insulted in name, are grievously oppressed after the manner of David Copperfield at Creakle's. "These animals bite" is the notice for ever fixed upon their cage. It gives rise to sad unpopularity, which the ratels can never mitigate, in the manner of David, with jam tarts and red-currant wine. But more of this presently.

Jack, the otter, in his big round cage, has his own particular affront to endure, none the less an affront because it is in Latin. *Lutra vulgaris* is the scientific name of Jack, but it is just as offensive to call an otter vulgar in Latin as in English. I can quite believe that it was this painted stigma of vulgarity that caused Jack to run away, some few years ago, and set up in the fish business on the Regent's Canal. It took some few days to persuade him to return, and the task of the persuaders was, I take it, none too easy. An otter is a rare good fighter, and there is trouble involved in bringing him home dead; but alive, he is a whirling tangle of teeth and claws, bad to handle. In any case, Jack is never vulgar. He is an epicure in the matter of fish, and an unerring connoisseur. Observe further, the patrician disdain with which he regards the ignorant people who think to feed him with biscuits. It may be thought a vulgar taste that led him to start life afresh in the Regent's Canal, but where else could he go?



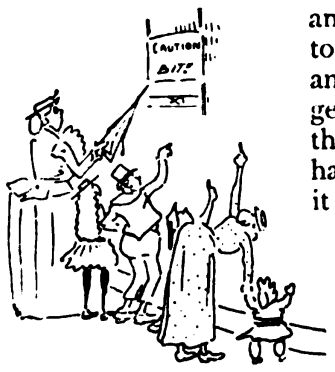
JACK.

But in all the house numbered twenty-seven there are no such favour-

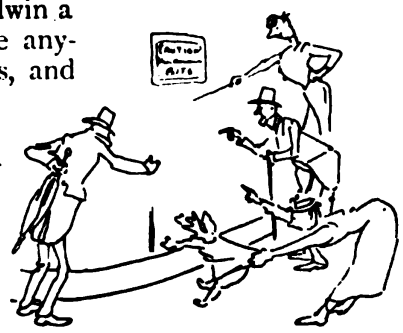
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ites as the ratels. Why these have never been properly, officially, and individually given personal names I cannot understand. I prefer to call them Edwin and Angelina, because they are always turning and turning; although to imagine Edwin a gentle hermit of the dale, or a gentle anything, is not easy. For Edwin bites, and hard, and so does Angelina. But then it is only their fun.

I admire Edwin and Angelina be-



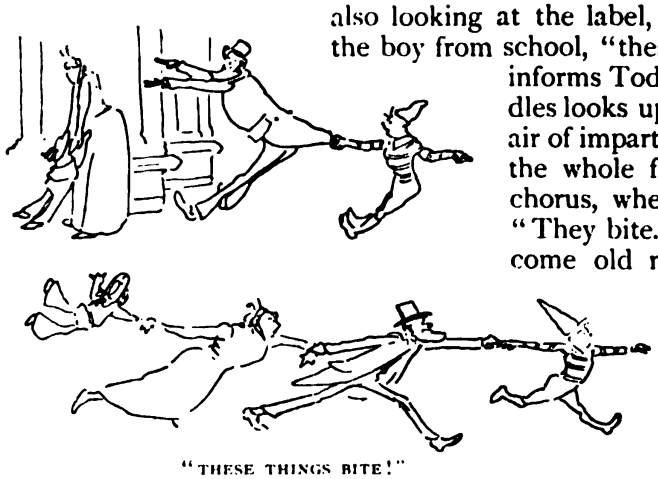
"THEY BITE!"



"LOOK, THEY BITE!"

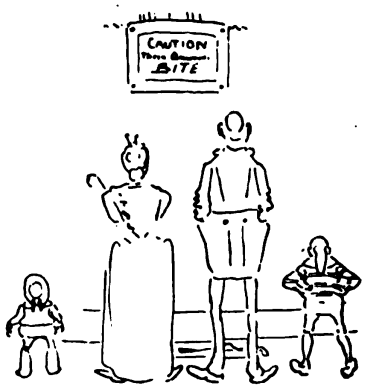


cause they keep up their spirits in most annoying circumstances. Those labels (there are two of them) informing everybody in capital letters that "These animals bite," have a most remarkable effect on human visitors. They touch, in some occult way, a hidden and mysterious spring of human impulse. For no human creature (able to read) can see that label without at once repeating aloud, "These animals bite." It is a most astounding phenomenon. Watch by the wires, and you shall see. A family arrives, and immediately mother points to the label and says, "These animals bite." "Ugh!" says the eldest little girl, also looking at the label, "they bite!" "Look here," says the boy from school, "these fellows bite!" Nurse stoops and informs Toddles that these animals bite. Toddles looks up and replies "Dey bite!" with an air of imparting exclusive knowledge; and then the whole family subsides into a murmuring chorus, whereof the only distinct words are "They bite." And so they move off. Then come old men, old women, young men, and young women, boys and girls,



"THESE THINGS BITE!"

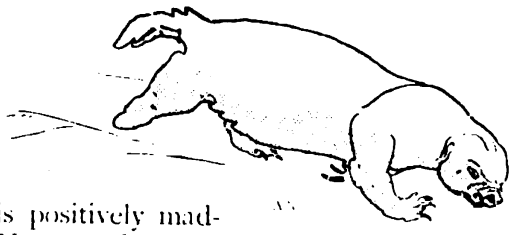
tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, and the others. Each separately reads the label, and then assures all the others that these animals bite. Little Bobby strays from a family party, and reads that fatal label. He rushes back, breathless, to report that "these animals bite," and the whole family come pell-mell. They stand before the label and repeat the mystic formula to one another, and then move off, making way for others, who do the same

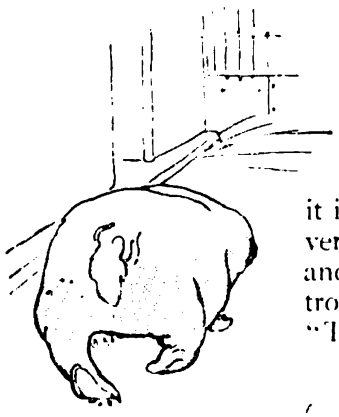


"THEY BITE!"

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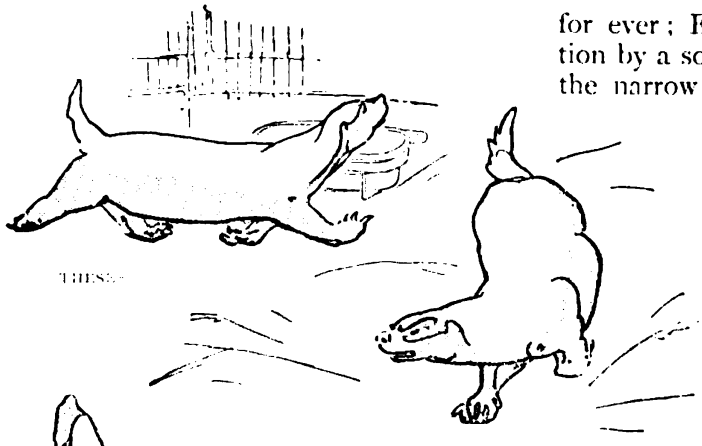
thing. It is positively maddening. No wonder the ratels bite; the Archbishop of Canterbury would bite if you tortured him with that exasperating reiteration. As it is, the phrase must eat into the very being of Edwin and Angelina, and they seem to take their regular trot round to the eternal refrain, "These -an-i-mals -bite—these— an-i-mals -bite," always and

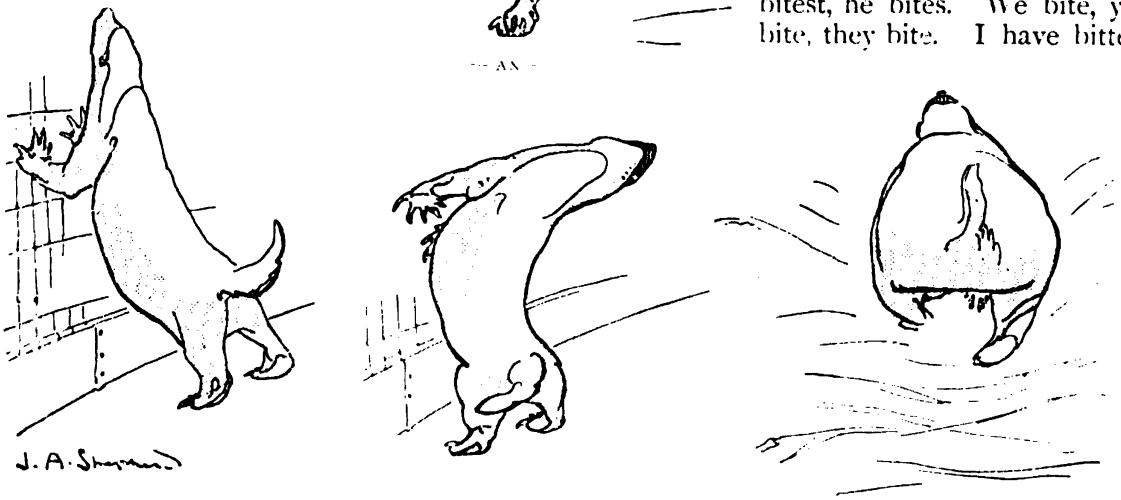






for ever; Edwin introducing a small variation by a somersault each time as he reaches the narrow part of the cage, and Angelina by a jump against the wires. These perambulations are executed with a steady thoughtfulness that plainly indicates profound cogitation of some kind. If it is not the rhythmical repetition of the notice on the label, it is probably the conjugation of the verb: "I bite, thou bitest, he bites. We bite, you bite, they bite. I have bitten,



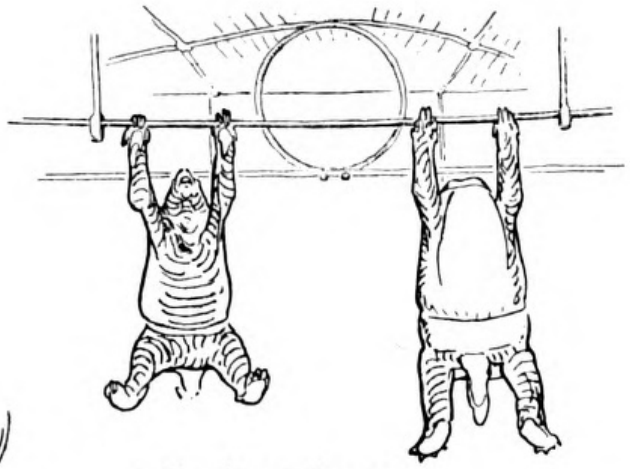


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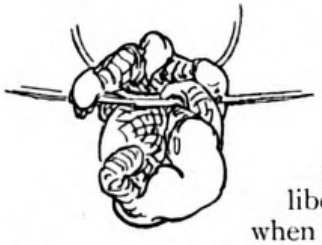


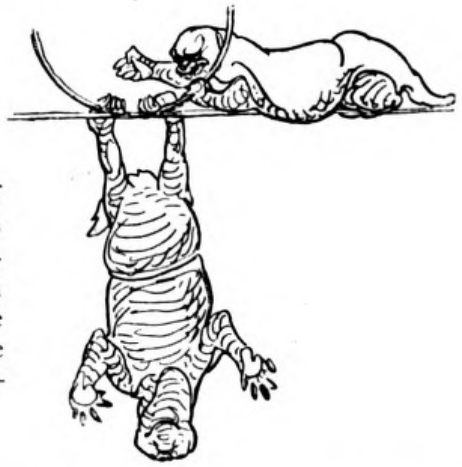
thou hast bitten——" and so on, and so on. Edwin and Angelina are really most deserving and persevering entertainers of the knock-about or Two Macs order, with a strong dash of the Brothers Griffiths. Angelina is best on the horizontal bar, and it is here that she retreats when at feeding time she has a tit-bit to which Edwin may take an independent fancy. The whole cage is well adapted for the performances of the ratels, and, substantially made as it is, anybody is perfectly justified in









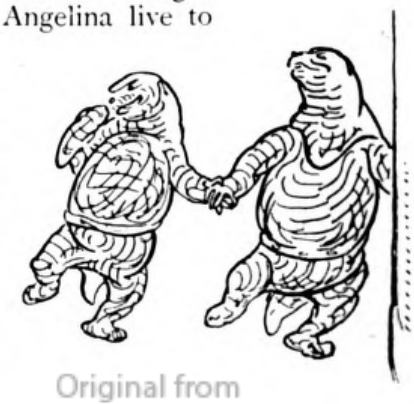


calling it a ratel-trap affair. Edwin and Angelina much prefer their cage to liberty; at closed hours, when the keeper takes them out for a walk, they are inclined to crawl back behind the label that tells of their bites. They have a cement floor, so that they can no longer burrow underneath with a wild notion of coming out in some other part of the world, as they once did; and the drain is carefully covered in now, so that games of follow-my-leader therein, once their chief sport, are no longer practicable. But chiefly Edwin and Angelina live to revel in the pure delights of mutual assault and battery. Never is Angelina so happy as when she is joyously gnawing her Edwin's head, while his attention is concentrated on a gleeful attempt to drag the hide off her back. It is only from the inside of a skin as tough and elastic as the ratel's that tooth-and-nail combat can be properly enjoyed as a pastime. A ratel is just as fond of being bitten as of biting. It stimulates the healthy action of the



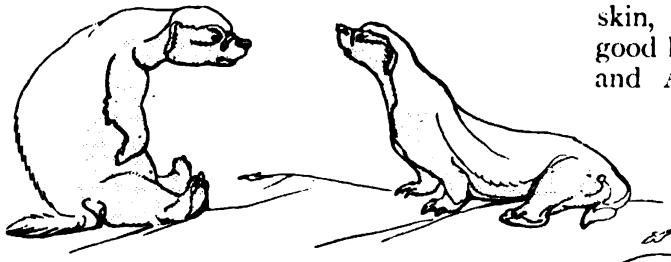




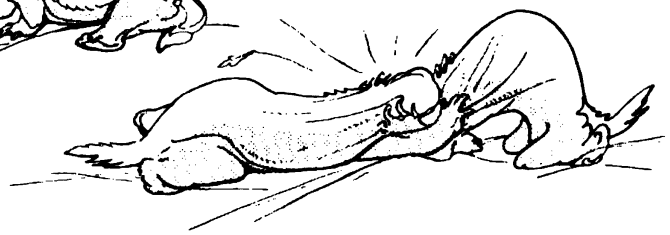


J. A. S.

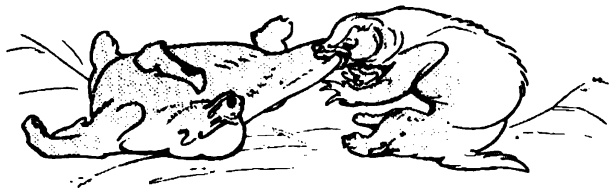
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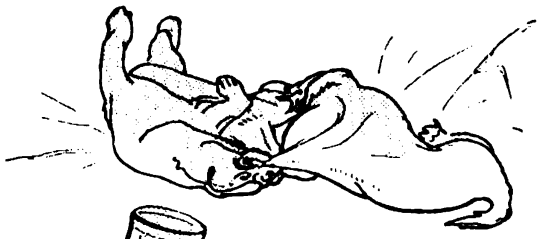
skin, and doesn't hurt in the least. But a good hammering is also enjoyable. If Edwin and Angelina have been particularly good, no more acceptable reward can be offered them than the accidental leaving

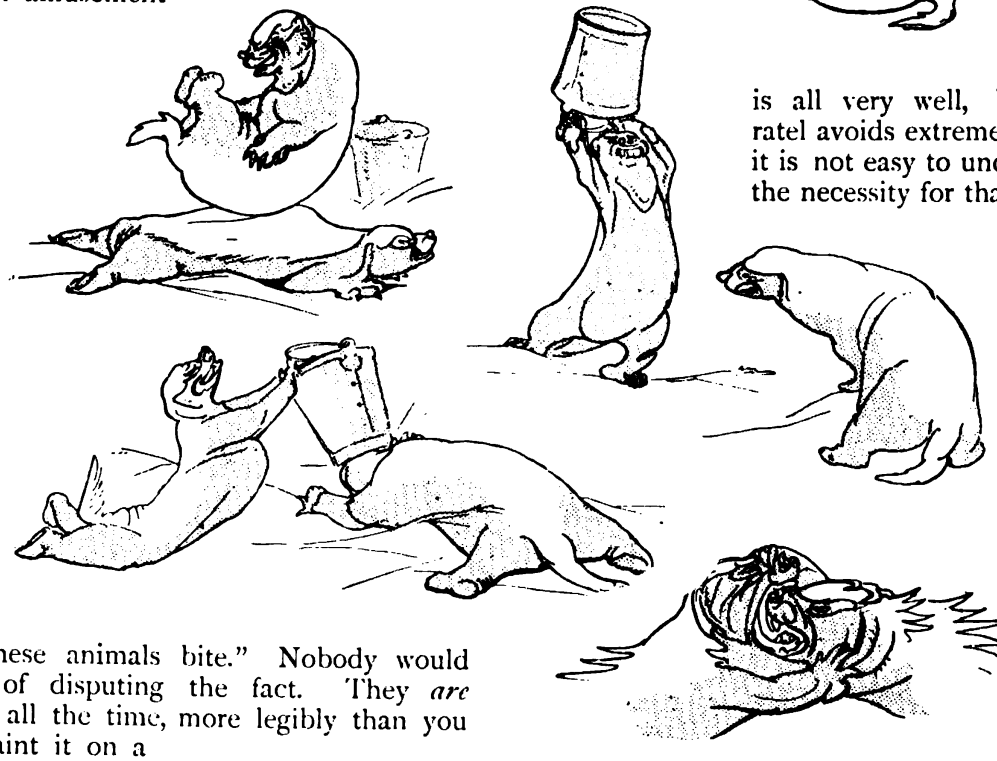


inside the cage of a pail. Then the devoted couple may fondle one another vigorously with that pail until it becomes a



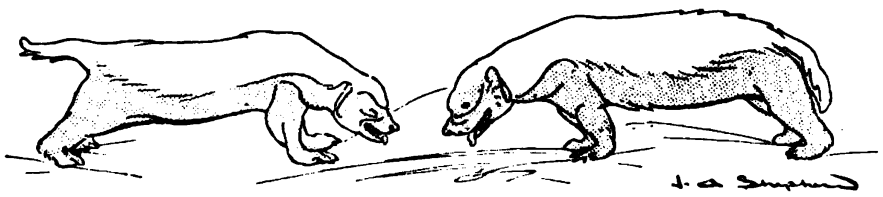
battered wisp of metal, and they feel bright and refreshed all over. Edwin and Angelina between them consume in a week sufficient personal violence to supply Cork political meetings for six months. With a little more hardening they might even come whole out of a football match. But even ratels have never ventured as far as football. A little infuriate devastation by way of amusement





is all very well, but the ratel avoids extremes. Still, it is not easy to understand the necessity for that notice

— 'These animals bite." Nobody would think of disputing the fact. They *are* biting, all the time, more legibly than you can paint it on a label. If only they ate all they bit, Edwin would have become Angelina by gradual absorption, and Angelina

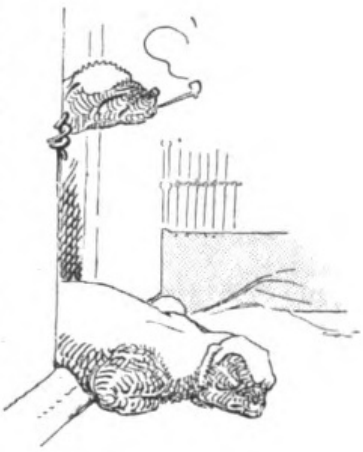


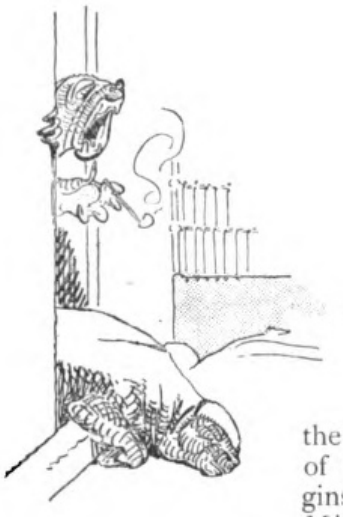
A LITTLE ENJOYMENT.

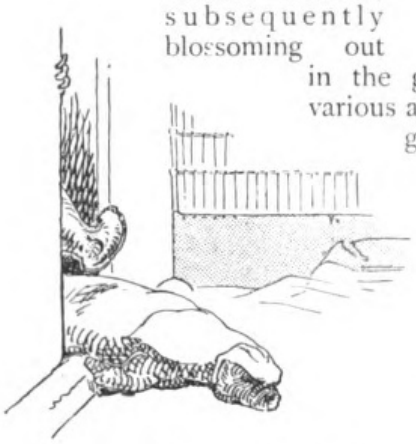
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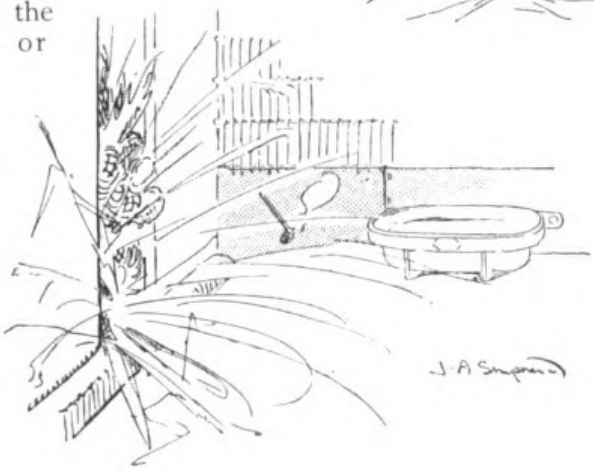
Edwin, long ago; then they would have become absorbed back again, and which would be which by this time nobody but an analytical chemist could calculate. Indeed, I have a theory that the breed of ratels has been evolved out of certain quarrelsome seals, monkeys, and Malayan bears, who all ate each other up entirely, and then attacked a shopful of ladies' muffs; subsequently blossoming out in the guise of a medley of all the various antagonistic elements, to perform gymnastics and Two-Mac riots for the amusement of visitors to the Zoo; enacting also at times the instructive little sketch of "Bill Sloggins and the Missis; or the Door on the Jar and the Family Jar on the Doorstep."











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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Authors of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

V.—A DEATH CERTIFICATE.

FEW things in my busy life gave me more pleasure than the engagement of my friend, Will Raymond. He was a man of a peculiar temperament, and, from time to time, his friends had experienced some slight anxiety about him. He was a hermit, and eschewed society. Women in especial were detestable to him, and although those who knew him well could speak much in his favour, he made few friends and lived a solitary life on his large and beautiful estate in Berkshire.

When Raymond fell in love, however—over head and ears in love is quite the correct phrase on this occasion, and the girl of his choice turned out to be all that the most fastidious could desire—there was rejoicing among his acquaintances, and the wedding-day was hailed with anticipations of pleasure.

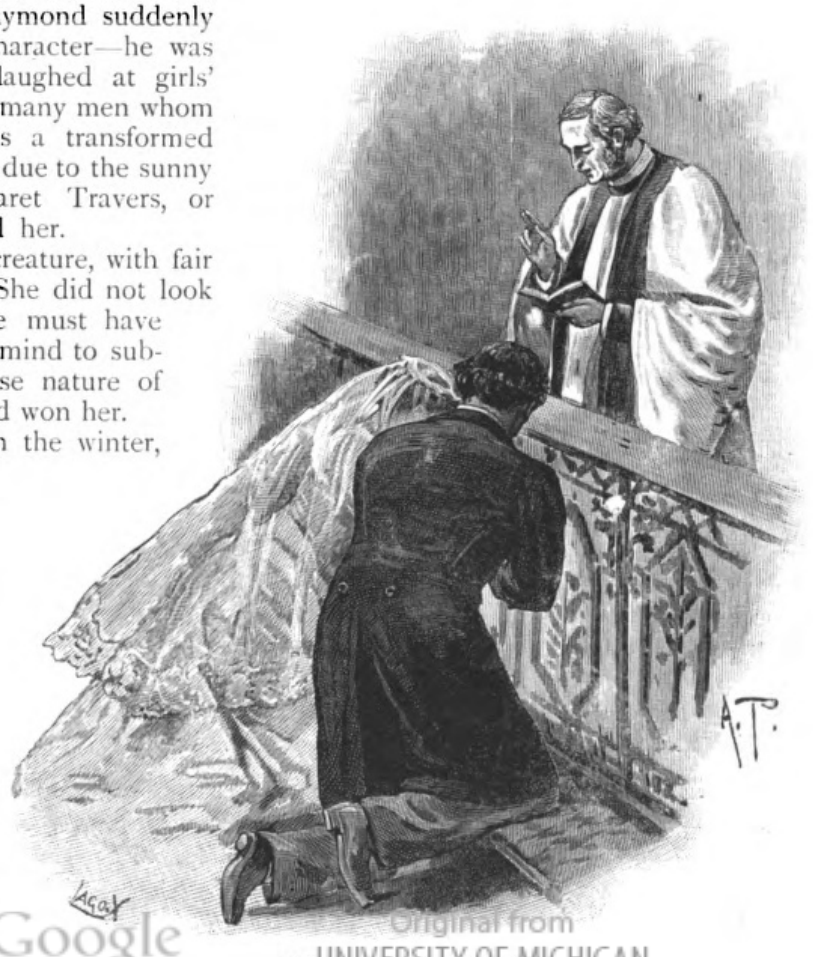
Raymond Towers was refurnished for the coming of the bride, and Raymond suddenly blossomed out in a new character—he was friendly to everyone, he laughed at girls' jokes, and was jolly to the many men whom he met; in short, he was a transformed being. All this change was due to the sunny influence of pretty Margaret Travers, or Maggie, as her lover called her.

She was a slight little creature, with fair hair and dark grey eyes. She did not look particularly strong, but she must have had some latent strength of mind to subdue the rough and morose nature of the man who had wooed and won her.

The pair were married in the winter, and were attended to the altar by a numerous company of friends.

I happened to be one of them, for Will would not hear of the knot being tied except in my presence. I was too busy to do anything more than attend the pair to the altar. It was then I first noticed a peculiar look in Mrs. Raymond's beautiful eyes. They were large, of a very dark grey, with such thick lashes that at a little distance the eyes themselves looked black. These eyes, set in the midst of a fair face, with soft, light curling hair, would in themselves attract attention. But it was something about the pupils which arrested my observation at this moment. They were not only rather more dilated than usual, but there was an indescribable expression about them which gave me a sort of uneasiness. I had felt very happy about my friend Will ever since I knew of the engagement. Now a sudden sense of depression swept over me, and I wondered if the shy visitor, Happiness, would long remain his guest.

In a busy doctor's life, however, such thoughts have little room to grow. They were soon banished by the pressure of more immediate interests. I had forgotten Will, his bride, and his new-found happiness, when one afternoon a telegram was handed to me.



"THEY WERE MARRIED."

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"The answer is prepaid, sir. The boy is waiting."

I tore the telegram open and read as follows:—

"Please come as quickly as you can to Llanmordaff, North Wales. Maggie not well.—Will Raymond."

"Now, what is up?" I said to myself. "Of course I must go; but it is precious inconvenient. What am I to do?"

Here the memory of several cases of importance darted through my brain. I hastily scribbled a reply to the telegram:—

"Starting by midnight train. Meet me to-morrow morning."

This dispatched, I turned to my servant.

"I am going to North Wales," I said, "and shall start by the train which leaves Paddington Station about midnight. Look up the exact hour in the A,B,C. Pack all I require, and tell Roberts to bring the carriage round immediately."

"Won't you take some dinner, sir?" asked the man.

"Yes, yes; have it served, and be sure you send Roberts round without delay."

My servant withdrew.

I was fond of attending my patients at this hour in a private hansom, and this conveyance was ready for me in a few minutes.

I drove to the house of a brother physician, arranged with him to take my patients for the next day or two if necessary, and brought him back with me to give him names and addresses, and what further particulars he would require. Then I spent the remaining hours until it was time to catch my train, visiting one sick person after another, and assuring them of the complete confidence which I put in Denbigh's skill.

At last the time came when I must start on my long journey, and, with a feeling of natural irritation at the inconvenience of leaving my work, I entered my hansom once more, and desired the man to drive me to Paddington Station.

I caught my train and, establishing myself as comfortably as I could in a first-class carriage, tried to sleep. It has often been my lot to make hurried night journeys, and I can generally while away the long hours in almost unbroken slumber, but on this night I found that sleep would not come. My brain felt particularly active. I thought over many things—Raymond and his pretty wife in particular. I wondered why my thoughts would linger so pertinaciously around Will and his pretty, delicate-looking wife. I saw her again in her soft bridal dress—I met again the full-satisfied, absolutely contented look on her almost childish face—but what really worried me was the remembrance which came again, and again, and yet again of the expression in her large grey eyes—the strange look which was not caused by anything mental, but was due to some peculiar physical organization.

I had made hysteria, in its many forms, my study, and I had a sort of conviction that Mrs. Raymond's temperament must be closely allied to this strange, mysterious, and overpowering disorder which comes in so many guises and wrecks so many lives.

Towards morning I fell asleep, and about nine o'clock arrived at Llanmordaff, a very out-of-the-way little place, to which a small local train bore me during the last eight miles of my journey.

I expected Will to meet me on the platform, but to my surprise he was not there. He had only given me the address, "Llanmordaff, North Wales," on his telegram. I concluded, therefore, that he must be putting up at the inn, and went there at once to inquire for him.

I was right in this conjecture. Immediately on my arrival I was informed that the Ray-



"I SENT UP MY CARD."

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monds were occupying the best rooms in the establishment. I sent up my card, and a moment later found myself in a nondescript sort of apartment—between a dining-room and a drawing-room—and shaking hands with Will.

He was always a haggard-looking fellow, not the least handsome, with rugged features, deep-set eyes, a wide mouth, and a lean, brown face. There was something manly about him, however; his figure was splendid; he was tall without a scrap of superfluous flesh, and very muscular. He came up to me at once and wrung my hand, hard.

"This *is* good of you," he said. "I might have known you would not fail me. Now, sit down and have some breakfast."

He strode across the room as he spoke, and gave a violent jerk to the bell. It sounded with a clanging noise in the distance, and in a moment a waiter, not too clean in his appearance, answered it.

"What will you have, Halifax—tea or coffee?" inquired Raymond.

"Strong coffee," I answered.

"Coffee at once, and anything cold you have in the house," said Raymond to the man.

He withdrew, and we found ourselves alone.

I looked round for Mrs. Raymond.

"How about my patient?" I said. "How is she? I trust your wife is better, my dear fellow."

"No, she is very unwell," replied Raymond. "I do not suppose it is really anything serious, but she is in a very queer, nervous state—it has all been caused by that railway accident."

"What in the world do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Didn't you see the account in the papers? Surely you must have done so. Two days after our wedding we were jogging along in one of these atrocious little local trains, when an express ran into us. Fortunately no one was killed, but Maggie got a shake, and she was knocked about a good bit. She made wonderfully little of it at the time. In fact, I never saw anyone so plucky, but that night she fainted off, and was unconscious for over an hour. Since then she has been very poorly and shaken: and—and—I don't want to conceal the truth from you, Halifax—she is completely changed; she is an absolutely different woman. She is morose, and even suspicious; one moment full of tenderness and devotion to me, in short, quite the old Maggie whom I loved and married; then, again, she treats me with suspicion. Often for hours she will not allow me to come near her room. Of course, the whole thing is caused by that beastly shock, but still I thought you had better see her."

"Yes, this nervous condition is undoubtedly caused by the shock," I answered, as cheerfully as I could. "Your wife will probably have to rest for some little time, and then she will be quite herself again. Shall I see her now, or would you like to prepare her for my visit?"

"No, I won't prepare her. She hates the most remote idea of seeing a doctor; and although, of course, you are an old friend, I doubt if I prepared her for your visit if she would admit you to her presence. No, you have your breakfast first, and then we'll go together to her room."

The waiter appeared at this moment with the coffee, a cold game pie, and other preparations for breakfast. He placed them on the table, looked round to see if everything was all right, and then withdrew, closing the door noiselessly behind him.

The moment my hasty meal was over Will put his hand through my arm and, walking towards the door, we crossed a wide landing and entered his wife's room. It was a large room, nearly as big as the drawing-room. There was a great, old-fashioned four-post bedstead occupying a considerable part of one wall. It was hung with dark red velvet, and looked unpleasant and funereal, as for some intangible reason these sort of bedsteads always do.

Mrs. Raymond was sitting up in bed. Her abundant tresses of soft, light hair were falling all over her shoulders—they curled naturally—and she was occupying herself winding one of the tendrils round and round her fingers, and stroking it with the other hand, when we entered the room. She looked up at her husband, and then I saw how greatly changed she was. All the pretty colour which had added to her beauty on her wedding-day had given place to a grey sort of pallor—her childish mouth was drawn, her lips looked thin and parched. Her eyes were intensely bright, lovely still in shape and colour, but unnatural and strained in expression.

Will smiled at her and spoke in a confident, hearty voice.

"Well, my darling," he said, "I have brought an old friend to see you—you will give Halifax a welcome, won't you, Maggie?"

She did not smile when her husband spoke; on the contrary, after giving him a

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"HER EYES WERE INTENSELY BRIGHT."

quick, flashing glance, she once more resumed her occupation of stroking her soft hair. Her attitude, her manner, her occupation belonged to childhood—I did not like the aspect of things at all.

Will cast a glance at me. I read despair in his eyes. He evidently thought his wife even worse than she was, but I had often seen the effect of shock on peculiar nervous temperaments, and although I was anything but pleased at the aspect of affairs, still I thought it likely that Mrs. Raymond would recover perfectly, if she were carefully attended to.

I went up to the bed, therefore, and spoke to her, just as if it were the most natural thing in the world that I should drop in to breakfast at the little inn in Llanmordaff.

I asked her several questions, none of them of a medical character, and presently she roused herself, looked at me attentively, and ceased to play with her hair. With both hands she pushed it back impatiently from her face, and let it fall in long, lovely waves of light over her shoulders. Forcing herself to give me an attentive glance, she spoke :—

"Why have you come?"

Before I could reply Will came up to her, and passed his big hand caressingly over her brow.

"Halifax has come to see you, Maggie, because you are not quite well."

"Yes, I am perfectly well," she retorted. "I wish you would not touch me, Will; I hate being touched." She pulled herself petulantly away.

"You have got a shock," I said. Will looked at me in despair, but I knew that in order to get to the bottom of her malady it was absolutely necessary to rouse her. "You were in a railway accident and you got a shock."

"I don't remember anything about it," she said. "Oh, no, I have not been in a railway accident—you make a mistake. Will was in one, but I was not there." She laughed lightly. Her laugh was terrible to hear.

Will walked across the room and stood by one of the windows.

"Go away, Will," said his wife. "I want to speak to Dr. Halifax alone."

He obeyed, closing the door gently after him.

When he had gone, the expression of her face altered, it became much more intelligent, but there was something intensely painful about it. The intelligence which now animated the eyes and filled the face was not of the gentle and gracious order which used to characterize pretty Margaret Travers. There was a sort of cunning about it, which allied it to that of the animal.

"Look here," she said, almost in a whisper. "I don't want Will to know it, but I have made a discovery."

"I would not keep things from my husband, Mrs. Raymond, if I were you," I answered. "Never mind your discovery, now. I want to ask you a few questions about your health."

"How strange of you," she replied. "I am perfectly well."

"If you were perfectly well you would not stay in bed."

"I like to stay in bed," she replied. "When I am up I am obliged to be with Will all day; now he goes for long walks, and I can be alone. The discovery which I have made, and which I wish to confide to you is this: I have broken my marriage vow!"

"What do you mean?" I said, starting back in momentary horror.

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"Yes," she replied, with a light laugh. "I said in church that I would love, honour, and obey Will. I don't love him; I don't honour him; and I don't mean to obey him."

She laughed again as she said this, gave me a fixed, long gaze, and looking towards the door said, in an eager voice:—

"You have always been a kind friend to me. You were very glad when I was engaged."

"Certainly I was," I replied, with some indignation. "Your husband is about the best fellow in the world."

"Oh, no," she replied. "He is not good at all."

I knew she was in no state to argue with, so I continued:—

"We won't discuss this subject just at present. You are not very well, and I am going to prescribe certain medicines for you. It is sometimes quite possible for people to be ill without being aware of it themselves. That is your case at the present moment. You are ill, and you must remain quiet, and you must take the necessary medicines which I am going to prescribe. If you are very good, and do exactly what I tell you, you will soon find all that now troubles and perplexes you vanish away, and you will be the happy girl who stood in church and promised to obey, to love, and honour the kindest of husbands."

There was something in my voice which seemed to rouse her. She tried to look at me steadily, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I don't want to feel as I do," she said, suddenly. "I should like to get back my old self; only I cannot, in the least, remember what it was like. My present self worries me, and yet I do not know why it should."

"Oh, it is quite accountable," I replied. "You are suffering from a sort of physical shock, which causes you to forget many things. Now keep perfectly quiet; I want to examine your heart."

I did so. I found the action of the heart decidedly weak and irregular. I then looked into my patient's eyes. The pupils were not working properly. Altogether her condition was the reverse of satisfactory. She was very weak, and there was not the least doubt that for the time the brain was affected.

I soothed and cheered her as well as I could, and then returned to her husband.

"Well," he said. "What do you think of her?"

"She is in a queer condition," I replied. "There is no use mincing matters, Will—just at present your wife is not accountable for her actions."

"You don't mean to tell me that she is out of her mind?" he asked, in a strained voice.

"I feel convinced," I replied, "that the present condition of things is only temporary. Mrs. Raymond will soon recover her mental equilibrium; at least, I fondly hope so. In the meantime we must have a nurse for her."

"We cannot get a nurse in these parts."

"Very well, I will telegraph to town and have one sent down immediately."

"No, I won't let you do that," replied Raymond. "Maggie is very peculiar and fastidious. She won't have *any* nurse. You must choose one in all particulars fitted to her case, and until she arrives, I am more than ready and willing to attend to her myself."

"No," I answered. "You cannot do that. In your wife's present condition your presence only excites her."

Will looked startled for a moment, and I saw gloom gathering on his brow.

"Very well," he said, after a pause. "I must not gainsay the doctor, but in any case I insist on your personally selecting Maggie's nurse."

"As you please," I answered. "I will stay with you until to-night; then if Mrs. Raymond continues to remain much as she is at present, and no fresh symptoms of a grave character appear, I must return to my patients in town; for many of them are in a critical condition. But I will promise to send you down the best and most suitable nurse I can possibly find, by the first train in the morning."

"Thanks," replied Raymond. He looked depressed, as well he might. He began to walk restlessly up and down in front of the fire.

"I wish you could stay yourself," he said, suddenly.

"So do I, my dear fellow; but that is impossible."

"If it is a case of money, I can make it worth your while," he continued.

I interrupted hastily.

"No," I answered, "money does not come into the question at all. I go, because I am absolutely wanted in town, and because I can do Mrs. Raymond no good—no good whatever—by remaining."

Raymond was silent. His rugged face looked old. His brow had heavy lines across it. He pushed his hair, already

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slightly grizzled, with an impatient movement, off his forehead.

"You don't know what Maggie is to me," he said, abruptly.

He sank into a chair as he spoke, and bent eagerly forward. His voice was full of nervous tension.

"You have known me for years," he continued. "You have known what I used to be before I met her. I was an inhospitable, selfish, egotistical hermit. I hated women, and I only tolerated men. I had an insane desire to shut myself away from the world. I am rich, but it never occurred to me to have to give an account of my stewardship. My agent looked after my property, and I did not care two pins whether my tenants lived or died, were happy or miserable. Then I met Margaret—Maggie, as I call her. She was different from other girls. Her refined, half shy, and yet bright face stole into my heart before I was aware. I fell in love with her, and immediately the world changed. We had a short engagement, and now we are married a week. During the days which followed our wedding, up to that fatal Thursday when the railway accident occurred, I tasted Paradise. I felt my whole moral nature growing and expanding. Oh, pshaw! why should I go on with this? The old cloud is on me again, and my wife—my wife! Halifax, old fellow, will my wife ever be better?"

"Assuredly," I replied, cheerfully. "I see nothing whatever to cause serious alarm. Mrs. Raymond has got a shock which, instead of producing ordinary concussion of the brain, has affected some of the higher centres in a somewhat unexpected manner. She will not, I fear, recover speedily, but that you will have her the old Maggie, in three months' time at the farthest, I feel convinced."

Raymond sighed heavily.

"Well, I must go to her now," he said. "She hates to have me in the room, and yet she must not be left alone."

"Yes, leave her alone," I replied. "I shall stay near her most of the day. I will endeavour to find someone, some nurse, even if not a trained one, to look after her for the night. You only weaken her tired-out nerve centres by going to her at present. Don't let her see you. I am giving you painful advice, I know, Raymond, but I am sure I am acting for the best."



"MAGGIE IS NOT SO BAD AS THAT."

"What in the world has she taken a dislike to me for?" answered the poor fellow, turning his head aside.

"Oh, that is very often the case. In brain conditions like hers, people are known to turn from their nearest and dearest."

"I have heard of it, in the insane. But, good God! Maggie is not so bad as that?"

"Her condition is temporary," I replied, as evasively as I could; "and now I should like to see the local doctor."

"I don't know anything about him."

"Well," I answered, "there is sure to be a medical man in the place. I had better see him and put Mrs. Raymond into his charge. I'll just go downstairs and inquire his name."

"One moment first, Halifax. Can I move her from this beastly hole?"

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"Certainly not," I replied. "You are fixed here for a week or a fortnight at the very least."

"You don't say so? We meant to go home on the Saturday of this week. We intended to finish our honeymoon at home. Unconventional, of course, but just what we wished for. The tenants were getting up no end of demonstrations. I have just received a letter from my steward, Berring."

"You must postpone everything for the present," I replied, and then I ran downstairs to get the address of the doctor. His name was Grey—he was a middle-aged man, and lived in a small side street not far away. I called, found him at home, and gave him full particulars with regard to Mrs. Raymond's case. I was not predisposed in his favour. He seemed narrow-minded and old-fashioned. It was necessary, however, that some medical man should take charge of my patient, and as Grey alone represented the faculty in this little, out-of-the-world town, I was forced to make the best of circumstances. I took him to see Mrs. Raymond; marked out very carefully a certain line of treatment, which he promised to adopt, and finally was able, through his assistance, to secure the services of a fairly capable nurse, who would remain with the patient until I could send down a professional nurse from town.

During the day that followed there was no change whatever in the condition of the young wife. She still sat up in bed, and played with her hair, and seemed feebly and childishly happy. She laughed with pleasure when she saw the nurse, clapped her hands as if she were a child of six, and whispered to her to be sure to keep Raymond out of the room. I shall never forget the expression on my poor friend's face when he witnessed this action; and when the nurse was forced to tell him what the poor girl had said, he turned away with a groan, and clutching my arm with his strong hand, said, half to himself:—

"It's all up, then. That dream of happiness is shattered."

He saw me into the train, and I returned to town much disturbed and more fearful as to the results than I cared to own.

I arrived in London at an early hour the next morning, and going straight to Hanover Square, saw the matron of the excellent establishment for trained nurses which is to be found there. I described the case, and chose a bright-looking young woman who I was sure had tact as well as experience. Making hasty arrangements that she should start at once, I wired what I had done to Will.

My own duties were sufficiently arduous to occupy every moment of my time and every atom of my thoughts during the rest of that day. I returned home, fagged out, at a late hour that evening, and had just desired my servant to bring up supper, of which I stood much in need, when, instead, he handed me a telegram on a salver.

"When did this come?" I asked, looking at it suspiciously, and my thoughts instantly darting away to poor Will Raymond and his unhappy little wife.

"The telegram came half an hour ago, sir," replied the servant.

I tore it open and uttered a groan. I was not prepared for the news which it contained.

"Mrs. Raymond died at three o'clock this afternoon.—Grey."

The pink slip of paper fluttered out of my hand, and I sat in an almost dazed condition for several minutes. I had not time, however, for any long meditation. There came a sharp peal to my front door, and another telegram was brought to me.

This was from Will. It contained the sort of news which I might have expected:—

"For God's sake, come to me, Halifax. Come to-night."

Alas, it was impossible for me to comply. I had a case to attend to which by no possibility could I depute to another. I telegraphed to Will telling him that I could not leave for Wales until the following evening, but that then nothing should hinder my joining him.

I have nothing special to say about the time which intervened. I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had pulled my patient through a severe illness, and, weary but thankful, I stepped into the midnight train which was to take me to Wales.

Once again I arrived there in the morning, but this time Grey was waiting for me on the platform. He came forward to meet me with much eagerness, shook my hand and looked into my face. His manner was disturbed, and his somewhat phlegmatic nature evidently stirred to its depths.

"I am more than glad you have come," he said. "Raymond is in a very queer way. I thought his wife insane before her death; I now think that unless something is immediately done for his relief, his brain will go."

"Nonsense, nonsense," I retorted. "Raymond has as steady a brain as any fellow I know."

But then I stopped abruptly. Certain peculiarities with regard to his past history occurred to me, and I was silent. Raymond

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"THE NEWS."

was undoubtedly my friend, but I knew nothing of the psychological history of his house. I made up my mind to treat the doctor's fears lightly, and proceeded in a steady and cheerful voice:—

"You must make full allowance for the terrible shock my poor friend has sustained."

"Yes, yes," said Grey; "of course, anyone would make allowance for grief and even violent distress, but the man's conduct is more than eccentric. Do you know what he has done?"

"No," I said. "What?"

"He is going to take that poor dead young woman home to Berkshire. I am given to understand that there were no end of demonstrations getting ready at his place for the return of the bride and bridegroom. He and Mrs. Raymond seem to have talked over this home-coming a good deal, and he says she shall cross the threshold of his house dead or living. He has given orders that a coffin is to be made for her out of some of the oak at Raymond Towers, and, in the meantime, she has been put into a hastly improvised shell, and the miserable funeral procession is to start from here at five o'clock to-morrow morning."

"So soon?" I inquired.

"Yes, there has been an awful hurry about everything. All arrangements are now, however, complete. Raymond has engaged a special train, and the line is to be cleared along the entire route; of course, at enormous expense. He has asked me to accompany him, but now that you have arrived, that will scarcely be necessary."

"Probably not," I answered.

We had by this time entered the house, and Grey took me upstairs to the wretched apology for a drawing-room where I had sat with Raymond a couple of days ago. He was not present; I looked around for him anxiously.

"He is in the room with his poor wife," said Grey, noticing my perturbed glance; "he spends almost all his time there. The worst place in the world for him, I should say, in his present state of nervous excitement."

"Well, I must go and find him," I said; "but before I do so I shall be glad if you will give me any particulars in your power with regard to Mrs. Raymond's last moments. When I left Llanmordaff two nights ago, I had not the slightest fears for the poor girl's life. I was anxious, of course, with regard to her state, but my anxiety pointed altogether to her mental condition. When did a change for the worst take place, and why was I not telegraphed for immediately?"

"There was no time. We none of us thought her dying until she was dead. I visited her twice the night you left, and found her quiet and inclined to sleep. She seemed to like the woman I had sent in to nurse her *pro tem.*, and asked her to sit by her and hold her hand. The following morning she was very quiet and still sleeping. I visited her at about ten o'clock, took her temperature, which was normal, and felt her pulse. It was slow and fairly regular. I noticed, how-

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ever, a very grey hue over her face, and wondered what her complexion was in health."

"She had a bright complexion," I answered, hastily.

"Well, she looked grey, but there were no other symptoms to indicate any danger, and I thought her desire for sleep a good sign, and begged of the nurse to encourage it as much as possible. I spoke to Raymond hopefully, poor fellow, and promised to call again at noon.

"I was hindered coming until nearly one o'clock. I then saw her again; she was asleep, breathing easily and with a happy smile on her face. About a quarter past three, I was just about to leave my house to see a patient at a little distance, when the woman I had engaged as nurse rushed in frantically and informed me, with a burst of tears, that Mrs. Raymond was dead.

"'She died in her sleep,' said the woman, 'without never a sigh or a groan. She just stopped breathing, that was all.'

"I went over at once to the hotel to see her, but Raymond had locked the door and would not allow anyone into the room. I even tried to force an entrance, but he did not listen to me or reply to my repeated knocks. I heard him muttering and moaning to himself, and in a couple of hours he came out of the room with a wild expression in his eyes. The moment he saw me he told me I was a 'confounded fool,' and used some more strong expressions which I do not care to repeat. I asked to see the dead woman. With a great oath he swore that not a soul should look at her now again except himself."

"Then you did not see her after death?" I interrupted.

"No—there was no use in worrying the poor fellow."

"And now she is in her coffin?" I continued.

"Yes, fastened up: all ready for her last long journey."

I said nothing further, and in a few moments was in Will's presence.

I must draw a veil over the scene which followed. Will's excitement was all too real. He could not keep still for a moment. His eyes were bright and glassy, his hair unkempt; he had not shaved for a day or two. The moment he saw me he poured out a volley of eager words. Then he burst into the most heartrending groans I had ever listened to. The next moment his manner altered: he laughed and told me with an awful kind of glee of the arrangements he had made for the funeral.

"I have ordered them to light bonfires," he exclaimed. "Just the same as if Maggie were alive. We have often talked of those bonfires, and nothing pleased her more than to hear of the reception we should receive on our home-coming. She shall have her coming-home all the same, Halifax. I myself will help to bear her across the threshold of her house and mine. She shall sleep for at least one night under its roof before she goes to join the other wives of our house in the family vault. That will please her—yes, that will please her, poor darling."



"A WILD EXPRESSION IN HIS EYES."

"But she won't know anything about it," I replied.

Will fixed me with his bright eyes.

"How can you tell?" he retorted. "Do you think her spirit has gone far from mine? No, no; you won't get me to believe that. We are twin spirits, and it is impossible to part us. There was a cloud over the sweet soul during the last few days of her life; but Death has lifted it, she is mine again now."

He paused abruptly here, locked his hands together tightly and gazed into the fire as if he were looking at something. After a pause he said, with another laugh:

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"I have an impression, Halifax, that in the future a spirit will haunt Raymond Towers. Nothing will induce Maggie to stay in her grave when I am living close to her. Do you believe in ghosts?"

I retorted briefly. There was nothing whatever for it but to soothe the poor fellow. If he were not insane at present, he was evidently on the borderland.

When he became a little more reasonable I tried to show him how more than absurd his different arrangements were.

"You think you are showing respect for your poor wife's memory by all this sort of thing," I said. "But you are greatly mistaken—people will pity her and think that grief for her loss has turned your brain."

"It has not done that," he said, with a sort of jerk of his shoulders. "I am all right as far as my brain is concerned, and if you think, Halifax, that I care *that*"—snapping his fingers with a loud click as he spoke—"for what anyone thinks of me, you are finely mistaken. Maggie is dead, but her spirit lives. All the future of my life will be devoted to pleasing that poor wandering ghost, until—until I meet her and clasp her again."

There was an exalted sort of look about his face. I saw it was hopeless to argue with him. There was nothing whatever for it but to humour him and let this ghastly travesty of woe take its course.

Once again that night I saw Grey. He was sitting in the drawing-room of the inn, filling in the death certificate.

The usual details were rapidly entered, but when he came to the clause which obliged him to certify the fact of death having taken place, he had recourse to words provided in the certificate for medical men who had not seen the dead body.

"I regret beyond words," I said, "that you did not see Mrs. Raymond after death. You are unable to state as an eye-witness that you saw her. For my part I should be glad to see the present law altered. I would make it compulsory that no doctor should sign a death certificate without having first seen the dead body."

"That would be well in most cases," answered Grey, "but there are exceptions, and legitimate ones, as in this case. You may remember that I *did* express a wish to see the body, but was prevented by Mr. Raymond's extraordinary behaviour."

"Well, it cannot be helped now," I said. "Poor Mrs. Raymond undoubtedly died from syncope or shock—the said syncope or shock was caused by the railway accident which occurred a few days ago. Were this known a coroner's inquest would have been necessary. We must be careful to say nothing about it, however, for it would give her husband intense pain, which is for every reason to be avoided."

"Certainly," said Grey.

"By the way," I asked, "did the nurse, who must have arrived from London yesterday morning, see the body?"

"No; Raymond would not allow her near the room. Of course, Mrs. McAllister, the nurse from here, was obliged to perform the last duties to the dead, and the undertaker's men had to measure her for the coffin, or rather shell; but no one else has seen her, Halifax, except her wretched husband. I am told that he put her into the coffin himself and screwed the lid down with his own hands."

I turned away. I had nothing further to add, and soon afterwards retired to my room.

I had scarcely dropped asleep, or so it seemed to me, before I was awakened by strange sounds in the room next to my own. I started and listened attentively. I suddenly remembered that Mrs. Raymond was lying in her coffin in this room.

Pretty, bright Maggie Raymond! I recalled her face as it was when I first saw it. A more innocent and a happier face it would have been difficult to find, but even then I was attracted by something peculiar in her eyes—they were beautiful; but it was not their beauty which arrested my professional interest. Two days ago I saw her for the last time—she sat up in bed and played with her soft hair. Then the mystery which dwelt in her lovely eyes was solved. It was latent insanity which gave her that peculiar expression. This insanity had been rudely awakened into active life by the shock of the railway accident.

Well, now, all was over. A short life had come to an abrupt termination. There was no use worrying about Maggie—she had gone to join the majority. Nothing of life could affect her again. My real anxiety now, my real regret, was for poor Raymond. Through the long hours of the night I heard him walking up and down the room which contained his wife's coffin. Now and then I heard his groans, and once, good God! I listened to his laughter. That laugh sent a thrill of horror through me. Was his case similar to his wife's? Was he, too, fast becoming insane? I turned over in my mind several plans for helping him, and in the midst of my meditations fell asleep again.

At a very early hour we were all stirring,

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and at five o'clock on this winter's morning, in the midst of drizzling rain and fog, we steamed slowly out of the little station, carrying all that was mortal of poor Mrs. Raymond back to her husband's home.

I do not think in my whole life I ever experienced anything longer or more utterly dreary than this journey. We had a saloon carriage to ourselves, in one corner of which the coffin was placed.

I was glad to find that the excitement which had rendered Raymond's conduct so strange the night before was now greatly subdued. He was very quiet, scarcely speaking a word, but now and then laying his big hand with a caressing movement on the lid of the coffin, and now and then looking out of the window and smiling.

I did not like the smile, nor the sort of satisfied expression on his face. Had he been plunged in the deepest woe, I could have understood him. He looked almost happy, however. I saw plainly that he was as much in a world apart from mine as was the dead woman who lay in her coffin.

I wondered how all this was going to end, and my fears with regard to Raymond's mental condition were considerable.

The longest journeys come at last to an end, however, and in the darkness of evening we arrived at a little wayside station three miles distant from Raymond Towers.

Here the station-master and several gentlemen from the neighbourhood met us. They were all dressed in mourning, and I saw that this fact roused poor Raymond's indignation at once.

"I don't want this to be a mournful procession," he said, in a testy tone, to a neighbour who came and with deep feeling shook the poor fellow by the hand. "I am not conventional, and I don't wish anything conventional to be done. Where is my steward? Where is Berring?"

"Here, sir," answered the man, taking off his hat.

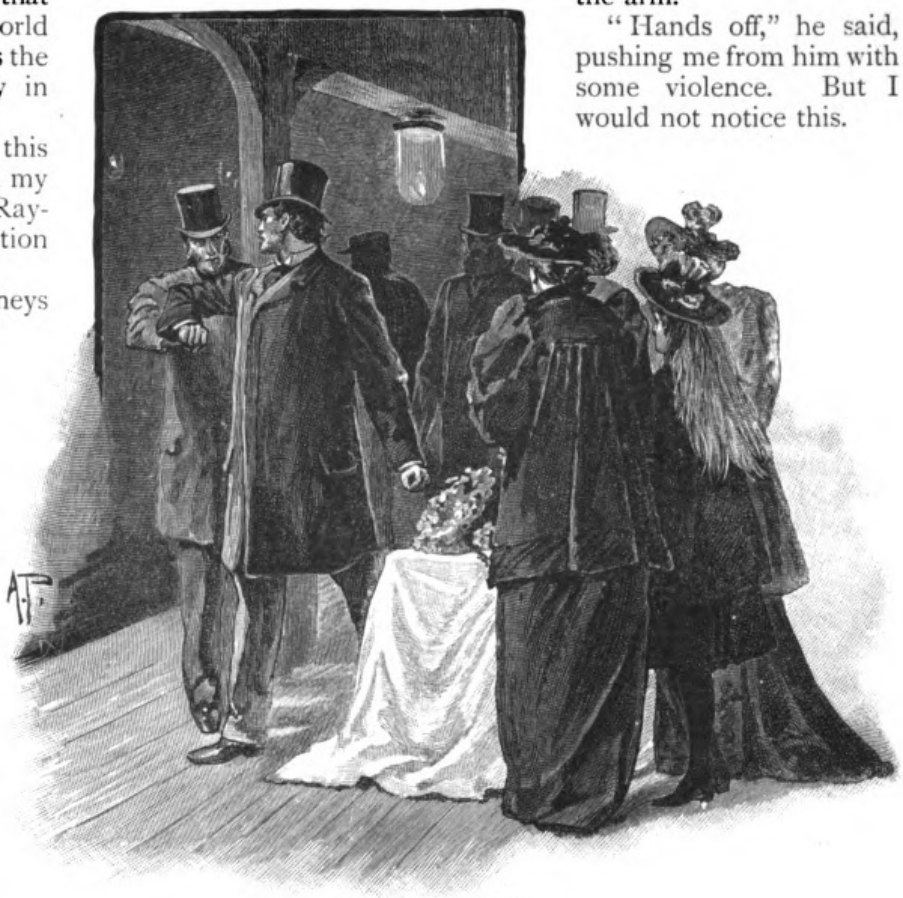
"Berring, have you attended to all my orders—bonfires, and all that sort of thing?"

Berring muttered something which no one could quite distinguish. There was a bustle on the platform owing to the removal of the coffin, which was placed on a bier covered with a white velvet cloth. At this moment a touching thing happened—six young girls came forward and laid wreaths of white flowers on the coffin. They were daughters of neighbouring squires. This token of respect touched Raymond, who went up and shook hands with one of them, and fortunately forgot to ask anything more about the bonfires.

I saw the gentlemen who had come to meet him and to offer their hearty sympathy and condolences looking at one another in a very significant manner, and I also saw that the moment had come for me to interfere.

I went up and took my friend firmly by the arm.

"Hands off," he said, pushing me from him with some violence. But I would not notice this.



"HANDS OFF!"

"Come," I said, "your carriage is waiting. Don't make yourself remarkable, I beg of you, Raymond. I am going with you in the carriage. See, they are already moving forward with——"

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"My wife—my bride!" said Raymond. "How often we talked of this home-coming! Halifax, my dear fellow, I feel dazed. What has come to me?"

"You are tired and worn out," I answered, soothingly. "Come." I took his arm, and he entered the brougham, which was waiting for him, without another word. I shall never forget that journey. The slow pace of the mourning carriages, the solemn look of the hearse on in front. It was a moon-lit and fine night, and the whole ghastly procession was, I could see, viewed the entire way by lines of spectators. Fortunately there were no bonfires, and more fortunately still, Raymond never noticed the fact.

We entered the winding and splendid avenue which led to the Towers, and after a time drew up at the principal entrance, in the centre of the pile of buildings.

"This door is never opened except for a bridal, a funeral, or a christening," said Raymond, in a light tone. "Heigh-ho!" he continued, "what a home-coming for the bonny bride."

He sprang out of the carriage and went up to the hearse. The bearers came forward to lift the coffin out. He pushed two of them roughly aside, and himself helped to carry his dead wife across the threshold of her home.

The coffin was placed on a raised daïs in the great central hall. This daïs was completely covered with flowers. Raymond, having helped to put the coffin in its place, turned round, and began to make a speech to the assembled visitors. Fortunately, this ghastly performance was more than he had strength for. He suddenly gave way, covered his face with his big hands, and rushed from the scene.

I immediately asked the friendly neighbours to leave us.

They did so, evidently in the greatest consternation, and I felt a slight sense of satisfaction as I closed the wide doors on the last of them.

An old, white-headed butler was standing in the hall.

His face was perfectly scared.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "May I ask, sir, if you're a doctor?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Can you tell me what's the matter with my poor master?"

"He is out of his mind for the time being," I answered, promptly.

"Then God help us all," replied the man.

"What is your name?" I inquired of him.

"Jasper, sir. I have served the family for close on thirty years. I was in the house when Mr. William was born. He was never quite like other lads, more shy like and morose a bit—but, oh, the change in him when he got engaged to Miss Travers! Oh, dear, oh, dear, why did she die, poor young lady?"

"It was very sudden," I replied. "I will tell you about it later on. I don't mind saying now that your master's condition fills me with anxiety, but the best thing all the rest of us can do is to keep our heads. What is the name of the steward?"

"Berring, Mr. Berring."

"I will see him by-and-by. Have all preparations been made for the funeral ceremony to-morrow?"

"I believe so, doctor—the oak coffin was sent in to-day."

"Tell Mr. Berring that I want to see him before he leaves for the night."

"He will sleep here to-night, sir."

"That is good," I replied. "I am going to your master now. Bring food and wine to the study, and be in readiness to come to me, should I ring."

"Yes, doctor."

The man retired, casting a pitying glance on the white coffin, which was now almost covered with flowers.

I looked at it, too, and could not help uttering a sigh as I thought of all the tragedy which it contained. I then went to find my poor friend. He was sitting in his study, warming his hands by a blazing fire. He had quite recovered from his temporary breakdown, and once again I saw that awful smile hovering round his lips.

"Come in," he said to me when he saw me at the door; "not that we want you—we are very happy here together; I knew that we should be."

I had no need to ask what he meant. I knew too well that this was a further development of his insanity. He thought, poor fellow, that his wife was really bearing him company. After a moment's hesitation, I determined to speak in a cheerful tone.

"Come, come," I said, "even though you are happy you must not turn out an old friend." I drew a chair forward as I spoke.

A frown crept over his face.

"She goes away when you come in," he said. "I wish you would leave us."

"I will presently," I answered. "I want some supper, and so do you. Ah, and here it comes. Lay it on that table, please, Jasper; thanks, that will do nicely."

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The man withdrew noiselessly. I went to the table and insisted on Raymond's eating. I was relieved to find that he was hungry, and ate a good meal. I noticed that as he ate his face became less exalted and more natural in expression.

"She's dead," he said, suddenly. "I can't quite realize it."

"Have a glass of sherry," I interrupted.

He took it from my hand and tossed it off.

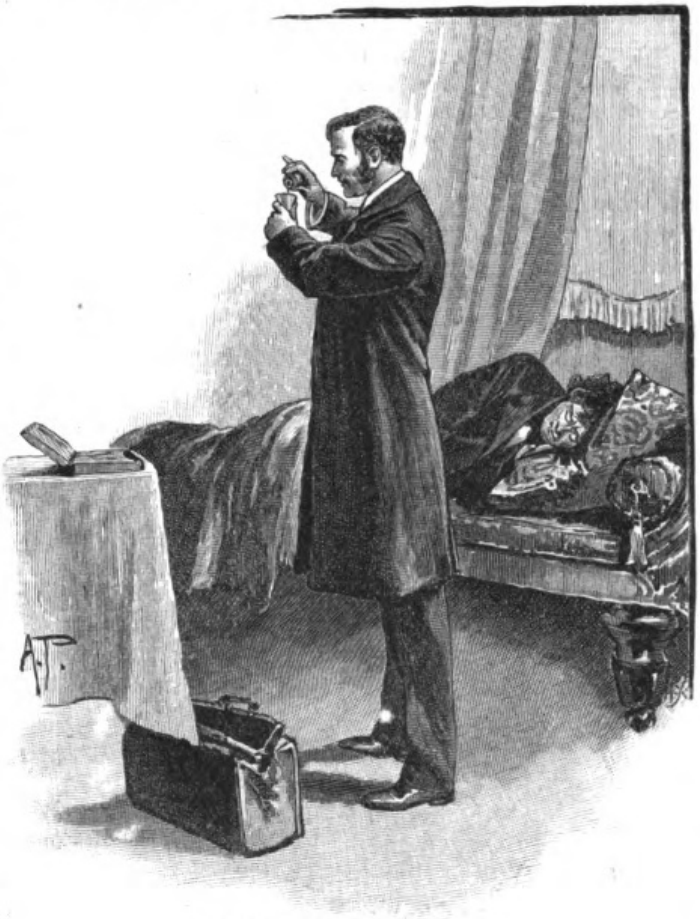
"She's dead," he continued, "although her spirit has come to me, as I knew it would. Hers was the first dead body I ever saw. She looked beautiful in her last sleep."

"I am sure she did," I answered. "I should like to have seen her."

"I always thought that dead people were cold," he continued; "but she was warm—after death she was very warm. The next day she was cold, but not icy—not as books describe the dead."

"She died suddenly and was young," I answered. "Sometimes chemical changes account for warmth after death. Now, Raymond, I am going to see you to your room; you must go to bed at once."

"No, I shall stay here."



"I MIXED A CERTAIN DRAUGHT.

"Just as you please," I answered. "There is a sofa here, a comfortable one. You must lie down and go to sleep."

"My dear fellow," he answered, "I have not slept since Maggie died."

"You will to-night, for I am going to give you a sleeping draught."

"I don't think I'll take it. Should she visit me again, she would think my conduct heartless."

"No, she won't—she sleeps well, and so must you. Come, lie down. You need not even undress; all I want you to do is to rest." He was a bigger man than I, but I forced him to obey me. He lay down obediently on the sofa. I put a rug over him, and then going to my bag which lay on the floor, I took out a small medicine chest, mixed a certain draught, and gave it to him. In five minutes he was soundly asleep, and I could leave the room.

Berring was waiting to speak to me. Old Jasper hovered about in the passages. Berring assured me that all was ready for the morrow's ceremony. I said I wished it to be as quiet as possible, and to take place early in the day. Berring said this should be done, and proposed that Mr. Herbert, the vicar, who was to officiate, should come and see me that evening.

"I will see him to-morrow," I said. "It is too late now."

Then the men began to question me with regard to Raymond. "Was he really insane? Had Mrs. Raymond gone out of her mind before she died?"

"I am sorry that I am unable to answer you," I replied. "Mrs. Raymond died from the effects of shock, caused by a railway accident, and her husband's mind is at present in a very disturbed condition. If great care is exercised, however, and he is spared all undue excitement, I trust soon to see an improvement in him. I am now going to sit in his room, and will wish you good-night."

The men retired, and I went softly back to the shaded study, and sat down in a chair by the fire. Raymond was sound asleep. I knew that by his tranquil and regular breathing. I also thought it extremely unlikely that he would wake before the morning. The

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bromidia I had given him would produce deeper and deeper slumber as the hours went by. There was a possibility also that he might awake calm, self-possessed, and in his right mind once more.

I sat on by the fire, and my thoughts wandered back to the tragic events of the last few days. The house was intensely quiet, but a bright light burnt in the hall, where the coffin on its daïs of flowers lay, the central object of attraction. There lay the bride, and here was I taking care of the bridegroom.

All of a sudden I felt an intense desire to look once again on the face of the dead girl. I felt almost a sense of shock as this wish came over me. Why should I disturb the peaceful dead? Why not respect poor Raymond's desire that no eyes should look on his wife after death but his? I banished the thought almost as soon as it came, but not effectually, for it returned again, again, and yet again. Then, to add force to my wish, I recalled Raymond's words.

"After death she was warm—she grew cold later on, but was never icy."

"Good God!" I said to myself, springing to my feet in my agitation, "and no medical man, not even a professional nurse, saw this poor soul after death. No one expected her death. When I saw her last she was hysterical, nervous, over-wrought.

"There was no doubt that she was either partly or wholly insane. She was suffering from shock, and shock might lead to—to—to *catalepsy!* How do I know that she is dead? I will not rest until I find out for myself whether the spirit has really left this body." I felt painfully excited; but with the excitement came also an accompanying coolness and steadiness of nerve.

"What an ass Grey was not to see Mrs. Raymond," I said to myself. "Certainly death certificates ought to be altered—no medical man ought to be allowed to give one unless he has first seen the body, and testified with his own eyes to the presence of death. In this case, no one capable of judging saw that poor girl. Her husband lost his self-control—his mind was overbalanced—he became possessed with a desire, which was absolute insanity, to bring her here without a moment's delay. She was put into her coffin far too soon. Why did not I see her when I arrived at Llanmordaff late yesterday evening? God grant she has not died from suffocation. Anyhow, there is no peace for me until I solve this question."

I went softly into the hall and, ringing a bell, summoned Jasper on the scene.

For every reason it was well I should have a witness of my actions, and also someone to render me assistance if necessary. I much wondered, however, if the old man had nerve to witness my performance. Thank God, at least Raymond was sleeping. Suppose, however, that he awakened suddenly, that he came into the hall? I turned my mind resolutely from this contingency. Jasper was standing before me with the scared look still very manifest on his white old face. For some reason I preferred his assistance to that of Berring, the steward.

"Fetch me a screw-driver," I said, when the old man appeared. I spoke as sharply and incisively as I could. "Be quick about it," I continued, "don't make any noise."

Jasper pottered away in some bewilderment. He returned with the necessary instrument in the course of a few minutes.

"Now," I said, "I want you to do something for me."

"Certainly, doctor."

"I want you, whatever happens, to keep your nerve. I am anxious, for reasons which I need not explain to you, to open the coffin."

"Good Lord!" cried the man, falling back.

"Keep quiet," I said, sternly; "you can control yourself if you wish. I intend to open the shell in which Mrs. Raymond has been placed. It so happens that no medical man has seen her since her death. This, in my opinion, ought never to be allowed—there are cases on record where inexperienced people have mistaken a disease called catalepsy for actual death. In order to satisfy my own mind, I mean now to look at the body. In case, however—as, alas, is most probable—Mrs. Raymond is really dead, I do not wish your master to know anything of this, either now or at any time in the future. Can I trust you with so grave a secret?"

"You can, doctor, you can."

"Thank you," I answered. "I felt sure that your courage would rise to the occasion. Remember, too, that I am your master's friend as well as his medical adviser."

"Be you Dr. Halifax, sir?"

"Yes."

A look of relief passed over the man's face.

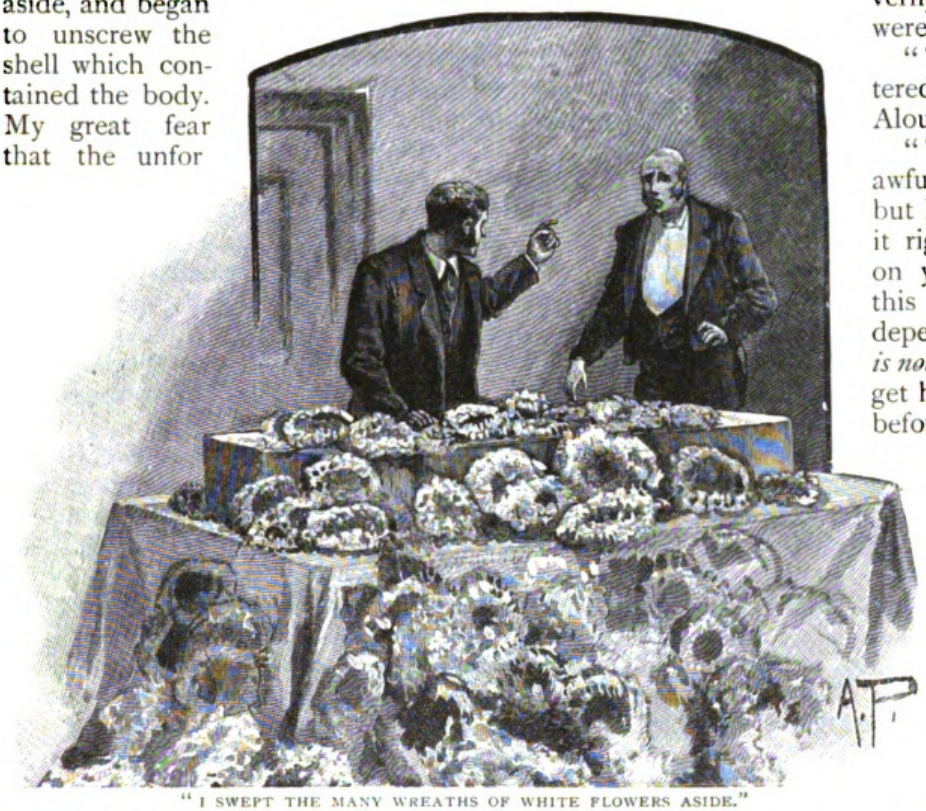
"That's all right, then," he said. "We all know what Mr. Raymond thinks of you, sir. I'll do anything you want me to do, Dr. Halifax, only it isn't necessary for me to see the poor missus too, sir?"

"Certainly not. I wish you to stand by that study door with your hand on the key,

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The moment you hear the least movement within, turn the key quietly in the lock. That is all. Whatever happens, under no emergency are you to utter a sound. Now this will be quickly over, and you can turn your back on me if you like."

I swept the many wreaths of white flowers aside, and began to unscrew the shell which contained the body. My great fear that the unfortunate girl might have been suffocated in her coffin was immediately relieved by the fact that the badly and hastily made shell was anything but air-proof — the lid did not fit — and although the white velvet covering gave the coffin a fairly respectable appearance, it was evidently the work of an unaccustomed hand. I quickly unscrewed it, and, lifting the lid, looked down at the fair face of the dead. Mrs. Raymond looked beautiful in her last sleep. Her hands were folded in conventional fashion on her breast—her head drooped slightly to one side, her lips were parted, and there was a faint, a very faint, tinge of colour on her cheeks. I eagerly seized one of the hands, and felt for the pulse in the wrist. After a long time I fancied that I distinguished a throb. The hands were limp. There was no rigidity apparent anywhere.



"I SWEPT THE MANY WREATHS OF WHITE FLOWERS ASIDE."

"Merciful heavens!" I exclaimed, under my breath. "How could any but a madman have thought this sleeping girl dead?"

I took some strong smelling salts out of my pocket, and applied them to the nostrils. There was a very faint movement. That was enough.

"Jasper," I said, speaking as steadily as I could, "come here."

The man obeyed, shuddering and faltering. I went up to him and took his hands. I verily believe that tears were dimming my eyes.

"Thank God," I muttered under my breath. Aloud I said:—

"There has been an awful mistake made—but I am in time to put it right. Now, Jasper, on your self-control at this moment everything depends. Mrs. Raymond *is not dead;* but we must get her out of her coffin before she comes to consciousness, or the shock may really kill her."

The poor old man turned so white that I thought he would fall. I held the smelling salts to his nose.

"Keep up," I said, "if you love your master. Think and wonder afterwards as much as you like. Just obey me now. Tell me, is there a bedroom quite ready to receive Mrs. Raymond?"

"Yes, sir; the room that has been newly got ready for my master and his bride. It is all fully prepared, fire burning there, and everything."

"Is it a cheerful room?"

"Beautiful, doctor; furnished new by Liberty."

"That's all right. Is there a woman of any kind in this house?"

"Of course, Dr. Halifax."

"A woman with a head on her shoulders, I mean—someone who can act promptly and show self-control?"

"There's Mrs. Adams, the housekeeper. Shall I fetch her?"

"If you think she won't scream. If you think she will behave just as admirably as you are doing at the present moment, she can go into the bedroom and get it ready. Go to her as quickly as you can, Jasper, and bring me down a hot blanket. Now, be quick. We have not an instant to lose."

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My nerve inspired the old man. He rushed away eagerly, and I hovered in a fever of impatience between the study door and the open coffin. All would be lost, indeed, if Raymond awoke now. He did not stir, however, and I owned to myself that my fears made me unduly anxious.

After a time, which seemed an eternity, Jasper returned with the blanket.

I wrapped it tenderly round the sleeping girl's slender form, lifted her in my arms, and carried her upstairs. She was placed in a warm bed, restoratives of different kinds were immediately applied, and in about a quarter of an hour she opened her eyes and smiled at me.

She recognised me immediately, and asked where she was.

"In bed," I said. "You are going to have this cup of beef-tea, and then you are to have another sleep. You have been ill, but are much better."

"I don't remember anything," she said, in a drowsy tone; "but I want Will. Where is he?"

"He shall come to you very soon; now go to sleep."

I sat by her until she fell into a gentle, natural slumber, then, motioning Mrs. Adams to take my place by her side, I went downstairs.

Jasper and Berring, whom he had summoned, were both standing by the open coffin. Both men looked dazed, as well they might. Jasper rubbed his hand several times across his eyes.

"Now, look here," I said to them both. "You are immediately to get rid of all that. Every trace of it must be taken away, flowers and all, and the hall restored to its normal condition. Do you hear me? This *must* be done before Mr. Raymond awakes, and what is more, as you value your master's life and reason, you two men are never to mention the subject of this night to him, or to anyone else in the place. I myself will see Mr. Herbert, the clergyman, in the morning, and you, Berring, can go round and stop all funeral proceedings immediately."

The men promised to do everything that I wished, and I spent the rest of the night between the two rooms where the husband and wife each slept unconscious of the other.

The grey dawn was breaking when Will opened his eyes. He stretched himself at first, looked round him drowsily, and stared at me in some astonishment.

"Why, Halifax, old man," he began.

Then memory returned to him. The poor fellow turned ghastly pale, and put his hand to his brow.

"I forgot for a moment," he began.

"What did you forget?" I answered, cheerfully. "Come up to your wife. She is rather tired after her journey, but is awake now, and has been asking for you incessantly for over an hour."

"But, Halifax, you forget—you must have taken leave of your senses—Maggie is dead—this is the day of her funeral."

"That is not the case," I answered, speaking on purpose in as matter-of-fact a tone as possible. "The state of things is this: Mrs. Raymond's death was assumed far too quickly. You behaved in a very extraordinary way when you allowed no doctor to see her. As matters turned out, she was only having a long sleep. I opened her coffin last night—(for goodness' sake, keep quiet, man—don't excite yourself—it is all right)—I opened her coffin, and found that she was beginning to awake. She is now in bed, doing well, taking nourishment, and asking for you."

Poor Raymond's face was a picture—he staggered for a moment, clutching my shoulder with a grip of iron, but presently he recovered himself. The news was too good not to restore his mental equilibrium.

"Now, look here," I said, "you are all right, and joy need never kill anyone; but remember that your wife knows nothing of this, and if you wish her to keep her reason, *she must never know*. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, yes, of course I do. But I am stunned. I can't take the thing in. Has my wife really got her reason back?"

"Perfectly."

"Then she doesn't dislike me now?"

"Good heavens, no—she's longing for you to go to her."

"My God, how can I thank Thee?" said poor Raymond. "Halifax, old man, let me pass."

"You are not to go to your wife in that state. Have a bath and a shave, change your things—go quietly into the room, sit by her side and talk commonplaces. There is not the least hurry. She is very calm at the present moment, and you must on no account excite her."

"I'll do anything in the world you tell me, Halifax—*how can I thank you?*"

"By doing what I say."

These things happened two years ago. Raymond and his wife are the happiest people of my acquaintance. Neither of them have shown a trace of insanity from that day to this, and Mrs. Raymond never knows, nor will, I think, anyone ever tell her, how she came home as a bride to Raymond Towers.

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A Chapter on Ears.

(Concluded from last month.)

HERE are photographs of the ears of several famous ladies. Now the aurognomist, no less than the physiognomist, has one awkward obstacle to his theories. It is this. If a long feature, a short feature, a broad or a thick feature indicates a great quality or virtue of the mind, then is genius and goodness a deformity—that is, of course, if we begin by the assumption that physical and mental traits go hand in hand. For in a face, a hand, or a body of perfect proportion nothing is long, short, broad, narrow, thick or thin, but everything of the just and normal size. Perhaps we may take it, however, that any quality, good or bad, outbalancing the others, will be marked by a corresponding outbalancing of a physical feature. This will justify the physiognomist and will not offend the regularly and duly proportioned person; for of them it may then be assumed that all the impulses are in perfect balance, as is proper in sane and normal humanity. The ear of the Princess of Wales, it will be observed, small in itself, is of exact and elegant proportion in its various parts. Here is no thin helix and no abnormally large or small anti-helix; also, the cavity of the concha is of medium shape and depth. From this ear, then, may be drawn all the favourable conclusions possible in a case of exact symmetry. Another ear of small and good shape is that of Miss Ellen Terry. Here, too, the helix is neither thin nor thick, and the anti-helix neither prominent nor the reverse. The lobe is slightly fuller than in the previous case, and the tragus is flatter; also the depression in the upper part of the anti-helix is less distinct—being, in fact, almost absent. The hollow of the concha is as nearly as possible identical in shape and size.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S EAR.

In Madame Antoinette Sterling's ear a similarity is noticeable, as far as the size and depth of the concha are concerned, to that of M. Paderewski. Here, then, we have the cases of two eminent practitioners of musical art whose perception of music would seem to be to some degree indicated by depth and capacity in the concha; this, too, apparently in direct conflict with the theory, so strikingly exemplified in the case of Mozart (see the illustration published last month), that a small and shallow concha indicates, nay, even causes, a delicate perception of sound. Whether or not a different quality of perception is to be expected in composer and executant, is another question. But in this matter the ears of two famous executants (M. Jean de Reszké and Mr. Edward Lloyd) contradict each other flatly, as presently we shall see. The only other noticeable features in Madame Sterling's ear are the thin, intellectual helix and the short, compact feminine lobe. In the case of the Marchioness of Londonderry, we may observe an ear most strongly marked in its



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S EAR.



MME. ANTOINETTE STERLING'S EAR



MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY'S EAR.

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MISS WINIFRED EMERY'S EAR.

various features and yet, at the same time, extremely small and feminine in size and shape. The anti-helix, in its lower part, stands out almost to the extent noticeable in the cases of many men of great genius.

Miss Winifred Emery's ear is a characteristic and excellent example. The thin helix, denoting talent and intellectuality, is conjoined with the anti-helix, prominent in its lower part, carrying cognate indications, while the entire ear retains its feminine shape. One striking characteristic it has in common with Sir Frederick Leighton's ear, placed by it for comparison. That is the sharpness of the angle formed by the bend of the helix at the top. Whether or not this conformation bears any relation to the artistic temperament is not altogether clear, although the likeness in the two cases is striking. A somewhat similarly sharp angle is observable in the ear of Mr. Edward Lloyd.



MR. BURNE JONES'S EAR.

Mr. Burne Jones's ear would seem, in its small concha, to tell of a sensitive musical appreciation. Otherwise the ear is only noticeable as being of refined normal proportions.

The ears of M. Jean de Reszké and Mr. Edward Lloyd present a most noticeable contrast already referred to. The deep and wide concha of the one and the extremely small and shallow corresponding part of the other strike the eye at once. Otherwise there is nothing unusual about either ear, except, perhaps, the strong, even breadth of the helix.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S EAR.

Lord Randolph Churchill's is a typical ear of a strongly intellectual cast. The lobe is small, almost to absence, and the helix is of extreme thinness. The anti-helix, too, prominent in its narrowest part—just as is so observable in the ears of Cardinal Manning, Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, John Stuart Mill (see last number), Sir Frederick Leighton, and (in particular) the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon. This prominence of the lower anti-helix is indeed the chief characteristic of Mr. Spurgeon's ear; in other respects a strong, normal specimen.

Mr. Justin McCarthy exhibits what may be called, after the Mozart example, a "good ear for music." The concha is small and shallow. The helix is delicate and regular, and the lobe small. It will be seen that this and the five succeeding examples are ears of novelists. Novel-readers may here trace out, if they will, the varying features of these. As may be expected, a very great contrast is ob-



M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ'S EAR.



MR. EDWARD LLOYD'S EAR.



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S EAR.

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servable between the ear of "Ouida" and that of the grand old man of literature, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Here, for once, the lady's ear has a larger lobe than the gentleman's. The narrowness and prominence of the anti-helix, most uncommonly carried right across the top of the lobe, is the striking feature in the case of Miss La Ramée, and the breadth and shortness of the same part in that of Dr. Holmes. Mr. Thomas Hardy's is a well rounded, clear cut ear, of moderately thin helix and small lobe; the anti-helix is prominent at the lower part. Mr. J. M. Barrie's and Mr. Clark Russell's present a curious contrast in the matter of the angle of the helix-curve already referred to in the cases of Miss Emery and Sir Frederick Leighton. Mr. Clark Russell has the sharp angle which also characterizes those mentioned, while in Mr. Barrie's case the angle is completely absent, the top of the ear presenting a square line. What is specially bucolic, what Scotch, and what maritime respectively in these last three ears, aurognomy is not yet in a sufficiently advanced state to determine. But it may be observed that the largest lobe is Mr. Barrie's and the smallest Mr. Clark Russell's. Also it may respectfully be wondered whether or not the illustrious ears we have spoken of are burning at this moment.



THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S EAR



MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY'S EAR.



MR. THOMAS HARDY'S EAR.



MR. J. M. BARRIE'S EAR.



"OUIDA'S" EAR.



DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S EAR.



MR. CLARK RUSSELL'S EAR.

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Beauties :—Children.



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Illustrated Interviews.

XXVIII.—SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART., C.B.



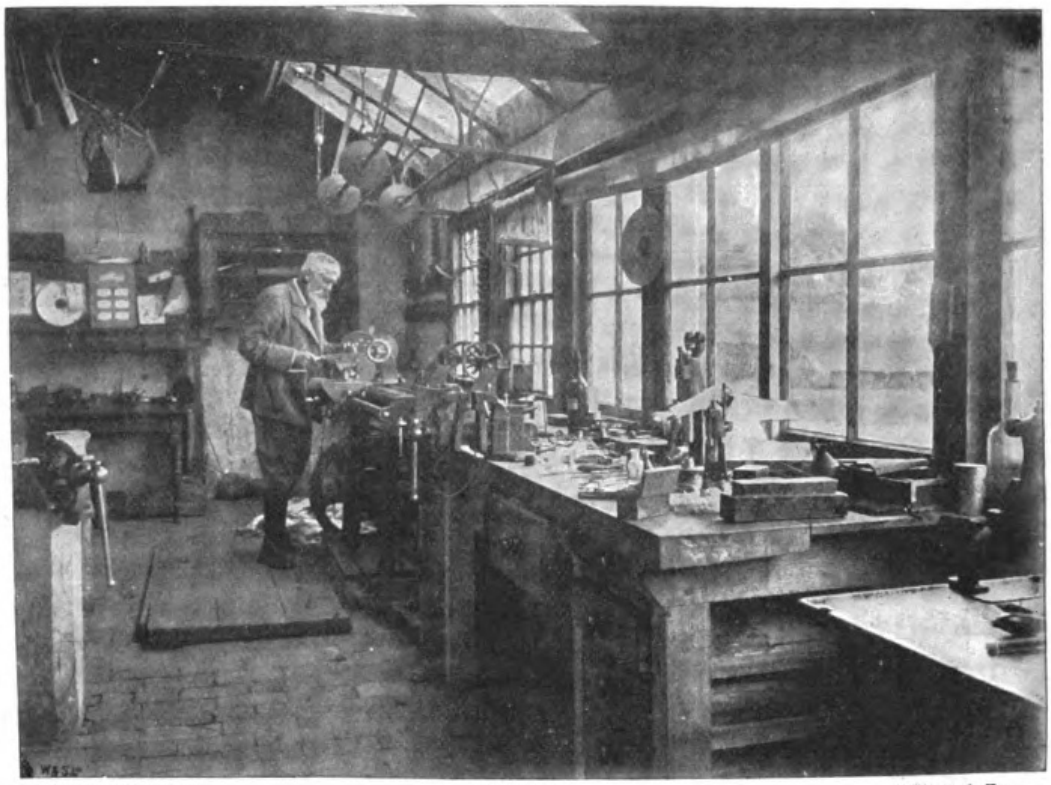
From a Photo. by] WISTOW HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

WISTOW HALL stands in one of the most picturesque parts of Leicestershire. One corner of it seems in a dell, another provides a glorious view of the country, whilst from a further side you catch sight of the ivy-clothed church and the pool with its tall flags, which shiver in the wind and serve for cover to the coots and water-hens, while the rooks and their near relations, the jackdaws, among the big elms on the other side of the house hold a noisy parliament. The Hall is one of the oldest in "the county of gates." You will find it mentioned in Doomsday Book, and its owner still pays £2 a year as a knight's fee as the Lord of the Manor of Wistow—a fee first paid in 1236. As I pass through the avenue of elms, which stand like sentries on either side of the path which leads to the house, I am reminded that we are but ten miles from Loseby—another old Leicestershire seat—where the old Marquis of Waterford was wont to amuse himself by shooting at the family portraits, and on one memorable occasion rode a favourite hunter over a five-barred gate fixed on no less a course than that provided by the dining-room carpet!

Wistow Hall is the home of the man who may honestly be titled "The Grand Old Man of Shooting." Sir Henry Halford has revelled in records almost from the very first meeting at Wimbledon in 1860, and it is a remarkable fact that amongst his prizes—and there are twenty-one of them—are those of the Albert at Wimbledon in 1862, and the same trophy at Bisley in 1893, a record lapse of thirty-one years! Ten years ago a lady remarked at Wimbledon, "What a very old man to be shooting!" but on the 9th of last August, when he was forced to remember that it was his sixty-fifth birthday, he adjourned to the field adjoining the house, which makes a capital range, and rattled off a dozen or two bull's-eyes with as much deliberation and more certainty than he did when he first handled a rifle.

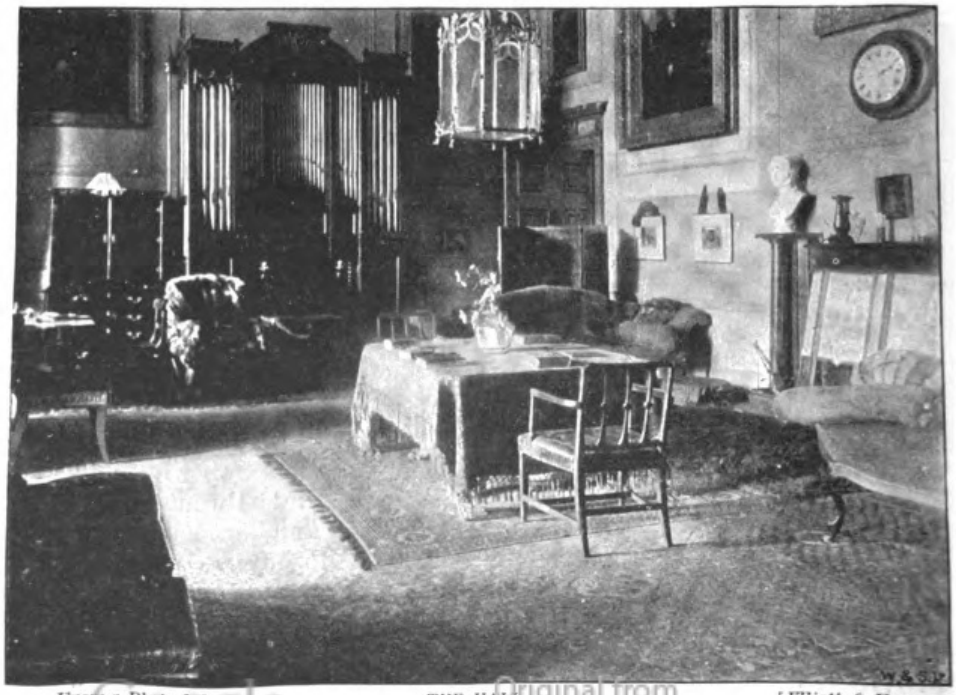
Sir Henry is of medium height. His hair is snowy white—his eyes look you through and through. He wears a comfortable knickerbocker suit, and a drab coloured, broad-brimmed, soft tennis hat. He talks rapidly, though always thoughtfully. Success with the rifle and gun—he has brought down his stag, too, with the best of them—has not spoiled what I soon discovered was the original foundation

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From a Photo. by] AT WORK. *[Elliott & Fry.*

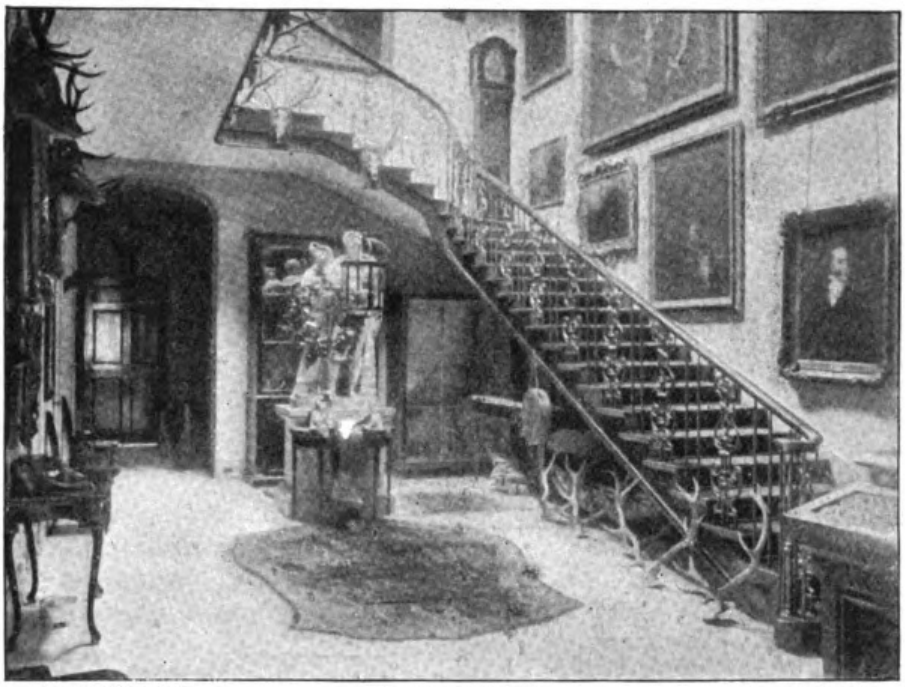
of his constitution—modesty. He converses with extreme enthusiasm on all things connected with shooting weapons, and discusses the Volunteer movement with equal heartiness. His days are passed in experimenting. Go into his workshop — it abuts from a magnificent conservatory where, amongst the flowers, oranges and lemons are making satisfactory progress. It is a working man's room indeed. Sir Henry is a practical gun-maker, and here you will find every known appliance for making tools associated with the gun-maker's art. Immediately after breakfast the veteran enters his experimenting apartment, though he has before now stuck to his task till eleven at night and started work at three in the morning. And his dog, "Numa Pompelius," invariably keeps its master company. Sir Henry admits that he lives with his dogs. He kept them as a lad and has grown up with them. This particular animal is a sort of canine alarum-clock —it digs its master out of bed every morning. It carries various articles about from one part of the house to the other. Master and animal



From a Photo. by] THE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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invariably take a Sunday stroll together. On the Sunday previous to my visit Sir Henry had dozed off in his easy chair, and the hour of setting out had passed. The dog hurried out into the hall, picked up the broad-brimmed hat, returned to the room and laid it on the baronet's knees. The dog got its walk.



From a Photo. by] THE WHITE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

The interior of Wistow Hall is in every way interesting.

The entrance-hall is at once impressive. Its height and width are remarkable for symmetrical balancing. It contains some fine oils by Sir Thomas Lawrence, notably portraits of the grandfather of the present baronet, Sir Henry Halford; and of Sir Charles Vaughan, and Baron Vaughan, a noted judge. A fine organ stands at one end, and scattered about behind marble busts one notes the fishing tackle and rods and the photographic camera, as though hurriedly put down by Sir Henry after a visit to the stream or an attempt to catch a likeness of his friends. From this hall you pass to the Inner or White Hall, which at first sight is remarkable for the number of trophies of deer-stalking which are arranged about the walls—skeleton heads and antlers—whilst magnificent skins are thrown about the floor and overhang the banisters. But go to the far end, just behind a fine piece of Grecian statuary. Here is a glass case containing, amongst a number of old-time army accoutrements, two saddles. The crimson velvet and gold trappings are faded—the leather looks worn and hard-ridden—but there is something unmistakably regal about them.

Then Sir Henry remarks:—

"Charles I. slept here the night before the



From a Photo. by] CHARLES I.'S BEDROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

battle of Naseby, and those are the saddles of the King and Prince Rupert, which they left at Wistow on their flight from Naseby to Leicester when they changed horses. Come upstairs and see the bedroom."

The room remains the same, as far as the ceiling and wooden panelling go, as it did on the night when Charles was grateful for his rest. Outside, the fair view of the oak trees and rising ground, with its old fountain and sun-dial, is unchanged. But the bedstead is gone. The old wooden walls are decorated with many pictures, amongst which a portrait of the King is visible, and excellent engravings of Wellington and of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair."

We returned to the hall. There was a story to be told of every pair of antlers and every head which hangs here. This pair over the door belonged to a fine stag who stayed for the moment on the brow of a hill watching with jealous eyes the movements of another who apparently had intentions on his retinue of wives. That halt brought a shot from Sir Henry's gun and triumph to the rival.

The dining, drawing, and morning rooms run one into the other, terminating in the conservatory already referred to. The dining-room is notable for its paintings. A copy of "Rubens, by himself"—the original of which is at Antwerp—is conspicuous, though there are many grand canvases by Lawrence and other artists of eminence — Warren Hastings, the Duke of York, George IV., Wellington, Archbishop Laud; and Sir Henry's father and mother by Pickersgill.

The only two associations of shooting are noteworthy ones. The great silver cup on the table is the Albert Cup of 1893, whilst on the massive oaken sideboard is a bronze figure of "Fortuna," presented by the National Rifle Association of America to the winners of the



STATUE WON IN UNITED STATES.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

International Military Match between the Volunteers of Great Britain and the National Guard of the United States, competed for on September 14th and 15th, 1882. Sir Henry captained the winning team, who gave him this token. Here, too, is the Cambridge Cup, won in 1865 at 1,000 and 1,100 yards.

The reception-rooms are full of works of art, cabinets, bric-à-brac, sculpture, and pictures, whilst the number of miniatures about are as numerous as they are precious. Photos of the "English Eights" of the early days of shooting abound—very quaint some of the competitors look in their queer-cut coats and the most approved of "Dundrearies." In a niche is a gold bust of George IV., presented by the members of the Royal Family to the present baronet's grandfather, who at the early age of twenty-six was appointed Court Physician to George III., and subsequently to George IV., William IV., and Her Majesty. He was also physician to nine crowned heads without ever leaving the country.



BUST OF GEORGE IV.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

We stay for a moment to admire a picture of Fag, a black and white spaniel—"One of the best retrievers I ever had," said Sir Henry—when I was suddenly interested in a fine piece of carving in the form of a head, the face and features of which seemed familiar. It was a bust of Napoleon I. as a child. There was the sign of a boyish smile, but the heavy, immovable lineaments of the man were there.

I missed Sir Henry from my side. He returned in a moment with a faded letter, brown and creased with age, in his hand. And he read aloud:—

"July 2nd, 1815.

"My Dear Henry,—I have time only to write you one line. Your last letter to me was of the 7th June. You will have heard of the great battle of the 18th. It was quite terrible—however, its effects have been decisive.

"I think I shall have the king upon his throne and the world at peace in a few days. As my day is scarcely long enough for all I have to do, of course I have

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From a Photo. by] "ENGLISH EIGHT," 1863. *[Herbert Watkins, Regent Street.*

CAPT. DRAKE. CAPT. WILLIS CAPT. HEATON. A. ASHTON. LADY BURY. LORD BURY. MARTIN SMITH. EARL DUCIE. LIEUT.-COL. HALFORD. E. J. HAWKER. WM. PALMER. CAPT. ROWLAND.

not time to enter into details. But the business is certainly settled. Whether a few days sooner or later does not signify, and the world will at last be at rest.

"Believe me,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON."

It was the first letter from the Great Duke to his brother, Lord Wellesley, written after the memorable Sunday which decided Waterloo.

It is not before you settle down in Sir Henry's den that you get a firm idea of his past career and present-day work. A table crowded with everything suggestive of guns — from an old-time powder-flask to a delicate pair of scales for weighing grains of explosive—takes up considerable room. He is always experimenting — always trying to get better work out of rifles, as they vary so tremendously; but he thinks the future of the match rifle about settled now, and but little remains to be done. The mahogany gun-cabinet stands in the centre of the room, and provides accommodation for ten weapons — match rifles, magazine rifles, express shooting rifles, and the little American ·22 rifle for rabbit shooting. I examined the gun with which Mr. Bagshaw won the Wimbledon Cup this year at Bisley, making the record score at 1,100 yards of seventy points out of seventy-five, whilst the rifle used by Sir Henry this year at the same camp comes in for attention. It appeared with the grand old shot at his twentieth time of shooting in the English Eight, and helped to make for him his biggest score of any year. Mingled together with many trophies on the mantel-board are relics of the hunting field. A curious chart is plastered all over with representations of targets showing extraordinary scores. Gibbs stands first with the finest ever made, on October 4th, 1886, with forty-eight bull's-eyes out of fifty at a thousand yards, and Sir Henry comes a good second with forty-three out of forty-five at the same distance, in October, 1885.

Around the room is an excellent collection of books—including all works bearing on the sport with which Sir Henry's name is inseparably associated—the sideboards and spare spaces are taken up with portable reminiscences of travels in foreign countries, whilst the pictures are for the most part shooting subjects, in which Sir Henry plays no small part. Several of them are reproduced in these pages. The trio of rifle shots who comprise an aggregate of ninety-five

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years' shooting at Wimbledon is surely a record. The three gentlemen are Captain Pixley, a Queen's Prize winner; Mr. Henry Whitehead, a noted shot; and Sir Henry Halford.

Sir Henry refilled his pipe and laid aside his spectacles. Whilst he was handling the tobacco I noticed the difference between the shape of the right hand as compared with the left.

"Ah!" said Sir Henry, in reply to my query, "you can always tell the hand of a man who has shot much. Look at that second finger, it is quite disjointed; indeed, the whole hand is turned. Then many men bear the kiss of the rifle butt on the jawbone. The eyes, too, are a guide in singling out your rifle shot. I always think that blue or grey are the best shooting eyes; that's why the Scots are so successful at the target, for apart from their thoroughness in all they undertake, there are more blue eyes amongst them. An eye with a very small pupil is a great advantage. Brown eyes seldom come in; the marked exception to this, however, is Lamb, who is as good a shot as any man, and his are chestnutty brown."

A great cloud of smoke from Sir Henry's briar was blown with a satisfaction that blessed the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh. Then I learnt that amongst shooting men the larger proportion of them are non-smokers. The veteran is a persistent smoker, and, practically, never shoots without a pipe in his mouth.

"Let me put in a plea for the pipe," he said, merrily. "I was once shooting in one of the matches for the Elcho Shield—and shooting very badly.

"'Why, where's your pipe?' somebody standing by asked. 'Light up—you'll do better.'

"And I did. I hadn't been smoking for some little time, but with the first few puffs my very next shot was a bull's-eye!"

I tried some of Sir Henry's tobacco.

Sir Henry St. John Halford, C.B., was born at Maidwell, Northamptonshire, on August 9th, 1828, and curiously enough his family motto is: "To exercise, unambitious of glory, the *silent* arts." His first lessons were learnt at a dame's school when five years of age, and at seven he was promoted to a grammar school at Market Bosworth, and after a term at a preparatory tutor's, went to Eton at twelve.

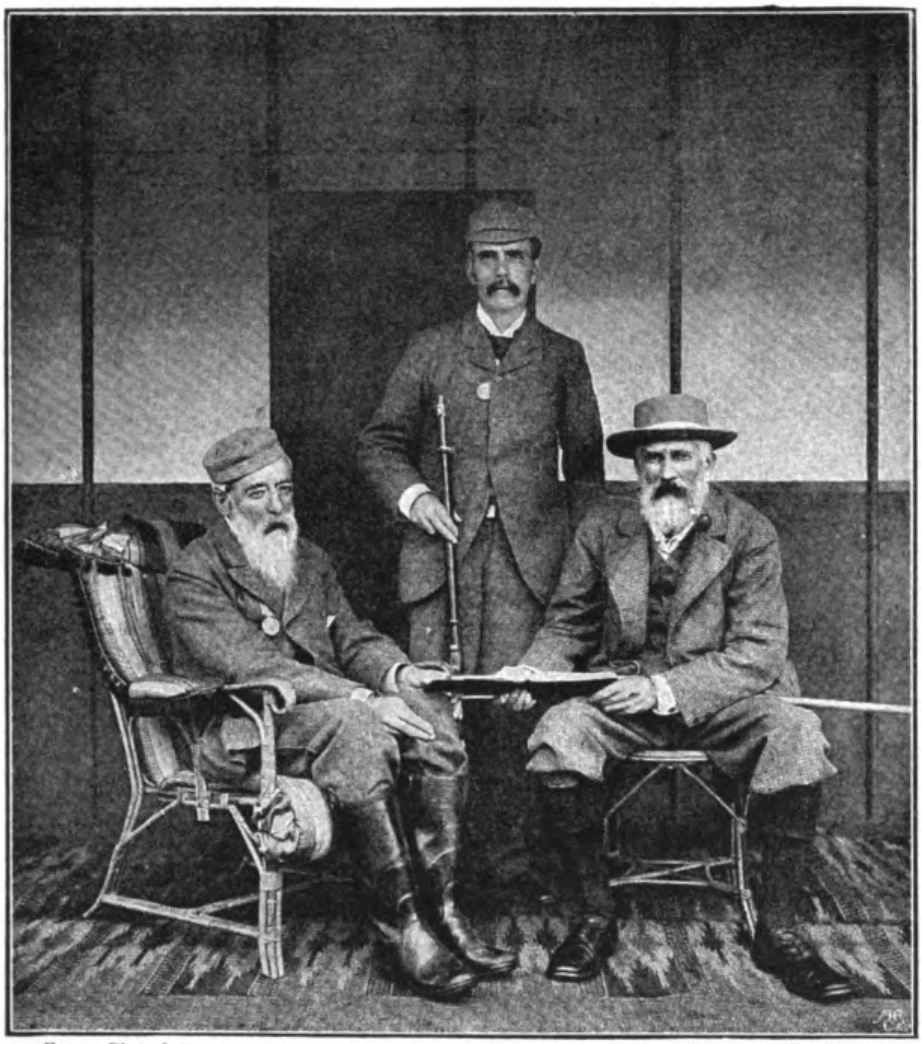
"It was a very rough place in my time," said Sir Henry, "and one of my first adventures was to get nearly killed by a boy, who rejoiced in the name of Bill Sikes, and was a Yorkshireman, and a very good fellow. I got into a fight with the worthy Sikes—a boy bigger than myself—and had to stand up for three-quarters of an hour, until the chapel bell rang, otherwise I should have had to 'take a licking.' I was in the boats at Eton, and amongst my schoolfellows were Justice Chitty, the Speaker of the House of Commons—there were no fewer than ten Peels when I was there—and the Marquis of Salisbury. Chitty was in my house, and was a leader in football, the boating eight, and the cricket eleven. He was a splendid fellow, clever with his books, and looked upon with great respect. I think I may say that Lord Salisbury was one of the few boys who never got into any trouble. He was always very reticent, kept a good deal to himself, not 'hail fellow well met!' with the boys. He wasn't a boating or cricketing man, but more of the literary class. Everybody liked him.



From a Photo. by] THE DEN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"I left Eton in 1845, and went to

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From a Photo. by] PORTRAIT GROUP. *[W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

CAPT. PIXLEY. MR. HENRY WHITEHEAD. SIR HENRY HALFORD.

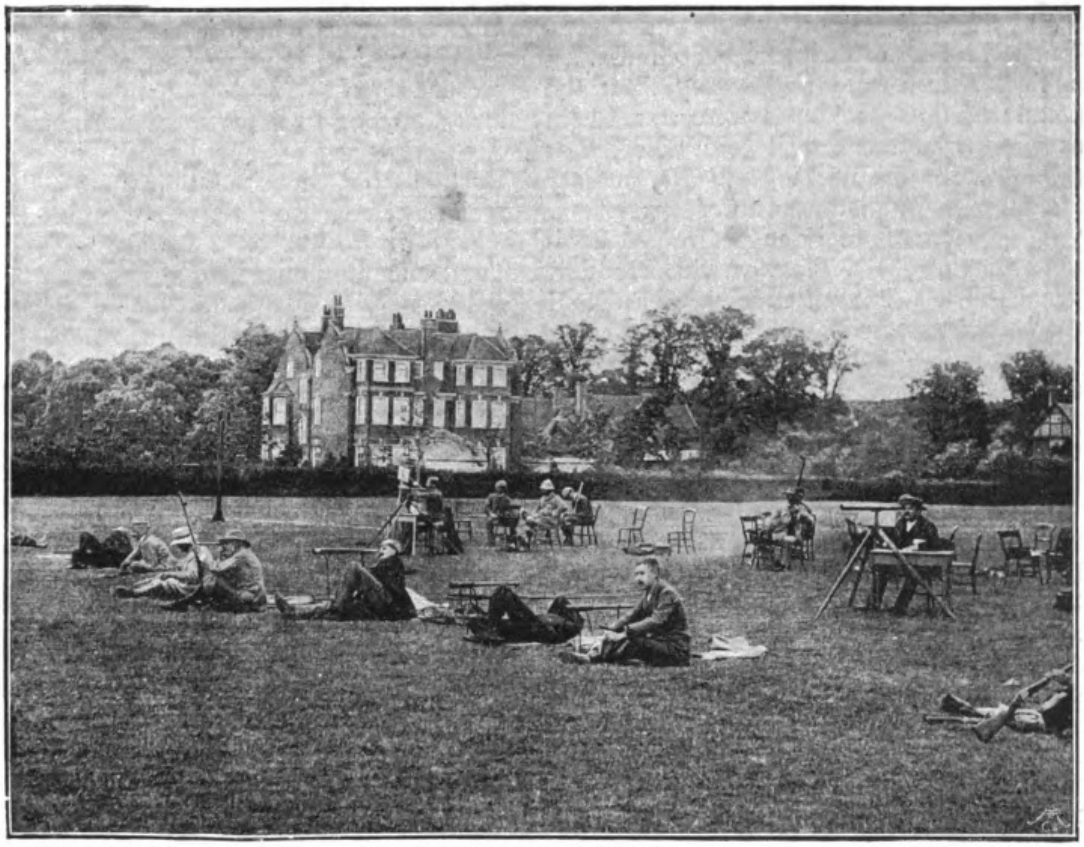
Merton, Oxford. Out of twenty-eight undergraduates, nineteen of them were Etonians. After taking my degree I travelled a good deal, and was the first with four others to row a four-oared boat on the Rhine, Maine, and Moselle for a distance of 600 miles."

Up to 1860 Sir Henry did nothing but magisterial work in the county—he has been Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for twenty years, and chairman of the County Council for the first four years. When in 1860 the Volunteer movement was started, he was appointed captain of a company formed in Leicestershire. Soon afterwards he was made a major, and finally took command of the Leicestershire Rifle Volunteers in 1862. In those early days the men found their own clothes and rifles. He remained —with a brief lapse of six years—in command until 1891, when he retired: having in 1886 been made a C.B. for his services to Volunteers. It should be mentioned that in 1880 Sir Henry was placed on the Small Arms Committee, and was one of those who had much to do with the selection of the Lee-Metford rifle.

"I was eight years of age when I had my first gun," Sir Henry continued, "and went in for rabbit shooting. I was always fond of burning powder, and when rifle shooting came to a head with the Volunteer movement, I got my rifle, went to the Wimbledon meeting of 1861, but found I had not learned enough. In 1862 I got a 'Whitworth,' practised hard all the spring, and went to compete in the English Eight at Hythe. I came out first. In the match against Scotland, in that year, for the Elcho Shield, I made top score. It was an exciting match, but ended in England scoring 890 points to Scotland's 724. That year I made £265.

"It was in these early days that old Captain Ross was very much in evidence at Wimbledon camp, with his three sons—Hercules, Edward, and Colin. In 1863 they formed part of the Scottish team. Edward won the first Queen's prize. I knew old Ross well. The father and boys had been deer-stalkers all their lives. Ross at this time must have been close upon sixty, and was the finest shot in the world. He was very averse to duelling—pleading that it enabled good shots to insult men with impunity—and told me that he had been appointed second in sixteen duels, and had always got his men apart without allowing a single shot to be fired. So great was he with the use of the pistol that a Spaniard came over specially to study his methods, querying whether Ross was as pro-

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From a Photo. by] SHOOTING FOR THE CAMBRIDGE CUP. *[Clarke, Cambridge.*

ficient with the weapon as report avowed. A match was arranged between the two men with duelling pistols—the distance being twenty yards, and the target a bull's-eye the size of a sixpence. The Spaniard hurried off home after seeing Ross hit the bull's-eye with twenty consecutive shots.

"He was the hero of the great grouse shooting match with Colonel Anson."

Sir Henry handed me an old paper which contained the story in Captain Ross's own words, and is so interesting that it may well be reproduced here.

"The terms were," says Mr. Ross, "that I should make my appearance at Milden Hall prepared to shoot against any gentleman that Lord de Roos should name; that we were to start at sunrise by the watch, and shoot until sunset, without any halt; that no dogs should be used, but that we were to walk about forty or fifty yards apart, with two or three men between, or on one side of us; that it was not necessary any birds should be picked up: the umpires seeing them drop was to be considered sufficient. The bet was £200 a side, but to that I added considerably before the event came off.

"We all breakfasted at Milden Hall by candle-light, and were in line ready to start at the correct moment when (by the watch) the sun had risen, for we could see no sun, as the country was enveloped in mist. Colonel Anson was a particularly fast and strong walker, and seemed to fancy he was able to outwalk me. So off he went at 'score' pace (I merely guess it), probably from four and a half to five miles an hour. I was not sorry to see him go off at 'score,' as I knew I was in the highest possible state of training, and that I was able to keep up that pace for fifteen or sixteen hours without a halt. Everything was conducted with the greatest possible fairness. We changed order every hour, and as Colonel Anson was quite able to hold on the great pace, we were fighting against each other as fairly as two men could do.

"The Colonel had luck on his side, for though in the arrangement of the match, as made by Lord de Roos, everything was fair, still by mere chance birds rose more favourably for him than for me, and in the course of the match he got eleven more shots than I did; the consequence was that he at one time was seven birds ahead of me. About two o'clock, I saw evident signs of the Colonel having near about 'pumped' himself. 'The Old Squire' rode up to me, and said: 'Ross,

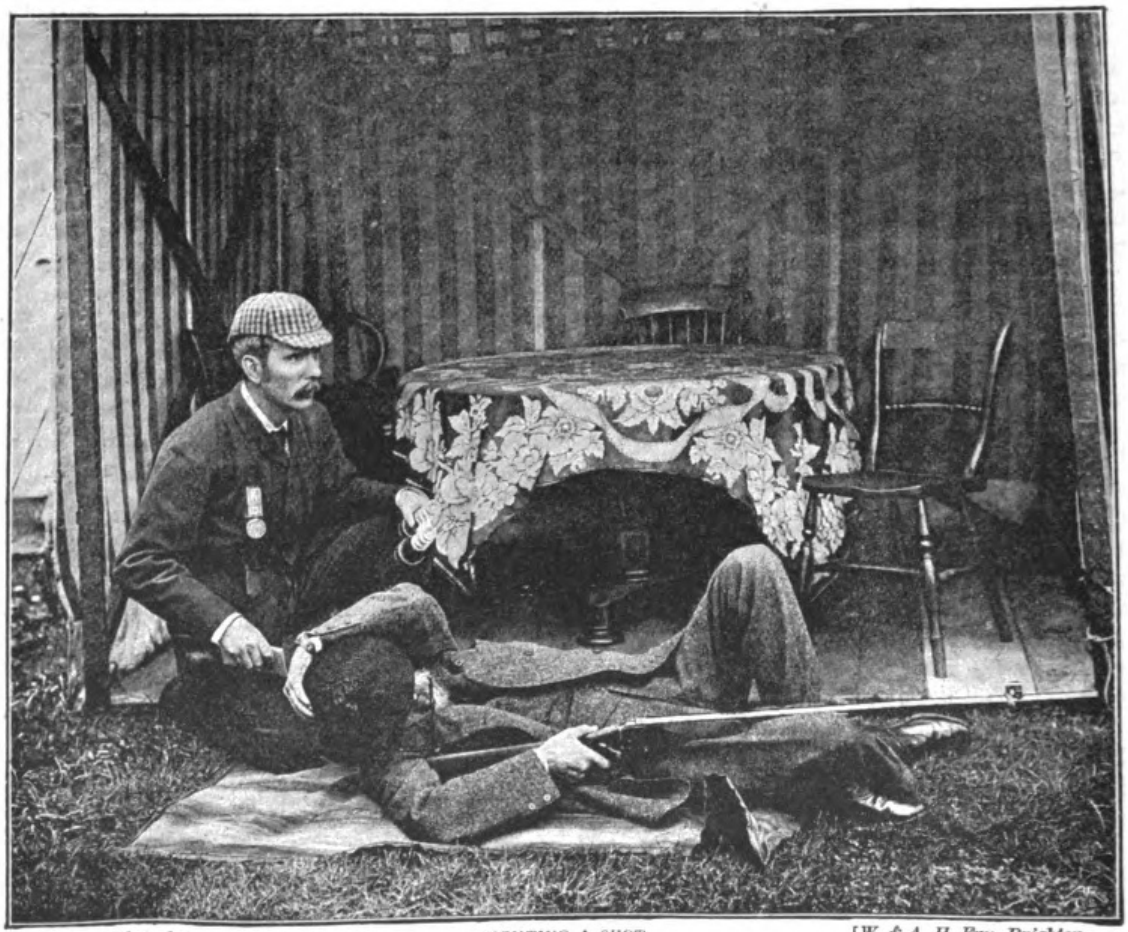
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go along! he'll lie down directly and die'—he fancied he was viewing a beaten fox. I was thus able to go right away from the Colonel; and, as the birds were so wild (in consequence of the crowd and noise) that few shots were got nearer than fifty or sixty yards, I gradually made up my 'lee-way.'

"A quarter of an hour before the expiration of time, Mr. Charles Greville and Colonel Francis Russell rode up to me, and said Colonel Anson was unable to walk any more, but that he was one bird ahead of me, and that Lord de Roos had authorized them to propose to me to make it a drawn match. I had a great deal of money depending on the result (about £1,000), and had not had a shot for the last ten minutes, so, after a moment's consideration, I came to the conclusion that, at that late hour, when the birds were all out of the turnips and feeding in the stubble, it was too great a sum to risk on the chance of getting a brace of birds in a quarter of an hour. I therefore agreed to make it a drawn match. I was as fresh as when I started, and in the excitement of the moment, and perhaps a little anxious to show that I was not beaten, I said to the assembled multitude (about five to six hundred people) that I was ready then and there to start against any one present to go to London on foot against him for £500, or to shoot the same match next day against any one for £500."

"Old Ross," continued Sir Henry, "would probably have won the walking match. I remember he was once staying in Scotland. Two men at dinner had a wager as to who would walk to Inverness first—a distance of sixty miles over the hills. They started there and then in their dress shoes, Ross accompanying them as a friend. He had almost to carry one of the contestants into Inverness at last! Old Ross killed two stags on his eightieth birthday, and died a year or two afterwards.

"You ask me whom I consider the most representative Irish shot. Rigby, now head of the Small Arms Factory at Enfield. He was a well-known Dublin gun-maker, and has shot more times in an International team than any man. He shot in the first Irish Eight for the Elcho Shield in 1865. Wales really has not got a representative man, for you must remember that the land of the leek never won a big prize until this year, when it



From a Photo. by] SIGHTING A SHOT. *[W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

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captured the Queen's. Wales is particularly deficient in long ranges, and I should say we could not get a representative Welsh team. The Scots' rifle shot, though—in proportion to its population—is the most successful of all. In the final stage for the Queen's at Bisley this year there were 45 Scots, 43 English, 5 Welshmen, 2 each from Jersey, Guernsey, and the Cape, and one from Canada."

Sir Henry considers Continental shooting very much behind—they only fire at short range. No foreigners come here who are calculated to frighten, though it is worthy of note that in the very first year at Wimbledon a team of Swiss rifle shots came over, took away some of the best prizes, and were acknowledged superior to the Britishers.

Sir Henry's success in the early sixties as a rifle shot won him immediate recognition. He did not stay to have his powers tested only at the now-departed Wimbledon, but journeyed to the various meetings about the country, particularly distinguishing himself in Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, Somersetshire, Inverness, etc. The year 1874 found the famous shot in Norway.

Sir Henry was reminded of the rifle match there—and its very amusing surroundings—by the fact that our pipes had gone out, and when lighting up again he picked up a pretty little match-box from amongst a huge collection of briars on the table and passed it to me.

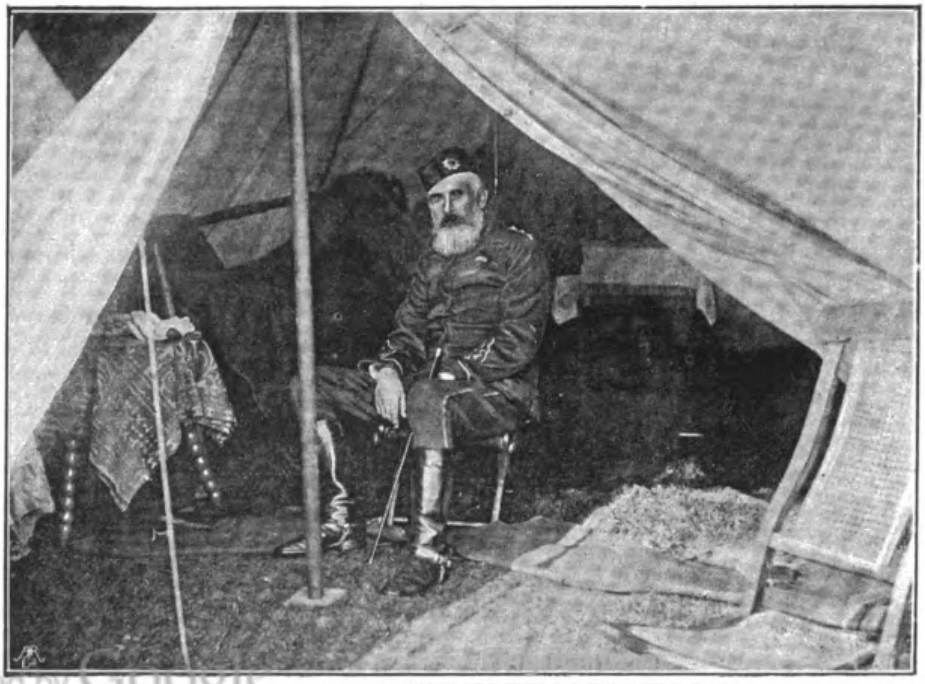
"It was in the Eikesdale Valley in Norway," he said, "and there was a rifle meeting of the reindeer hunters in the valley. The match was at 100 yards standing, with a six-inch bull's-eye. The rifles used by these hunters are of an old-fashioned pattern, and are made by village blacksmiths, who seem to have had some reputation for this sort of work. I won the prize with full score, and I thought the thing at an end. I returned to my house. At dusk I was surprised by a deputation which came headed by a man carrying a huge accordion some two feet long tied up in a sack. They got me outside, formed a procession, the man took out his musical instrument, and led the way playing—I presume—a sort of Norwegian equivalent to 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.' I was marched off to a neighbouring house. The room was lit up with tallow candles. I was then with all due pomp and circumstance presented with that little match-box, and the evening ended up with a dance.

"In 1877 I captained the first English Eight that went out to America. We lost, but in 1882 we atoned for this by winning well. During my first visit I had a most curious adventure. A newspaper man applied to me for an interview. He was ushered into my room. I recognised him at once.

"'I know you,' I said; 'you call yourself General Millen, and you are the man who is believed to have led the Fenians into Canada.'

"He was very much surprised at my knowledge of his identity, but I gave him the interview. So, you see, I was interviewed by the very man who was at one time supposed to be the notorious 'No. 1' of the Phœnix Park murders!

"Almost immediately I landed with the team I received a letter from a man pleading with us not to drink. You see, the Americans are often over-hospitable. They take you about, drink with you, and give you too many big dinners. Yet they are very keen and very



SIR HENRY HALFORD AT BELVOIR.

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much in earnest, and their team was up at six o'clock every morning practising for dear life. They bet outrageously—putting their money on single shots. It is a very good thing that nothing puts me off a shot, otherwise, when competing under a volley of 'Go it, Harry,' when I made a bull's-eye, and derisive yells if I made a miss, might have upset me. It cost £900 to take that first team over.

"Your American wants a thing settled then and there. For instance, we went to Chicago. I arrived there—with the team—at five o'clock in the morning, and had not been in bed an hour when I was aroused and told to get up, as there was a match on! It was at 300 yards standing. They talked a great deal about standing shooting being the only business shooting, and did not care for long-range shooting. Milner won first prize, I second. There is the five-dollar piece I won; I have worn it on my chain ever since."

"And whom do you regard as the most representative American shot?" I asked.

"Colonel Bodyne," was the reply. "He is the man who brought the American rifles to perfection. I regard the Americans as coming second to ourselves in the matter of rifle shooting, though they are not so formidable as they used to be, owing to the fact that they have dropped all the long-range shooting. They are generally considered to be *au fait* in the way of fancy shooting—I mean the glass ball business, such as Buffalo Bill and Dr. Carver go in for—though, as a matter of fact, there are plenty of men in England who could do it if they would take the trouble. I can break 80 per cent. of the balls myself. Dr. Carver is extremely clever at trick shooting, but when asked to come to Wimbledon he said: 'No, that is not my business!'

"Yes, I have shot under severe difficulties. I remember on one occasion at Altcar, in a competition for the English Eight, there was a change of wind requiring an alteration in the allowance of sighting of 34ft. The thermometer went down twenty degrees in five minutes, and old rifle shots put this down as a record change in atmospheric conditions. I shall never forget shooting at Wimbledon on half a teaspoonful of laudanum and making a big score; but for sticking to your guns, recommend me to Major Young.

"I am speaking now of ten years ago. The Major unfortunately put his hand out of joint the very day before the match for the Elcho Shield. Notwithstanding this he went to the fray, and had to have his wrist put in three times during the competition! He made top score!"

We talked over many things. Sir Henry regards Bisley as a much better ground for shooting than Wimbledon, where the light was often bad. Though Mr. Winans has done much to popularize the pistol in this country, the veteran shot does not think there is any future for it. Still, every officer should learn to use it. Stick to scarlet for your men's uniforms—it is not seen so far as many other colours. The men of the Rifle Brigade, as they are now clothed, are "spotted" at a greater distance than any other. He considers the future of the Volunteer assured, but he would like to see him armed with a better gun. The Regular's rifle is now a really serviceable weapon, Mr. Metford, with whom Sir Henry has worked since 1863, being the inventor; and the Volunteer should have it as well. Still, it is not the rifle which will make or mar the man. All depends on the way a corps is officered. Every Volunteer officer ought to feel that his commission is as important as one in the line.

These little fragmentary though notable remarks were gathered as we walked together down the elm-lined avenue which led to the road to Glen. As I wished him "Good-bye," Sir Henry said:—

"The primary necessities to make a good shot are nerve, carefulness, a calm temperament, eyesight, and power of concentration. I don't think you will find any man who is not a steady liver last long at shooting. Let young Volunteers remember that the student of habit and a good shot must run together."

HARRY HOW.

In last month's Interview with the Lord Mayor, the following photographs were erroneously attributed to Messrs. Elliott & Fry instead of to Messrs. Mayor & Meredith, 12, Furnival Street, E.C.: The Mansion House, the Banquet Tables in the Egyptian Hall, the Morning Rooms, the Smoking Room, the Kitchen, the State Bedroom.

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Ashik-Kerib.

A Turkish Tale for Children.

By M. Lermontov.

(Translated from the Russian by E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.)

ALONG time ago there lived in the town of Tiflis a wealthy Turk. Much gold had Allah given him ; but more precious than his gold was his only daughter, Magul-Megeri.

Beautiful are the stars in the heavens, but behind them live the angels, and they are more beautiful still ; and Magul-Megeri was the most beautiful and the best of the girls of Tiflis.

There lived also in Tiflis poor Ashik-Kerib. The Prophet had given him nothing but a noble heart and the gift of song. He used to play on his balaika and sing of the deeds of the ancient heroes of Turkistan, and went to weddings to entertain the rich and the fortunate. At one of these weddings he saw Magul-Megeri, and they fell in love with each other. Little hope had poor Ashik-Kerib of obtaining her hand, and he became sad and gloomy as the winter sky.

Now, one day he happened to be lying in a garden under a vineyard, and he fell asleep. Just then it chanced that Magul-Megeri passed that way with her friends, one of whom recognised the sleeping Ashik, and, letting the others go on, she went up to him and sang :—

"Why dost thou sleep under the vineyard ?
Arise, thou foolish one ! thy Gazel is passing."

He instantly awakened and the girl darted away. But Magul-Megeri had heard the singing and scolded her friend, who answered :—

"If you had known to whom I sang, you would have thanked me. It was your Ashik-Kerib."

"Lead me to him," said Magul-Megeri, and they returned to the vineyard.

On seeing his melancholy, Magul-Megeri began to ask him the cause of his sadness, and to console him.

"How can I help being sad ?" Ashik-Kerib

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replied. "I love you, and you can never be mine."

"Ask my hand of my father," she said, "and he will provide the wedding, and will give me so much money that there will be enough for both of us."

"It may be that Ayak-Aga will refuse his daughter nothing," Ashik answered; "but who knows whether you will not reproach me afterwards for having nothing and being indebted to you for everything? No, my dear Magul-Megeri, I have made a vow that I will go forth into the world to travel for seven years and amass a fortune, or to perish in distant wildernesses. If you will agree to this, then at the end of that period you shall be mine."

She agreed to his proposal, but added that if he did not return on the appointed day seven years hence, she would consent to become the wife of Kurshud-Bek, who had been courting her for a long time.

So Ashik-Kerib went to his mother, asked for her blessing, kissed his little sister, hung his knapsack over his shoulder, took his wanderer's staff in his hand, and left the town of Tiflis. But he had not gone far before he was overtaken by a horseman, in whom he recognised Kurshud-Bek.

"God speed you!" cried Kurshud. "Wherever you may go, I am your companion."

Ashik was not pleased with his new comrade, but he felt there was nothing to be done. For a long time they continued their way together, till at last they came to a river. There was neither bridge nor ford.

"Swim over in front of me," said Kurshud-Bek, "and I will follow you."

Ashik threw off his clothes and swam across. When he had reached the opposite bank and looked back, lo and behold! what a direful misfortune had befallen him! Oh! Omnipotent Allah! Kurshud-Bek had taken his clothes and galloped back to Tiflis, leaving nothing behind him but a cloud of dust, which wound itself after him like a serpent along the smooth ground.

On arriving at Tiflis the Bek took Ashik's clothes to his aged mother and said:—

"Your son is drowned in a deep river. Here are his clothes!"

In unspeakable grief the mother fell upon the clothes of her beloved son and wept hot tears over them. She then took them and carried them to his affianced bride, Magul-Megeri, and said:—

"My son is drowned! Kurshud-Bek has brought me his clothes. You are free!"

But Magul-Megeri only smiled and replied:—

"Believe him not; Kurshud-Bek has invented all this. Nobody shall be my husband before the seven years are passed."

She then took down her balaika and began composedly to sing the favourite song of poor Ashik-Kerib.

In the meantime the wanderer arrived bare-foot and naked in a village. Here good people clothed and fed him; in recompense for which he sang them the most beautiful songs. Thus he wandered from village to village and from town to town, and his fame spread far and wide. At last he came to Khalaf. According to his custom, he went into a coffee-house, asked for a balaika, and commenced to sing.

At that time there lived at Khalaf a Pasha who was very fond of good singing. Many singers had been brought to him, but not one had pleased him. His servants were tired out with running about the town to find singers. But it so happened that they chanced to pass the coffee-house while Ashik was singing, and to hear his melodious voice.

"Come with us," they shouted, "to the high and mighty Pasha; or you will answer for it with your head!"

But Ashik-Kerib said:—

"I am a free man, a traveller from the town of Tiflis. I go where I list, and sing when I choose, and your Pasha is not my master."

Nevertheless, they seized him and carried him to the Pasha.

"Sing!" said the Pasha, and he sang. He sang the praises of his dear Magul-Megeri; and his song so pleased the proud Pasha, that he retained poor Ashik-Kerib in his service. Silver and gold were now showered on him. He was resplendent with costly raiment. Happily and joyfully did Ashik-Kerib live, and he grew very rich. Whether he forgot his Magul-Megeri or not, I know not; but the period for his return was approaching. The last year was rapidly drawing to an end, and yet he made no preparations for his departure.

The beautiful Magul-Megeri grew despondent. Now, a merchant was just then about to leave Tiflis with a caravan of forty camels and eighty slaves. So she called the merchant to her and gave him a gold dish, saying:—

"Take this dish, and, in whatever town you may arrive, exhibit it in your shop, and announce far and wide that he who will claim to be the owner of my dish, and who sup-

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ports his claim by satisfactory proof, shall receive it, besides its weight in gold."

The merchant went on his way and did as he was told, and exhibited the dish wherever he went, but nobody appeared to claim its ownership. He had sold nearly all his merchandise,



"TAKE THIS DISH."

and arrived with the remainder at Khalaf. Here also he made everywhere the announcement Magul-Megeri had commissioned him to make.

On hearing the announcement Ashik-Kerib ran straight to the caravanserai, and saw the gold dish in the shop of the Tiflis merchant.

"That is mine!" he said, and clutched it in his hand.

"It is indeed yours," replied the merchant. "I have recognised you, Ashik-Kerib. Go quickly to Tiflis. Your Magul-Megeri told me to inform you that the appointed period has nearly elapsed, and that if you do not return on the day fixed she will marry another."

In despair Ashik-Kerib put his hands to his head. Only three days yet remained to the fatal time. However, he mounted a horse, took with him a wallet filled with pieces of gold, and galloped away as fast as he could without sparing the horse. Finally the worn-out animal fell down lifeless on Mount Arzinian, which is between Arzinian and Arzerum. What was he to do? Arzinian was two months' journey from Tiflis, and he had but two days left.

"Omnipotent Allah!" he exclaimed, "if thou wilt not help me, there is nothing on this earth for me to live for!" and saying these words he was about to throw himself off a high peak of the mountain.

Suddenly he saw a man below on a white horse, and heard a loud voice saying:—

"Young man, what do you want?"

"I want to die," said Ashik.

"If that is the case come down, and I will kill you."

Ashik got down as best he could.

"Follow me," said the horseman, sternly.

"How can I follow you?" Ashik replied. "Your horse is as fleet as the wind, and I am, besides, carrying this heavy wallet."

"Quite true. Hang your wallet on my saddle and then follow me."

But Ashik-Kerib could not keep up with the rider, however hard he tried to run.

"Why do you not keep up with me?" asked the horseman.

"How can I keep up with you? Your horse is quicker than thought, and I am already worn out."

"Quite true. Get up behind me, and tell me the whole truth. Where do you want to get to?"

"If I could only get to Arzerum to-night I should be contented."

"Close your eyes, then."

Ashik closed his eyes. "Now open them." Ashik opened his eyes and saw in the distance before him the white walls and the glittering minarets of Arzerum.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I have made a mistake. I had intended to say that I wanted to go to Kars."

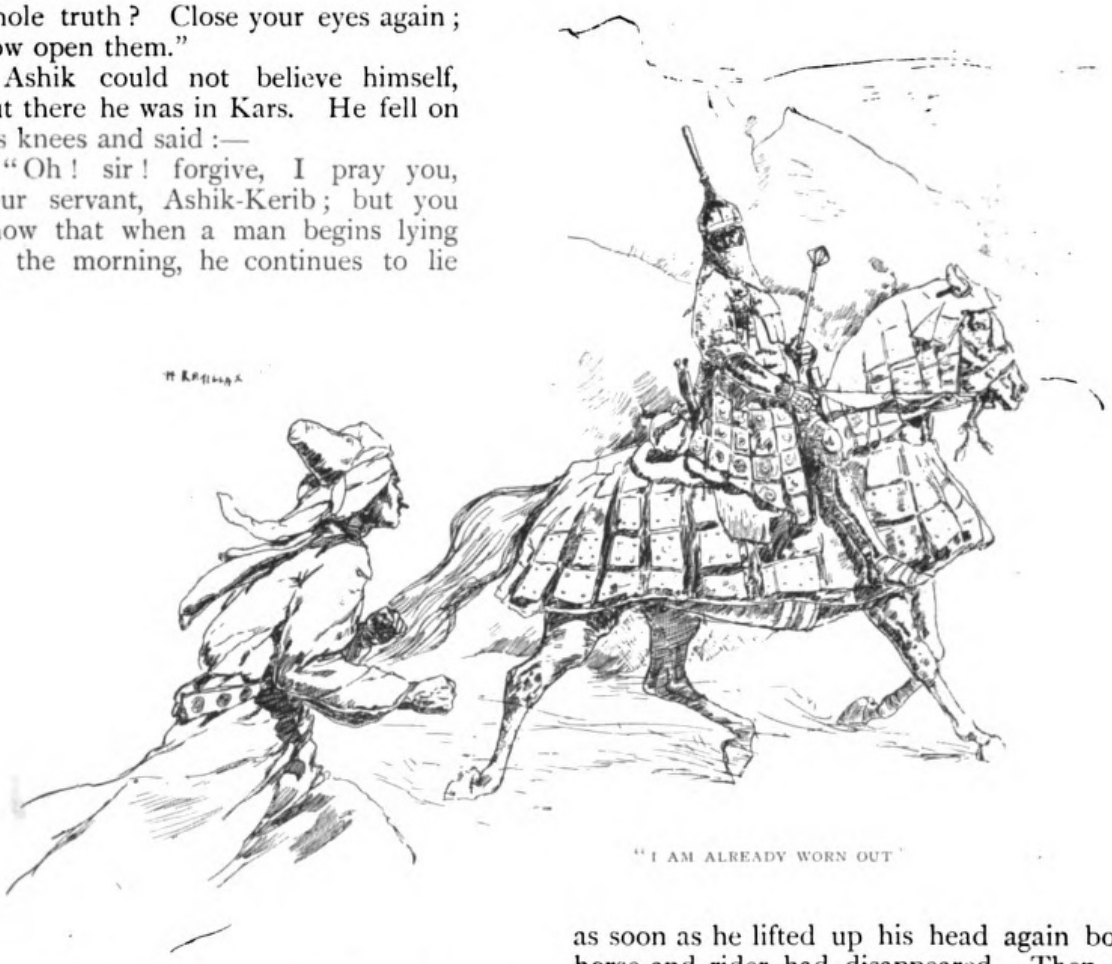
"Aha! Did I not tell you to tell me the

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whole truth? Close your eyes again; now open them."

Ashik could not believe himself, but there he was in Kars. He fell on his knees and said:—

"Oh! sir! forgive, I pray you, your servant, Ashik-Kerib; but you know that when a man begins lying in the morning, he continues to lie



"I AM ALREADY WORN OUT"

throughout the day. Where I really want to go to is Tiflis."

"Oh, you deceitful one!" said the horseman, angrily. "Well, never mind, I will forgive you. Close your eyes. Now, then, open them," he added, in about the space of a minute.

Ashik shouted for joy. They were at the gates of Tiflis. After thanking the horseman heartily, and having removed his wallet, Ashik-Kerib said:—

"Sir, your bounty is great, and great is the favour you have bestowed upon me; but grant me one more. If I should now relate that I got from Arzinian to Tiflis in a single day, nobody will believe me. Give me some proof."

The horseman smiled.

"Bend down," he said, "and take a handful of earth from under the horse's hoof and put it in your girdle; and if anyone should refuse to believe your words, let a blind woman be brought before you who has been blind seven years, put the earth on her eyes, and she will regain her sight."

Ashik stooped down and took a handful of earth from under the white horse's hoof, but as soon as he lifted up his head again both horse and rider had disappeared. Then he was convinced in his soul that the horseman was no other than St. George.

It was late at night before Ashik-Kerib found his way to his house. With a trembling hand he knocked at the door and shouted:—

"Mother, mother! open the door. I am God's guest. I am cold and hungry. For the sake of your distant wandering son, let me in."

The weak voice of the old woman replied:—

"In the houses of the rich and powerful you will find a night's lodging. There is a wedding in the town. Go thither. There you will spend the night joyously."

"Mother," he replied, "I have no acquaintances here, and therefore I repeat my prayer to you. For the sake of your distant wandering son, let me in!"

Then his sister said: "Mother, I will get up and open the door for him."

"You wicked girl!" replied her mother. "You are always willing to receive young men and entertain them, for it is now seven years since I lost my sight through weeping."

But the daughter paid no attention to

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these reproaches, but got up, opened the door, and let in Ashik-Kerib.

After exchanging the customary greetings he sat down, and with secret emotion commenced to look about him. His eyes lighted on the wall, where he saw hanging, in a dusty case, his melodious balaika. So he asked his mother: "What is that you have hanging on the wall?"

"You are curious," she answered; "you should be well satisfied that you get a crust of bread and are sent away in God's name to-morrow, and you should ask no questions."

"I have already told you," he replied, "that I am your own son and that this is my sister, and therefore I ask you to explain to me what that is hanging on the wall."

"That is a balaika, a balaika," said the old woman, who did not believe him.

"And what is a balaika?" he asked.

"A balaika," said the old woman, testily, "is a thing people play on and sing to."

Then Ashik-Kerib asked her to allow his sister to take it down and show it him, but the old woman answered:—

"That must not be. That is the balaika of my unfortunate son. It is now seven years that it hangs upon that wall, and no living hand has touched it."

But his sister rose up and took down the balaika and gave it him. Then he raised his eyes to Heaven and poured out the following prayer:—

"Oh! Almighty Allah! if I am to attain my wishes let my seven-stringed balaika be in as good tune as it was upon the day when I last played it." And he struck the brass cords—and the cords gave out harmonious sounds; and so he began to sing:—

"I'm but a poor wanderer, and my words are but poor;
But the great St. George helped me descend a steep peak.
Though I be but poor, though my words be but poor,
Know me again, mother! Know thy poor wanderer!"



"HIS SISTER ROSE AND TOOK DOWN THE BALAIKA."

At these words his mother burst into tears and asked him his name.

"Raschid!" (simple-hearted) he replied.

"Speak to me once, and then listen, Raschid," she said. "With your words you have cut my heart to pieces. Last night I dreamt that all my hair had grown white. It is now seven years that I am blind. Tell me, you who have his voice, when will my son come?"

And she repeated her question twice over, with tears in her eyes.

It was in vain that he told her he was her son; she would not believe him.

After a little time, he said:—

"Permit me, mother, to take the balaika and to go away. I heard there was a wedding in the neighbourhood; my sister will show me the way. I will go there and play and sing, and all I get I will bring back and divide with you."

But she only answered:

"I will not. Since my son has gone away, his balaika has not left the house."

But he swore he would not injure a single string. "And if I snap a single string, I will be answerable for it with my property."

The old woman felt his wallet, and, finding that it was full of coins, let him go. Having taken him to the rich man's house from whence the sounds of wedding festivities proceeded, his sister waited at the door to hear what would happen.

In that house lived Magul-Megeri, and on that night she was to become the wife of Kurshud-Bek.

Kurshud-Bek was feasting with his friends and relations, but Magul-Megeri was behind a handsome curtain with her companions, and held a cup of poison in one hand and a dagger in the other. For she had sworn to die rather than rest her head upon the bridal bed of Kurshud-Bek. And suddenly she heard from behind the curtain that a stranger arrived and said:—

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"THE OLD WOMAN FELT HIS WALLET."

"Salaam, alaykum! You are feasting and merry-making. Permit me, a poor wanderer, to sit down with you, and in return I will sing you a song."

"Why not?" Kurshud-Bek replied. "All singers and dancers are welcome, for this is a wedding. Sing something, minstrel, and I will give you a handful of gold. But what is your name, wanderer?"

"Shindi-Gerursez" (you will soon know), was the answer.

"What a strange name," said Kurshud-Bek, laughing. "I have never heard such a name before."

"Before I was born the neighbours asked my mother whether her child would be a boy or a girl, and she told them, 'You will soon know,' and this is how I came to be called by that name," and Ashik-Kerib took his balaika and began to sing: —

"In the town of Khalaf I drank the red wine,
But God gave me wings—in three days I flew here."

Kurshud-Bek's brother, who was a half-witted fellow, drew his dagger and shouted: —

"You lie! How is it possible to arrive here from Khalaf in three days?"

"Why do you wish to kill me?" said Ashik. "Minstrels usually come from all the four quarters of the earth, and arrive together at one and the same place. Besides, I ask nothing of you: you may believe me or not."

"Let him continue," said the bridegroom, and so Ashik-Kerib resumed his song: —

"My morning prayer in the valley I said,
In the valley—of Arzinian,
In Arzerum town I prayed at noon.
At sunset at Kars my prayer I performed;
My evening prayer at Tiflis.
Then God gave me wings, and I flew over here,
Of the white horse the victim, God grant I may be;
It galloped as fast as a rope-dancer's feet
From the hill to the valley, from valley to hill,
God granted to Ashik the wings of the wind.
To the wedding he's flown of Magul-Megeri."

Then Magul-Megeri recognised the voice, and threw her dagger and the poison away.

"That is how you keep your vow!" said her friend. "So you will consent to become to-night the wife of Kurshud-Bek?"

"You have not recognised, but I have recognised, the voice that is dear to me," Magul-Megeri replied, and seizing a pair of scissors she cut through the curtain. As she looked through she recognised, indeed, her Ashik-Kerib, and she threw herself on his neck with a scream, and both fell senseless to the ground.

The brother of Kurshud-Bek rushed at them with his dagger, and was about to kill them, but Kurshud-Bek stopped him, and said: —

"Calm yourself, and know that what is written on a man's brow at his birth, that he will not escape."

When Magul-Megeri returned to conscious-

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"WHY DO YOU WISH TO KILL ME?"

ness she blushed for shame and hid behind the curtain.

"Now we can see that you are indeed Ashik-Kerib," said the bridegroom. "But tell us how you contrived to cover so great a distance in so short a time."

"In proof of my truthfulness," said Ashik, "my sword will cut through stone; and if I lie, may my throat be thinner than a hair. But, best of all, bring me a blind woman who has not seen the light of God for seven years, and I will restore her sight."

Ashik-Kerib's sister, who was standing outside behind the door and heard this speech, ran off at once to her mother.

"Mother!" she cried, "it is indeed my brother and indeed your son, Ashik-Kerib," and she took her mother by the hand and led her to the wedding-feast. Then Ashik took the handful of earth from under his girdle, wetted it in water, and smeared it over his mother's eyes, saying:—

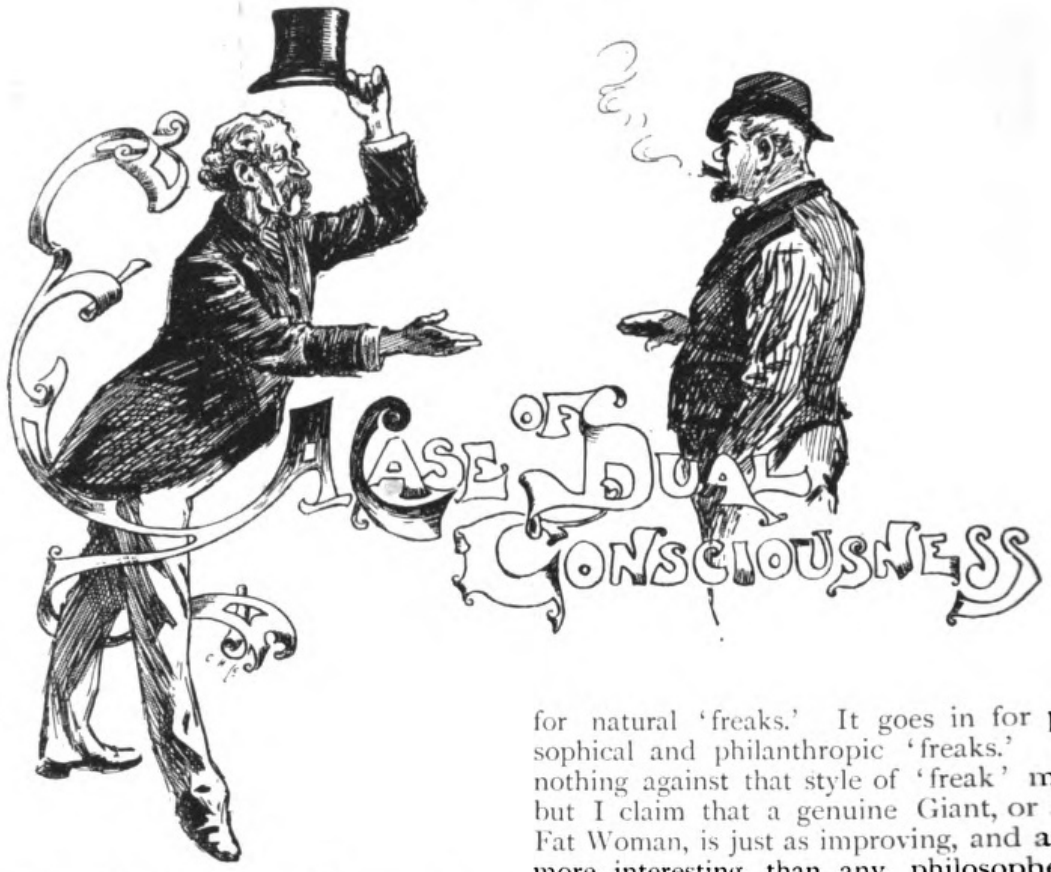
"Let all people know how great and powerful is St. George!" and his mother regained her sight.

After that no one dared to doubt the truth of Ashik's words, and Kurshud-Bek handed over to him without a murmur the beautiful Magul-Megeri.

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The Queer Side of Things—Among the Freaks.

No. V.



"OF course," said the Door-keeper, "we calculate, in the Dime Museum business, to deceive the public a little now and then, but as it is done for the amusement and instruction of the public, I don't see as anyone has any call to complain. Suppose I do exhibit a 'freak' that isn't quite genuine! If it draws it is because the public likes it, in which case the public ought to be satisfied. If it doesn't draw, the public doesn't pay out any money to see it, and naturally doesn't feel that it is swindled. Now, I was swindled once, and pretty bad, too, by an artificial 'freak,' and it was me and not the public that suffered. If you want to hear about it I'll tell you the whole story, though I shouldn't like it to be known in the profession, for it don't do any credit to me as a professional man.

"I was exhibiting in Boston a good many years ago, and I am free to say that I was losing money. Boston don't seem to care for natural 'freaks.' It goes in for philosophical and philanthropic 'freaks.' I've nothing against that style of 'freak' myself, but I claim that a genuine Giant, or a real Fat Woman, is just as improving, and a sight more interesting, than any philosopher or philanthropist that Boston ever produced.

"I don't like to lose money any more than you do, and things were looking pretty blue for me, when one day a carriage drives up to my door and a chap sends in word that he wanted to see me on professional business. I told my man to show him in, and when I saw him I put him down for a rascal without waiting to hear him speak. He told me that he had just arrived from Europe with a Two-Headed Girl, and that she was the biggest thing that any Museum had ever offered to the public. He had her with him in the carriage, and I was the first manager that he had called to see since he landed.

"Now I knew well enough that a Two-Headed Girl is about the scarcest thing that a Museum can get hold of. I never knew of but one specimen of the kind, and she was worth pretty near her weight in gold. How this fellow should have got hold of a second specimen without my ever having heard of her existence was more than I could understand, for I kept as bright

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a look-out for attractions all over the world as Barnum himself. However, I went out to the carriage and had a look at the girl. There she sat, wrapped up in a big shawl, and as far as I could see she was all right. Anyway, there were two heads above the edge of the shawl, and they were as pretty heads as you could find in any English young ladies' seminary. If the Two-Headed Girl only corresponded to the sample I saw in the carriage, she would be the biggest attraction that Boston or any other city had ever seen.

"Well! I went back to my office, and the fellow and I talked the thing over. He said the girl was a Laplander, and couldn't speak a single word of any language except Laplandish. She was sixteen years old, and had never been out of her native village until he had accidentally seen her, and hired her for a five years' tour of the world. So far he had not exhibited her anywhere, and he wanted her to make her deebutt in my show, so as to give her a respectable standing in the profession, from the start. His terms were a hundred dollars a week, and a benefit every six months, and he said that he should ask any other manager a hundred and twenty-five.



"SHE SMILED AT ME WITH BOTH HEADS."

"I told him to bring in his girl where I could have a fair look at her, and then it would be time enough to talk about terms. He brought her in, and I noticed that she climbed down out of the carriage with considerable difficulty. The agent helped her into my office, where she sat down on the sofa, and smiled at me with both heads in a way that would have been dangerous if she had tried it on some managers that I know.

"'There she is,' said the agent. 'The only genuine white Two-Headed Girl the world has ever seen. Above the waist, where she is joined together, she is perfect: two distinct girls, and good-looking ones too. She's only got one pair of legs, which prevents her from walking easy, but she is as strong and healthy as they make 'em, and there ain't the least danger that she'll die on your hands.'

"Then he spoke some gibberish, which I supposed was Laplandish, to the girl, and she drew up the hem of her dress so as to show two nice little feet, and no more. The size of those feet ought to have awakened my suspicion, for they were the regulation Boston size, which is about three sizes smaller than the average European foot. But I was so anxious to find that she was genuine that I didn't notice that there was anything wrong about her feet.

"'What do you say?' said the agent. 'Isn't she a first-class attraction?'

"'She'll draw safe enough,' said I, 'provided she's genuine. I don't mean to say she ain't, but I've got to be sure about it before we can do any business.'

"'Oh! It's easy enough to prove that she is genuine,' says the fellow. 'I've got certificates from three of the leading physicians in Lapland, besides the affidavit of her father and mother and the parish priest. If they don't satisfy you nothing will, and I shall have to take her to another manager.'

"'Show me the certificates!' said I.

"Well! he produced them on the spot, and they seemed all right. Of course I couldn't read a word of them, but they had a lot of sealing-wax on them, which is always convincing, and had a genuine official look. I wanted the girl so bad that, perhaps, it led me to be a little careless for once in my life; so I said to the agent that I would give him twenty-five dollars a week, and sign a contract with him for a year. We argued the matter for about an hour, and finally we came to an agreement on the basis of seventy-five dollars a week and three benefits a year. It was the steepest price I ever paid, but I was losing money at the rate of fifty dollars a week, and I was ready to take almost any chance of bringing up the business again. Besides, I knew that if the Two-Headed Girl didn't draw I should

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be ruined anyhow, and it didn't matter what I might agree to pay, as there would be no money to pay it with. Whereas if she did draw, as I expected she would, I could easy afford to pay seventy-five dollars a week for her. I always did go on the principle of dealing liberally with people, especially when it is clear that there is nothing to be lost by it.

"While the agent and I were trying to get the best of one another the Two-Headed Girl sat with some of her arms around both her necks, and was that patient and sweet-tempered in appearance that I began to hope that for once I had found a 'freak' that wouldn't be perpetually quarrelling. As I have told you, I presume, 'freaks' do nothing but quarrel and fall in love. I don't wonder at their quarrelling, seeing that they are shut up together day and night, and haven't anything else to do; but it was a long time before I found out why they are constantly falling in love. It is because they don't get any exercise, except now and then a drive in a closed carriage.

"You never hear of a trapeze performer or a Strong Man falling in love; that's because they work off their affections on their muscles. On the other hand, a Fat Woman, who never gets any exercise at all, is always in love, and generally two or three deep. Naturally, the more 'freaks' fall in love, the more they quarrel, and there is hardly a day that I don't have to smooth two or three of them down, or threaten to lock them up till they quit heaving candlesticks and language at one another.

"Well, I advertised my Two-Headed Girl the next day, and when night came the house was packed. Ralph Waldo Emerson himself couldn't have drawn better. The very best classes of Boston society came to see the Two-Headed Girl, and more women with more spectacles and more false teeth came into the show than I had ever seen before in my whole professional experience. The men and women used to stand by the hour in front of the sofa where the Two-Headed Girl sat and argue about her soul, which, considering that her soul wasn't on exhibition, seemed to me a loss of time. They made out in some way that I don't



"THE VERY BEST CLASSES OF BOSTON SOCIETY."

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pretend to understand, that the Girl had something to do with philosophy, and that her two heads proved something or other that Mr. Emerson used to teach.

"You've heard of Mr. Emerson, of course. He was what they called a philosopher, and drew better than any 'freak' or primer donner that ever visited Boston. I couldn't see anything in him, myself. I went to hear him lecture once, and it seemed to me that he wasn't to be compared with Artemus Ward. However, that was none of my business, though at one time I did think of making him a handsome offer to join my combination.

"There wasn't the least doubt about the success of the Two-Headed Girl. In the very first week I took in two hundred and thirty dollars more than I had ever taken in in any one week in my life before. The Museum was crowded day and night, and every mother in Boston brought her children and told them that the Two-Headed Girl taught some great moral lesson, and that they ought to imitate her, or avoid imitating her, or some other rubbish of that general kind. I never pretend to understand such things myself. I don't associate with 'freaks' to learn moral lessons from them. When I want moral lessons I'll go to Sunday-school and get 'em, instead of lowering myself to ask 'freaks' to give me lessons.

"The Two-Headed Girl, as I have said in the beginning, was a Laplander, and couldn't speak anything but Laplandish. She had been with me about a month when I was astonished, one night after the exhibition had closed, and the 'freaks' had sat down to their usual banquet of pickles and cider, to hear one of her heads say to the other:—

"'You say that again, miss, and I'll tear your eyes out!'

"'Halloa!' says I, 'thought neither of you could speak any English?'

"The Girl blushed a double blush on all four cheeks, and said, 'We've learned considerable since we came to America, but we never try to speak English because it ain't professional—not in our case, at any rate.'

"'That's all right,' said I. 'Speak what you like, only remember that I don't allow no quarrelling among my people."



"I DON'T ALLOW NO QUARRELLING."

"The next day I made inquiries about the Two-Headed Girl, and found out that both of her were in love with the same young man. He came to the show every day and always brought both of her flowers. I found out afterwards that he was a philosopher, and was studying what he called 'The Psychological Character of Female Dual Consciousness as

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"HE ALWAYS BROUGHT BOTH OF HER FLOWERS."

Exemplified in the Two-Headed Girl of Lapland.' I remember this because he wrote an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* with that title, which would have been a first-class advertisement of the Girl if she hadn't happened to have retired to private life when the article was published. He was a rather good-looking young fellow, and both the heads of the Girl considered that he was in love with them. Mary, which is what we used to call the right-hand head, was sure that the young man was after her, and only gave flowers to Jane, who was the left-hand head, in order not to give away the real state of his affections to the general public; while Jane was equally certain that it was she the young man was in love with, and that he considered the other head to be very much in the way.

"The Fat Woman, who sat close to the Two-Headed Girl on the stage, was really frightened at the way the two heads used to go on. She could hear them whispering to each other when the audience couldn't hear anything said. Mary would put her cheek up against Jane's and smile so sweetly that the audience would say: 'How perfectly lovely!' but all the time she would be saying: 'I'd like to bite your ugly ear off, miss!' and then presently Jane would put her arm around Mary's neck and whisper: 'You mean, deceitful thing! Wait till we get to our room, and I'll let you know!' The Fat Woman, who was all the time reading Dime novels, said she was afraid some awful tragedy was preparing, and that presently the place would be drowned in blood. She wasn't altogether wrong, as you'll see presently.

"One night, just after the banquet was over, and the 'freaks' had mostly gone to their rooms, we heard such a dismal shrieking from the Two-Headed Girl's room that we all rushed to the door. That is, when I say 'all,' I mean the Giant and the Living Skeleton, who had been sitting up with me a little later than usual. I never allow nothing improper on the part of nobody in my show, and I set the example in such matters myself. So I told the Giant and the Skeleton that we would withdraw, while the Strong Woman would burst the door open and see what was the matter.

"Accordingly we did so, and the Strong Woman set her shoulder against the door, and it just sort of melted away, as you might say. She told me that she found the Two-Headed Girl having the liveliest kind of a fight with herself. She was lying on the floor, and the half of her which was uppermost, and which happened to be Mary, was laying into the other half and hauling out

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the hair and the hairpins by handfuls. The Strong Woman, wanting to check the effusion of hair, went to work to separate them, and succeeded altogether too well. In fact, when she got hold of Mary, and tried to pull her clear of Jane's hair, the two girls came apart alto gether. The Strong Woman, who like the rest of us had believed in the Two-Headed Girl, was that frightened when she saw that she had pulled her clean apart that she in turn yelled for help.



"THE STRONG WOMAN SET HER SHOULDER AGAINST THE DOOR."

"This time I had to lay aside my scruples and see for myself what was the matter. There sat the Strong Woman on the floor, holding half of the Two-Headed Girl in her arms, and there lay the other half, two or three yards off, on the carpet, crying her level best, and cussin' the rest of her in language which, if I am any judge of language, and I ought to be, was learned somewhere down by the wharves. When I saw that Jane was more frightened than hurt, I told her to go to bed, and told the Strong Woman to take Mary into her room for the night. Mary went peaceably, for when the Strong Woman got hold of anybody, male or female, they generally did as she said.

"The next day I called up the Two-Headed Girl and told them that our contract was at an end. 'I will never,' I said, 'be a party to a fraud on the public, especially when it is sure to be found out, as this fraud of yours is. A committee of Boston surgeons was going to examine you this very day, and I, believing you to be genuine, was to offer them every facility. What I am offering now is a free passage for you both, from here to New York, and don't you ever let me hear of your trying to exhibit again, or I'll come out and tell the truth about you.'

"That was my only attempt at exhibiting a Two-Headed Girl. I ought not to be hard on the girls, for they pulled me through a very tight place in my professional career; but at the same time they took me in, and not being a part of the public I don't like to be took in. However, it all happened long ago, and I defy any 'freak' to play any sort of game on me again. If there is any deceit to be practised in my show, I conceive that I am the one to do it, and not the one to be practised on."

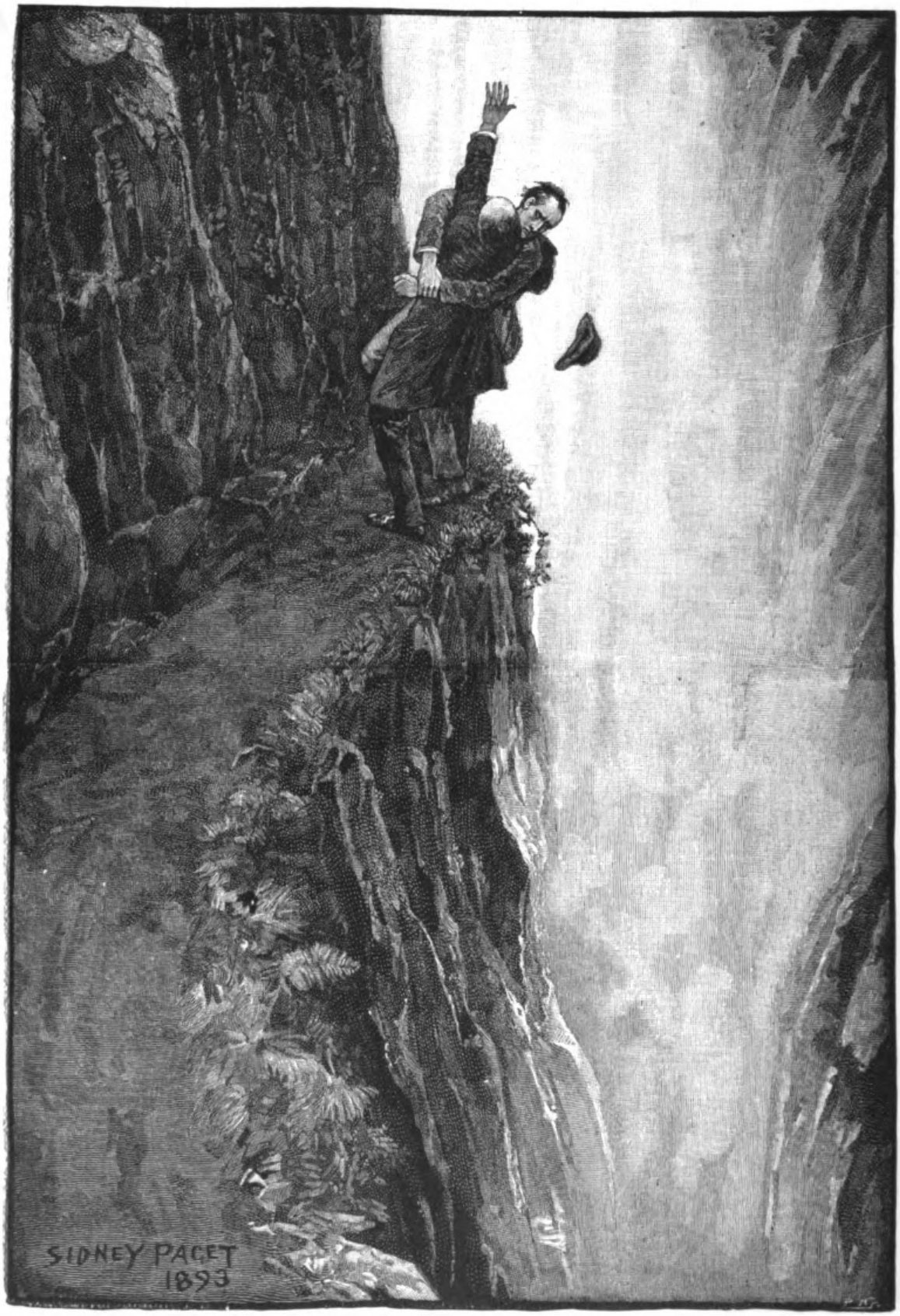
W. L. ALDEN.

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THE DEATH OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

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The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

By A. Conan Doyle.

XXIV.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE FINAL PROBLEM.

IT is with a heavy heart that I take up my pen to write these the last words in which I shall ever record the singular gifts by which my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes was distinguished. In an incoherent and, as I deeply feel, an entirely inadequate fashion, I have endeavoured to give some account of my strange experiences in his company from the chance which first brought us together at the period of the "Study in Scarlet," up to the time of his interference in the matter of the "Naval Treaty"—an interference which had the unquestionable effect of preventing a serious international complication. It was my intention to have stopped there, and to have said nothing of that event which has created a void in my life which the lapse of two years has done little to fill. My hand has been forced, however, by the recent letters in which Colonel James Moriarty defends the memory of his brother, and I have no choice but to lay the facts before the public exactly as they occurred. I alone know the absolute truth of the matter, and I am satisfied that the time has come when no good purpose is to be served by its suppression. As far as I know, there have been only three accounts in the public Press: that in the *Journal de Genève* upon May 6th, 1891, the Reuter's despatch in the English papers upon May 7th, and finally the recent letters to which I have alluded. Of these the first and second were extremely condensed, while the last is, as I shall now show, an absolute perversion of the facts. It lies with me to tell for the first time what really took place between Professor Moriarty and Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

It may be remembered that after my marriage, and my subsequent start in private practice, the very intimate relations which had existed between Holmes and myself became to some extent modified. He still came to me from time to time when he desired a companion in his investigations, but these occasions grew more and more seldom, until I find that in the year 1890 there were only three cases of which I retain any record. During the winter of that year and the early spring of 1891, I saw in the papers that he had been engaged by the French Government upon a matter of supreme importance, and I received two notes from Holmes, dated from Narbonne and from Nîmes, from which I gathered that his stay in France was likely to be a long one. It was with some surprise, therefore, that I saw him walk into my consulting-room upon the evening of the 24th of April. It struck me that he was looking even paler and thinner than usual.

"Yes, I have been using myself up rather too freely," he remarked, in answer to my look rather than to my words; "I have been a little pressed of late. Have you any objection to my closing your shutters?"

The only light in the room came from the lamp upon the table at which I had been reading. Holmes edged his way round the wall, and flinging the shutters together, he bolted them securely.

"You are afraid of something?" I asked.

"Well, I am."

"Of what?"

"Of air-guns."

"My dear Holmes, what do you mean?"

"I think that you know me well enough, Watson, to understand that I am by no means a nervous man. At the same time, it is stupidity rather than courage to refuse to recognise danger when it is close upon you. Might I trouble you for a match?" He drew in the smoke of his cigarette as if the soothing influence was grateful to him.

"I must apologize for calling so late," said he, "and I must further beg you to be so unconventional as to allow me to leave your house presently by scrambling over your back garden wall."

"But what does it all mean?" I asked.

He held out his hand, and I saw in the light of the lamp that two of his knuckles were burst and bleeding.

"It's not an airy nothing, you see," said he, smiling. "On the contrary, it is solid enough for a man to break his hand over. Is Mrs. Watson in?"

"She is away upon a visit."

"Indeed! You are alone?"

"Quite."

"Then it makes it the easier for me to propose that you should come away with me for a week on to the Continent."

"Where?"

"Oh, anywhere. It's all the same to me."

There was something very strange in all this. It was not Holmes's nature to take an



"TWO OF HIS KNUCKLES WERE BURST AND BLEEDING."

aimless holiday, and something about his pale, worn face told me that his nerves were at their highest tension. He saw the question in my eyes, and, putting his finger-tips together and his elbows upon his knees, he explained the situation.

"You have probably never heard of Professor Moriarty?" said he.

"Never."

"Aye, there's the genius and the wonder of the thing!" he cried. "The man pervades London, and no one has heard of him. That's what puts him on a pinnacle in the records of crime. I tell you, Watson, in all seriousness, that if I could beat that man, if I could free society of him, I should feel that my own career had reached its summit, and I should be prepared to turn to some more placid line in life. Between ourselves, the recent cases in which I have been of assistance to the Royal Family of Scandinavia, and to the French Republic, have left me in such a position that I could continue to live in the quiet fashion which is most congenial to me, and to concentrate my attention upon my chemical researches. But I could not rest, Watson, I could not sit quiet in my chair, if I thought that such a man as Professor Moriarty were walking the streets of London unchallenged."

"What has he done, then?"

"His career has been an extraordinary one. He is a man of good birth and excellent education, endowed by Nature with a phenomenal mathematical faculty. At the age of twenty-one he wrote a treatise upon the Binomial Theorem, which has had a European vogue. On the strength of it, he won the Mathematical Chair at one of our smaller Universities and had, to all appearance, a most brilliant career before him. But the man had hereditary tendencies of the most diabolical kind. A criminal strain ran in his blood, which, instead of being modified, was increased and rendered infinitely more dangerous by his extraordinary mental powers. Dark rumours gathered round him in the University town, and eventually he was compelled to resign his Chair and to come down to London, where he set up as an Army coach. So much is known to the world, but what I am telling you now is what I have myself discovered.

"As you are aware, Watson, there is no one who knows the higher criminal world of London so well as I do. For years past I have continually been conscious of some power behind the malefactor, some deep organizing power which for ever stands in the way of the law, and throws its shield over the wrong-doer. Again and again in cases of the most varying sorts—forgery cases, robberies, murders—I have felt the presence of this force, and I have deduced its action in many of those undiscovered crimes in which I have not been personally

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consulted. For years I have endeavoured to break through the veil which shrouded it, and at last the time came when I seized my thread and followed it, until it led me, after a thousand cunning windings, to ex-Professor Moriarty of mathematical celebrity.

"He is the Napoleon of crime, Watson. He is the organizer of half that is evil and of nearly all that is undetected in this great city. He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order. He sits motionless, like a spider in the centre of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them. He does little himself. He only plans. But his agents are numerous and splendidly organized. Is there a crime to be done, a paper to be abstracted, we will say, a house to be rifled, a man to be removed — the word is passed to the Professor, the matter is organized and carried out. The agent may be caught. In that case money is found for his bail or his defence. But the central power which uses the agent is never caught—never so much as suspected. This was the organization which I deduced, Watson, and which I devoted my whole energy to exposing and breaking up.

"But the Professor was fenced round with safeguards so cunningly devised that, do what I would, it seemed impossible to get evidence which could convict in a court of law. You know my powers, my dear Watson, and yet at the end of three months I was forced to confess that I had at last met an antagonist who was my intellectual equal. My horror at his crimes was lost in my admiration at his skill. But at last he made a trip—only a little, little trip—but it was more than he could afford, when I was so close upon him. I had my chance, and, starting from that point, I have woven my net round him until now it is all ready to close. In three days, that is to say on Monday next, matters will be ripe, and the Professor, with all the principal members of his gang, will be in the hands of the police. Then will come the greatest criminal trial of the century, the clearing up of over forty mysteries and the rope for all of them —but if we move at all prematurely, you understand, they may slip out of our hands even at the last moment.



"PROFESSOR MORIARTY STOOD BEFORE ME.

"Now, if I could have done this without the knowledge of Professor Moriarty, all would have been well. But he was too wily for that. He saw every step which I took to draw my toils round him. Again and again he strove to break away, but I as often headed him off. I tell you, my friend, that if a detailed account of that silent contest could be written, it would take its place as the most brilliant bit of thrust-and-parry work in the history of detection. Never have I risen to such a height, and never have I been so hard pressed by an opponent. He cut deep, and yet I just undercut him. This morning the last steps were taken, and three days only were wanted to complete the business. I was sitting in my room thinking the matter over, when the door opened and Professor Moriarty stood before me.

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"My nerves are fairly proof, Watson, but I must confess to a start when I saw the very man who had been so much in my thoughts standing there on my threshold. His appearance was quite familiar to me. He is extremely tall and thin, his forehead domes out in a white curve, and his two eyes are deeply sunken in his head. He is clean shaven, pale, and ascetic-looking, retaining something of the professor in his features. His shoulders are rounded from much study, and his face protrudes forward, and is for ever slowly oscillating from side to side in a curiously reptilian fashion. He peered at me with great curiosity in his puckered eyes.

"'You have less frontal development than I should have expected,' said he at last. 'It is a dangerous habit to finger loaded firearms in the pocket of one's dressing-gown.'

"The fact is that upon his entrance I had instantly recognised the extreme personal danger in which I lay. The only conceivable escape for him lay in silencing my tongue. In an instant I had slipped the revolver from the drawer into my pocket, and was covering him through the cloth. At his remark I drew the weapon out and laid it cocked upon the table. He still smiled and blinked, but there was something about his eyes which made me feel very glad that I had it there.

"'You evidently don't know me,' said he.

"'On the contrary,' I answered, 'I think it is fairly evident that I do. Pray take a chair. I can spare you five minutes if you have anything to say.'

"'All that I have to say has already crossed your mind,' said he.

"'Then possibly my answer has crossed yours,' I replied.

"'You stand fast?'

"'Absolutely.'

"He clapped his hand into his pocket, and I raised the pistol from the table. But he merely drew out a memorandum-book in which he had scribbled some dates.

"'You crossed my path on the 4th of January,' said he. 'On the 23rd you incommoded me; by the middle of February I was seriously inconvenienced by you; at the end of March I was absolutely hampered in my plans; and now, at the close of April, I find myself placed in such a position through your continual persecution that I am in positive danger of losing my liberty. The situation is becoming an impossible one.'

"'Have you any suggestion to make?' I asked.

"'You must drop it, Mr. Holmes,' said he, swaying his face about. 'You really must, you know.'

"'After Monday,' said I.

"'Tut, tut!' said he. 'I am quite sure that a man of your intelligence will see that there can be but one outcome to this affair. It is necessary that you should withdraw. You have worked things in such a fashion that we have only one resource left. It has been an intellectual treat to me to see the way in which you have grappled with this affair, and I say, unaffectedly, that it would be a grief to me to be forced to take any extreme measure. You smile, sir, but I assure you that it really would.'

"'Danger is part of my trade,' I remarked.

"'This is not danger,' said he. 'It is inevitable destruction. You stand in the way not merely of an individual, but of a mighty organization, the full extent of which you, with all your cleverness, have been unable to realize. You must stand clear, Mr. Holmes, or be trodden under foot.'

"'I am afraid,' said I, rising, 'that in the pleasure of this conversation I am neglecting business of importance which awaits me elsewhere.'

"He rose also and looked at me in silence, shaking his head sadly.

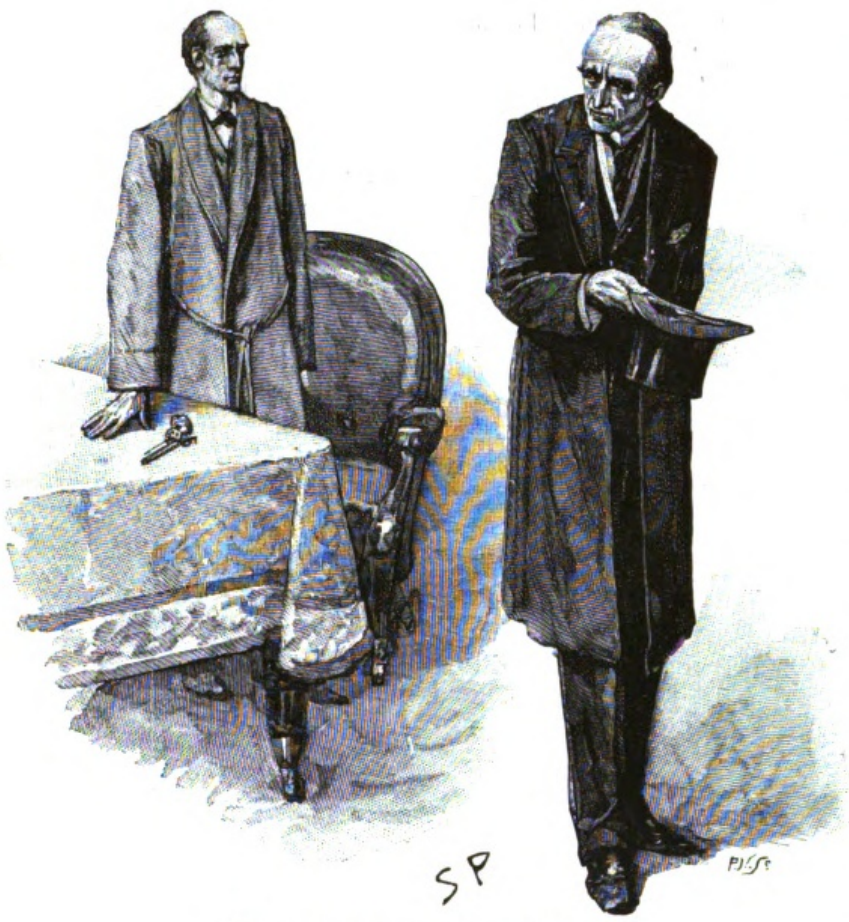
"'Well, well,' said he at last. 'It seems a pity, but I have done what I could. I know every move of your game. You can do nothing before Monday. It has been a duel between you and me, Mr. Holmes. You hope to place me in the dock. I tell you that I will never stand in the dock. You hope to beat me. I tell you that you will never beat me. If you are clever enough to bring destruction upon me, rest assured that I shall do as much to you.'

"'You have paid me several compliments, Mr. Moriarty,' said I. 'Let me pay you one in return when I say that if I were assured of the former eventuality I would, in the interests of the public, cheerfully accept the latter.'

"'I can promise you the one but not the other,' he snarled, and so turned his rounded back upon me and went peering and blinking out of the room.

"That was my singular interview with Professor Moriarty. I confess that it left an unpleasant effect upon my mind. His soft, precise fashion of speech leaves a conviction of sincerity which a mere bully could not produce. Of course, you will say: 'Why not take police precautions against him?' The reason is that I am well convinced that it is from his agents the blow would fall. I

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"HE TURNED HIS ROUNDED BACK UPON ME."

have the best of proofs that it would be so."

"You have already been assaulted?"

"My dear Watson, Professor Moriarty is not a man who lets the grass grow under his feet. I went out about midday to transact some business in Oxford Street. As I passed the corner which leads from Bentinck Street on to the Welbeck Street crossing a two-horse van furiously driven whizzed round and was on me like a flash. I sprang for the footpath and saved myself by the fraction of a second. The van dashed round by Marylebone Lane and was gone in an instant. I kept to the pavement after that, Watson, but as I walked down Vere Street a brick came down from the roof of one of the houses, and was shattered to fragments at my feet. I called the police and had the place examined. There were slates and bricks piled upon the roof preparatory to some repairs, and they would have me believe that the wind had toppled over one of these. Of course I knew better, but I could prove nothing. I took a cab after that and reached my brother's rooms in Pall Mall, where I spent the day. Now I have come round to you, and on my way I was attacked by a rough with a bludgeon. I knocked him down, and the police have him in custody; but I can tell you with the most absolute confidence that no possible connection will ever be traced between the gentleman upon whose front teeth I have barked my knuckles and the retiring mathematical coach, who is, I daresay, working out problems upon a blackboard ten miles away. You will not wonder, Watson, that my first act on entering your rooms was to close your shutters, and that I have been compelled to ask your permission to leave the house by some less conspicuous exit than the front door."

I had often admired my friend's courage, but never more than now, as he sat quietly checking off a series of incidents which must have combined to make up a day of horror.

"You will spend the night here?" I said.

"No, my friend, you might find me a dangerous guest. I have my plans laid, and all will be well. Matters have gone so far now that they can move without my help as far as the arrest goes, though my presence is necessary for a conviction. It is obvious, therefore, that I cannot do better than get away for the few days which remain before the police are at liberty to act. It would be a great pleasure to me, therefore, if you could come on to the Continent with me."

"The practice is quiet," said I, "and I have an accommodating neighbour. I should be glad to come."

"And to start to-morrow morning?"

"If necessary."

"Oh, yes, it is most necessary. Then these are your instructions, and I beg, my dear Watson, that you will obey them to the letter, for you are now playing a double-handed game with me against the cleverest

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rogue and the most powerful syndicate of criminals in Europe. Now listen! You will dispatch whatever luggage you intend to take by a trusty messenger unaddressed to Victoria to-night. In the morning you will send for a hansom, desiring your man to take neither the first nor the second which may present itself. Into this hansom you will jump, and you will drive to the Strand end of the Lowther Arcade, handing the address to the cabman upon a slip of paper, with a request that he will not throw it away. Have your fare ready, and the instant that your cab stops, dash through the Arcade, timing yourself to reach the other side at a quarter-past nine. You will find a small brougham waiting close to the curb, driven by a fellow with a heavy black cloak tipped at the collar with red. Into this you will step, and you will reach Victoria in time for the Continental express."

"Where shall I meet you?"

"At the station. The second first-class carriage from the front will be reserved for us."

"The carriage is our rendezvous, then?"

"Yes."

It was in vain that I asked Holmes to remain for the evening. It was evident to me that he thought he might bring trouble to the roof he was under, and that that was the motive which impelled him to go. With a few hurried words as to our plans for the morrow he rose and came out with me into the garden, clambering over the wall which leads into Mortimer Street, and immediately whistling for a hansom, in which I heard him drive away.

In the morning I obeyed Holmes's injunctions to the letter. A hansom was procured with such precautions as would prevent its being one which was placed ready for us, and I drove immediately after breakfast to the Lowther Arcade, through which I hurried at the top of my speed. A brougham was waiting with a very massive driver wrapped in a dark cloak, who, the instant that I had stepped in, whipped up the horse and rattled off to Victoria Station. On my alighting there he turned the carriage, and dashed away again without so much as a look in my direction.

So far all had gone admirably. My luggage was waiting for me, and I had no difficulty in finding the carriage which Holmes had indicated, the less so as it was the only one in the train which was marked "Engaged." My only source of anxiety now was the non-appearance of Holmes. The station clock marked only seven minutes from the time when we were due to start. In vain I searched among the groups of travellers and leave-takers for the lithe figure of my friend. There was no sign of him. I spent a few minutes in assisting a venerable Italian priest, who was endeavouring to make a porter understand, in his broken English, that his luggage was to be booked through to Paris. Then, having taken another look round, I returned to my carriage, where I found that the porter, in spite of the ticket, had given me my decrepit Italian friend as a travelling companion. It was useless for me to explain to him that his presence was an intrusion, for my Italian was even more limited than his English, so I shrugged my shoulders resignedly, and continued to look out anxiously for my friend. A chill of fear had come over me, as I thought that his absence might mean that some blow had fallen during the night. Already the doors had all been shut and the whistle blown, when—

"My dear Watson," said a voice, "you have not even condescended to say good morning."

I turned in incontrollable astonishment. The aged ecclesiastic had turned his face towards me. For an instant the wrinkles were smoothed away, the nose drew away from the chin, the lower lip ceased to protrude and the mouth to mumble, the dull eyes regained their fire, the drooping figure expanded. The next the whole frame collapsed again, and Holmes had gone as quickly as he had come.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "How you startled me!"

"Every precaution is still necessary," he whispered. "I have reason to think that they are hot upon our trail. Ah, there is Moriarty himself."

The train had already begun to move as Holmes spoke. Glancing back I saw a tall man pushing his way furiously through the crowd and waving his hand as if he desired to have the train stopped. It was too late, however, for we were rapidly gathering momentum, and an instant later had shot clear of the station.

"With all our precautions, you see that we have cut it rather fine," said Holmes, laughing. He rose, and throwing off the black cassock and hat which had formed his disguise, he packed them away in a hand-bag.

"Have you seen the morning paper, Watson?"

"No."

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"MY DECREPIT ITALIAN FRIEND."

"You haven't seen about Baker Street, then?"

"Baker Street?"

"They set fire to our rooms last night. No great harm was done."

"Good heavens, Holmes! This is intolerable."

"They must have lost my track completely after their bludgeon-man was arrested. Otherwise they could not have imagined that I had returned to my rooms. They have evidently taken the precaution of watching you, however, and that is what has brought Moriarty to Victoria. You could not have made any slip in coming?"

"I did exactly what you advised."

"Did you find your brougham?"

"Yes, it was waiting."

"Did you recognise your coachman?"

"No."

"It was my brother Mycroft. It is an advantage to get about in such a case without taking a mercenary into your confidence. But we must plan what we are to do about Moriarty now."

"As this is an express, and as the boat runs in connection with it, I should think we have shaken him off very effectively."

"My dear Watson, you evidently did not realize my meaning when I said that this man may be taken as being quite on the same intellectual plane as myself. You do not imagine that if I were the pursuer I should allow myself to be baffled by so slight an obstacle. Why, then, should you think so meanly of him?"

"What will he do?"

"What I should do."

"What would you do, then?"

"Engage a special."

"But it must be late."

"By no means. This train stops at Canterbury; and there is always at least a quarter of an hour's delay at the boat. He will catch us there."

"One would think that we were the criminals. Let us have him arrested on his arrival."

"It would be to ruin the work of three

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months. We should get the big fish, but the smaller would dart right and left out of the net. On Monday we should have them all. No, an arrest is inadmissible."

"What then?"

"We shall get out at Canterbury."

"And then?"

"Well, then we must make a cross-country journey to Newhaven, and so over to Dieppe. Moriarty will again do what I should do. He will get on to Paris, mark down our luggage, and wait for two days at the depôt. In the meantime we shall treat ourselves to a couple of carpet bags, encourage the manufactures of the countries through which we travel, and make our way at our leisure into Switzerland, viâ Luxembourg and Basle."

At Canterbury, therefore, we alighted, only to find that we should have to wait an hour before we could get a train to Newhaven.

I was still looking rather ruefully after the rapidly disappearing luggage van which contained my wardrobe, when Holmes pulled my sleeve and pointed up the line.

"Already, you see," said he.

Far away, from among the Kentish woods there rose a thin spray of smoke. A minute later a carriage and engine could be seen flying along the open curve which leads to the station. We had hardly time to take our place behind a pile of luggage when it passed with a rattle and a roar, beating a blast of hot air into our faces.

"There he goes," said Holmes, as we watched the carriage swing and rock over the points. "There are limits, you see, to our friend's intelligence. It would have been a *coup-de-maître* had he deduced what I would deduce and acted accordingly."

"And what would he have done had he overtaken us?"

"There cannot be the least doubt that he would have made a murderous attack upon me. It is, however, a game at which two may play. The question now is whether we should take a premature lunch here, or run our chance of starving before we reach the buffet at Newhaven."

We made our way to Brussels that night and spent two days there, moving on upon the third day as far as Strasburg. On the Monday morning Holmes had telegraphed to the London police, and in the evening we found a reply waiting for us at our hotel. Holmes tore it open, and then with a bitter curse hurled it into the grate



"IT PASSED WITH A RATTLE AND A ROAR."

"I might have known it!" he groaned. "He has escaped!"

"Moriarty?"

"They have secured the whole gang with the exception of him. He has given them the slip. Of course, when I had left the country there was no one to cope with him. But I did think that I had put the game in their hands. I think that you had better return to England, Watson."

"Why?"

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"Because you will find me a dangerous companion now. This man's occupation is gone. He is lost if he returns to London. If I read his character right he will devote his whole energies to revenging himself upon me. He said as much in our short interview, and I fancy that he meant it. I should certainly recommend you to return to your practice."

It was hardly an appeal to be successful with one who was an old campaigner as well as an old friend. We sat in the Strasburg *salle-à-manger* arguing the question for half an hour, but the same night we had resumed our journey and were well on our way to Geneva.

For a charming week we wandered up the Valley of the Rhone, and then, branching off at Leuk, we made our way over the Gemmi Pass, still deep in snow, and so, by way of Interlaken, to Meiringen. It was a lovely trip, the dainty green of the spring below, the virgin white of the winter above; but it was clear to me that never for one instant did Holmes forget the shadow which lay across him. In the homely Alpine villages or in the lonely mountain passes, I could still tell by his quick glancing eyes and his sharp scrutiny of every face that passed us, that he was well convinced that, walk where we would, we could not walk ourselves clear of the danger which was dogging our footsteps.

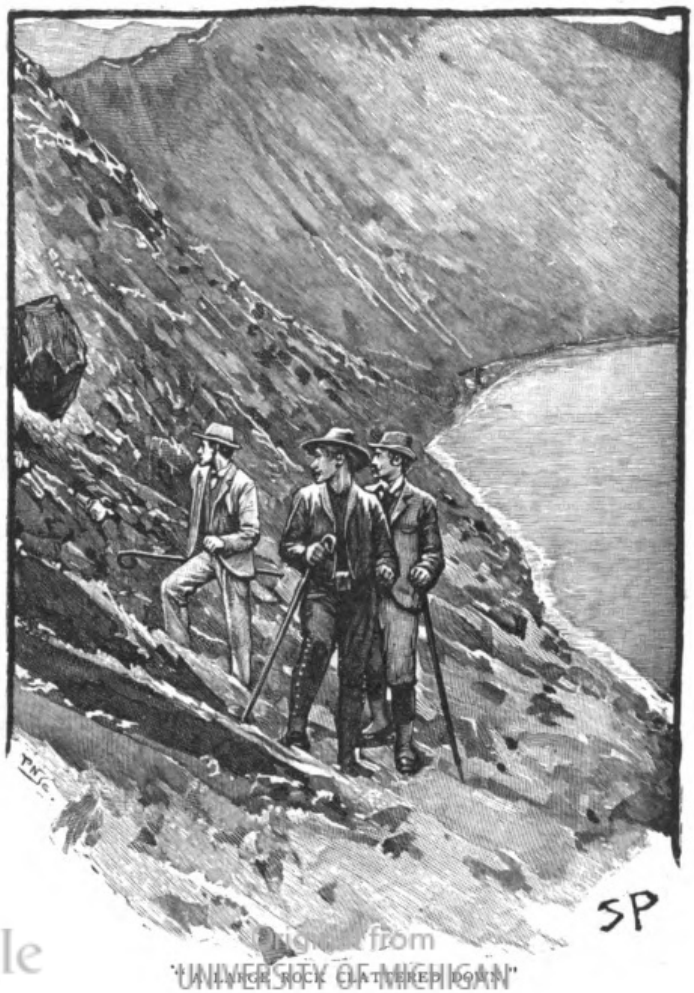
Once, I remember, as we passed over the Gemmi, and walked along the border of the melancholy Daubensee, a large rock which had been dislodged from the ridge upon our right clattered down and roared into the lake behind us. In an instant Holmes had raced up on to the ridge, and, standing upon a lofty pinnacle, craned his neck in every direction. It was in vain that our guide assured him that a fall of stones was a common chance in the spring-time at that spot. He said nothing, but he smiled at me with the air of a man who sees the fulfilment of that which he had expected.

And yet for all his watchfulness he was never depressed. On the contrary, I can never recollect having seen him in such exuberant spirits. Again and again he recurred to the fact that if he could be assured that society was freed from Professor Moriarty he would cheerfully bring his own career to a conclusion.

"I think that I may go so far as to say, Watson, that I have not lived wholly in vain," he remarked. "If my record were closed to-night I could still survey it with equanimity. The air of London is the sweeter for my presence. In over a thousand cases I am not aware that I have ever used my powers upon the wrong side. Of late I have been tempted to look into the problems furnished by Nature rather than those more superficial ones for which our artificial state of society is responsible. Your memoirs will draw to an end, Watson, upon the day that I crown my career by the capture or extinction of the most dangerous and capable criminal in Europe."

I shall be brief, and yet exact, in the little which remains for me to tell. It is not a subject on which I would willingly dwell, and yet I am conscious that a duty devolves upon me to omit no detail.

It was upon the 3rd of May that we reached the little village of Meiringen, where we put up at the Englischer Hof, then kept



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by Peter Steiler the elder. Our landlord was an intelligent man, and spoke excellent English, having served for three years as waiter at the Grosvenor Hotel in London. At his advice, upon the afternoon of the 4th we set off together with the intention of crossing the hills and spending the night at the hamlet of Rosenlaui. We had strict injunctions, however, on no account to pass the falls of Reichenbach, which are about half-way up the hill, without making a small détour to see them.

It is, indeed, a fearful place. The torrent, swollen by the melting snow, plunges into a tremendous abyss, from which the spray rolls up like the smoke from a burning house. The shaft into which the river hurls itself is an immense chasm, lined by glistening, coal-black rock, and narrowing into a creaming, boiling pit of incalculable depth, which brims over and shoots the stream onward over its jagged lip. The long sweep of green water roaring for ever down, and the thick flickering curtain of spray hissing for ever upwards, turn a man giddy with their constant whirl and clamour. We stood near the edge peering down at the gleam of the breaking water far below us against the black rocks, and listening to the half-human shout which came booming up with the spray out of the abyss.

The path has been cut half-way round the fall to afford a complete view, but it ends abruptly, and the traveller has to return as he came. We had turned to do so, when we saw a Swiss lad come running along it with a letter in his hand. It bore the mark of the hotel which we had just left, and was addressed to me by the landlord. It appeared that within a very few minutes of our leaving, an English lady had arrived who was in the last stage of consumption. She had wintered at Davos Platz, and was journeying now to join her friends at Lucerne, when a sudden hemorrhage had overtaken her. It was thought that she could hardly live a few hours, but it would be a great consolation to her to see an English doctor, and, if I would only return,



"I SAW HOLMES GAZING DOWN AT THE RUSH OF THE WATERS."

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etc., etc. The good Steiler assured me in a postscript that he would himself look upon my compliance as a very great favour, since the lady absolutely refused to see a Swiss physician, and he could not but feel that he was incurring a great responsibility.

The appeal was one which could not be ignored. It was impossible to refuse the request of a fellow-countrywoman dying in a strange land. Yet I had my scruples about leaving Holmes. It was finally agreed, however, that he should retain the young Swiss messenger with him as guide and companion while I returned to Meiringen. My friend would stay some little time at the fall, he said, and would then walk slowly over the hill to Rosenlaui, where I was to rejoin him in the evening. As I turned away I saw Holmes, with his back against a rock and his arms folded, gazing down at the rush of the waters. It was the last that I was ever destined to see of him in this world.

When I was near the bottom of the descent I looked back. It was impossible, from that position, to see the fall, but I could see the curving path which winds over the shoulder of the hill and leads to it. Along this a man was, I remember, walking very rapidly.

I could see his black figure clearly outlined against the green behind him. I noted him, and the energy with which he walked, but he passed from my mind again as I hurried on upon my errand.

It may have been a little over an hour before I reached Meiringen. Old Steiler was standing at the porch of his hotel.

"Well," said I, as I came hurrying up, "I trust that she is no worse?"

A look of surprise passed over his face, and at the first quiver of his eyebrows my heart turned to lead in my breast.

"You did not write this?" I said, pulling the letter from my pocket. "There is no sick Englishwoman in the hotel?"

"Certainly not," he cried. "But it has the hotel mark upon it! Ha, it must have been written by that tall Englishman who came in after you had gone. He said——"

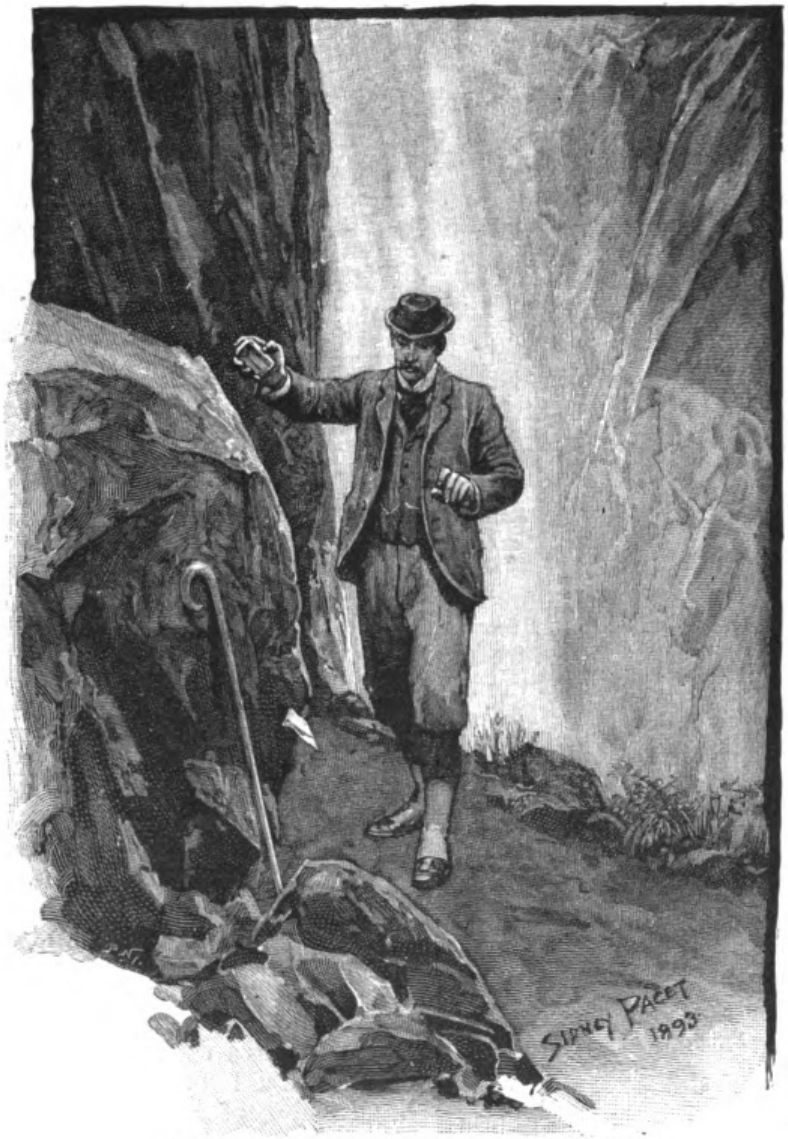
But I waited for none of the landlord's explanations. In a tingle of fear I was already running down the village street, and making for the path which I had so lately descended. It had taken me an hour to come down. For all my efforts two more had passed before I found myself at the fall of Reichenbach once more. There was Holmes's Alpine-stock still leaning against the rock by which I had left him. But there was no sign of him, and it was in vain that I shouted. My only answer was my own voice reverberating in a rolling echo from the cliffs around me.

It was the sight of that Alpine-stock which turned me cold and sick. He had not gone to Rosenlaui, then. He had remained on that three-foot path, with sheer wall on one side and sheer drop upon the other, until his enemy had overtaken him. The young Swiss had gone too. He had probably been in the pay of Moriarty, and had left the two men together. And then what had happened? Who was to tell us what had happened then?

I stood for a minute or two to collect myself, for I was dazed with the horror of the thing. Then I began to think of Holmes's own methods and to try to practise them in reading this tragedy. It was, alas, only too easy to do. During our conversation we had not gone to the end of the path, and the Alpine-stock marked the place where we had stood. The blackish soil is kept for ever soft by the incessant drift of spray, and a bird would leave its tread upon it. Two lines of footmarks were clearly marked along the further end of the path, both leading away from me. There were none returning. A few yards from the end the soil was all ploughed up into a patch of mud, and the brambles and ferns which fringed the chasm were torn and bedraggled. I lay upon my face and peered over with the spray spouting up all around me. It had darkened since I left, and now I could only see here and there the glistening of moisture upon the black walls, and far away down at the end of the shaft the gleam of the broken water. I shouted; but only that same half-human cry of the fall was borne back to my ears.

But it was destined that I should after all have a last word of greeting from my friend and comrade. I have said that his Alpine-stock had been left leaning against a rock which jutted on to the path. From the top of this boulder the gleam of something bright caught my eye, and, raising my hand, I found that it came from the silver cigarette case which he used to carry. As I took it up a small square of paper upon which it had lain fluttered down on to the ground. Unfolding it I found that it consisted of three pages torn from his note-book and addressed to me. It was characteristic of the man that the direction was as precise, and the writing as firm and clear, as though it had been written in his study.

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"A SMALL SQUARE OF PAPER FLUTTERED DOWN."

"My dear Watson," he said, "I write these few lines through the courtesy of Mr. Moriarty, who awaits my convenience for the final discussion of those questions which lie between us. He has been giving me a sketch of the methods by which he avoided the English police and kept himself informed of our movements. They certainly confirm the very high opinion which I had formed of his abilities. I am pleased to think that I shall be able to free society from any further effects of his presence, though I fear that it is at a cost which will give pain to my friends, and especially, my dear Watson, to you. I have already explained to you, however, that my career had in any case reached its crisis, and that no possible conclusion to it could be more congenial to me than this. Indeed, if I may make a full confession to you, I was quite convinced that the letter from Meiringen was a hoax, and I allowed you to depart on that errand under the persuasion that some development of this sort would follow. Tell Inspector Patterson that the papers which he needs to convict the gang are in pigeonhole M., done up in a blue envelope and inscribed 'Moriarty.' I made every disposition of my property before leaving England, and handed it to my brother Mycroft. Pray give my greetings to Mrs. Watson, and believe me to be, my dear fellow,

"Very sincerely yours,
"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

A few words may suffice to tell the little that remains. An examination by experts leaves little doubt that a personal contest between the two men ended, as it could hardly fail to end in such a situation, in their reeling over, locked in each other's arms. Any attempt at recovering the bodies was absolutely hopeless, and there, deep down in that dreadful caldron of swirling water and seething foam, will lie for all time the most dangerous criminal and the foremost champion of the law of their generation. The Swiss youth was never found again, and there can be no doubt that he was one of the numerous agents whom Moriarty kept in his employ. As to the gang, it will be within the memory of the public how completely the evidence which Holmes had accumulated exposed their organization, and how heavily the hand of the dead man weighed upon them. Of their terrible chief few details came out during the proceedings, and if I have now been compelled to make a clear statement of his career, it is due to those injudicious champions who have endeavoured to clear his memory by attacks upon him whom I shall ever regard as the best and the wisest man whom I have ever known.

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The Sultan of Turkey.

By Moulvie Rafiüddin Ahmad.



ABDUL HAMID II., SULTAN OF TURKEY.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street. Taken during His Majesty's visit to England.

THERE is, perhaps, no person living who is historically, religiously, and politically more interesting to both the East and the West than the occupant of the throne of Constantine and the head of the religion of the Prophet of Arabia.

True it is that Turkey is no longer an invincible power, dictator of peace and war in Europe, arbiter between great nations, and a terror to Christendom; but she does still possess a large empire, extending over three continents, claims sovereignty over lands the richest and most beautiful in Nature, and holds under her sway a multitude of races, nationalities, and religions. Her capital, which is the meeting-place of two great civilizations, continents, and religions, commands the keys of the commerce of both East and West. She owns, even yet, a highly powerful army of soldiers, second to none in bravery and patriotism. Apart from his political importance, which is unquestionably great, the Ruler of Turkey, as Caliph of Islam and protector of her holy shrines, exercises a moral influence over countless millions quite unrivalled in this age of scepticism and unbelief. And yet, strange to say, there is no ruler who is so little known to Europeans and Asiatics alike beyond his country as Sultan Abdul Hamid.

It is true that many European and American travellers have written pamphlets and articles about His Majesty, but few of them are free from bias, and all of them generally

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run in the same narrow and beaten groove of politics. Some of these good men, after enjoying the generous hospitality of the Sultan and professing most profound attachment to his person, have returned to their own country only the more vehemently to condemn him and plan out the partition of his kingdom between their own pet States of Europe. After such bitter experiences, who can be surprised to find the Sultan grow suspicious of his Christian foreign visitors? Who shall blame him if His Majesty plays the diplomatist with his visitor, lest he should inadvertently let drop an important hint into the ears, perchance, of a mere political spy?



MOULVIE RAFIUDDIN AHMAD.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry, Baker Street.

Rafiuddin Ahmad

Few European visitors have the means of becoming familiar with the social and the religious position of the Sultan, upon which, in a great measure, depends the political success of a monarch in a Moslem country. The Sultan in the mosque is much more important than the Sultan in the kiosk. Many a whisper in the mosque against a monarch has led to his downfall. The Ruler of Turkey is nobody if he is not Caliph at the same time. To arrive at a true conclusion regarding the power and prestige of the Sultan's person, one should approach Constantinople with the eyes and ears of an Oriental Mohammedan.

European visitors are as much at a loss to understand the nature of the deep Turk as a Chinaman is to understand that of the prosaic German.

An Oriental is surprised to find the amount of ignorance that prevails here regarding the Moslems. Very often unfounded, untrustworthy trash passes for useful and reliable information in the British Press. But it is high time that it should cease. It is of the greatest importance, indeed, that people of all classes in this country should possess most trustworthy knowledge regarding the Mohammedan nations of the world. Lord Beaconsfield wisely remarked that the keys of India are not at Kandahar, but in London. It may safely be added that the political fulcrum of the Islamic nation has now been placed in London, as Great Britain is in daily and hourly contact with them all.

But it is as surprising as it is regrettable that the teeming millions of the faithful in the far East, who recognise the spiritual authority of Sultan Abdul Hamid, and offer weekly prayers for his well-being, have little personal knowledge of their own Caliph. To all these, therefore, any ray of light from one of themselves regarding His Majesty cannot but be welcome.

The following pages are intended as much for the Mohammedans of the far East as they are for the people of this country. It may be urged that a British magazine is rather a curious channel of communication with the far-off Moslems. Curious, indeed, it is; nevertheless it is the safest, the speediest, and the best. News from London to a Mohammedan country, and *vice-versâ*, is transmitted earlier and circulated earlier than it is

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SULTAN SELIM.
(The Sultan's Great-Grandfather.)

between neighbouring Moslem countries themselves. This is really the key of the success of British administration in the East. Any political movement taking place to-day in Afghanistan is the property of the British Press, and therefore of every Englishman, to-morrow. It may, perhaps, take some weeks to reach the Imperial ears of the Shah of Persia. Long before the people of Hyderabad knew anything of the religious riots in Bombay, the London dailies were devoting long leaders to the discussion of their cause and effects. So also the Egyptians and the Turks may know nothing of a marriage in the Royal Family of Morocco; but the news of the marriage of the grandson of the Queen of England was the very next day the gossip of Cairo and Constantinople. Few Moslems in Constantinople speak Hindustani, but a great many speak English and French. London, therefore, may be termed the General Post Office of the Moslem world.

Twenty-six years ago a Turkish monarch, for the first time in the history of Christendom, landed on these shores, not as an invader, not as a dreaded foe, but as a powerful ally and honoured guest of the Sovereign and people of England. With his entry into London, for the first time, too, in the annals of this kingdom, the flag of the Crescent and the Star floated side by side with the Union Jack on the walls of Buckingham Palace. This Prince was Sultan Abdul Aziz, of sacred memory, "Lord of two lands, master of two seas, servant of two sacred shrines, and Caliph of the Moslems." The Sovereign and the nation entertained him with the greatest possible ceremony.

The Lord Mayor received him at the Guildhall, and within its historic walls, for the first time in the history of Europe, the Sultan made a speech to a Christian audience. His Majesty, after thanking his hosts, said: "I have two objects in visiting this and other parts of Europe: one to see in these centres of civilization what still remains to be done in my own country to complete the work which we have begun; the other to show my desire to establish, not only



SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID.
(The Sultan's Father.)

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THE LATE SULTAN ABDUL AZIZ.

among my own subjects, but between my people and other nations of Europe, that feeling of brotherhood which is the foundation of human progress and the glory of our age."

With him the Sultan brought two of his nephews, T.R.H. Murad Effendi and Hamid Effendi. According to report, Prince Hamid was extremely shy, modest, and reticent. So shy was he that he used to hide himself under trees whenever his Imperial uncle appeared in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. We give at the head of this article a portrait of the Prince when he visited England.

That Prince was no other than the present enlightened Ruler of the Turkish Empire. Perhaps the greatest service Sultan Abdul Aziz ever did to his nephew or to his country, was in taking the Prince along with him in his travels through Europe, and particularly to London. The tragic circumstances amid which Abdul Hamid was brought to assume the reins of government are too fresh in the memory of the reader to require detailed mention here. But let it be said to the eternal credit of this modest Prince—a fact which is not generally known — that when a deputation waited on him to offer him the Crown of Turkey, he declined the offer point-blank, a thing which few princes would have done. And it was not until the lunacy of his brother was conclusively proved and an appeal to his high sense of religion and patriotism was made, that he consented to accept the most responsible and perilous position in the world. He was then, according to immemorial usage, taken to the Mosque of Ayoob, where he was invested with the command of the Moslems by having the Sword of Osman, the founder of the dynasty, given to him by the Scherif of Kuoich, who is summoned to Constantinople for the purpose, such a privilege being reserved to men of his order ever since 1299.

It was a critical time in the history of Turkey. A strong man was required on the throne: one false step, one imprudent action, one wrong move on the part of the Prince would have wrecked the Empire. Now all those who have carefully watched the career of Abdul Hamid through storm to peace will have little hesitation in saying that he has shown tact, judgment, and penetration scarcely surpassed by any monarch of Turkey for two centuries at least.

The Sultan has been his own Foreign Secretary, practically, during the last seventeen years, and he is the most efficient man in his kingdom regarding what is called the Eastern Question. He is the most hard-worked man in his empire, being literally buried in papers and correspondence of all kinds. He has never signed a paper which he had not previously read. It is a wonder to all how he can work so hard. The fate of the empire rests in his hands. Such a man, naturally, is an interesting personality, and every visitor desires to



OSMAN PASHA OF PLEVNA.

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see him, but few have the honour of knowing him personally. The Sultan is the most courteous Sovereign in Europe, and all his visitors bear testimony to his being immeasurably polite.

Having naturally an interest in the religion and history of Turkey, and having followed closely the political and religious career of her Ruler—in India and ever since my stay in Europe—I visited Turkey in the autumn of 1892. Having been informed of my desire to pay my respects to him, His Imperial Majesty most graciously notified his intention to receive me on Friday, August 12th, 1892, after prayers. I went to the Palace, accompanied by Sir Alfred Sandison, of the British Embassy, who kindly acted as interpreter. I shall first describe the festivities connected with the Friday prayers.



MONIER PASHA.
(Master of Ceremonies for Foreign Visitors.)

The pride and pomp of the Caliph, as well as the glory of Islam, is to be observed every Friday, when the Sultan proceeds to his mosque to offer his homage to the Universal Sovereign, like the meanest of his subjects. Indeed, at the present day, such a scene is not to be witnessed in any Mohammedan or even Christian country. About 12,000 of the best troops of the Faithful, bearing the standard of the Crescent and the Star, and wearing full Turkish uniform, are arrayed in lines on both sides of the road leading from the Palace to the Hamidek Mosque, to greet the Monarch whose hand grasps the flag of the Prophet. The soldiers appear very strong and muscular, and are equipped with the latest warlike weapons. The Sultan's *aides-de-camp*, on white Arab steeds, with beautiful black uniforms, gold-laced and embroidered, and scarlet Turkish fez, having medals, won for bravery, glittering on their breasts, run to and fro, the bearers of Imperial messages. There is a neat little building in front of the mosque adjoining the Yaldiz Palace, where distinguished visitors are received and seated by an officer of the Palace, to view the entry of the Great Turk into his mosque. As soon as the Turkish clock strikes six—corresponding to twelve at noon in English time—the Imam of the Padshah, dressed in flowing robes and green turbans, accompanied by some learned Ulemas of Arabia and Syria, dressed in their own national costume, leaves the precincts of the Palace for the House of God. After him follow two carriages bearing some female members of the Sultan's family. The horses are unyoked as soon as the carriages reach the precincts of the mosque, and the inmates remain in them till the completion of the Divine service. Then follow the Grand Vizier, the Shaikhul Islam, the Generals of the Army, Ministers of State, Admirals of the Navy, Secretaries, Court officials, and a host of dignitaries, presenting the appearance of a moving mass of glittering grandeur.

In universal silence the note of a bugle falls upon the ear. Hush! he is coming. The Sultan is seated in a carriage drawn by two beautiful Arabs. In attendance upon his person is the famous hero of Plevna, Osman Pasha, who has permission to be seated opposite the Sovereign. The carriage is surrounded by the bodyguard of His



SUREYA PASHA.
(First Secretary of the Sultan.)

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Imperial Majesty. A stronger and handsomer set of men I have never seen. The guards are mounted on Arabs and attired in the most gorgeous European uniforms. His appearance before his troops occasions a hearty burst of loyal devotion. The soldiers cry aloud something like "God Save Our Lord!" This is echoed and re-echoed till the dome of the mosque reverberates.

When the carriage reaches the building crowded with foreign visitors, the ladies make low curtsies and the gentlemen show equal signs of homage. His Imperial Majesty returns their greetings with the Turkish salutation. He first puts his hand on his breast, and then raises it to his head, signifying thereby Imperial pleasure and welcome. At the door of the mosque His Majesty is received by the Imam and distinguished confidential officers. He is taken to the Imperial gallery, whence he can see and hear everything in the mosque, while other worshippers can scarcely see him. From the windows of the building erected for distinguished visitors I saw the arrival of the Sultan. After his entry into the mosque, one of the *aides-de-camp* of His Majesty came up to me and took me to a very good seat inside the mosque. The Imam began with the short sermon always given before the service proper. At the conclusion of this the Imam offered fervent prayers for the prosperity and well-being of the Sultan and Caliph, much in the same way as I have heard them being offered for the Queen in her chapel. But here I remarked, with mingled feelings of surprise and delight, the observance of a very old custom of Islamic democracy. At the time of the immediate successors of the Prophet, on the occasion of these Friday sermons and prayers, even the humblest Moslem could stand and criticise the conduct of the Ameer of the Faithful, or unfold any of his legitimate grievances, which always received prompt attention. Here, too, as soon as the name of Sultan Abdul Hamid was uttered, a few persons got up, with petitions in their hands, seeking that redress at the hands of the Caliph which was perhaps denied them by his lower officials. The attendants of the Sultan received those petitions from the suitors, promising that the same would be put before the Caliph. I don't know how far they met with the attention of the Sovereign, but the custom delighted me exceedingly. First, because it is a remnant and a precious relic of the spirit of early Islamic independence and equality. Secondly, because it is an institution by which the feeble voice of the aggrieved and the oppressed falls into the ears of the powerful ruler. The sacredness of the spot is a shield against all kinds of violence. In the mosque the all-powerful ruler himself feels equal to the humblest of the worshippers present; this being a tribunal where the master and the servant stand side by side before One who is the Universal Lord, and before whose vengeance the most autocratic must tremble. The service is conducted with the greatest solemnity, as indeed the Moslem Nimoz always is. But the eloquent appeal of the Imam to the Great Defender of the True Faith, for the protection of the religion of the Arabian Prophet, and for Divine care for the falling nations of Islam as well as for the Caliph of the true believers, in which the congregation solemnly joined, produced the most pathetic of all effects in my mind. Looking to the condition of Turkey, and, indeed, of all Mohammedan peoples, my heart and voice most warmly joined the general chorus. After prayers, His Majesty stepped into a carriage drawn by two beautiful white Arabs, and drove himself



HIS HIGHNESS JAWAD PASHA.
(Prime Minister.)

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back to the Palace, acknowledging the salaams of the people.

After his departure I went, accompanied by His Majesty's *aides-de-camp*, to the edifice before mentioned, to await the orders of the Lord Chamberlain. This was a day of some political importance, and therefore His Majesty was particularly busy. The French Ambassador, M. Cambon, was going on leave to his country, and was consequently very anxious to confer with the Sovereign upon some diplomatic matters. Then, for the first time since the Bulgarian independence, the energetic Prime Minister of that Principality, M. Stambouloff, had arrived in Constantinople to pay homage to his Suzerain. After the French Ambassador's visit, M. Stambouloff was summoned to the Imperial presence. When he left the room the Agent for Bulgaria came to my room, and being introduced to me by the Oriental Secretary of the British Embassy, entered into a very interesting conversation. He told me that the Bulgarians were warmly devoted to the Sultan. I was glad to hear that. I asked him if his people would fight for Turkey against any future Russian invasion. He assured me they would do so, because, he remarked, their own existence as a nation was curiously intertwined with the maintenance of Turkey in Europe. He seemed to entertain a very high opinion of the Sultan as an enlightened ruler and a skilful diplomatist. While I was thus pleasantly occupied, His Majesty sent for me. Accompanied by Sir Alfred Sandison, I entered Yaldiz Kiosk, the new Palace. At the entrance we were received by Monier Bey, the Master of Ceremonies for foreign guests.



GENERAL AHMAD JELALUDDIN PASHA.
(Aide-de-Camp to the Sultan.)

I was much surprised to find the Palace of an Oriental monarch like the drawing-room of an English nobleman. If I had gone to the Palace of the Mogul Emperor at Delhi, I should have seen his private reception-room full of articles of rare value and precious stones of all kinds. I really cannot say what I should not have seen. The transformation of Turkey is marvellous. But the reader must not suppose that the Sultan has no rich and gorgeous palace. He has many such places, but he scarcely uses any; they are used, however, by his guests. When we entered the room we found His Majesty standing ready to receive us. My surprise knew no bounds when I saw the owner of the Palace himself. I was in the presence of the Pasha of the Turks, the descendant of Mahomet II. and Selim. He had no rich turbans, no jewelled robes, no ornaments, nothing that distinguishes Princes from ordinary people in the East, except the true ornaments of the noble and the well-born, polite bearing and refined expression. He appeared a perfect European Prince, if anything politer and simpler than ordinary men. (They have an axiom in the East, "Look at the Prince, and you will know his people.") I really felt ashamed of my Indian turban and flowing Arabian robe. But for the feeling of respect for the Caliph and patriotism for my own country, I should have appeared before His Majesty with my fez and a Turkish frock-coat. His Majesty has even cast off the aigrette which his predecessors wore with the fez. Another matter attracted my attention and surprised me no less. There were no intricate ceremonies to be gone through as at the reception of the Great Mogul or at other Eastern Courts.

There were no attendants present, as are invariably to be seen in the private rooms of Eastern Princes. There was no one in the room except myself, Sir Alfred Sandison, and the Master of Ceremonies. I was presented by the Master of Ceremonies, who

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KIAMIL PASHA.
(Ex-Prime Minister.)

probably thought I should pay my respects like a European. But sentiment and tradition compelled me to do homage to the Caliph like an Oriental, with a bow. As soon as the formality was gone through His Majesty shook hands, took his seat, and desired me to be seated. His reception of me was more like that of a friend than a religious follower. I never expected so much politeness at the hands of a Sovereign. I was astonished to hear His Majesty ask his visitors to take seats in his presence—a privilege which his ancestors seldom condescended to grant.

His Majesty was dressed in a simple Turkish coat, and had a long, military cloak above it. He wore no orders, stars, or ribands of any kind. He is very fair, has a round head grizzled with grey hair, and possesses striking features. It is one of the most remarkable things that the medium between the Padshah-i-Roum and an Indian Mohammedan should be the language of Great Britain. His Majesty understands Persian, and some languages of Europe too; but he seldom speaks any other than his own. He speaks, I am informed, most eloquent Turkish, and I felt extremely sorry at my inability to admire the beauty of the expressions that fell from his lips. He opened the conversation with a smile, which in Sovereigns is particularly pleasing. His simplicity forces itself on the attention of his visitors at every moment. He enters into conversation with marked suavity and frankness, and lets you forget that he is a Prince. While in conversation with his favourite Ambassadors he offers them cigarettes, and condescends to light the same for them.

He takes much interest in the Mohammedans of India, and felt greatly pleased to hear from one of themselves of their great progress and happiness under the reign of Queen Victoria. He was, as patron of Moslem literature, delighted to hear of the compliment which the Empress of India had paid to Oriental people and literature by studying the language of the Moguls. "Can the Queen read and write Hindustani?" asked His Majesty. "Yes, sire," I answered. I had heard that the Sultan's stock of general information on all subjects is extremely astonishing. I had occasion to see it for myself. He is never at a loss in conversation. He knows just what subject would suit his particular visitor. Aware of my extreme interest in the Mohammedan law, His Majesty made one or two inquiries in connection with that subject. He said that he was much pleased to see me, and hoped I should enjoy my visit to his capital. I thanked His Majesty for his gracious kindness and courtesy to me, and wished him a glorious career as Sultan of Turkey and Caliph of the Moslems. The conclusion of the visit was very touching. When I took leave of him he put his hand on my head and shoulders, giving me by that act his Caliphal blessing.



MUNIF PASHA.
(Ex-Minister of Education.)

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It is now nearly four centuries since an ancestor of the present Sultan (Sultan Selim) was, after his conquest of Egypt, declared Caliph of the Mohammedans. But we doubt whether, during all this time, there has ever been a Prince on the Turkish throne who has shown himself a more zealous follower of the Prophet than the present ruler. Abdul Hamid may have committed some political mistakes, but let it be said to his eternal credit that, ever since his accession to the Caliphate, he has devoted himself most admirably to his manifold duties as the Head of Islam.

With the multifarious duties that he has to perform, His Majesty prays, according to Mohammedan usage, five times a day with the regularity of a clock. He fasts for thirty days during the month of the Ramadhan. He abstains from all kinds of alcoholic beverages and from gambling. He patronizes religious and moral institutions not only among his own people, but among all the Mohammedans of the world. Moreover, he does not confine his charity to the poor and needy of his own religion, but, according to the dictates of the Koran, he helps the deserving, irrespectively of their religious beliefs. If the Sheikful Islam receives any present from him, the Greek and Armenian patriarchs also receive signs of Royal favour. He allows toleration to the highest degree, and is himself anything but a bigot. He is a great patron of learning of all kinds. It is rather interesting to know that he has encouraged painting and sculpture, a thing which some of his ancestors would never have done. He entertains most liberally learned Mohammedans of all countries, and thus keeps up the traditionary hospitality of his forefathers. Even Christian visitors are received with a generosity at his Court which they would never experience at any other European Court.

Sultan Abdul Hamid has abandoned old prejudices. He entertains distinguished European ladies to dinner at his own table with true Saracenic chivalry. He caused a great stir in the Turkish circles by driving with the Empress of Germany on her visit to Stamboul, and leading her to the table at the State banquet.

A few suggestions to His Imperial Majesty as Caliph will not be quite out of place here. The sufferings that the Indian pilgrims to Mecca undergo at Kamran and other places, on their way to the holy city, are really a disgrace to Islam. A great and influential merchant of Bombay, Mr. Omer Janial, who was himself one of the pilgrims, two years ago sent me a letter from the coast of Arabia, describing the horrors of the pilgrims and begging me to do something in the matter. When I was at Constantinople I explained these grievances at some length to Ahmad Jelalüddin Pasha, an *aide-de-camp* of His Majesty, who promised that he would lay the subject before the Sovereign at his earliest convenience. A year has passed and I have heard nothing of the subject. I know the financial and the political difficulties attending the solution of the question; but the importance of the whole affair is so great that I think it my duty to invite the attention of the Caliph to it once more. I am sure that if financial help is necessary, the Mohammedan Princes and merchants in India would gladly offer it to the Turkish authorities in Arabia.

Then I respectfully suggest the establishment of a Mohammedan University at Constantinople, for granting degrees in Mohammedan law and literature. At present there is no such institution throughout the Mohammedan world. The Christian Universities cannot grant the degrees. The establishment of such an institution will draw learned men to the heart of Turkey from all parts of the Islamic world.



JOWDAT PASHA.

It will tend to revive the smouldering embers of Moslem civilization and increase the tie of affection between the faithful of all nationalities. Nothing will endear the name of Sultan Abdul Hamid more per-

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manently to posterity than the establishment of such a University.

To the right understanding of Abdul Hamid as a ruler one must know the enormous difficulties which clog his footsteps, and the barriers which have been placed in his way by the Powers of Europe. First, take the capital itself. Constantinople is a mixture of all nationalities, religions, denominations, and creeds in the world. It is a museum for political, ethnological, geological, and theological students. It abounds with political intriguers, news manufacturers, hireling foreign newspaper correspondents, and spies of all kinds. A foreign resident therein can pass as a Turkish subject or as the subject of his own Sovereign, as suits his interest for the time being. The capital is a microcosm of the whole Empire. It is difficult to govern such a congeries of nations, such an agglomeration of creeds; but, notwithstanding his difficulties, the Sultan has introduced many reforms into his country. He has improved the financial status of Turkey. He has increased in various ways the efficiency of her army. It is now by no means an easy task for any Power to invade Turkey, without serious thought. He has gone to the very root of all evil. He has been seriously devoting himself to the spread of education among his people. In the capital there are twenty and in the provinces a hundred secondary schools, established by the present Sultan. He has established schools even for nomadic tribes. Of course, there is much to be done yet; but we may be thankful for small mercies. I am particularly pleased to find that he is a great patron of female education, and opens schools freely for Turkish girls.

The British Ambassador in Constantinople is always one of the most influential and interesting persons in Turkey. The success of an Ambassador in a foreign country depends greatly upon his knowledge of the country, his sympathies with her people, and the social influence which he exercises over them. A great diplomatist without social qualities is always a failure in an Oriental country. Sir Clare Ford, Her Majesty's present representative to the Porte, although comparatively new to Turkey and her people, is sympathetic with the Turks. I was much pleased to hear Turkish officials speak highly of him in every respect. He is a very hard-working man. In the month of August, when all the members of his staff went to reside at Therapia, he was still to be seen at Pera. I spent a few of my happiest hours in his company. He is an admirable host. I have derived much useful information regarding the country from him, and am greatly obliged to him for the attention and hospitality which I received at his hands during my stay in Constantinople.

I spent a good half-hour one day with the Patriarch of the Greek Church. I was much pleased to see an enlightened person at the head of the Greek clergy. The Christian historians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries deplore the ignorance and servility of the clergy of the Armenian and Greek Churches. In their theological disputes these priests appealed to the Moslem Ulemas for final decision. A very interesting decision is recorded in history. Even as late as the early years of this century the Armenian and Greek clergy had a great dispute as to whether or not water should be mixed with Sacramental wine. Both parties appealed to a learned Mohammedan, who, after hearing both of them at great length, decided thus: "Wine is an impure liquid — why don't you use pure water?" (Pitzipia's "L'Eglise orientale" II. p. 141). I hope the Greek Church will flourish under the tender care of the present able and learned Patriarch.



AHMAD MOKHTAR PASHA.
(Envoy in Egypt.)

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It is sometimes remarked that after the Sultan there is scarcely an interesting person in Turkey. No doubt the Sultan, owing to his political and religious distinctions, occupies a unique position in the country; but it is a libel to say that there are no other interesting persons at all. Some of the Turkish Pashas are extremely clever, and even gifted, person ages. I had a long interview with Jawad Pasha, the Prime Minister at the Porte. We conversed on varied subjects, and he seemed to be very well informed on a great many of them which were not strictly in his line.

Munhif Pasha, Minister of Education in the last Cabinet, is one of the most eminent educationalists of the day. He knows English, French, German, Arabic, and Persian. He spoke on English politics with ability. Of others that struck me as remarkably clever were Sureya Pasha, Riza Pasha, Nüshey Bey, and General Shakar Ahmad Pasha, the painter.



THE GREEK PATRIARCH.

We are able to give here the portraits of two other eminent men of Turkey. One is Jowdat Pasha, a distinguished scholar of Mohammedan law, who was recently Minister of Justice, and to whose labours Turkey owes her present code of civil law. The other is Ahmad Mokhtar Pasha, the Sultan's envoy in Egypt, a diplomatist of renown, not unknown to the British public.

Lastly, I must remark that there is nothing like religious bigotry among the Turks. Moslems and Christians sit at the same table, and otherwise mix freely. The young Turk is sober, dignified, and law-abiding. The Turks, being free from drinking, the mother of all vices, are scarce to be seen in criminal courts, which are generally crowded with Christians of all denominations.

It has been my endeavour of late to prove to the people of this country the advantages they derive, and are likely to derive in a greater degree, from a firm alliance with, and the good opinion of, the Mohammedan world. No portion of the Queen's subjects are more loyal to her, or appreciate more fully the blessings of her rule, than the Mohammedans. It is for this reason that I desire a cordial friendship between England and Turkey. Turkish interests do not clash with the British interests in any part of India. Turkey will be quite happy in the enjoyment of what remains of her empire. Nevertheless, the good opinion of her ruler is of the utmost importance to England. It is an unimpeachable fact that the Sultan commands unbounded influence with the sixty millions of Moslems in India. This influence has been once, not in a very distant past, used in the favour of England in the time of her trouble. It may be required by England again, and doubtless it will be placed at her disposal by the enlightened Ruler of Turkey.

Upon this very important subject I will quote the views of the late Prime Minister of Hyderabad, son of the most distinguished Indian statesman of the century. Sir Salar Jung, in an article to the *Nineteenth Century*, contributed in December, 1887, says: "England has in India some 50,000,000 of Moslem subjects, including in their mass the most warlike of the native races, the races upon whom England must chiefly rely to roll back the tide of Russian aggression; and England is not likely to forget that it was these very races who in 1857, at the bidding of their Caliph, the Sultan Abdul Medjid, gave their united support to the British connection at that supreme moment when their defection might have cost the life of every white man and woman in India. My late father frequently assured me that the whole influence of the Caliphate was used most unremittingly from Constantinople to check the spread of

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mutiny, to rally to the English standards the Mussulman races of India, and that in this way the debt that Turkey owed to Great Britain for British support in the Crimea was paid in full. And the time may again come when the devotion of the Mussulmans to their Caliph and the shrine of St. Sophia may be not less necessary to Great Britain than in 1857."

The recurrence of danger to British interests in the South-East of Europe is more than possible. The steps of the multiplication table are no more beyond suspicion than is the fact that during a European war, in which Russia is involved, the Divine Figure of the North will become a diabolical figure in the South. In order to cripple her power in Europe, Russia will attack England on the borders of India. She has an enormous army, and can easily afford the diversion. England must maintain her traditional alliance with Turkey. When we are establishing buffer States on all our frontiers abroad, are we to permit the disestablishment of the buffer State which lies between England's possessions in the East and the hordes of the myriad Sclavs? Surely England will not suffer her Eastern Empire to be over-run by savagedom, the civilization of centuries to be wrecked, and the glory of her Imperial history to be brought to ruin.



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.
(Present Day.)

[*The foregoing article on the Sultan of Turkey is especially appropriate at the present moment, when the representation of the Sultan's capital, Constantinople, at Olympia, displays that city with a grandeur and magnificence of effect which far surpasses even that of Venice, which attracted so many thousands of spectators last year.*]

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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE MINISTERIAL MAJORITY.

WITH a House of Commons not yet entered upon its second year, it seems premature to be talking about the next General Election. Yet in political circles the topic is already stale. It came to the front almost as soon as the new Parliament met. There were authorities who declared, and seemed to have convinced themselves of the accuracy of their forecast, that the new House would not live through its first Session. Some, not to be lacking in precision, fixed Easter as the limit of its troubled life.

As we know, the House is not only still living but is still sitting, a Session running to the length of nearly eight months not being enough to sap its young energy. As for the Ministerial majority, jeered at as fragile and insufficient for everyday work, those who saw strength in its very narrowness have been justified by the result. A Liberal majority in the House of Commons is bound to crumble away as the sparks fly upward. A majority of from eighty to over one hundred begins the process with a light heart in the first week a Liberal Ministry takes its seat on the Treasury Bench. With such a backing, what does it matter if ten, twenty, or even thirty members, returned to support the Government, set up in business for themselves? With a majority of only forty, the instinct of self-preservation is alert and predominant. If on any division the majority falls by even a unit below the normal figure, there is a close, sharp examination of the lists, which brings to light the identity of the laggard or the rebel. The condition of affairs places exceptional power in the hands of the Whips, and when it is used with the skill and urbanity that have marked the period of office of Mr. Marjoribanks and his rare team, the position of Ministers is impregnable against persistent, desperate, adroitly-planned and well-led attack.



MR. T. H. BOLTON.

Mr. Grenfell, having views on bimetallism, breaks away from a party pledged to Home Rule. Mr. T. H. Bolton, yielding at length to innate Imperialistic tendencies, formally joins the ranks of the "gentlemen of England." Mr. Saunders, like Martha, troubled with many things, absents himself from a critical division. By these items the majority is diminished. The main body stands firm, and, according to present appearance, will remain so to the end.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Nevertheless, the House of Commons elected in July of last year is predestined to an early dissolution, the circumstances attending which and the approximate date being plainly foreshadowed. The early and greater part of the present Session having been devoted to the Home Rule Bill, the interests of the island adjacent to Ireland will next Session have an innings. It is not yet clearly understood whether a Home Rule Bill will find a place in the programme of the new Session. Such an arrangement is one to be contemplated only in view of the fatal tendency of a Liberal Ministry to attempt to get a quart of Bills into the pint pot of a Session. It would be idle to include a Home Rule Bill in the promises of a Queen's Speech unless it were intended to carry it through all its stages before the prorogation. That done, it would be futile to include a Registration Bill, much less a Church Disestablishment measure.

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MR. W. SAUNDERS.

What will doubtless happen will be that next Session will be set apart for clearing the decks for action preparatory to a General Election; that in the Session of 1895 the Home Rule Bill will again be brought in, pressed through the Commons, thrown out again by the Lords, and, somewhere between Easter and Whitsuntide, battle will be given on a field in which will be staked much more than the issue of Home Rule for Ireland. Old electioneering hands know that for an appeal to the popular vote there is no cry more effective than that shouted round the walls of the House of Lords after its inmates have twice, within a brief period of time, set at naught the decrees of the House of Commons.

THE NEXT MINISTRY.

Whilst there is this unusual measure of certainty as to the career of the present Parliament, an influential section of the Opposition are not less definite in their arrangements of what shall follow after the next General Election. They have convinced themselves that in the result the Liberals will be placed in a minority variously estimated at from fifty to seventy. There will then devolve upon the Unionist party the duty of carrying on the Queen's Government. How is it to be done? How are the conflicting claims of the two wings of the party to be adjusted?

It is all cut and dried, all parcelled out in larger and smaller allotments. The only thing not settled is, Who is to be Prime Minister? That is a matter left for final determination when the hour has struck and the man is called for. But as an alternative scheme is devised, no hesitancy or embarrassment need be apprehended. Either Lord Salisbury or the Duke of Devonshire will succeed Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury having precedence, not without expectation that he will yield it to the Duke of Devonshire, as he proffered it to Lord Hartington in 1886. Should Lord Salisbury elect to lead the House of Lords, Mr. Chamberlain will become Leader of the House of Commons. Should the Duke of Devonshire be Premier, Mr. Arthur Balfour will be Leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain undertaking the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Salisbury will return to the Foreign Office.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FUTURE.

I do not know how far this patent adjustable scheme has been accepted at Arlington Street and on the Front Opposition Bench. It was rough-hewn in Liberal Unionist councils, those of the inner circle not making any secret of the matter. It bears on the face of it the mark of a well-considered, equable arrangement, and forms the groundwork of a strong Ministry.

It is noteworthy at the present time as marking an important stage in Mr. Chamberlain's political development. In 1886, when Lord Salisbury's Government was formed, the Member for Birmingham might have had any office he liked to name as the price of his defection from the Liberal party. But he declined to take the Conservative shilling, protesting that he was not less Liberal than he had been at any earlier stage. It was the Liberal party that had gone astray, he and the few that remained with him being the only true Liberals. He would stand in



"TEMPORA MUTANTUR, NOS ET—"

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with the Tories in their opposition to Home Rule, and even on that, as was shown by the Round Table confabulation, he was desirous of coming to an understanding with his own colleagues. But his new allies would make a fatal mistake if they supposed he was, on other questions of the day, less ruthlessly Radical than when, on the eve of the General Election of 1885, he preached the doctrine of the Unauthorized Programme to an applauding populace.



MR. L. COURTNEY.

There were some who, knowing Mr. Chamberlain publicly and privately, through six years combated the assumption that he would finally drift within the ranks of Toryism, wherein he was of yore the most detested and the most feared of political adversaries. There have been times during the present Session when it has been difficult to cling to this belief. It would seem that there is no longer room for conjecture, and that the next time a Tory Ministry is formed, the gas-lit roof of the House of Commons, unabashed at sight of many strange things, will look down on Mr. Chamberlain rising from the Treasury Bench, officially to defend the measures and policy of a Conservative Government.

THE NEXT SPEAKER.

One other important matter settled in anticipation of a Conservative majority after the next General Election is the choice of Speaker. It is assumed that Mr. Peel will not consent to a further term of office, an assumption which, in the interests of the House of Commons and of the country, it is hoped may prove baseless. But it will be seen that, in a particular quarter of the political camp, there is a wholesome disposition to be prepared for every contingency. Should Mr. Peel claim the right to retire with laurels that will remain green as long as the history of Parliament remains on record, Mr. Courtney will be nominated as his successor.

That is a choice which, should opportunity present itself for making it, will receive general if not enthusiastic approval. As Mr. Peel has been incomparably the best Speaker of modern times, so was Mr. Courtney the most unimpeachable Chairman of Committees. It does not follow that because a man has shown aptitude in the Chair at the table, he will, necessarily, be a success as a Speaker. A man may be quick in forming a judgment, may be thoroughly versed in Parliamentary procedure, may have earned the reputation of being inflexibly impartial, and yet may fail when he puts on wig and gown and sits in the Speaker's Chair. Still, long experience as Chairman of Ways and Means is an admirable apprenticeship for the post of Speaker. Outside the House it may seem odd it so rarely leads to it.

MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

There are several men on the Liberal side of the present House of Commons who would make excellent Chairmen of Committees, though, from various reasons, they are impossible. Sir Charles Dilke would make a model Chairman. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman would do well at whatever station



MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

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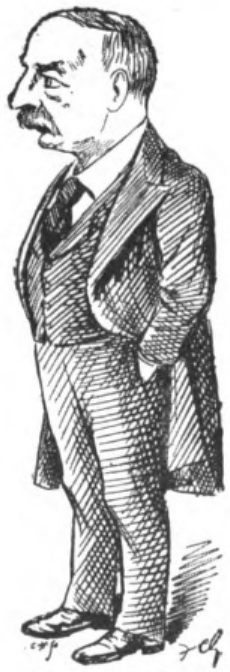
it pleased the Prime Minister of the day to call him. The mind dwells lingeringly on the picture of him seated in the Chair of Committee of Ways and Means. There possibly was a time when, had the offer come his way, he would have accepted it. He has long ago passed the milestone in a Parliamentary career indicated by such advancement. His name, like some others, is mentioned here, merely as indicating the kind of man who, if circumstances permitted, would make a successful Chairman of Committees. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's capabilities range over a wider field. He would make an excellent Speaker, and will probably some day have the opportunity of showing his capacity as Leader of the House of Commons. At that post he would develop into a kind of sublimated Mr. W. H. Smith. That perhaps does not seem extravagant praise, but those most intimate with the House of Commons will know that "Old Morality" was the most successful Leader of the House of Commons since the days of Lord Palmerston.

Nature has bestowed upon Mr. Campbell-Bannerman a number of gifts; Fortune has withheld one that weighs even against their accumulation. If he had only been born a poor man, and had to fight for his living, he would have been something more to-day than Secretary of War. But men cannot expect to enjoy every advantage.

MR. HENRY FOWLER.

I have been told, upon authority that commands attention, that at one time Mr. Gladstone was bent upon inducting Mr. Henry Fowler into the Chair of Committees. Here again was an excellent suggestion made at a time when the subject of it had outgrown the position. Ten years ago Mr. Fowler would have jumped at the offer, and would have filled the Chair with distinction. With the alternative of headship of a department and a seat in the Cabinet, he could not be expected to step down into the Chair.

Mr. Robertson is another member, picked out by Mr. Gladstone's quick glance for Ministerial office, who would make an excellent Chairman of Committees. He has the advantage over others named, inasmuch as he is younger and physically harder, an important qualification for Chairman of Ways and Means in these times. The post of Civil Lord of the Admiralty, even with fair prospect of advancement, does not compete with the emoluments and the dignity of the Chairman of Committees. Should circumstances arise to create a vacancy in the Chair within the life of the present Parliament, it is comforting to know that there is a successor at hand in this self-possessed, gravely-mannered, capable young Scotsman.



MR. E. ROBERTSON.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES.

With the resumption of the sittings in the House of Commons, the Strangers' Galleries have once more filled to overflowing. Next to the largeness of the divisions taken night after night, often several times in a sitting—an average unparalleled since Parliament began—there has been nothing more striking than the crowded state of the Strangers' Galleries. The time came when the House itself was tired out with the reiteration of the debate on the Home Rule Bill. The withers of the strangers were to the last unwrung. This was reasonable, since the composition of the House itself was in the main unchanged, whilst the strangers nightly varied with the chances of the ballot-box. Still, that condition exists through all Sessions, and in none of recent date has there been such competition for seats in the galleries.

There was something pathetic in the sight of the row seated in the corridor which used to be St. Stephen's Chapel. They were next in order for admission when by chance a seat was vacated. On a big night it was a mathematical certainty that not more than two, at the utmost five, would gain admission. Nevertheless they all, to the remote hopeless man at the end of the queue, sat hour after hour patiently waiting. For those fortunate enough to attain admission neither hunger nor fatigue availed to damp the ardour of enthusiasm. They listened with delight to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Chamberlain; they did not budge even when the debate fell into the doldrums of the dinner-hour.

Sometimes, carried away by the excitement of the moment, they openly applauded a speech. In one case enthusiasm

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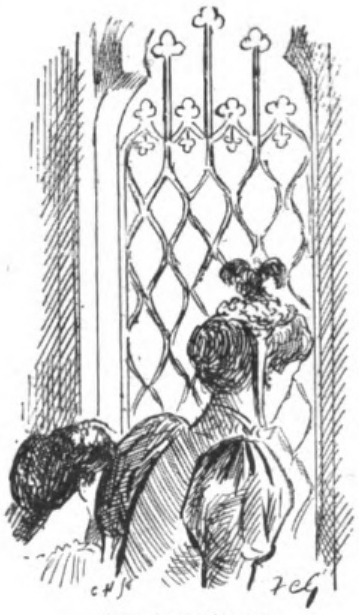
was chilled by the applauder being led forth on the Speaker's injunction, and seen safe into Palace Yard. On a still more memorable occasion the strangers in the gallery, looking down on a free fight on the floor of the House of Commons, indignantly hissed. Here was lost an opportunity for fitly ending an unaccustomed scene. In the Christmas pantomime, when the uproar breaks forth, the attendant policeman, with novel and subtle humour, swoops down on the smallest and most inoffensive boy on the outskirts of the throng and leads him to the lock-up. If Mr. Mellor had only thought of it, he might have sternly called "Order! Order!" and directed the Serjeant-at-Arms to remove the disturbers of peace in the Strangers' Gallery. After this episode the fracas on the floor of the House might, or might not, have been resumed.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE HOUSE.

The plans for a new House of Commons include fuller accommodation for strangers of both sexes. The scheme comes up with regularity at the mustering of every new Parliament, the clamour dying away even as the first Session advances, and, the novelty of the situation fading, attendance falls off. Mr. Gladstone has never publicly expressed an opinion on the question of the desirability or otherwise of enlarging the House. But in private conversation he makes no secret of his distaste for the proposal. To him it is a place of work, and he is averse to anything that should increase the tendency to make it a rival of the theatre.

For this reason he is in favour of retaining the grille before the Ladies' Gallery, an opinion in which he is supported by a large majority of the ladies frequenting the House. Mr. Gladstone well remembers the old House of Commons, in which no accommodation for ladies was provided. Undaunted by this circumstance, ladies were present at all the big debates for some years prior to the destruction of the old House. Discovery was made that in the ventilating chamber in the roof there were shutters, through which persons peering might see and hear what was going on below. It must have been a terrible ordeal, with no air to breathe save the vitiated atmosphere of a crowded House. But there was great competition for the privilege of standing there. Mrs. Canning, wife of the Prime Minister, was, Mr. Gladstone tells me, a frequent visitor to this chamber of horrors at times when her husband was intending to make an important speech.

"I remember one night," said Mr. Gladstone, looking back smilingly over a period of fifty years, "the House being crowded for a big debate, something fell on the floor with a distinct thud. It was a lady's bracelet, which had dropped through the open space in the ventilator."



THE LADIES' CAGE.

LADIES IN THE VENTILATOR.

History repeats itself in small things as well as in great. This very Session, a small group of ladies, *cachées* in the ventilating chamber of the House of Commons, heard a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone as, sixty years ago, another group in similar circumstances listened to his friend and early master, Mr. Canning. It happened on the night of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill. Every seat in the Ladies' Gallery, including the little-known stalls hidden behind the Strangers' Gallery facing the cage, had been appropriated. But the ladies of this generation are not more easily repulsed from a desired position than they were in the time of Canning.

Immediately under the House of Commons is a chamber running its full length, part of the elaborate construction of the ventilating department. The floor of the House, which to the casual glance seems of solid construction, is composed of perforated iron-work, covered with fine thread matting. Through this the fresh air drawn in from the river-terrace and elaborately treated in the lower vaults, is driven into the House. In this chamber, roofed by the fretwork of iron, speeches made in the House are as audible as if the listener were seated at the table or on one of the front benches. Four ladies, having obtained official permission, here sat and heard every word of Mr. Gladstone's speech. In respect of purity of air the

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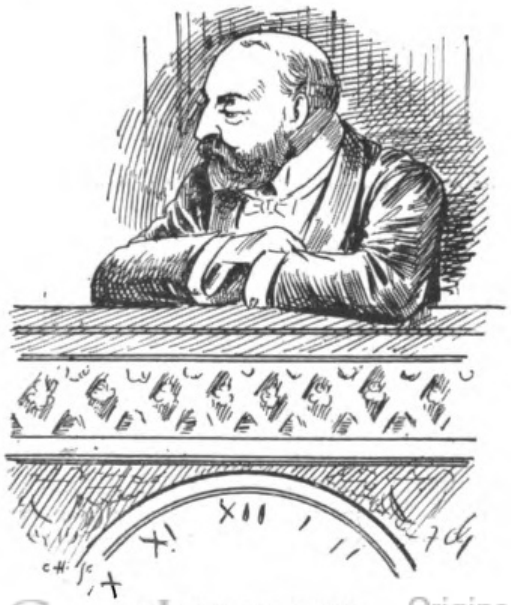
conditions were reversed as compared with those of Mrs. Canning and her companions. For them the air was a trifle stale. For these it was decidedly too fresh, and a severe cold was the penalty paid for the privilege of being (more or less) present on the historic occasion.

WHOM THEY WENT OUT FOR TO SEE.

An unfailing test of the place a member of the House of Commons fills in the eye of the public is supplied from the Strangers' Gallery. The attendants in the gallery might, if they gave themselves up to the task, supply a remarkable barometer of the current state of public feeling. Strangers always want to see one, two, or three men, and are not backward in asking to have them pointed out. At one time the eager inquiry incessantly ran upon Lord Randolph Churchill. To see him, and, above all, to hear him, if only putting or answering a question, was guerdon for all the trouble of getting the seat. Now, Lord Randolph is rarely asked for, the run being upon Mr. Balfour first, with Mr. Chamberlain a good second.

In this respect, as in some others, Mr. Gladstone stands apart. Even for those who have never beheld him in the flesh, his face and figure are so familiar that they are easily recognised on the Treasury Bench, whither the stranger's eyes are first bent on entering the House. Mr. Parnell, whilst he was yet with us, was one of the principal attractions as watched from the Strangers' Gallery. Another prime favourite was Joseph Gillis Biggar, a concatenation of circumstance that shows how wide are human sympathies.

Mr. Biggar had a peculiar attraction for the Prince of Wales. Many a time in the stormy Sessions of 1880–5 I have seen His Royal Highness in his place over the clock looking down with beaming smile, whilst Joseph Gillis, with thumb in the armhole of his imitation sealskin waistcoat, talked of things present and to come. Joseph made a poor return for these marks of Royal favour. One night, just as the Prince had comfortably settled himself in his seat, Joseph Gillis spied strangers, and under the standing order then suffered, he had the gratification of seeing the Heir Apparent compulsorily withdrawn with the rest of the strangers.



WATCHING MR. BIGGAR.

THE PREMIER'S VOICE.

Perhaps the most striking testimony to the marvellous vitality of Mr. Gladstone is the recovery of his voice. Time was, a dozen years ago, when he was a chit of something over seventy, his voice suddenly failed. Public speaking became but labour and sorrow, promising shortly to be an impossibility. In the House of Commons he struggled against the growing infirmity with pathetic courage, but was sometimes obliged to own himself beaten. At his age there seemed no reasonable hope of recovery.

Recovery has been achieved, and members new to the present House of Commons cannot realize the existence of a period when Mr. Gladstone stood at the table speaking but almost inaudible. So completely has his voice regained strength that the pomatum-pot which used to play an important part in his oratorical efforts has become a tradition. In the delivery of his great speech on the third reading of the Home Rule Bill, he did not find occasion once to refresh himself even with the glass of water that stood at his right hand.

It is a happy dispensation that, in the majority of cases, Nature endows with pleasant voice men who do the most part of our public speaking. That a good voice is not absolutely essential to success as a public speaker is testified in the case of Lord John Russell. As a concomitant with other qualifications it is of priceless value. Of the voices of contemporary statesmen, Mr. Gladstone's is of the richest quality, capable of the widest range. In his prime, Mr. Bright was, I have been told, counted his equal in this respect. But whilst, as the years passed, Mr. Bright's voice deteriorated in quality and grew harshly metallic in the upper notes, Mr. Gladstone's

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voice seems to improve, certainly is more skilfully and effectually modulated.

LORD SALISBURY'S.

Lord Salisbury has a sonorous, musical voice that makes it a physical pleasure to listen to him. As compared with Mr. Gladstone's vigorously varied tone, his manner of speech is charmingly equable. Mr. Gladstone sometimes orates; Lord Salisbury always converses. The contrast between him and his son and heir is deeply marked. When Lord Cranborne addresses the House of Commons his words come tumbling out after the fashion of the waters at Lodore. He is always at white heat, and conveys to his audience the impression that if they would excuse him he would find it a great relief to scream.



ADDRESSING THE GALLERY.

Lord Salisbury, though when making an important speech he is careful to speak up to the Press Gallery, rarely departs from his conversational manner. He never declaims or overwhelms the adversary with indignant denunciation. But he can upon occasion inflect his voice with a vibration conveying a feeling of scorn and contempt much harder to be borne by persons directly concerned than would be any amount of oratorical beating about the head.

MR. BALFOUR'S.

Mr. Balfour has a musical voice and a delivery that has vastly improved of late years, even of late months. He does not imitate the cynically unemotional manner of his uncle. He is indeed given to let his voice ring through the crowded House, as, with clenched hand beating the air, he pours contumely and scorn on hon. gentlemen below the gangway or seated on the benches opposite. His voice is admirably fitted to himself and his speech, having a certain note of elegance and distinction which forms the complement of his public performance and his social amenities.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S.

Mr. Chamberlain has a voice so pleasant that its music must do something to soften the asperity of the Irish member who listens to him. It is soft and low—a beautiful thing in a public speaker, especially when there is added the quality of perfect distinctness. When occasion invites, Mr. Chamberlain can throw into his tone a rasping note, suggestive of jagged edges in the dart he is discharging. That happens seldom, and is least effective. The art of saying the very nastiest things in the most mellifluous voice is a rare possession. Mr. Chamberlain has cultivated it to perfection.

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Monarchs and Muscle.

By Miss Phyllis Bentley.

[Miss Phyllis Bentley is well known to the public by her clever exhibition of experiments in lifting and balancing. These experiments she has had the honour of performing before many of the Crowned Heads of Europe, and in the following interesting article relates her experience of these Royal personages.]

THE world at large—thanks to the ubiquitous "description-ist"—believes it knows almost everything worth knowing concerning the Emperors and Empresses, the Kings and Queens, the Princes and Princesses, and other exalted personages of this earth. It has been told precisely what this Emperor eats and what that Empress drinks; the likes and dislikes of this King and that Queen, and a thousand other little personal and domestic details, many of which, I feel sure, astonish far more those described than those for whom the descriptions are written.

It would be difficult—except, perhaps, in the direction of accuracy—to add much that would be new to the published descriptions of the personal and domestic life of Royalty, and I may at once say that I have no intention of attempting to overcome such a difficulty.

What I purpose doing in this article is to deal with the Imperial and Royal personages with whom I have had the honour of having been brought into contact, from an entirely different standpoint; from a standpoint, in fact, from which they have never been described.

I cannot tell you anything about Kings from a psychological point of view, but I can tell you a good deal about them from a physical point of view, for I have had exceptional opportunities of testing both their strength and their weight.



MISS PHYLLIS BENTLEY.
From a Photo. by A. Marx, Frankfort.

The first Court I had the honour of visiting was the Danish Court, last summer, during the celebration of the King and Queen of Denmark's Golden Wedding. Amongst those who tested my experiments were their Majesties the Emperor of Russia and the King of Denmark, and their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke of Cumberland, Prince George of Greece, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark.

Of the Czar's enormous strength I had heard a great deal. I had been told of his ability to bend together, with one hand, the points of a horse-shoe, and of his accomplishing feats which even a Sandow might envy; and it was, naturally, a matter of great interest to me that His Majesty should try his strength upon me. The Czar, who prides himself upon his physical powers, too, was, he assured me, anxious to see whether his strength could be as readily nullified as that of others who had taken part in my experiments.

To say I was not a little anxious when I placed myself before the Czar, for him to essay the task of lifting me, would not be true; I was just a bit nervous, for there flashed across my memory the long record of the wonderful things he had accomplished, and of his alleged lack of gentleness where his purpose was thwarted. But there was in reality no sort of cause for anxiety. His Majesty took me by the elbows, with the object of lifting me; to him it at first,

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THE CZAR ATTEMPTING TO LIFT MISS BENTLEY.

I think, seemed an easy task, and he did not put forth all his strength; but, finding I remained standing on the floor, he commenced to lift in earnest.

But in spite of His Majesty's efforts I did not go up. That His Majesty was considerably astonished was evidenced by the look on his face, and he plied me with questions as to how I had arranged to so completely defeat his endeavours to lift me. I explained to His Majesty the principle of the angle wherein the secret of the power of resistance lies, and he at once commenced operations with the ladies of the Royal party to see how far they had mastered the secret of that angle. His first effort was with the Princess of Wales, who, with charming readiness, had placed herself before His Majesty to be lifted. Quite easily Her Royal Highness, who had not yet mastered the secret of the angle, went up, much to her and the Czar's amusement.

Then followed the Czarina, who went up with the same ease as had done the Princess of Wales. But the task of lifting the Crown Princess of Denmark—who is, if I may be permitted to use the word, of almost masculine build—was, His Majesty discovered, somewhat more difficult; but in the end the Czar's strength and the Crown Princess's lack of experience told, and she, too, was lifted.

In all the other experiments—those with the billiard cues and the one of, whilst grasping my shoulders, endeavouring to push me against the wall—that His Majesty tried with me I experienced the same gentleness and strict observance of the conditions as in the lifting test. His Majesty assured the company (which assurance was not necessary for me, *for I felt it*) that in each test he had put forth his full strength. But it was the strength of a man who had approached the subject scientifically, and not the indiscriminate employment of brute force. For instance, he did not grasp my elbows as if he were gripping the points of a horse-shoe, or use that sudden jerk of the arms he employs when throwing a weight over his shoulder. His Majesty did his best, his very best, only he



THE CZAR LIFTING THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

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took no unfair advantage of his giant strength.

We have had many word-pictures of the Czar, scarcely two of them alike, but no description of His Majesty I have read is in accordance with the opinion I formed of him. One can only judge of a man as one finds him, whether he be prince or peasant; and I found the Autocrat of All the Russias to be very different from what I, both by hearsay and from what I had read, had imagined him. It is in tests of strength, when the brute instinct in man is uppermost, that one can get a very fair idea of this or that man's character; at least, such is my experience, and my experience has been a very extensive and varied one.

Now, as I have already pointed out, the Czar is gentleness, thoughtfulness itself; wholly unlike the Czar of popular belief—a popular belief created by the erroneous descriptions that have been given of him.

Next to the Czar, Prince George of Greece is the strongest Royal Prince I have met. His Royal Highness is somewhat taller than the Emperor, and weighs, I should fancy, several pounds heavier. He has not the Czar's iron grip, and, from an athletic point of view, is barely in such good condition as his uncle; but his width of chest is enormous, and then his arms! I have seldom seen such muscles outside of the strong man fraternity.

It was this young Viking who saved the life of the Czarewitch whilst in Japan, and the head of the murderously-inclined Jap must have been of abnormal thickness to have withstood the blow His Royal Highness dealt him with the stick that warded off the sword-thrust at the heir to the throne of All the Russias; an ordinary head would have been smashed in as easily as an egg-shell.

When the account of Prince George's feat in Japan appeared in the papers, more than one writer, I remember, expressed their surprise that a man who showed such slight muscular development could have knocked anyone down; but these very superior critics had no personal knowledge of Prince George, whom they mistook for his younger brother, Prince Nicholas. Now, Prince Nicholas has none of his brother's splendid physique; he might almost be called effeminate-looking. In manner he is gentle, with a good deal of a woman's—his mother's—gentleness, and a more striking contrast between him and his elder brothers, the Crown Prince and Prince George, could scarcely be found in any family.

But to return to Prince George. In His Royal Highness's attempt to push to the ground a billiard-cue held by me in my open hands, so great was the force he brought to bear upon the cue that it broke in two as if it were a reed.

Apropos of this little incident, when I was at the Palace in Athens this spring, Prince George said to me, with a look at the billiard-cues standing in a corner of the reception-room, "I see you have had the cues made thicker since you were at Bernstorff last summer. But," he added, with a sigh, "I cannot have the pleasure of testing their strength this time, as I am, as you see, almost a cripple." His Royal Highness had fallen while dancing, and had badly hurt his leg and foot. I explained to His Royal Highness that amongst the new cues there were two I had used at Bernstorff.

"Oh, yes," he replied, taking up a cue; "isn't this the one we held down whilst the Grand Duke Michael sat on the top? I ought to know it by the way it cut into my hands. And this (taking up the cue broken at Bernstorff), surely this is my old friend?"

"The same, sir."

"And why do you take it all over the world with you?"

"So that people may know how strong you are."

At this His Royal Highness laughed heartily, adding, "I had no idea it was so thick; it seemed to break so easily."

The fact is, Greece's sailor prince does not know his own strength, either in pushing or in lifting. I know how strong he is, for for several days afterwards I felt the strain in my arms, caused by His Royal Highness's endeavours to lift me.

Amongst the Royalties with whom my experiments have been performed, it is not easy to say who, in the matter of physical strength, comes next to Prince George of Greece; both he and the Czar stand out so much ahead of all others that there is no immediate next.

The Crown Prince of Greece is also very strong, and so are the King of Würtemberg and the Crown Prince of Roumania, but their strength is not of the giant order. The Crown Prince of Greece has neither the height nor weight of his brother, Prince George, nor has he the same length of arm with—what "Ouida" would probably term—its "god-like" biceps; but His Royal Highness is exceedingly muscular, and is as upright as a dart, a commanding, distinguished figure that has few equals in any land.

His Royal Highness tried all the tests

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PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE BREAKING THE CUE.

with me, but he neither strained my arms nor broke any cues, although he exerted himself to the utmost. But, as a matter of fact, the only cue I have had broken at my various Palace performances was the one snapped in twain by Prince George, the half of which I still have, and the other half the young Grand Duke Michael of Russia kept, I believe, as a memento of "Cousin George's" strength.

The King of Denmark has been strong in his time, and even now His Majesty, I found, could exercise not a little strength; indeed, so far as my experiments were concerned, there was very little difference in the display of grip and muscle on the part of His Majesty and that of his three sons, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the King of Greece, and the Prince Waldemar. I did not, in fact, expect that the King at his age would have taken so great a personal interest in experiments which, although scientifically interesting as showing how physical force can be diverted without the employment of a counter physical force, have generally speaking, in the matter of personal experiment, greater attractions for the young and the robust; but although His Majesty had seen both the Czar and his grandson fail where it was not possible for him to succeed, he was himself desirous of testing the experiments. It was not mere curiosity on His Majesty's part: it was the outcome of real interest — an interest which he takes in everything that he considers to be of artistic or scientific importance.

The King of Roumania is not tall or robust-looking, but he is what is termed "wiry," and it was not until His Majesty was going through some of the "tests" with me that I discovered how strong he really was. True, he is not so strong as his nephew, the Crown Prince (who is married to our Princess Marie of Edinburgh), whose appearance is even more deceptive than that of his uncle. Slight of build and of middle height, none would give him credit for the strength he really possesses.

His Royal Highness was — to use an Americanism — convinced that he could "down" me, and he certainly tried his hardest to bring this about, but his efforts in the direction of the lifting and other tests were unavailing. No one has ever approached the subject with greater zest and determination to succeed than His Royal Highness, and his fruitless efforts afforded great amusement to both the King and the Crown Princess.

Talking of "downing," the most determined effort, regardless of condition as to fairness, to beat me I have ever experienced was at the Abdeen Palace, at Cairo, on the part of one of the Khedive's *aides-de-camp*. His Highness, after witnessing the failure of

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several members of his Court to push the billiard-cue I held to the ground, commanded a stalwart *aide-de-camp* to essay the task.

The *aide-de-camp* stepped forward and grasped the cue. He did his best, but the cue was not to be got to the ground. The more he tried the greater grew the Khedive's merriment; in fact, I thought at one time His Highness, in his mirth, would have rolled from off his chair. This so excited the man that he completely lost his temper. He had been commanded to push the cue to the ground, and he was going to do it or perish in the attempt. All thoughts of conditions or unfair actions were banished from his mind. He seized hold of the cue, much after the fashion of a hungry lion seizing hold of a bone, and, utterly regardless of what became of me, attempted to dash it to the ground.

At this His Highness peremptorily ordered him to desist.

Never shall I forget the sudden change that came over the man's face. In a moment he was the humble slave. He let go of the cue and clasped his hands and bent his eyes to the floor in token of the deepest humility, and thus he stood until the Khedive, who was highly indignant at what he considered to be the man's unfairness, ordered him to retire.

The Khedive is the only ruler to whom I have had the honour of presenting my experiments who has not personally taken part in the tests. But the reception at the Abdeen Palace was of an official character, all the Ministers of State being present, as well as the usual *entourage;* and from an Oriental point of view it would not have done for His Highness to have tried any of the experiments and have failed. Had he tried he would *have had to succeed.* An Oriental ruler must always do, or be supposed to be able to do—which is much the same thing—what none of his Court are capable of accomplishing.

In the East it is all so different from what it is in the West. A European Prince is superior to being thought ridiculous, but an Oriental Prince would not dare to run the risk of for a moment being thought to be of the same build or on the same level as those below him.

But although His Highness was precluded by his position as Khedive from personally taking part in the experiments, he evinced the deepest interest in them, and not only did he warmly thank me for what I had shown him, but he presented me with a bracelet of scarabæi—a most unique and handsome gift—as a token of his appreciation.

The last King whose strength of muscle I had the opportunity of testing was the King of Würtemberg, and that only a few weeks ago. His Majesty did me the honour of inviting me to his villa—locally termed schloss—at Marienwhal, Ludwigsburg. His Majesty is somewhat above the medium height, broad of chest and strong of arm. He, like all German officers, is exceedingly fond of gymnastics, and knows exactly how to use his strength. He, therefore, approached the subject more as an expert than as a novice, and his knowledge of the principle upon which my experiments are performed was greater, I think, than any of my previous experimenters. But His Majesty did not for a moment allow his knowledge to infringe upon the conditions under which the various tests can alone be effectively demonstrated. It was all the more interesting to me to do my experiments with one who had such an inside knowledge of the question, especially as I was altogether successful in everything I attempted.

What I think most interested His Majesty was the chair test, in which I lifted four members of the Court seated on a chair, *whilst His Majesty's hands were placed between my hands and the sides of the chair.*

I knew His Majesty was looking forward to this test, for the first words he addressed to me after the presentation were: "Have you brought the famous chair?" I had brought the "famous chair," and I pointed it out to His Majesty, who examined it with considerable interest.

It is an ordinary-looking chair, strongly built and painted black, and has been made famous from the fact that upon it I have lifted one Emperor, several Kings, Princes, and other famous folk. In fact, more Royalty, more intelligence, and more wealth have sat upon that chair than upon any one single chair in the world. It has been with me through all my travels, and all my public and private tests have been performed with it. It is not an object of admiration, but it is certainly an object of interest, and it is amusing to hear in different countries the various remarks people, knowing its history, pass upon it as they see it at the railway station or standing upon the stage.

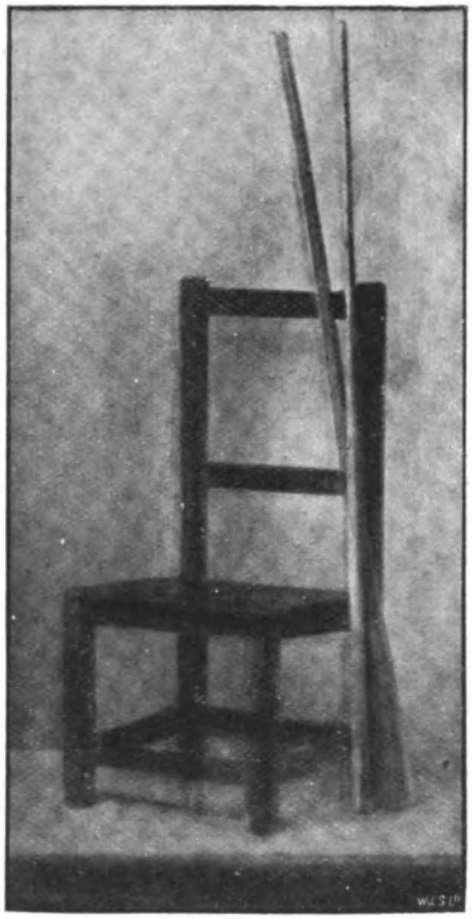
Many people have been anxious to buy it, but it is not for sale. Only the other day an American millionaire expressed a great desire to take it back with him to the States.

Said he: "I guess I ought to have the

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chair ; it ain't much to look at, but it's got a mighty interesting history. They don't grow chairs like that in the States, and I should have what no other man could either buy or steal. I guess if I stuck that in my hall at home my friends would just glue themselves to it. What, you won't sell it?—well, let's have another squat in it ; it ain't every day one gets an opportunity of squatting in a chair as the Czar and a whole bilin' of Kings have been lifted upon." And he squatted.

I have, I assure you, quite an affection for this chair ; it has had some extraordinary adventures both by land and sea, and has been lost on several occasions, but it has always turned up again to seat another King.



CHAIR AND CUES.

Going back for a moment to the Würtemberg Court, the audience that evening was, outside the Queen, the Princess, and their ladies, almost entirely composed of amateur athletes, and, in good-humouredly imitating some of my experiments, they did some extraordinarily funny things. One, a Prince of Saxe-Weimar, was like an eel in his slipperiness ; no one could either hold him or lift him. Someone suggested that His Serene Highness should don female attire and come out as a "magnetic lady," with a new series of experiments of his own invention. He would be an immense success.

It is always amusing to see — not in fun like this, but quite seriously — the various Princesses who have witnessed my demonstrations endeavour to demonstrate on their own account. Some of them would do the tests very well with patience and practice—two very necessary auxiliaries—whilst others would always be hopelessly at sea. Anyhow, these princely ladies take a great interest in my work, and I already have amongst them several imitators and one serious rival—the Crown Princess of Denmark.

It may suggest itself to some people that Royalties do not, in their experiments with me, try so hard as would every-day folk. Such a suggestion would be altogether erroneous. In addition to my experiences at Courts, I have had a very extensive experience of public audiences in various countries, and, if anything, the Royal investigator is more in earnest than the members of a committee at a public audience. It is in this way : A King has heard that such and such a Royal cousin has not succeeded in the tests made with me, and he determines to succeed where the Royal cousin has failed. Now, amongst a general committee, no such little friendly rivalry exists ; each man lifts, as it were, for his own hand. Whereas, with a King, he, as I have already said, seeks to do what one of his own order has not done ; so his efforts are guided by a double object.

But whilst members of a miscellaneous committee will occasionally be guilty of just a little meanness in the matter of evading the conditions, such a thing never occurs with Royalties ; they are always fair — always the acme of everything that is honourable.

Of all the experiments I have performed at Courts—with the exception of the chair test, when I lifted the Czar, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince George of Greece—which has, perhaps, been most discussed in Royal circles, was the one in which I lifted the young Grand Duke Michael whilst seated upon the top of a billiard-cue held down by four pairs of hands.

It was in this way : The billiard-cue, with the pointed end to the ground, stood upright, and upon the butt end of the cue Prince George of Greece placed his hands ; upon his hands were placed those of the Crown Prince of Denmark, upon the hands of the Crown Prince those of the Duke of Cumberland, and finally upon his the hands of my relative, Mr. Stuart Cumberland. The Czar then lifted his son on the top of this pile of

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hands which were holding down the cue. I then lightly took hold of the cue and lifted it with the young Grand Duke several inches from the ground.

The company were, I think, exceedingly surprised at this, and I am certain they were highly amused; for, when the Grand Duke went up, he slightly lost his balance, and rolled off into the arms of the Czar.



MISS BENTLEY LIFTING THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.

I am always, at every Court I visit, asked to repeat this test, but it not infrequently happens that there is no one small enough amongst the assembly to sit upon the cue, and, rather than give it up, I ask the smallest man there — who may weigh some ten or eleven stone — to mount on to the hands. Weight does not make much difference to me, but it makes all the difference to those who are holding down the cue. I often, when a heavy man is upon the cue, feel very sorry for their poor hands.

I have already drawn attention to the difference existing between European and Oriental Princes; but the difference between really princely and snobbish folk is still more strongly marked. The snob is always afraid of compromising his position by being lifted on a chair, but with a Prince there is never any such thought.

Of course, much depends upon how you go to Court—that is, the conditions under which you go. If you go simply as a hired entertainer, you are not allowed to personally experiment *with* the Emperor or King, as the case may be; in such case, your experiments would have to be performed *before* him and his Court—which is quite another thing.

I mention this, for had I not had altogether exceptional opportunities of visiting the Courts where I have given my demonstrations, I should not have been allowed to experiment with the Royal personages I have described, and I could not, from personal experience, have given the foregoing impressions of them.

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With respect to the relative physical strength of nationalities, the English, Scotch, and Germans are, according to my experience, the strongest, and the Levantines the weakest. The Germans, perhaps above all others, are, from a scientific standpoint, the most interested in my work; they approach every experiment scientifically, and not from the mere "show" point of view; they like being scientifically puzzled.

The English, very much like the Americans, view everything performed on a public platform in the light of a "show." With them it is not so much the scientific aspects of the performance as whether the performance is in itself a "good show." The French, in fact all the Latin races, simply look for amusement in their entertainments; they, unlike the Teutonic races, resent any attempt at instruction in connection with an exhibition, which must amuse them, and amuse them alone. The Anglo-Saxons and the Teutons go to a performance out of interest, the Latins out of curiosity; that is why a good performance has a more lasting success in England and Germany than in France and other Latin countries, for interest has greater staying powers than mere curiosity. Another thing—so far as my experiments are concerned—to excite even curiosity amongst the Latins one should pretend to be almost everything that one is not. It would not be enough to say, "Come, I have something that is interesting—nay, amusing—to show you!" To draw them one would have to say, "See, I am something quite out of the common; I am altogether inexplicable. Come and try and solve the mystery—if you can."

But in Europe the true lovers of the mysterious are the Russians. They, as a rule, are interested only in what they consider to be the supernatural aspects of both mental and physical phenomena. They always seem to be altogether disappointed with a rational explanation of what they have decided must be supernatural. They naturally have a great hankering after the occult; and it is easier for them to believe that a certain experiment is explicable only on the basis of occultism rather than that it can be explained on purely scientific grounds.

With Russians—many of whom have been of very exalted rank—I have frequently had very great difficulty in convincing them that my demonstrations are not the result of magnetic force.

"But," they will say, "I felt a magnetic shock directly I took hold of the cue"; or, "Your elbows discharge a most powerful electric current; my arms are tingling even now. Come, how do you explain this?"

I do my best to prove to them that it is all the result of imagination; but they remain to this day unconvinced. Their argument is that I do not understand my own powers; that it is I who imagine I accomplish my experiments in one way, when in reality they are the outcome of a force which I am personally in ignorance of. True, I am wholly ignorant of being in possession of such a force; but, with people who see signs of the supernatural in the most natural of daily occurrences, what will you? Then, again, there are those—and they are not confined to Russians, but are common amongst all nationalities—who imagine, in fact assert it, that I am a hypnotizer, and that I take away their strength by means of hypnotism.

Well I remember an exceedingly comical incident, bearing upon this belief, that occurred in connection with a famous diplomatist. Just as His Excellency had laid hold of the cue, which I hold in the open palms of my hands whilst standing upon one foot, with the object of pushing me backwards, he suddenly stopped and said, "Please do not look at me like that, you are mesmerizing me; I cannot go on if you look at me."

I was unaware of the fact that I was looking at him, but to meet his wishes I turned my head, and he turned his head in the opposite direction, and so I stood, and so he pushed. It was really too funny for anything.

I remember reading in a French newspaper a few months back an extraordinary account of my alleged mesmeric power, in which it was minutely explained how on one occasion I had mesmerized the Czar. His Majesty, it went on to say, told me to stand against a wall, but I refused, and defied him to push me there. He raised his arm for that purpose, but I looked him in the eye, made certain passes over him, and, lo and behold, he was hypnotized! A little truth is a dangerous thing, and the highly-imaginative French journalist had only got hold of the smallest grain of truth; the rest of the story was evolved out of his inner consciousness.

What really happened was this: I placed the tips of my fingers against a wall, and asked the Czar to put his hands upon my shoulders and push me against the wall. His Majesty tried and did not succeed, that was all. There was, of course, nothing mesmeric about the experiment, it being performed upon precisely the same basis as

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THE CZAR TRYING TO PUSH MISS BENTLEY AGAINST THE WALL.

the other tests I did with His Majesty; but the story, as I have told, was that on *this occasion* I had actually mesmerized the Czar, and several times since I have been asked to do "the mesmeric test you did with the Emperor of Russia." I have repeated the test, but not as an exhibition of mesmerism, about which subject I neither care nor know anything.

I wish, for once and all, it to be clearly understood that there is nothing of a supernatural character about my exhibitions, and that I have always disavowed the possession of any so-called magnetic powers. What I do is perfectly understandable, and although the experiments are apparently widely different from each other, they are really one and all, with the exception of the chair test, performed upon precisely the same basis—that of the diversion of physical force.

I have really nothing to disclose, as there is nothing of the character of a trick about my experiments; the secret lies in the position I assume and the angle at which the cues are held. In this way I can, without the slightest strain or physical effort, nullify the force displayed by the strongest men. It is curious that it should be so, but so it is.

Some people think I must be exceedingly strong; on the contrary, I am anything but strong or robustly built, whilst my weight does not exceed eight stone. But the experiments do not depend upon strength for their success. What is required is a knowledge of dynamics and a certain quickness of perception blended with a sufficiency of nerve and self-possession. One has always to be on one's guard, for no two men lift or push alike, and it is not until the test has begun that I know precisely the course I have to take in order to divert the force that is being brought to bear against me.

In the chair test everything depends upon how the chair is packed. I do not care how heavy the four or five men who sit upon it at one time really are, as long as they are properly balanced. If the balance is all right I take the chair on the swing and lift it (not merely tilt it) all four feet from off the ground. I do not grasp the sides of the chair with my hands, as I actually use no physical effort in the act of getting the chair with its living weight up; I merely, as I say, catch it on the swing, and up it goes.

It not infrequently happens that when the men packed on the chair lose their balance the whole of them fall to the ground, a confused mass of struggling bodies and moving arms and legs. Such a sight is much relished by an audience, especially if the unfortunate men be known to them, but it is a *contretemps* I always do my best to avoid.

At one Palace the poor chair, in spite of its solidity, ran a serious risk of being broken into matchwood. Some members of the Court thought they would sit on the chair on their own account, whilst another exalted personage did the lifting. They took their places, but, before the exalted personage had got himself in position, they slipped, and over they went, taking the chair with them. They kicked and struggled, whilst, amidst a roar of laughter, another member of the Court made a hasty sketch of the scene. I would much have liked to have gained possession of that sketch, it was all so exceedingly comic.

I am afraid I am indirectly responsible for a great many damaged Royal chairs and

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MISS BENTLEY LIFTING THE CZAR, THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK, PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, AND THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

broken billiard-cues, for, as I have intimated elsewhere, my visit to a Court has always been followed by a vigorous attempt to reproduce my experiments, with the result that chairs have become disjointed under the strain of an unexpected weight, and cues have snapped at the angle at which they have been held. All this is, of course, to be regretted, but it is some satisfaction to me to know that my experiments not only afforded considerable interest at the time to various crowned heads, but that they still, during the periods of imitation, are capable of providing those who have honoured me with their attention with a good deal of amusement.

[*The original drawings of the illustrations in this Magazine are always on view, and on sale, in the Art Gallery at these offices, which is open to the public without charge.*]

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Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Authors of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

VI.—THE WRONG PRESCRIPTION.

I AM generally far too busy to leave town for Christmas, but one December comes vividly now before my memory, when, feeling the need of change and partial rest, I was induced to spend a week with my friends, the Onslows, at their beautiful country seat in Hampshire.

The house was full of guests, several of whom I knew already. My host was an old college friend; his wife was a distant relation of my own. For the first day or two of my visit I almost forgot that I was a doctor, and enjoyed the merry season as thoroughly as the youngest present.

There were three guests in the house who from the very first aroused my strong interest. One of these was a bright-looking young fellow of the name of Oliver; the others were two young girls, one of eighteen, the other a child of ten.

The open secret quickly reached my ears that Oliver and Frances Wilton were engaged to be married. They were a devoted couple—at least, that was my first impression; I had reason afterwards to fancy that the devotion was mostly on the part of the lover, and that the young lady, beautiful as she was to look at, had that callous nature to which strong feeling was impossible.

Miss Wilton was a contrast to her little sister, who was a perfect whirlwind of impetuosity, high spirits, laughter, and noise. The little girl, whose name was Rosamond, was a favourite with everyone in the house, and as she happened to be the only child of the party, all kinds of liberties were permitted to her.

On the morning of my third day at Holmwood, I was strolling through the shrubberies after breakfast when I came face to face with my host, Jack Onslow, in earnest conversation with Captain Oliver.

"Look here," said Jack, the moment he met me, "you are the very man I want. Here's Oliver in a dreadful state of mind. I tell him he cannot do better than consult you. You will quickly show him that he is merely suffering from an attack of the nerves."

"But you have noticed it yourself—confess that you have," said Oliver, turning and looking full at his host.

"Oh, I confess nothing," said Jack. "You had better confide in Halifax. Have a cigar, Halifax? Now I will leave you and Jim to have your conference together."

Whether Oliver would have confided in me at that moment I cannot say, but before I could accept Onslow's cigar or make any suitable reply, a shrill little voice was heard calling to us, and the next instant Rosamond Wilton, her hair streaming behind her and her eyes bright from excitement, rushed up.

"Jim, Jim," she exclaimed, addressing Oliver, "Frances wants you to do something for her. Oh, you needn't go to the house," as he was preparing to start off. "She wants you to go to the chemist at Market Lea at once. Take this note with you. The chemist will give you some medicine that you are to bring back. *Please* go at once, Jim."

"Is Frances ill?" asked Oliver.

"I don't know—I don't think she is quite well. Anyhow, she wants you to go at once—will you?"

"That I will, of course," said Oliver, his face brightening. "Tell her so, Rosamond."

Rosamond darted away, and I turned to the young man.

"I should like a walk," I said; "may I come with you?"

"With pleasure," he replied.

We started immediately, cutting across an open common as the nearest way to the little town.

When I saw Oliver talking to Onslow, he seemed undoubtedly depressed, but now he had recovered his usual spirits. He was a handsome young man of about five-and-twenty, with bright eyes, a resolute face, and an upright bearing. He was a captain in a crack regiment, and I understood that he was rich. I was at least ten years his senior. He represented the happy boy to me, and certainly gave me no hint of any possible cause for melancholy during our brisk walk.

We reached the chemist's. I waited outside while Oliver went in to execute his commission. After about a moment's absence he joined me, perturbation now very evident on his face.

"Look here, Dr. Halifax," he said, "I wonder if you can help me."

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"With pleasure, if I can," I replied.

"Well, I wish you would come into the shop and speak to this stupid chemist. He refuses to give me the medicine which Miss Wilton has written for. He says he cannot supply it without a prescription, and that I must go back and get one. Frances evidently wants it very badly, and will be vexed at this delay. As you are a doctor, perhaps you can manage the matter."

I entered the shop immediately, and went up to the chemist. He was holding Miss Wilton's open letter in his hand.

"This gentleman is a doctor," said Oliver. "He'll make it all right. You had better let me have the medicine at once, as I know the lady wants it."

"Perhaps the doctor will write a prescription," said the chemist.

"I cannot do so, unless I know what is required," I said. "What medicine has Miss Wilton written for?"

"Are you her medical attendant, sir?"

"No."

"Then please pardon me, I am not permitted to tell you. This note is confidential."

As he spoke he tore it into several pieces, and flung the fragments beneath the counter.

"I am sorry to disoblige," he said, "but the contents of Miss Wilton's note are strictly private. If you, sir, as a doctor will see the lady, I have no doubt everything will be put right."

"You did well not to betray a confidence," I said, briefly, to the man, and then I hurried Oliver out of the shop.

All his good humour and high spirits had left him. He showed more disturbance than I thought the occasion warranted.

"Don't be distressed," I said to him, soothingly. "If Miss Wilton will allow me, I'll see her as soon as ever we get back to Holmwood, and will supply her with a proper prescription for anything she may require. There is nothing to alarm yourself about in the chemist refusing to supply a certain medicine without a prescription. A chemist lays himself open to a large penalty if he does so. Miss Wilton is probably suffering from toothache, and has sent for chloroform or something of that nature."

"Oh, it is not this alone," answered the poor fellow. "It's this and a hundred other things added on to it."

Here he paused and gave me a quick glance of interrogation. After a moment he said, with a certain reluctance:—

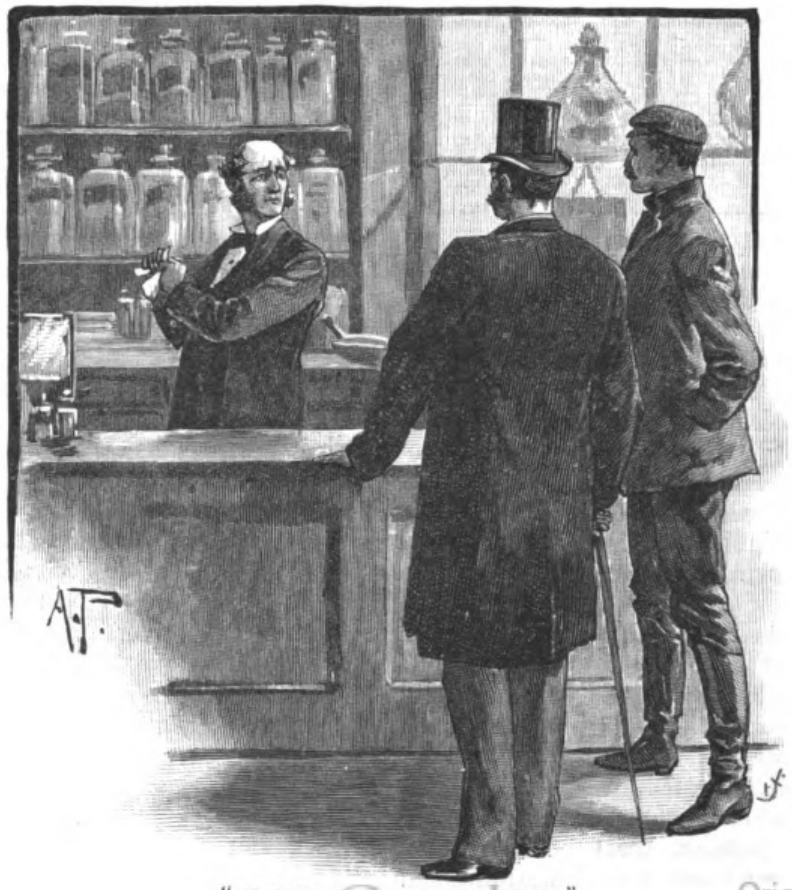
"Onslow says that you are awfully good-natured, Dr. Halifax."

"I should be a brute if I took up the medical profession and were not good-natured to people in trouble," I replied.

"Well, that's just what I am: I'm in an awful state of perplexity. Onslow laughs at me; but, then, he's not a doctor. I'm convinced this is a case for a medical man. May I state it to you?"

"I shall be delighted to give you any advice in my power," I replied.

"It isn't about myself. It's about Frances. You know, of course, that we are engaged to be married? You have seen her—I think you sat next her last evening at dinner. Do you mind giving me your candid opinion about her?"



"HE TORE IT INTO SEVERAL PIECES."

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"She is a very pretty girl," I replied.

"Oh, yes, yes—I don't mean her appearance. If you were asked about her—her health, mental and physical, what would you say?"

"Nothing; for I know nothing."

"I always thought doctors could see farther than most men," answered Oliver, almost with irritation. "I tell you what it is: Frances, to all intents and purposes, is a dead woman, a statue cut in marble. She can move, she can speak, she can look lovely, she can eat—a little, not much—but she can no more love, she can no more feel than if she were really the marble I have likened her to. We have been engaged for six months; I have been away for over four. When I parted with her last she was Rosamond grown up. Think of Rosamond with her fire, her overflowing spirits, her vivacity. Is Frances like Rosamond now?"

"No," I said. "I have noticed the two sisters and observed the great contrast between them. The little one has a great deal of colour and her eyes are bright. Miss Wilton is deadly pale, and pretty as her eyes are, their expression is dull."

"They usen't to have a dull expression," said Oliver. "Six months ago they had plenty of sparkle and life in them, and her cheeks were just like roses. But," continued the poor fellow, "it is not the physical change that cuts me to the heart, it's the—the absence of all life; all—all affection; all interest in me and everything else. We are to be married in two months' time; Frances has not the least idea of breaking off our engagement. There's not a scrap of the flirt about her; but I might as well make a bride of a doll, or a bit of marble, for all the real interest she takes."

"Was she excitable and affectionate when first you were engaged?" I inquired.

"Yes—yes—*rather!*" He coloured as he spoke.

"Did you ever ask her if she felt ill?"

"Often. She says that she is in perfect health; but, oh! the apathy in her eyes! Sometimes, Dr. Halifax, I am inclined to fear that her mind is deranged."

"I don't think there is the least occasion for you to alarm yourself on that score," I said. "Do you think Miss Wilton will see me as a medical man?"

"I am sure she won't. Nothing makes her so much annoyed as the faintest hint that she is not in perfect health."

"She cannot maintain the position that she is in perfect health when she sends you off in a hurry for a certain medicine to the chemist. Look here, Captain Oliver, I'll take it upon myself to see her as soon as ever I go home. You may trust me to respect your confidence, and if there is anything really wrong, I think I can soon discover it."

I had scarcely said these last words before the sound of hurrying feet caused us both to look up. Little Rosamond Wilton had come up the road to meet us.

"I came for the medicine," she panted. "Give it to me, Jim."

"Unfortunately, I haven't got it," said Oliver.

"Not got it? What will poor Frances do?"

"I am ever so sorry, but it is her own fault. She forgot to send the prescription."

"No, she didn't forget; she hadn't got the prescription. Collins has it. Oh, what an awful worry this is! What a stupid, stupid chemist! Frances wrote to him, and told him exactly what she wanted. He might have sent the medicine to her. Poor darling, she is nearly wild with misery now; and what will she do if there is any further delay? What a cruel chemist!"

"No, Rosamond, he is not cruel," I said. "The law forbids chemists to give certain drugs without proper prescriptions. The chemist could not have acted otherwise."

"Then Frances will die!" exclaimed the child, stamping her little foot on the ground, and tears filling her bright brown eyes. "Frances will die. She can't go on suffering like this, it is quite impossible. You don't know. You can't guess. It is dreadful!"

"I can soon put your sister right," I said, in a confident tone. "Take me to her immediately."

"You are a doctor, aren't you?" she inquired.

"Yes; the right person to see your sister if she is suffering."

"But she won't have any doctor except Collins."

"Who is Collins?"

"A nurse. She was with Frances once when she was ill. And now she always sends for her if she feels the least bit of anything the matter with her."

"Well," I said, after a pause, "we are wasting time. Your sister is in pain. Collins is not here, and I am. Take me to her immediately."

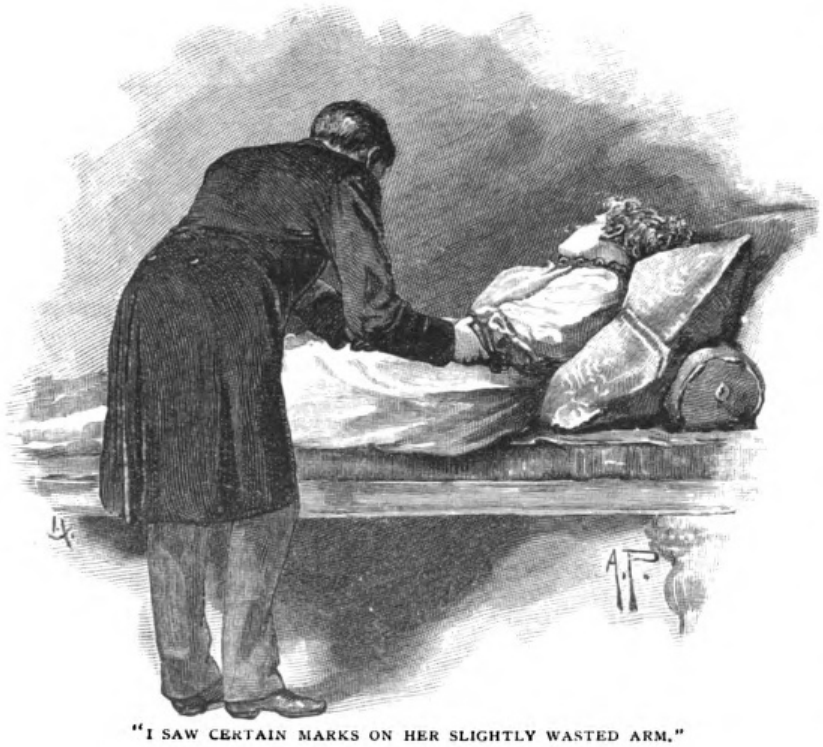
"Yes, Rosamond, do as you are told," said Oliver.

"She'll be angry; but I can't help it," murmured the child under her breath.

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She took my hand, and we went quickly to the house.

In another moment I found myself in Miss Wilton's presence. I gave one glance at her face, and then told Rosamond to leave us. I knew what was the matter. The young girl was in the complete state of prostration caused by acute neurosthenia. Her respiration was hurried—she scarcely noticed me when I came into the room. She was lying on a sofa. I took her hand in mine and felt her pulse. It was beating one hundred and fifty times to the minute. Miss Wilton was very ill, and it was not difficult for me to ascertain the cause of this complete nervous prostration. I pushed up her sleeve and saw certain marks on her slightly wasted arm, which told me but too plainly that she was the victim of morphonism. The whole



"I SAW CERTAIN MARKS ON HER SLIGHTLY WASTED ARM."

situation was now perfectly plain. Miss Wilton had suddenly come to the end of her supply of morphia, and was at present going through the awful storm of abstinence.

I thought for a moment, and then made up my mind that, whatever the future consequences, there was only one thing to be done at present. I went to the bell and rang it sharply.

A servant appeared in answer to my summons.

"Can you tell me if Mrs. Onslow is at home?" I asked.

"I don't know, sir; I'll inquire."

"If she is in any of the sitting-rooms or about the grounds, send a footman to ask her to come to me immediately, to Miss Wilton's room."

The servant withdrew, and in about ten minutes' time Mildred Onslow hastily appeared.

"What do you want with me?" she asked. Then as her eyes fell on Miss Wilton's prostrate form, she uttered a startled exclamation.

"What is the matter with poor, dear Frances? How frightfully ill she looks!"

"She is very ill," I replied, "but I think I can soon relieve her. She is suffering from a most acute nervous attack, and I intend to inject a little morphia under the skin. That will quickly restore her to a more normal condition. Please stay with her, Mildred, while I fetch my bag of drugs and instruments."

I rushed away, fetched a bottle of morphia and a hypodermic syringe, and quickly injected a dose which contained one grain of morphine.

The relief was almost instantaneous. Miss Wilton opened her eyes, gave a sigh of intense pleasure, and presently sat up. She was still bewildered, however, and scarcely recognised who were present.

"She is much better," I said to Mrs. Onslow, "but I should like her to keep very quiet for the rest of the day. Please send some soup or some other strong nourishment to her here. She will do best to stay in this room for to-day. Perhaps you will come and sit with her for a little in the afternoon. Now I want to have a short talk with my patient by herself."

When I said this I noticed an uneasy glance in Miss Wilton's eyes, which showed me how rapidly she was returning to a convalescent stage.

"Need Mildred go away?" she asked. "I am much better now. You must have given me something to relieve that horrible, horrible pain."

"Yes, I gave you a dose of morphia," I said.

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"Ah, then, of course I am better," she remarked, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes," I said, "you may be able to have a nice sleep by-and-by, but there are one or two points I should like to talk over with you first. I shall not take up more than a moment or two of your time."

Mildred left the room, and Miss Wilton seated herself with her back to the light.

"I may as well state frankly," I said at once, "that when I came into the room just now, your condition filled me with alarm. You were terribly weak, your respiration was hurried, your pulse quick. You had symptoms also of spinal exhaustion. I came to tell you that Captain Oliver had failed to get the medicine which you sent for."

"Why failed?" she asked, in a quick, nervous voice.

"Because you had not sent a prescription. Chemists are forbidden by law to supply certain poisonous drugs without written instructions from a medical man. No such instructions accompanied your letter; therefore the medicine was not supplied."

"Did you go with Jim to see the chemist?"

"I walked with him to Market Lea."

"And the—the——" Miss Wilton half rose from her chair, "the chemist showed you my letter?"

"No, the chemist was quite faithful to the trust you reposed in him."

She sank back again on her seat, while an expression of intense relief swept over her young but worn face.

"Your little sister met us on our return home, and told us that you were in a state of suffering," I continued, "so I hastened to the rescue."

"You are very kind," she replied, "and you have relieved my suffering for the time."

She shuddered slightly as she spoke. She knew but too well how evanescent the small dose of morphia I had injected would be in its effects.

"It is tiresome about that prescription," she continued. "Nothing relieves me like that special medicine."

"Then you are subject to these attacks?"

"Oc—occasionally." This word came out with great reluctance.

"Perhaps I could write you a prescription somewhat similar to the one you have lost?"

She looked at me with intense eagerness. Then her eyes fell.

"No, thank you," she said. "My medicine partakes of the nature of a—a quack medicine. It suits me better than anything else. I think I'll send for a nurse who has often been of use to me. Her name is Collins. I should like to telegraph for her. That can be managed, can it not?"

"Certainly," I answered; "where does she live?"

"In London."

"She cannot get to you before the evening," I answered. "And in the meantime you may have another attack. Of course, I am not prepared to say what causes them." Here I looked hard at her. She trembled and shrank from me. "I am not prepared to say what causes your attacks," I repeated; "but I have seen precisely similar ones occasioned by the abstinence from morphia in the victims of morphonism. A small dose of the poison invariably gives relief, as it did in your case. Only that it is quite impossible to imagine that you can be the victim of such a pernicious habit, I should say that you took morphia secretly."

"As if that were likely," she stammered; "I—I hope—I should not do anything wicked of that sort."

"It certainly is a very wicked habit," I replied, "and leads to the most disastrous results: the wreck of life in its fullest sense, the destruction of all the moral qualities. For instance, the morphia-maniac thinks nothing of telling lies, however truthful he may have been before he became the victim of this habit. Well, I will leave you now, as you look inclined to sleep, and sleep will be beneficial to you. If you feel a return of the painful symptoms which prostrated you this morning, send for me, and I will inject a little more morphia."

"Oh, thank you," she answered, with a look of gratitude. And now she prepared to settle herself comfortably on the sofa.

"You won't forget to telegraph for Collins?" she said, as I was leaving the room.

"You must give me her address," I answered.

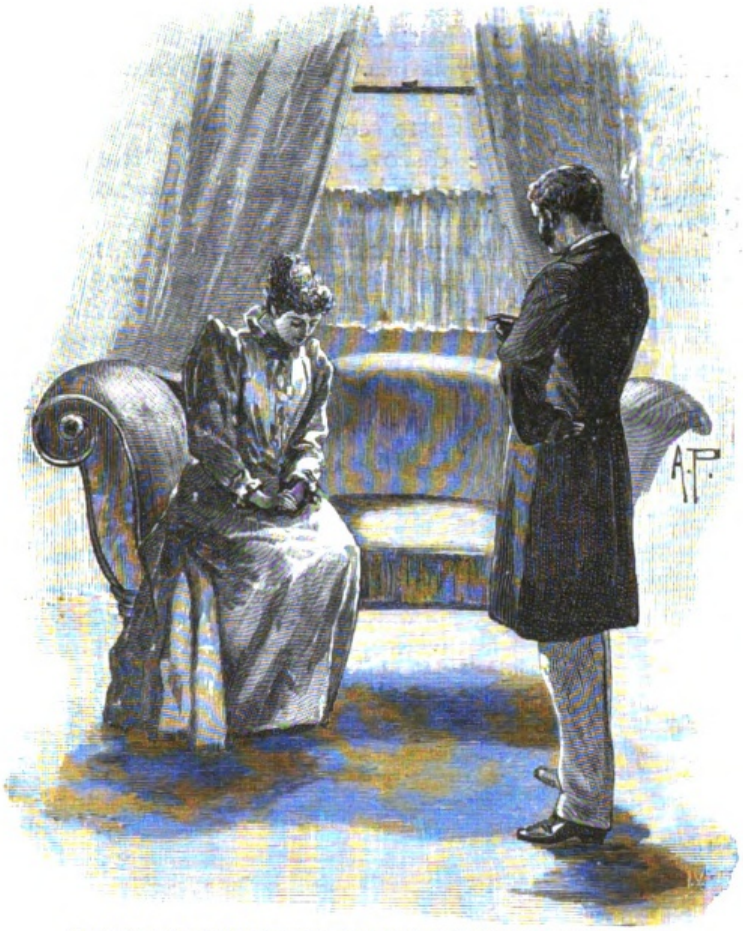
She supplied me with it, and I left her.

I must confess that I felt much puzzled how to act. Miss Wilton was a morphia-maniac. Her flimsy half denial of the fact was but in keeping with her disease. Should I tell the truth to poor Oliver?

I thought over the circumstances of the case briefly, and then resolved to take Mildred Onslow into my confidence. I saw her alone immediately after lunch, and told her what I had discovered.

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed, when I had finished my short story. "It seems almost impossible to believe that Frances, of

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"I HOPE I SHOULD NOT DO ANYTHING WICKED OF THAT SORT.

all people, could he addicted to such a vice, and yet you said you saw the marks on her arm?"

"I did, but even without that evidence all the other symptoms point to the same conclusion."

"But what can be her motive?" said Mildred. "Six months ago there could not have been a brighter, dearer girl in existence. She was so happy in her engagement too; in short, she was the very personification of perfect health, happiness, and all the graces which adorn young womanhood."

"You cannot say that she is the personification of these things now," I replied.

"No; she is much changed—Jim notices it—he is very unhappy. Oh, poor Frances! Is there any chance of her being cured?"

"Yes, if she will help herself. She is particularly weak, however. I seldom saw anyone as young so completely under the influence of the drug. I could not counsel complete abstinence from it at the present moment, and I intend to inject morphia again to-night. We have now, however, to decide immediately on two things: is the nurse Collins to be telegraphed for, and is Captain Oliver to be told?"

Before Mildred could reply, the door of the room where we were talking was abruptly opened and Oliver himself, looking perturbed and heated, came in.

"I saw you two talking through the window," he said, "and could not restrain my impatience. I know you are discussing Frances's condition, and perhaps you are intending to conceal some particulars from me. Now, I insist upon knowing the truth immediately."

Mildred coloured and hesitated.

"Dr. Halifax and I were just wondering whether we ought to send for a nurse of the name of Collins," she began.

"Collins," repeated Oliver, abruptly. He laughed in a somewhat harsh manner. "Rosamond and I telegraphed for Collins half an hour ago," he said. "What *is* the use of hesitating about a natural wish of that sort? I suppose a sick girl may be at liberty to send for the nurse she fancies?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"And now I want the truth," he continued. "What is the matter with Frances?"

Before I could reply, Mildred came suddenly up to me. There was an imploring look on her face. She did not speak, however, and the next moment hastily left the room.

I looked at Oliver. He was startlingly white round his eyes and lips.

"You know what ails Miss Wilton," he began. "For God's sake, whatever it is, don't make a mystery of it. I can bear the truth, whatever it is. Is she dying?"

"Almost as bad," I murmured to myself.

Aloud I said, "Nothing of the sort. You want the truth, so you must have it. I warn you in advance that it is startling and painful. Miss Wilton is a confirmed morphia-maniac."

"Nonsense," said Oliver. He looked as if he would much like to knock me down. I walked to the window before I replied.

"I told you that the truth would be painful. That is it. That simple fact accounts for the change which you spoke to me of. I have seen such things before, but never,

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never, in one so young, so apparently healthy and happy. I had my suspicions even while you were speaking to me, but when I saw the young lady, all doubts were solved immediately."

"What were her symptoms?"

"Those which invariably arise when the unhappy victim is from any cause deprived of the accustomed stimulant. The larger the quantity of morphia taken, the greater is the distress when it is done without. When I came to Miss Wilton, she was almost *in extremis*. This fact shows that she has been accustomed to injecting large doses."

"Injecting!"

"Yes, with a hypodermic syringe. There are many marks on her arm."

"Did you do anything for her relief?"

"Yes, the only thing. I gave her more morphia."

"Why?"

"I will tell you why presently. The thing immediately to decide on now is: what is to be done when this nurse arrives? I must say plainly I am sorry you telegraphed for her."

Oliver was about to reply when I interrupted him.

"I suspect the nurse," I continued, "but forewarned is forearmed. As soon as ever she comes, I shall have an interview with her, and tax her with what I feel is the truth. In the meantime, I shall consider Miss Wilton my patient, and as I have begun to prescribe for her will go on doing so. And now, Captain Oliver, your part is to look cheerful and to pretend to know nothing. I want you to go and sit with Miss Wilton for a short time this afternoon. If she confides in you, well and good. She may possibly do so, for she has had a good fright, I can assure you; but if she does not, you must treat her as if you knew nothing. Remember."

"Oh, yes, I'll remember," said Oliver. His face worked; I saw that he was struggling with emotion, and left him.

At six o'clock that evening Collins arrived. I saw her before she was admitted to Miss Wilton's presence; she was a thin, refined-looking woman, neatly dressed, and with an almost lady-like manner and appearance. Her face was sharp and pale; she had light, thin, auburn hair, and very pale-blue eyes with white eyelashes. I took a dislike to her on the spot.

"I wish to see you," I began, "to tell you I have discovered what ails Miss Wilton. She is a morphia-maniac of a most confirmed type."

The nurse started when I said this. I saw denial on her lips, but she quickly took her cue, and spoke in a deprecating tone.

"Ah!" she said, "that fact is no news to me. Poor dear! How often have I begged of her not to get under the influence of this pernicious drug."

"Your entreaties have been quite without effect," I replied. "I am glad, however, that you are fully aware to the danger Miss Wilton runs. The victims of morphonism go through many phases—Miss Wilton is rapidly approaching that of direct poisoning, and if the drug is freely administered now,



"THE NURSE STARTED."

she will undoubtedly *die*. I say this to warn you, on no account whatever, to inject morphia. I am her medical man, and I will give it her myself when necessary. Have you a hypodermic syringe and morphia with you?"

My question was so direct that the woman coloured and stammered.

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"I always carry these things about with me," she said, more truthfully than I expected. "No one can ever tell, in a profession like mine, when they may be required."

"That is quite true," I replied; "but under the present circumstances I should be glad if you would give both the morphia and the syringe to me. Thus, if your patient begs of you to administer the drug, it will be out of your power to yield to her entreaties."

She looked at me hard when I said this, and then, opening a hand-bag, she gave me a small bottle containing some of the dangerous fluid, and a little case which held the syringe.

After putting a few more questions, during which I elicited the information that Nurse Collins had been trained at Guy's Hospital, I took her myself to Miss Wilton's room.

There was no mistaking the look of relief which spread itself over the young girl's face when she saw her.

"Oh, nurse, you have come!" she exclaimed, and, tottering forward, she flung herself into the woman's arms.

I closed the door softly behind me. I felt more uneasy than I cared to own. It is true I had secured the syringe and the morphia, but the nurse might find means of supplying herself with more morphia, and, of course, Frances must have a syringe of her own.

I had administered my first dose of morphia to Miss Wilton at noon. As I expected, she sent for me to ask for another injection between four and five. This was shortly before the nurse arrived. If Nurse Collins had really no morphia in her possession, my services would be probably required between ten and eleven that night. I little guessed, however, what was really to occur.

A large party of friends were coming to dine at Holmwood that evening. The dinner was to be followed by a dance, to which all the young people of the neighbourhood were invited. I, as one of the guests staying in the house, had, of course, to be present. I held myself in readiness, however, to go to my patient whenever the summons came.

Little Rosamond had begged hard to be allowed to sit up for the dance.

"I don't want to stay with Frances now that horrid Collins has come," was her frank remark.

Miss Rosamond was sufficiently spoiled to have her way, and Jim in particular took her under his special patronage.

I was standing near one of the doorways watching these two as they threaded the giddy mazes of the waltz. I was inwardly feeling a good deal of uneasiness at not being summoned to Miss Wilton, for the hour was now long past that when she ought to require a fresh dose of her stimulant, when I was suddenly attracted by a look of astonishment on Rosamond's bright face. She was gazing past me towards another door further down the ball-room.

I turned in the direction of her glance, and saw to my amazement Frances, beautifully dressed, the flash of diamonds in her hair and round her white throat, advancing into the room.

I went up to her at once. She looked slightly, but only slightly, annoyed when she saw me.

"I'm all right now," she said, in a cheerful tone. "I have quite recovered. I told you, Dr. Halifax, that I only needed my own special quack medicine and Collins's aid to restore me."

I could scarcely reply to her. She swept past me to speak to an acquaintance. She looked brilliant, and was unquestionably the most beautiful girl in the room. Her fine dark eyes, generally so dull in expression, were now bright and sparkling. There was not the least doubt that she was under the influence of a powerful dose of the poison.

I hastily left the ball-room and went upstairs to find Nurse Collins.

She was not in Miss Wilton's sitting-room. I rang a bell, and asked the servant to send her to me.

"Do you mean the nurse from London, sir?" inquired the maid. "She isn't here. Miss Wilton ordered a carriage for her, and she went away about an hour ago."

I felt too astonished to speak for a moment.

"I was not aware of this," I said, after a pause.

I quickly returned to the ball-room. Frances was now dancing with Oliver, who looked in the highest spirits, and Rosamond ran up to my side.

"Do waltz with me, Dr. Halifax," she asked.

I took her little hand and led her into the midst of the dancers.

As we were revolving round and round, I asked her a few questions.

"Do you know, Rosamond, that your *bête noir*, Collins, has gone?"

"No," she replied, in a tone that did not express much surprise. "But she doesn't often stay long. I suppose she has filled up all Frances's bottles with the quack medicine."

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"But that quack medicine is very bad for your sister."

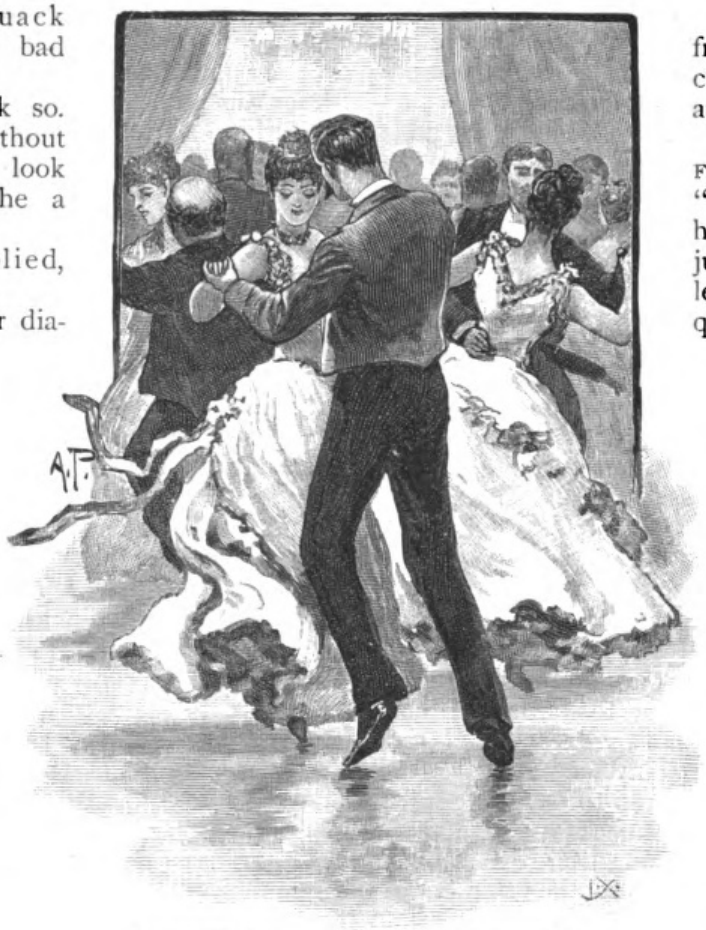
"I don't think so. She can't live without it. Doesn't she look lovely? Isn't she a beautiful girl?"

"Yes," I replied, briefly.

"And don't her diamonds flash? Don't you love diamonds, Dr. Halifax?"

"Yes, but not on such young girls as your sister."

"Frances always likes to wear diamonds; she doesn't mind whether her taste is peculiar or not. Let's come a little nearer to her, I want to be sure of something. Yes, just as I thought. She hasn't on her pendant. I suppose that has gone now."



"FRANCES WAS NOW DANCING WITH OLIVER."

"What do you mean, Rosamond?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all. I shouldn't have said it. I'm tired of dancing. . . I'd like to go to bed. . . Please let us stop. . . Good-night, Dr. Halifax. Good-night."

She rushed away before I could question her by another word.

Miss Wilton was the life and soul of the ball-room. The gay party did not break up until the early morning, and it was late the next day when the visitors who were staying at Holmwood met again round the breakfast-table.

As soon as ever I appeared, I was greeted with an extraordinary piece of information. Frances Wilton and her sister had left Holmwood by an early train.

This was simply stated with little or no comment at the breakfast table, but immediately afterwards my host and hostess took me aside. Mildred put a small note into my hand.

"Read it," she said, "and try and solve the mystery, if you can."

The note was from Rosamond, a childish production, and very short.

"DEAR DR. HALIFAX," she wrote, "I'm awfully unhappy, so I must just send you this letter. Frances has quarrelled with Collins, who won't do what she wants. We are both going away, and no one is to know where we are going to. I don't know myself, so I can't tell you. Frances says that you are a horrid man; she says you have accused her of doing dreadful, wicked things. I don't believe you are a horrid man. I like you very much, and I am very unhappy about going away.—ROSAMOND."

After reading the little note I gave it to Mildred. She glanced her eyes quickly over it, then threw it, with a gesture of despair, on the table.

"Now, what is to be done?" she exclaimed. "Frances and Rosamond have disappeared. No one knows where they have gone. Frances was very ill yesterday. If what you say is true, it is extremely unsafe for her to be left to her own devices."

"It is more than unsafe," I replied. "Miss Wilton is in a condition when she ought not to be left for a single moment without a responsible person to look after her. Surely it can't be difficult to trace the sisters? Surely they can be followed at once?"

"Of course they can," said Onslow. "You always go to the fair about things, my love," he continued, turning to his wife. "A pair of children like Frances and Rosamond cannot lose themselves in these nineteenth century days. We can soon track them, and if we have a doctor's authority for taking such a step, it shall be done immediately."

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"Ought not Oliver to be consulted?" I said.

"I'll go and fetch him," said Onslow.

He left the room and returned in a few moments, accompanied by Jim Oliver. The young soldier was quite alive to the difficulties of our position. The nervous distress, which yesterday so completely overpowered him, had now vanished.

He was intensely anxious, but he did not show undue agitation. We had a brief consultation, and then it was arranged that I should go back immediately to London and try to learn everything there was to be known about Nurse Collins. I had elicited one apparent fact from her yesterday, viz., that she had been trained as a nurse at Guy's Hospital. Accordingly, on the afternoon of that same day, I went to the hospital and set inquiries on foot with regard to her. The books were searched, and it was soon abundantly proved that no nurse of the name of Collins had ever been trained at that hospital.

"Then," I exclaimed, "the woman is not even a medical nurse. If she is really still with that poor girl, her wretched victim may be dead before we can rescue her."

The matron to whom I was speaking became interested, and presently asked me to describe the supposed nurse's appearance.

I did so, minutely.

"Light auburn hair," quoted the matron, "very light blue eyes and white eyelashes—a thin face. How old should you say the woman was, Dr. Halifax?"

"From five-and-twenty to thirty," I replied.

"About the middle height?"

"Yes, a slight person."

"Did she walk with the faintest suspicion of a limp—so very slight that it might be passed over without comment?"

Now it so happened that Nurse Collins did walk with a sort of swing, which had arrested my attention when I took her to my patient the evening before.

"I could scarcely call it a limp," I said, "but it is certainly true that the nurse's walk was a little peculiar."

"Then I know who she is," said the matron; "that description could scarcely fit two people. She was trained here, but not under the name of Collins. See—I will show you her name in the book. Nurse Cray—twenty-three years of age—auburn hair, light blue eyes, very slight limp. That nurse, Dr. Halifax, stayed with us exactly a year. She was an admirable and clever nurse. She left at the end of that time under peculiar circumstances."

"Do you mind telling me what they were?"

The matron hesitated.

"I don't wish to injure anyone," she said, after a pause; "but in this case it is right for you to have all possible information. Nurse Cray left here on suspicion of theft. A large sum of money had been left in her charge by a lady patient. This is quite an exceptional thing to do. When the lady was leaving, the money was not forthcoming. Nurse declared it had been stolen from her. The lady was not willing to prosecute, and the matter was dropped. But Cray left the next week, and we have not heard anything of her since. I believe her to be a dangerous woman, and I should be sorry to have any girl in her power."

This information I imparted in due course to my friends at Holmwood. In the meantime Onslow and Captain Oliver were leaving not a stone unturned to trace the two girls. The end of the second day arrived, however, without our having obtained the slightest clue to their whereabouts.

Poor Oliver was nearly wild with anxiety, and my own fears were very grave. I could not get Frances Wilton's face out of my mind. I saw it in my mind's eye, wherever I turned, or whatever I did. I wondered what the wretched girl's ultimate fate would be. There was little doubt that she was quickly reaching that stage when direct morphia poisoning begins. If she were really still in Collins's power, her days on earth were numbered.

Sitting by my fireside on the evening of the second day I thought of her with increased uneasiness. It was almost impossible to believe that two rather remarkable looking girls like Frances and Rosamond could disappear as it were bodily from the earth. Onslow and Oliver were both clever and keen-sighted men. We were employing the best private detective we knew to assist us, and yet up to the present we had not got the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the girls. I felt so anxious as I pondered over these things that I felt inclined to run down to Holmwood by the last train that evening. Before this thought, however, had taken the form of a resolution, there came a ring to my hall door, and the next moment my servant told me that a woman was waiting to see me.

"What is her name?" I asked.

"She refuses to give it, sir," replied the man. "She says she will not keep you long, but she earnestly begs of you to let her see you without delay."

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"Show her into the consulting-room," I said.

I went there a moment later, and to my amazement found myself face to face with Nurse Collins.

"Now, what do you want?" I said in a stern voice, which could scarcely conceal my inward rejoicing.

"To confess—to confess," she said, in a broken, highly-strung, nervous tone. "Oh, Dr. Halifax, I have only just made the discovery. Pray do not lose a moment in going to Miss Wilton. If you see her at once there is just a possibility of her being saved."

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Tell me your story briefly."

"Oh, it is this," she exclaimed, clasping and unclasping her thin hands. "Poor, poor young lady, I have given her the wrong prescription! I only found this out an hour ago."

"Sit down," I said. "You must tell me the whole story in as few words as you can."

"I don't want to be a murderer," she began. "I—I draw the line at that. I—I don't mind most things, but I draw the line at murder."

"You will be a murderer," I said, "unless you can collect your thoughts sufficiently to tell me at once what is the matter."

"And you will use your knowledge against me, sir?"

"That I cannot say."

"Well, I don't much care whether you do or not," she continued. "If only Miss Wilton's life is saved, nothing else matters. This is my story. I was called in to nurse Miss Wilton six months ago. She was suffering very terribly at the time from the effects of a feverish attack. Her nerves were much disordered; she was sleepless, and she used to undergo agonies of pain from neuralgia. Dr. Johnson, of Queen Anne's Street, was attending her. He prescribed small doses of morphia, which I was to inject in the usual way with a hypodermic syringe. The morphia gave her both relief and pleasure. By-and-by she got stronger, the pain disappeared, and Dr. Johnson ordered me to cease administering the morphia. I think I should have done so, but for Miss Wilton herself. She had already acquired a certain liking for the drug, she could not sleep well without it, and she begged me very hard to repeat the doses. I refused. She said she would pay me if I gave her relief. I was in debt, and I wanted money badly. I do not pretend to be scrupulous, and I quickly yielded to temptation. I stayed on with Miss Wilton: I repeated the morphia doses, and in an incredibly short space of time, I had her in my power. She could not live without the drug, and was willing to pay me anything to obtain it. She had plenty of money, and was the possessor of many valuable jewels. One by one these jewels were handed over to me in exchange for morphia. I was obliged to leave her at last, but I supplied her with a syringe and a couple of bottles of the medicine; I also gave her minute directions how much to inject at a time. When she sent for me three days ago, her supply had unexpectedly run out. I obeyed her summons at once, and would have remained with her, but for my interview with you. You frightened me with regard to her state; I saw that you suspected me. If it were known that I had played thus, almost with the life of a patient, I should have been ruined. I did not dare to run the risk of discovery. I injected as large a dose of morphia as I could with safety into my patient's arm, and then told her that I must leave her. Before I went away I gave her a small supply of morphia, enough to last her for a day. I also gave her, or thought I did, the prescription which Dr. Johnson had given me for her six months ago. She paid me, of course, for my services. I helped her to dress for the ball, and then I left."

"Miss Wilton paid you with her diamond pendant," I interrupted.

The nurse's eyes flashed an angry, frightened fire.

"How can you tell?" she exclaimed.

"No matter—proceed, please."

"I have not much more to tell," continued Nurse Collins; "my story is nearly over. I have only now to reveal to you my awful discovery. An hour ago, I was looking through some prescriptions, when I suddenly discovered that I had *not* given Miss Wilton the one which contained morphia. On the contrary, I had given her another prescription, which in her case would probably lead to fatal results."

"What was in it?" I asked.

"Strychnine, Dr. Halifax. Strychnine in a form for hypodermic injection. This prescription had been given to me a year ago by a physician for a male patient who was suffering from paralysis. Now, sir, you know why I apply to you. Don't mind me. I promise not to hide if I'm wanted. Go at once to Miss Wilton. She may not have been able to have the prescription made up Go to her and save her."

"Where am I to go?" I asked.

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"What do you mean?" she answered. "Go to Holmwood, of course. It's my only comfort to know that Miss Wilton is in a country place, where medicines are not easily obtainable."

"She is not there," I replied. "She left Holmwood, with her little sister, the morning after you left. We have been two days moving Heaven and earth to find her, but in vain. Nurse Collins," I continued, "if anyone knows where Miss Wilton is hiding, you must be that person. Tell me at once, or I shall have you arrested."

"You needn't threaten me with *that*," she answered, stepping back in some scorn; "I would tell you only too gladly if I knew, but I don't. Oh, merciful God! I don't know where the wretched girl is. If she is not found she will die. Oh, if her death is laid to my door I shall go mad!"

I saw the woman was becoming hysterical, and was about to quiet her in as peremptory a manner as I could, when the consulting-room door was suddenly and noiselessly opened—there came the quick patter of young feet across the carpet, and Rosamond Wilton rushed to my side and clasped one of my hands in both of hers.

"Come at once!" she said, excitedly. "Frances says I may bring you. Don't delay a second. Never mind *her*," with a look of anger in the direction where the woman was standing. "Come, Dr. Halifax, come. Oh, she's not dead, but she's very nearly dead. *Do* come and save her."

"Where are you staying?" I asked.

"At the Métropole. Oh, we've been there all the time. Frances said it was safest of all to go to a great big hotel like that. She wouldn't let me tell you until to-day, and now she craves for nothing so much in all the world as for you to come to her. Do, do come at once!"

"Of course I will," I replied. "Sit down, Rosamond. You are a very good child to have come for me. Nurse Collins, you can go now. I do not wish you to have anything further to do with my patient."

"For God's sake, sir, save her life!"

The wretched woman fell on her knees.

"Get up," I said, in some disgust; "you don't suppose I need your entreaties to make me do my utmost for this unfortunate girl. Now Rosamond, come."

I rang the bell as I passed, and desired my servant to show the nurse out. Then Rosamond and I got into a hansom, and in a few minutes we arrived at the Métropole. We went up in the lift to the third story, where Frances's luxurious bedroom was.



"FOR GOD'S SAKE, SIR, SAVE HER LIFE!"

"Here he is, Frances," said little Rosamond, in her bright tones, pulling my hand as she entered the room. "He's come, Frances; now you'll be all right."

I looked at the patient, who was lying perfectly still on the bed, and then motioned to

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the child to leave us. She turned away with a little sob in her throat, and a look of dog-like entréaty to me in her pretty eyes.

"Dear little mite," I said to myself, "I will do all that man can do to help her." I went up to the bed and began to make a careful examination of the patient. When last I saw Miss Wilton, she was brilliant in her ball-dress. Her eyes were bright, as bright as the jewels that flashed in her hair and round her neck. Now she was in so complete a state of collapse that I could scarcely have recognised her as the same girl. Her face was so worn and thin, that for the time it had lost all its youth and comeliness. Her long hands lay motionless on the coverlet. Her sunken eyes were closed. She was scarcely breathing, and looked almost like a dead woman of forty. I bent over her and tried to rouse her. It was more than evident that she had done without morphia now for several hours. She was in a state of acute nervous disturbance—in short, she was completely prostrated. My first business was to rouse her. I put my hand under her head and raised her up. To my relief she opened her eyes and gave a perceptible start of pleasure when she saw me.

"*You* can save me," she said, in a weak and very thin voice. "You know what is the matter. You know what I've done. You said it the other day."

"You are a morphia-maniac," I said.

"Yes, yes—I don't care who knows now."

She suddenly pressed her hands to both her sides, and began to roll about in anguish.

"I am cramped, I am dying," she gasped.

I watched her until the paroxysm of pain was over, then I began to question her.

"Why did you send for me?"

"Because I am dying."

"Have you been taking much morphia?"

"Oh, yes, a good deal. I had a prescription. It was made up, and I injected the quantity which always gave me relief. Dr. Halifax, an awful thing has happened: the morphia no longer relieves me; it—it fills me with *horror*, with sickness, and cramp. I am in agonies. I dare not take any more. Each dose makes me worse."

Again she pressed her hands to her sides and writhed in torture.

I walked to the table, hoping to find the prescription. It was not there. Miss Wilton was past speaking now. I went to the door of the bedroom and called Rosamond.

"I want the prescription," I said, "of your sister's last medicine. You went out to have it made up, did you not?"

"I did—here it is. Is Frances very ill?"

"She is ill. How often has she injected this medicine?"

"Oh, several times last night, but scarcely at all to-day. She says it makes her worse, much worse. She is afraid of it. She has been in awful pain all day, and at last she called to me to fetch you. Can you—*can* you save her?"

"Oh, yes, dear, I hope so," I replied.

I went back to the room and studied the prescription. Then I gave a sudden start of pleasure. It was a prescription for strychnine, certainly, but it could not have been the one which Nurse Collins imagined she had given Miss Wilton. The doses ordered to be injected were too small to cause death, although they would doubtless, if administered frequently, give rise to disagreeable and painful sensations. I thought hard for a moment, and then a sudden idea occurred to me. I went back to my patient and carefully noted every symptom. She had been now quite twenty-four hours without morphia; she had therefore arrived at the very height of that terrible time when the abstinence storm is worst. Every fibre, every cell in her body ought now to be crying out for its accustomed solace. The functions of the brain ought to be exhausted. Her respiration ought to be terribly hurried; her pulse almost past counting. She was ill, and in frightful suffering, without a doubt; she was also in a state of extreme prostration, but her pulse was fairly steady and was not beating more than a hundred and twenty times to the minute. When I had examined her at Holmwood two days ago, after a very much shorter period of abstinence, her pulse had beat a hundred and fifty times to the minute. The idea therefore which occurred to me was this: Nurse Collins, without the least intending it, had found a *cure for my patient.* If I went on administering the strychnine in very small quantities, it would undoubtedly act as a tonic, ward off the extreme weakness of the heart, which was to be dreaded, and in short enable Miss Wilton to weather the awful abstinence storm. I did not take long in making up my mind, then going into the next room, rang the electric bell. A servant answered my summons, to whom I gave a note desiring it to be sent to its destination by a special messenger without a moment's loss of time. In consequence of this note, an hour later, a staid and respectable nurse, in whom I had every confidence, was installed in Miss Wilton's room. I gave

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her a brief history of the case and took her into my confidence with regard to treatment.

"I mean to continue the strychnine," I said, "and I wish the patient to be under the impression that she is still having morphia injections. Her nerves will then be less strained than if she thinks she is doing without her accustomed sedative, and the chances of cure will be greater."

The nurse promised to obey all my directions implicitly. She was to inject minute doses of the strychnine at certain intervals, and was also to feed up the patient with milk, strong chicken broth, and champagne. I then went out and telegraphed to Onslow and Oliver, and finally returned to spend the night with my patient.

I shall never forget the fortnight which followed. Notwithstanding the strength which the carefully injected doses of strychnine gave the poor girl, her sufferings were terrible. I shall not quickly forget the look of despair in her eyes nor the agonized expression on her young face. I knew she was going through agonies of torture. The first five days were the worst, then gradually and slowly there came longer and longer intervals of comparative relief, until at last there arrived an hour when I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Wilton fall into a long and perfectly natural sleep.

When she awoke, refreshed and calm, and with an altogether new look on her face, I was standing by her bedside.

"Oh, I am better," she said, with a sigh. "I have had a heavenly sleep. How thankful I am that the morphia is beginning to take effect again."

"How do you know that morphia produced that sleep?" I asked.

"How can I doubt it?" she replied. "Nurse injected some into my arm just before I dropped off to sleep."

I looked at the nurse, who smiled and turned away.

I motioned to her to leave the room. I thought the time had come when I might tell Frances Wilton something.

"You are wonderfully better," I said, sitting down by her.

"I have every reason to believe that you will soon be perfectly well."

"You have great faith," she answered, with a blush and something like tears in her eyes; "but what is the use of holding out hope to me? I can never do without morphia. I am its slave. I shall try and take it in smaller quantities in the future, but I can never do without it as long as I live. The agonies I suffered during the fortnight when it ceased to have any effect, can only be understood by those who have gone through them. Dr. Halifax, I must confess the truth; I cannot live without morphia."

"Think of your lover, Miss Wilton," I said. "Think what this means to Captain Oliver."

"I do think of him," she replied. "For his sake I would do much. But I can't break myself of this awful habit even for him. It is useless for me to try—I am too weak."

"Not a bit of it," I said. "Now listen to me. I have some good news for you."

"What is that? What good news can there possibly be for so miserable and wicked a girl?"

"You think the refreshing sleep you have just enjoyed was due to the injection of morphia?"

"Of course it was—nurse injected it."

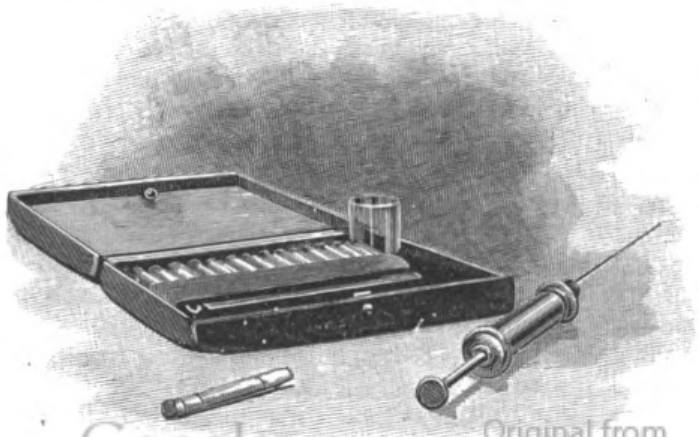
"She did nothing of the kind—she injected water with a very little strychnine."

"Strychnine! What do you mean?"

"What I say, Miss Wilton. You may rejoice, for you have already conquered that miserable habit. It is a whole fortnight now since any morphia was injected. What you thought was morphia was strychnine injected in very minute quantities, to act as a tonic. You have, indeed, gone through a frightful time; but the worst is over, has been over for days. That refreshing and natural sleep proves you to be not only convalescent, but in short—*cured!*"

"May we come in?" said a cheerful voice at the door.

"Yes, certainly," I answered, and Mrs. Onslow and Oliver entered the room. I saw Frances Wilton sit up and look rapturously at her lover. I noted the light of love and hope in her eyes.



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Towards the North Pole.

By Dr. Fridtjof Nansen.

[*This article was written especially for* The Strand Magazine *by Dr. Nansen after starting on his present adventurous expedition in search of the North Pole, and just before he and his brave companions disappeared, for years, into the unknown regions of eternal ice. The photographs were also supplied to us by Dr. Nansen especially for this article.*]



DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

THE principal feature in the plan of my attempt to penetrate into the North Polar region, or if possible to cross it, is, in brief, to try to make use of the currents of the sea instead of fighting against them. My opinion is, as I have already explained on several occasions, that there must somewhere run currents into the Polar region which carry the floe-ice across the Polar Sea, first northward towards the Pole, and then southward again into the Atlantic Ocean. That these currents really exist all Arctic expeditions prove, as most of them have had to fight against the currents and against the ice drifting southward, because they have tried to get northward from the wrong side. I think a very simple conclusion must be drawn from this fact that currents and drifting ice are constantly coming from the unknown North, viz.: Currents and, perhaps, also ice must pass into this same region, as the water running out must be replaced by water running in. This conclusion is based upon the simplest of all natural laws; but there seem to be people who will not even admit the necessity of this.

That such currents run across the North Polar region is also proved by many facts. I may mention the great quantities of Siberian driftwood which are annually carried to the

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DR. NANSEN'S HOUSE.

shores of Spitzbergen and Greenland; it comes in such abundance, and with such regularity, that it is quite impossible that it should be carried to these shores, so far from the original home, by occasional winds or currents. There must be a regular communication between the coasts of Siberia and those of Spitzbergen and Greenland. By this same communication were several objects from the unfortunate *Jeannette* carried to the Greenland coast. The *Jeannette* sank in June, 1881, to the north of the New Siberian Islands, and three years afterwards, in June, 1884, a great many objects belonging to her or her crew were found on an ice-floe on the south-west coast of Greenland. This floe can only have been brought there by the same current which carries the driftwood. By this same current an Eskimo implement, a throwing-stick or harpoon-thrower, was also carried the long way from Alaska to the west coast of Greenland. There can, in my opinion, be no doubt of the existence of such a communication or current across the North Polar region from the Siberian side to the Greenland side.

My intention is now to make use of this communication, which Nature herself has established. I shall try to find the place where the heart of this current has its origin, and shall go north there until I am beset in the Polar ice, and then simply let the current have its way, and let it carry us across the unknown region and out into the open sea again on this side of the Pole.

This is the basis upon which I am acting. In order to be able to lead a relatively comfortable life during the ice-drift, the first thing of importance is to get a good and strong ship especially adapted to withstand the pressure of the ice-floes when they are pressed together by the currents and the heavy gales of the Arctic Sea. Such a ship cannot be had ready-made, and I had to build the *Fram*, in which we are now steering into the unknown North. It took me two years to get her ready, but I believe the result is good. She is an unusually strong ship; the frame timbers are made of hard Italian oak, are 10in. to 12in. thick, and are placed close together. Inside them is the ceiling, consisting of pitch-pine planks, alternately 4in. and 8in. in thickness. Outside the frame timbers is the planking, consisting of three skins; first a 3in. oak skin, over which is another of 4in., and finally an outer planking, or "ice-sheeting," of greenheart, which increases in thickness from the keel towards the water-line from 3in. to 6in. Greenheart is a very hard, strong, and slippery wood, but also very heavy, as it sinks in water. The whole thickness of the sides of the *Fram* is thus 28in. to 32in.: a solid mass of pitch-pine, oak, and greenheart, with a little pitch in between to make it watertight.

A ship's side of these dimensions and material will alone have a great power of resistance to the pressure of the ice. But this power is to a very essential degree increased by the many beams, stays, and strengthenings of every kind placed inside the vessel. These are so carefully arranged and united to each other that the whole is like one coherent mass, and the ship may almost be considered as if built of solid wood. But even if this had been the case, she would not be strong enough to resist the ice if she had not got a suitable shape, as the ice is able to crush anything which it gets a firm hold of with its cold, irresistible grasp.

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The most important feature in the *Fram's* construction is, therefore, that she is built on such lines as will tend to lift her, and thus make her escape the grasp of the ice when it begins to press. The sides are not perpendicular as those of ships generally are, but slope from the bulwark to the keel; her "dead rise" is great, so that when the ice-floes are pressed against her sides, they meet with no perpendicular wall to press against and break, but with sloping walls, along which they will glide downwards, and at last pass under the keel of the ship, tending to lift her out of the water. The keel is not projecting, in order that the ice shall not get hold of it. On the whole, everything is made as smooth and rounded as possible. There are no edges, no projecting corners for the ice to catch hold of; she is like a bowl, and a transverse section of the *Fram* resembles very much that of a cocoa-nut.

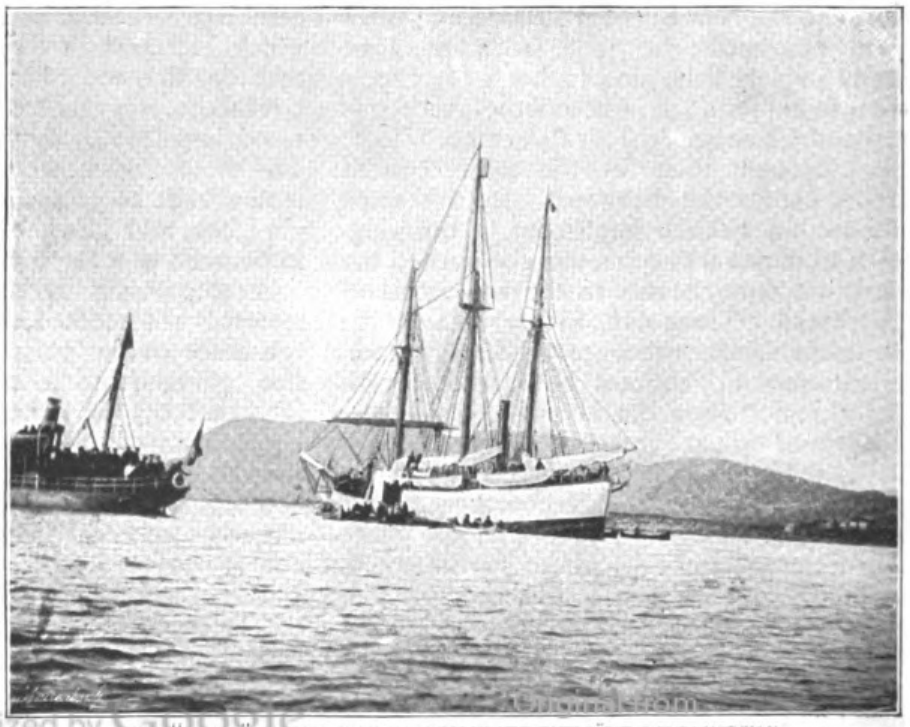
The length of the *Fram* is 128ft., the greatest beam is 36ft.; she is consequently very broad compared with the length. Her draught at present is about 16ft., and her freeboard is only 3ft., but now she is heavily loaded, as we have taken as much coal as we can carry. This will, however, gradually be burnt in our engines, and she will soon be lifted again. The size of the ship is about 310 tons register, and her displacement with her heavy cargo at present is, I should say, about 800 tons, or a little more.

She is rigged as a three-masted fore-and-aft schooner. The mainmast is high, and on the top is the crow's-nest at a height of about 105ft. above the water. From there you have a splendid view over the ice-fields, and can easily see where to steer your ship through open water.

The *Fram* has an auxiliary engine of about 200 indicated horse-power. Deeply loaded as she now is, however, she does not get a speed of more than about five knots from the engine alone, but with a lighter cargo she makes six or even seven knots. She is consequently not a fast vessel, but this is relatively of no great importance on an expedition like ours, where we shall have to depend principally on the speed of the current and the ice-movement, and unfortunately not on that of the ship.

The members of the expedition are the following: Otto Sverdrup, master of the ship. He was my companion on the expedition across Greenland. Sigurd Scott Hansen, lieutenant of the Norwegian navy and leader of our meteorological, astronomical, magnetic, and geodetic observations. Henrik Blessing, physician of the expedition and botanist. Claudius Theodor Jacobsen, mate of the *Fram;* formerly sealer and shipmaster in the Arctic Sea round Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. Peder Hendriksen, harpooner; formerly sealer and shipmaster in the Arctic Sea round Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. Hjalmar Johannesen, lieutenant of the Norwegian army; on board the *Fram* he is fireman and general utility man. Ivar Mogstad, carpenter, etc.; has also occasionally served as steward. Bernhard Nordahl, electrical assistant and fireman. Anton Amundsen, engineer. Lars Pettersen, engineer. Adolf Juell, steward and sailor; formerly shipmaster. Bernt Bentsen, sailor. We are thirteen all told.

We have one saloon in common, where we take our meals and spend our leisure time.



THE "FRAM" ON HER WAY NORTH IN THE FJORD NEAR CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

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Round the saloon six cabins are placed—four single cabins for Captain Sverdrup, Lieutenant Hansen, Doctor Blessing, and myself; and besides these, two cabins with four or five men in each. These cabins are so placed that they surround the saloon and protect it against the outer walls of the ship, thus making it nice and warm. The walls and roof are also made very thick, and consist of many heat-isolating layers, with reindeer hair, felt, and cork dust in between. Special care is taken in this respect, not only to keep in the heat but also to avoid the moisture, which is so easily condensed on the cold walls of every ship in the Polar night, and which has been of great annoyance during most Arctic expeditions. This I hope we shall to a great extent avoid.



CAPTAIN SVERDRUP ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "FRAM."

For this purpose, and also in order to get good air in the saloon and cabins, special attention is paid to the ventilation. The cold, fresh air from outside is taken in through a heating apparatus, which I have specially constructed for the purpose, and which is heated by mineral oil. After having circulated in the rooms the air is again sucked out by another ventilator. From the English firm, Robert Boyle and Son, I have got two extra ventilators—one downcast ventilator and one upcast—by help of which I can improve upon the ventilation if necessary and make it quite perfect. A good ventilation is certainly a most important thing during an Arctic expedition, but heat is also good. If therefore we should not have fuel enough and it should be too cold to sleep in our cabins, it is so arranged that we can, all of us, live and sleep in the saloon only. We shall then shut the doors of the cabins closely; to go into the open air we have to pass through four thick doors, and thus we need not let in more cold air than we like. It will certainly not be difficult for us to keep up the warmth in this way, even without any fuel on the fireplace; for many people to live together in a small room with thick walls gives too much heat.

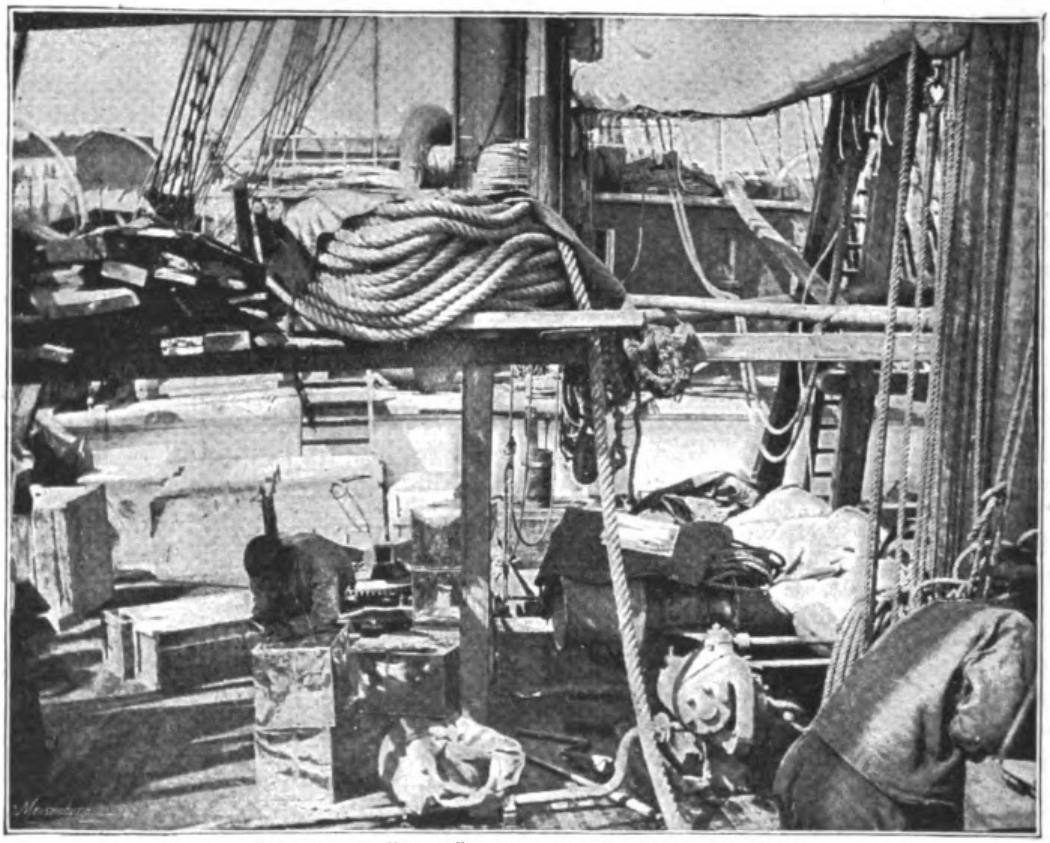
In order to obtain a pleasant place for promenading, the deck of the *Fram* will be sheltered by a huge tent in the winter. This will also add to the snugness. Upon the whole, I think we shall possess cosy and comfortable winter quarters. Our saloon we have made as home-like as we have been able. The first Norwegian artists have decorated our walls with beautiful pictures of our home. Everyone has in his cabin pictures of his dear ones. The saloon as well as the cabins is lighted with electric light, the walls and roof are painted white, and at night when all lamps are burning it really looks quite festive, reminding you of home and happiness, and certainly not of the Polar solitude. We have also plenty of books of all kinds—thanks to several friends of the expedition—and games in any variety, and also an organ and other musical instruments. We can thus get musical entertainment, reading, and if this is no longer satisfying we can play at chess, dominoes, halma, cards, at pleasure. I believe the winter will not be felt as very long, though the night may last six months.

Of provisions we have plenty and in great variety; much more so, I believe, than most previous expeditions in the Arctic. Variety of food is the most important thing in order to avoid scurvy, which has destroyed so many well-equipped expeditions. We have, of course, tinned meat in all possible forms: boiled, roast, and corned beef, ditto mutton, rabbits, collops, Oxford sausages, cutlets, pork, ham, bacon, etc.; tinned fish and roe in various forms; tinned

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fruits, dried fruits, jams, marmalades, blanc mange, Bird's custard powder, egg powder, and baking powder; concentrated lime juice from Rose and Co.; rizine, peas, pea-soups, lentil soup, bean soup, Frame Food, Bovril, dried vegetables, biscuits; Cadbury's chocolate, steam-cooked and dried meal and flour of various kinds, dried fish, dried potatoes, preserved milk, with sugar and without sugar, compressed tea, cheese, sugar, etc.; and, above all, butter, which is most important in the cold, where you especially want fat. We carry six tons of butter.

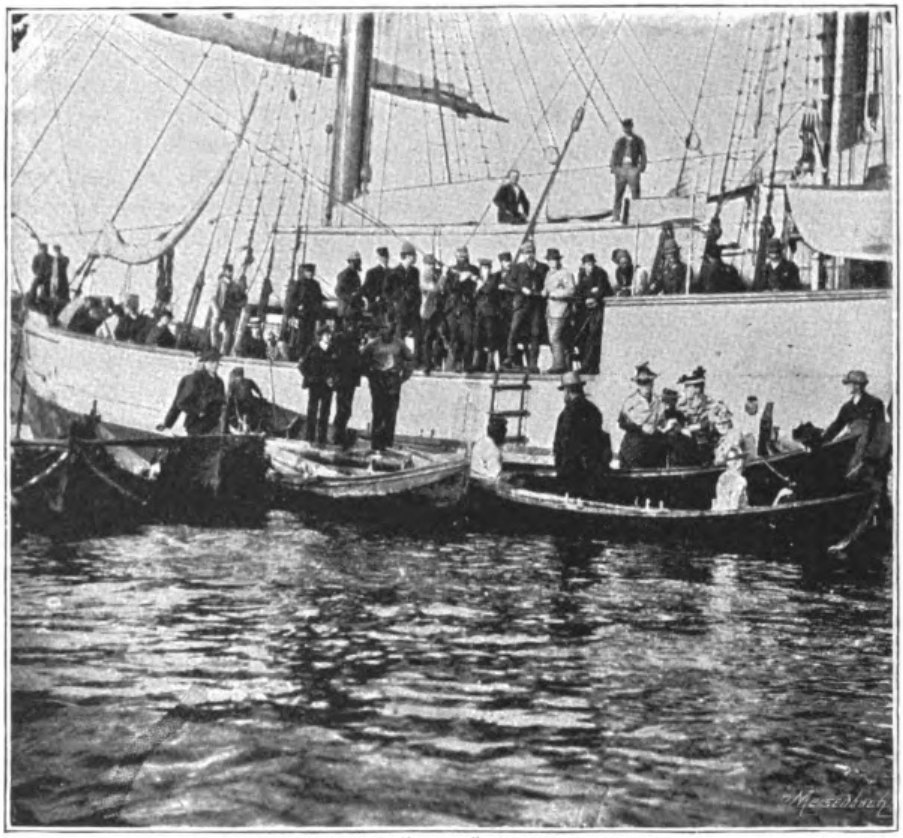
For sledge expeditions we have, of course, specially concentrated and light food, principally consisting of dried meat with fat. The Bovril Co. has, on my suggestion, made a special food consisting of these materials which is highly concentrated; they have called it "emergency food." For sledge expeditions we shall also use biscuits and butter, steam-cooked meal for porridge, milk, chocolate, dried fish, dried fruits, dried cranberries, sugar, a little compressed tea, and also some biscuits, to which I have added a quantity of a German product called Aleuronat powder, which principally contains albumen. I have added about 30 per cent. of this to the biscuits, so that a certain number of them, with a suitable quantity of butter, will be sufficient for one man per day; I believe a pound and a half of biscuits or a little more and half a pound of butter will be an appropriate ration. For drinking we shall have nothing except water, which we shall get by melting snow. This water we may, however, mix with lime juice and sugar, or with milk, or make tea, chocolate, or soup of it, and thus we shall have pleasant drinks. A good drink is also water mixed with oatmeal. Spirituous drinks will not be allowed; tobacco will be distributed in very moderate rations on board ship; on sledge expeditions no tobacco, or very little, will be allowed.



DECK OF THE "FRAM" AT CHRISTIANIA BEFORE STARTING.

Our dress will indoors consist entirely of wool. Thanks to the Jaeger Company in London, we have a splendid equipment of woollen garments. Out of doors in the winter when the winds are blowing we shall wear weather-proof suits, made of light canvas, gabardine, or similar stuff, which protects against the snow-drift. When it is very cold we shall wear fur suits, made principally of wolf and reindeer fur. To sleep in the snow or in our tents during the sledge expeditions we have also sleeping-bags made of the same material, in which we can easily and with comfort stand a temperature of one hundred degrees below zero.

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VISITORS TO THE "FRAM" BEFORE STARTING.

Our tents are made of raw silk and are exceedingly light. Lightness is, of course, of the highest importance, when everything must be carried on the sledges. The tent floor is, however, of a somewhat heavier stuff, as that has to keep out the moisture which is easily formed when you sleep on the snow, with nothing under you except a thin canvas or calico layer. It is also well to have the tent floor rather strong, as it can then be used as a sail on the sledge when you have a favourable wind. For our scientific observations we carry, of course, a great number of scientific instruments. I need hardly say that photographic cameras of various sizes and kinds are not forgotten.

We are now (as I write this) steering eastward across the sea from Norway to Novaya Zemlya, through fog and against the wind. Yesterday we had a short, sunny glimpse of Goose Land on Novaya Zemlya, and were just steering in there, when the fog came again and shut us out from the world around us. We were obliged to steer out to sea again, and make for Yugor Strait, the most southern strait which separates Novaya Zemlya, or rather Waigats, the most southern island, from the Continent. Here we expect to meet a small vessel, which I have sent from Norway, with fifty tons of coal. At Khabarova, in Yugor Strait, a Russian, Trontheim, is also waiting us, with more than thirty sledge dogs. He had to travel from Tiumen, in Siberia, last winter to the Ostjaks to buy these dogs, and had then to travel the long way from Siberia, through the north of Russia to Pechora, and from there he travelled with the dogs to Yugor Strait in company with the Samoyeds, who go north in the spring. I hope we shall find the dogs in good condition, as well as Trontheim himself, who will possibly accompany us on the expedition.

When we have got our dogs and coal, and if the Strait and the Kara Sea are open, we shall make our way eastward along the Asiatic coast as quickly as possible. The first part of the way through the Kara Sea will perhaps be the worst, as the ice is often very bad there. More easterly the water running out from the rivers generally forces the ice a little from the coast, leaving an open passage along the shore. We shall have to pass Cape Chelyuskin, the most northern point of the Continent, which has only once before been passed by any vessel, viz., the *Vega*, on Nordenskiöld's famous expedition. If we still find open water we shall go on eastward along the coast until we reach the mouth of the Olenek River, to the east of the Lena Delta. If we have time I shall go in there to take twenty-six sledge dogs which are waiting for us. The reason why I want to get dogs there also is that the dogs from East Siberia are stronger and better than the West Siberian ones; therefore Baron Toll, who is now travelling in Siberia, proposed this, and has now kindly arranged this depôt for me; it is he also who arranged with Trontheim about these other dogs. If we get too many dogs, it is of course easy to pick out the best ones of the whole lot.

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DR. NANSEN IN DRESS FOR ROUGH WEATHER.

From Olenek I shall steer north-east towards the west coast of the New Siberian Islands. If the season is favourable, I hope to find open water here a good bit northward into the unknown regions. We shall go as far as we can northward in open water, and, when we can do so no more, choose our place and run the *Fram* into the ice.

Then our work will be done for a long time, probably, as the ice will have to carry us further north. That such will be the case, if we only get far enough northward in open water, I do not doubt. We shall then arrange our ship as best we can to make her a comfortable winter quarter. If we drift many years in this way the life may become somewhat monotonous, but we shall have plenty of things to do to pass the time. There is much scientific work to be done in these unknown regions. The climate must be observed each hour in the day, the currents in the water under the ice, the ice itself and its formation; the Northern Lights must be watched, the magnetism of the earth, and if new land is met with this must be carefully examined.

In the long, light summers, the life is almost gay up there. Then the sun sends its refreshing, glorious light — day and night — over this frozen white ice world, and does not disappear for many months; and there will be excursions in all directions on our *ski* (Norwegian snow-shoes), or on the sledges drawn by the dogs, or, even still better, standing on your *ski* and letting the dogs draw you at a tremendous pace over the flat floes. If any land is discovered, we might even get good shooting.

But after the bright day comes the long, dark, Arctic night, when the temperature sinks lower than, perhaps, anybody knows. Then there will not be much to do in the open air, except to take the necessary meteorological and astronomical observations, besides a little exercise and, perhaps, to take a drive



DR. NANSEN ON THE "SKI" (SNOW-SHOES) WITH DOG AND SLEDGE.

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DR. NANSEN READY TO START FOR A DRIVE WITH DOG AND "SKI."

with the dogs while the moon is shining. In our winter quarters there is, however, much to be done, and we shall certainly do our best to lead a cheerful life.

I have already said that we have a snug saloon to live in, and we have electric light to make us forget the absent sun. But many will perhaps ask how we shall get the necessary power to produce the electricity, as we could not afford to burn coal for that purpose. This is not, however, so very complicated. On one hand we have the wind, and by the help of a big windmill we shall be able to work the dynamo, and by help of our accumulators we shall be able to store up electricity for some time when we get a gale. But when there is no wind, we have ourselves. We are thirteen men, and when a capstan is arranged on deck, we shall be able to do work similar to that which a horse does in its horse-mill on land. In this capstan four men take their turn at a time; thus we shall obtain good and regular exercise, and be useful at the same time. When the sun disappears and the long night comes on, we shall take our walk in a ring on the deck of the *Fram* to produce our own sun. In this way man must conquer Nature. But I dare not say for certain that we shall not long for the natural sun, and look eagerly forward to its appearance again in the dawn of spring. Then it will rise slowly and majestically, over the horizon, and pour its blessed light into our souls.

Upon the whole we shall lead quite a pleasant life as long as we have the ship, but it may be that in spite of all precautions she may be lost. It will certainly be a sad moment when we shall have to say farewell to our dear *Fram*, but we shall be able to go on all the same. We have many



DR. NANSEN DRIVING DOG ON "SKI."

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boats with us of different sizes; two of these are very big, and are specially built for the event of such an accident. They are 29ft. long and 9ft. broad; they have a deck, and can really be regarded as two small reserve ships. The whole crew can live pretty comfortably even in one of them, and there will be room for a good deal of provisions besides. A disaster can hardly come so suddenly that we shall not be able to see beforehand, and get good time to put these boats and provisions and fuel on the ice. Then there will be no danger; we can drift on with the ice just as safely as we did before, nay, even more safely, as the boats will stand on the ice and thus cannot easily be crushed by the floes.



DR. NANSEN IN WINTER DRESS OF WOLF-SKIN.

We should certainly not have as much comfort as we had in the *Fram*, but it is not difficult to make these boats good warm winter quarters by help of snow and warm tents made of fur. And in case the big boats should also be lost, we can build snow-huts on the ice.

How long the expedition will last is, of course, very difficult to calculate beforehand, as we do not know much of the speed of the current with which we are going to travel. I believe, however, there is not much probability that it will take more than three years till we come out into open sea again or to somewhere from whence we can return home; and as we have taken provisions for five or even six years, I think we shall not run the risk of starving.

It has been said that this expedition is very risky; indeed, I believe this is the general opinion. I cannot agree with it. The reasons why it is considered risky are, however, of different kinds. Some people say there is no such current as I have supposed—the ice does not move at all; others say the ice is only carried along by occasional winds; others, again, say there are certainly currents, but nobody knows where they will take you. A few people agree with me that there must be such a current as I maintain there is, but the ice is dangerous and may destroy us, or we may be stopped by unknown lands in the north. Nothing of all this convinces me. If there is no current, I do not see why it should be risky to go: we shall be unable to advance, and will be able to return when we see we are mistaken. If there are currents, however, or if the ice is only moved by winds which have the same effect, we must certainly, in less than five or six years, be brought somewhere near the coasts of the Polar Sea, and wherever we come we shall be able to reach human dwellings, whether it be on the American or the Asiatic side. The Polar basin is really so small that in the course of five years we must be drifted across it, whatever the speed may be. If the ship is destroyed we will make use of our boats, as I have already mentioned; and if our drift is stopped by land, we shall either have to try and get afloat again or have to travel over the ice and make for the nearest land known. The Polar basin is not so great as to render this impossible when you have an equipment specially adapted for it, and take care to travel with the currents and not against them.

But all these and many other similar questions we shall probably be able to answer more fully when we return, whether we have been successful or not. We are certainly prepared to meet with hardships of various

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kinds, perhaps more than we wish for; but it is to explore that we go out, and there is no exploration to be made without sufferings, as well as no victory without a risk.

On the 24th of June we started on our expedition from Christiania, and sailed northward along the beautiful Norwegian coast. Everywhere people came from the most distant places in order to see the strange ship and her crew. Whenever we stopped in some little place the deck was at once crowded with people who wanted to see everything. On the 21st of July we left Vardö, our last harbour in Norway, and now we are sailing eastward across the Barents Sea.

Within a few days we shall enter the ice and shall get the first cold embrace of the ice-world which is going to be our home for years hence, and from which no tidings will reach the dear ones at home, when first entered. To give those who have not seen this world of ice an idea of what it looks like is not easy, as it is so different from anything else. It is a strange thing with this region, that when you are there, you think it sometimes monotonous perhaps; but when you are away from it, you long to get back again to its white, vast solitude.

When you approach the ice-fields of the Polar Sea you hear them far off by the noise of the breakers against the floes; it sounds like the strange roar of a distant earthquake or thunderstorm. Over the horizon to the north you will also see a strange light: this is the white reflection which the ice throws on the sky above. When you sail on you will after a while begin to meet the white floes riding on the dark water. It is along the margin of this ice that the sealer hunts for the seal; between these tremendous floes he forces his way with his strong ship to his prey. But many a hard struggle he has to fight here when the elements are in tumult. Nothing more foaming wild than a tempest in the winter-night in the north can easily be imagined. When the storm whistles over sea and ice, lashes snow and foam in your face, and seizes you so that you cannot stand on deck; when the waves rise into huge water-mountains, between which the ship disappears, and is all in foam; when sea and ice meet, and the waves rise like towers and break in over the floes like greenish-yellow waterfalls, and the huge floes are thrown against each other and crushed into dust, while the water foams and ice-blocks are thrown high against the dark sky—then it may happen that you will feel the wild horror of the Polar Sea. No stars, no Northern Lights, no light of any kind over this furious uproar. Heavy storm-charged clouds fly across the sky; all around you is blackness and darkness, noise and tumult. It is the wild demons of Nature in fight. It thunders and roars, it hisses and whistles in every direction—it is Ragnarök which is coming; the world is shaking to its foundations.

But in the middle of this wild fight of the sea and the demons, between these tower-like waves, a small, frail work of man is riding, a ship with living men on board. Woe to them if they now make a single mistake; woe to them if they come too near one of these floes or put the ship's bow between them at the moment they strike together: in the next instant they will be crushed and disappear! But through the noise words of com-



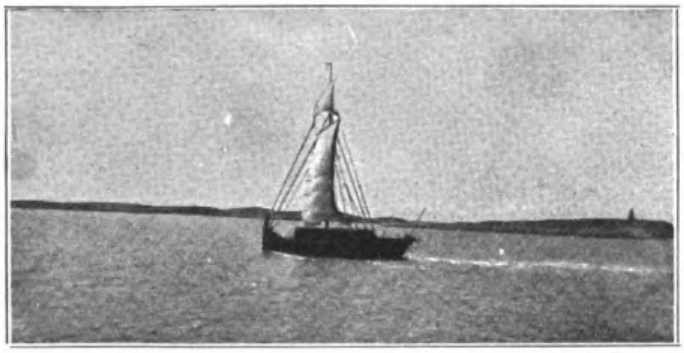
DR. NANSEN PREPARING FOR DRIVE IN DOG SLEDGE.
(Eight or ten dogs have to be harnessed to this sledge.)

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mand can be heard; punctually they are obeyed; the sealer steers quietly his way out into the sea. He is accustomed to such a turmoil, and he knows that the world will still last a while.

But there is not only storm in the Polar Sea; indeed, it can be just as mild and peaceful there as a day in spring at home, with bright sunshine and glittering snow. When you come some distance into the ice it is so as a rule, and that which most often comes before my memory when I think of the Polar regions is not the storms, not the hardships, but this strange peace, so far from the vortex of the world, when from the bright blue sky the sun is pouring its flood of light over the white, snow-covered ice, outward and outward to the horizon. It glitters in the snow and sparkles in the deep blue water; it gleams and glitters everywhere around, while cold blue tints are reflected from the sides of the floes, and border them with all tints of blue and green, clear as the clearest crystal, far down into the cold, transparent water. And in the sunshine the seals are lying in thousands and thousands on the floes, enjoying life. Some of them sleep, others are busy with their toilette, and prune and scratch themselves; others again are playing, whilst some are in the water and dive up and down, and the sun is shining on their wet heads. The whole is a picture of the most perfect, charming peace, and the memory never wearies of recalling it to view.

But when you penetrate further into ice, and further northward, the open water gradually disappears, and the sea is totally covered by immense drifting ice-floes; the whole world becomes one field of white, snow-covered ice; only now and then between the floes a narrow strip of dark water can be seen. Soon all life also disappears; no seals any longer, such as those keep near open water, neither any birds: the only animal which you may perhaps meet is a single, lonely Polar bear, but soon he also disappears, and there is nothing left except yourself and the endless ice in constant drift across the sea towards the south, towards warmth and sun, where it is soon destroyed. So extends the Polar Sea northward and northward to the Pole.



A MODERN VIKING-SHIP OF NORWAY PASSING THE "FRAM."

In the summer the sun is shining all day and night, and circulates round and round in the sky, and never disappears until the autumn comes; but then begins the long, dark winter night, which at the Pole itself lasts six months. Then the stars are constantly shining over the desolate snow-fields. When the moon comes it circulates round the sky and shines day and night until it disappears again. But sometimes the Northern Lights begin their play, this great mystery of the north; then there comes life; it scintillates and burns; sparkling lights and rays are running to and fro over the whole sky, until they disappear again, leaving the scene quiet and desolate as before.

In this dead, frozen world is it that the Polar explorer has to live. There he roams with sledge and dogs in summer, and from thence he sends longing thoughts in the dark winter night southward to the dear ones at home, over whom the same stars are twinkling in their cold peace.

Onboard the "Fram."
in the Barents Sea
26th July 1893.

Fridtjof Nansen.

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A Cemetery for Dogs.

By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.

THE general public who frequent Hyde Park little suspect that this Royal pleasance contains a dogs' cemetery, and that within a stone's-throw of Victoria Gate and the Bayswater Road, yet carefully hidden from the profane eyes of the throng, are the graves of thirty-nine dogs, of which thirty-three are surmounted by tombstones, mostly marble. Such is nevertheless the case; the graves are bright and green, some are even decorated with flowers. The cemetery is not a public institution; it does not belong to one person; it is an accident, just as my discovery of it was an accident. With a few exceptions, the dogs whose remains are interred there have belonged to ladies residing in the neighbourhood. They were the friends and playmates of their mistresses, sources of comfort and consolation in their hours of sadness, of amusement in their leisure, and trusted companions always. It is a fitting thing that the memories of faithful friends should be kept green. There have been heroic dogs whose names have become historical, dogs like the noble "Gelert," who defended his master's child against a wolf, and was slain by his enraged master on suspicion of having killed the child himself—not until he descried the wolf's dead body, and found his child safe and sound under its overturned cot, did the impetuous knight discover his mistake. Then there was the celebrated dog of Montargis, who avenged his master's death and killed his master's murderer in single combat. "Gelert" received a burial, and his grave is shown to this day; and the dog of Montargis has an undying memorial in the folk-lore of France. Then why should not the bodies of the less celebrated, but possibly equally noble, pets of modern fashionable London be remembered and buried? There is at least nothing obtrusive or objectionable about the modest canine Elysian-field of Hyde Park.

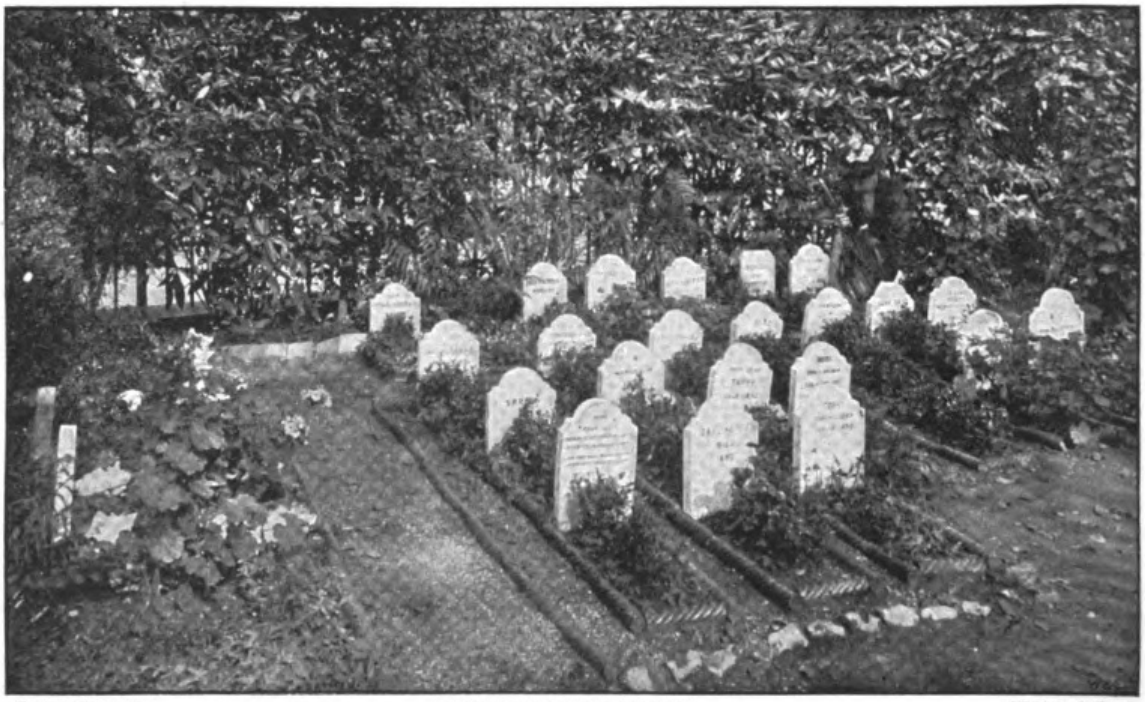
Driving along the Bayswater Road on the top of an omnibus, the passenger can get a glimpse of this unique little spot dotted with tiny marble tokens of affection. But the pedestrian who would wish to survey the graves at his leisure must enter Hyde Park at Victoria Gate and ask for the gatekeeper at the lodge. This lodge is a miniature Greek temple, like all the lodges of the Park, and is sacred to lollypops and ginger-beer, for which reason it is dear to the imagination of children. To them it is a palace of delight, and the little dogs, their companions, are quite unconscious that they are in close proximity to what must be consecrated ground in their doggish eyes. For behind this severely classical lodge is the canine necropolis. Without the gracious permission of Mr. Winbridge, the gatekeeper, we shall not be able to put our unhallowed foot inside it. Mr. Winbridge, the venerable custodian of Victoria Gate, is a genial old man, well



From a Photo. by] THE DOGS' CEMETERY (GENERAL VIEW). *[Elliott & Fry.*

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stricken in years, and formerly a servant in the household of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. With a pleasant, indulgent smile, he will open the gate leading to the small inclosure which surrounds his back garden. This the old man has entirely devoted to the dogs' cemetery. It is a curious sight that meets the eye. Arranged in long rows are the simple but pretty little tombstones, nearly all of marble, and each bearing its separate inscription. There are thirty-nine graves in all, of which one has a wooden memorial, upon which the inscription has become indistinct, and six have nothing to distinguish them at all. All the others have beautiful white tombstones, and by far the larger number of these are of marble. Each grave is neatly tiled in, and is green with plants and bright with flowers. Some of the graves are ornamented with shells, not one looks neglected. The burial ceremony is generally performed by Mr. Winbridge himself, but only rarely in the presence of the bereaved owners of the lamented pet, who are mostly too much overcome with grief to be able to face this last cruel parting. The dogs are mostly sewn up in canvas bags, and are thus committed to their last resting-place. In a few instances only have neatly polished deal coffins been used. From time to time the owners visit the graves of their pets and see that they are well kept, and, perhaps, place flowers on them. In one instance, and it is a very touching one, all attentions of this kind were made impossible by the death of the owner himself. This was the late Lord Petre, who sent his dog to be buried by Mr. Winbridge, on a July day in 1892, and intimated his intention of being present at the burial on the following morning; but his lordship could not survive the loss of his favourite, and died before he was able to fulfil his promise.



From a Photo. by] SOME OF THE TOMBSTONES. *[Elliott & Fry.*

The following is a list of the tombstones upon which the inscriptions are still legible:

"Poor little 'Prince.'"

"Poor dear 'Tappy,' July, 1892.—
Lord Petre."

"Poor 'Duchie.'"

"To dear little 'Smut.'"

"Our 'Prinnie,' Nov., 1891."

"Dear 'Impy'—'Loving and Loved,'
April 7, 1886."

"Dear 'Titsey.'"

"'Sonnie,' died August 25, 1888."

"Here lies 'Tip,' Sept. 8, 1888."

"Darling 'Faust,' April 20, 1891."

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"In memory of my dear little 'Bunda,' 9 October, 1891.—A. F. C."

"My 'Bogie,' 14.7, 1891."

"'Flo,' June, 1891."

"'Loo-Loo' and 'Bliss,' 1882-91."

"Dear 'Daisy,' January, 1890."

"To dear 'Centi,' the loved companion of 12 years, Sept., 1889."

"In Tender Memory of Sweet little 'Tiny.'"

"Sprite."

"In Memory of 'Jack,' July, 1892."

"'Mona,' born 2nd November, 1878, died 15th August, 1892."
Loved, mourned, and missed.

"In Loving Memory of my darling little 'Cirrie,' died March 14th, 1893.—J. R. F."

"A. J. H.—Our dog 'Prince.'"

"Alas! Poor 'Zoe.'"
Born 1st October, 1879.
Died 3rd August, 1892.
As deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned,
For friendship rare by her adorned.

"Darling 'Vic,' died 1892."

"'Topsy.' Nov. 17, 1883.
Jan. 16, 1893."

"'Fanny' and 'Nelly.'"

Love's tribute to love.

"Dear little 'Tommy.'"

"Sweet little 'Skye.' Sept., 1882."

"Poor 'Cherry.' Died 28 April, 1881."

"'Kaiser.' Died 15 April, 1886."

"To Poor 'Jack.' 3.7.92.—C. H. C."

"Dear 'Waldine.' May 13, 1893."

"Dear little 'Peggie.'"

"'Topper.' Hyde Park Police-station. Died, 9.6.93."

"'Boxer.' 1893."

Not one of these inscriptions can be characterized as gushy or foolishly sentimental. On the contrary, their simplicity and brevity are alike touching. "The loved companion of twelve years" is all that one of them says. Poor little "Centi"! What a pang his loss must have occasioned! For twelve years he had wagged his little tail; for twelve years his master or mistress had patted him on the head, had stroked and caressed him, probably personally fed and washed him. For twelve years he had been a faithful and affectionate companion. How many human beings would have shown the like constancy? And now he is gone, and all that is left of him is a tiny mound of earth and a diminutive marble tombstone. Twelve years is a slice out of one's life. It is nearly half a generation. The friendships formed and the associations made for such a period are not easily effaced, and can never be replaced. That, indeed, is the saddest feature of the whole question of pets. They are short-lived. One has scarcely time to grow fond of them, to find them entwined in our hearts, before they are rudely wrenched away from us by the cruel hand of Death.



From a Photo. by] ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TOMBSTONES. *[Elliott & Fry.*

How suggestive is the name of "Smut," dear little "Smut"! We can almost see him standing before us. "Smut" must have been a pug dog—we are positive that he was a pug—a pug with a delicious black nose, which looked as though he had popped his head into the coal-scuttle, and with large, affectionate eyes, made in-

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teresting by the enormous dark circles under them, which gave him the air of a Spanish beauty. We feel certain that "Smut" must have been the perfection of languid and sentimental exquisiteness, if it had not been for a certain latent roguishness about the corners of his eyes during five o'clock tea-time, and a hopelessly vulgar habit of hanging out just half an inch of his tongue. Most of the names are of themselves eloquent: such as "Duchie," "Impy," "Titsey," "Sonnie," "Tip," "Faust," "Bunda," "Sprite," "Cirrie," "Topsy," "Waldine." The last name must have been owned by a romantic King Charles's spaniel, nothing less. With regard to "Boxer," it is difficult to form any idea of him from his appellation, which sounds formidable. Could he have been a bull-terrier? But it is hard to believe that a bull-terrier could ever have earned for himself the crowning glory of a marble tombstone.

When we come to inquire into the history and record of some of these once treasured animals, we are confronted by a sad but essentially human fact: oblivion has in many cases passed over them. Although the earliest date on any of the tombstones is 1881, and although we may therefore assume, as will presently be shown, that the cemetery has a history of no more than twelve years, it is extremely difficult to get any authentic information concerning the dogs themselves or their owners. Twelve years is a long time; few people continue to mourn for their friends or even their relations for so long a period; and when it comes to dogs — what wonder that they should be forgotten!

"Poor little 'Prince,'" whose tomb has no date to say when it met its sad death, belonged to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who is Ranger of the Park, and was run over at Victoria Gate in front of the lodge. The gatekeeper, being, as already stated, an old servant of His Royal Highness, rushed forward to save the poor little fellow, but too late, and so little "Prince" was appropriately buried in the adjoining cemetery. But no record seems to have been kept of him, for we have received from Colonel Fitz-George, the Duke's private secretary, a letter stating that "His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has no sketch or picture of the dog 'Prince,' and has no history of him." In the case of Colonel Montefiore's dog, "Our Prinnie," we find that his memory is still affectionately treasured. Colonel Montefiore writes to say:—

"Our little dog, 'Prince'—'Prinnie'—came of a very good stock of dachshunds. His mother, 'Princess Frederica,' is in the possession of my cousin, and he had many relations with very high-sounding titles. 'Prinnie' was of a rich-brown colour, his temper was perfect, and he was devoted to my wife and children, and would allow the latter to do anything with him. His tricks were varied and entertaining. He was nine months old when he was given to us, and he died about three years later. His death was caused by a chill which he caught one very cold day, waiting at our door to be let in, after a long, solitary ramble. He used, when let out in the early morning, to scamper off into the Park, and sometimes he would remain away for a considerable time, always returning and scratching for admittance. He was never lost.

"My children tell me I have not said half enough in praise of their pet. I regret I have no photograph."



THE GRAVE OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S DOG "PRINCE."
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Here we find that the hand of Time has dealt leniently with the memory of a universal favourite. His name is clearly a household word, and the children apparently jealously treasure and preserve it. To their minds, no

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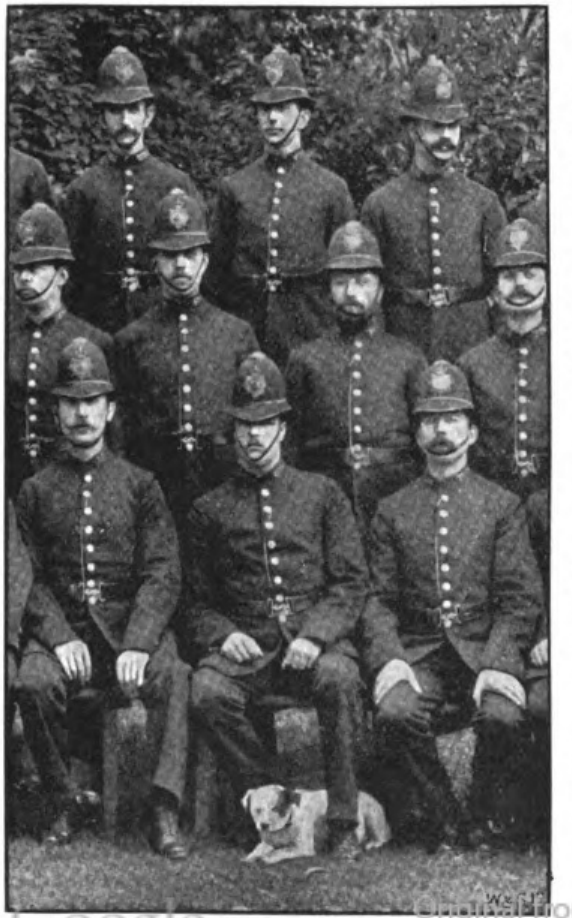
doubt, there never was a more remarkable or a more intelligent animal than 'Prinnie,' whose short life, let us hope, was a merry one. We do not envy the servant who omitted to let him in in response to his plaintive scratchings on that fatally cold morning. That servant's tragic fate history has considerately enveloped in darkness.



"TOPPER."
From a Photograph.

A very different picture is presented to us if we turn from the enviable memory which still survives the virtuous, good-tempered, and intelligent "Prinnie," to the kind of reputation which lives on after the death of the insufferably vulgar "Topper," whose deplorable self-indulgence was the cause of his untimely end.

"Topper" was a common, disreputable fox-terrier, and belonged to the Hyde Park Police-station, which has its local habitation next to the guard-house, and north of the Serpentine. To the gallant custodians of the peace of Hyde Park, "Topper" stood very much in the relation of a daughter of the regiment. He would turn out with them on inspection, and was frequently sent down for punishment on account of his disgraceful habits. He did not possess that instinct of personal cleanliness which every well-bred dog displays. He used also to accompany the men on their march to King Street Police-station, Westminster. He had his favourites, and with these he used to love to turn out on night duty. For he had Bohemian tastes, and delighted in roaming about at night when all well-conducted dogs are in bed and asleep. But he was not a genial animal; there was a bad strain in him which seems to have run through every line of his character. Policemen whom he did not like, he still pretended to be fond of, and he would accompany them on night duty, and then get lost, and come back disconsolate to the police-station. He was a snob, too, and a snob of the lowest and most contemptible kind. When marching with the men, he would sometimes become ashamed of his honest companions, and would leave them to walk behind some elegant gentleman of fashion in the Row, to whom he would pretend to belong, until he was ignominiously kicked away by the disgusted promenader. A greater contrast to the celebrated firemen's dog, who used to save the lives of children from burning buildings, could not well be imagined. But his gravest fault was his greediness. He has been described by a policeman as an "avaricious dog," for although, owing to his dissipated habits, his appetite was not, on ordinary occasions, hearty, he would eat ravenously if watched by a kitten or another dog. It was through over-eating that he got ill, and in pity he was appropriately killed with a truncheon. We have seen and talked with the policeman who did the deed.



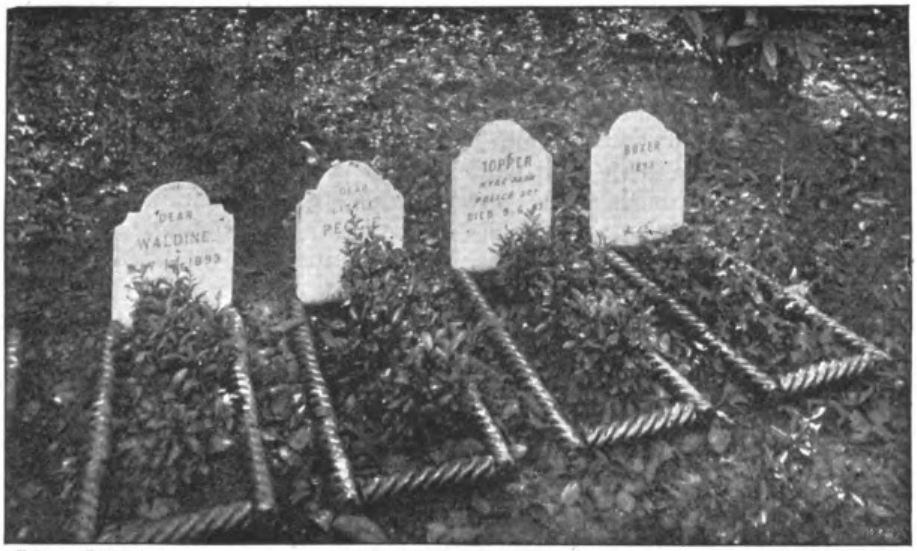
"TOPPER" WITH HIS COMPANIONS.
From a Photo. by Wren & Co, Sloane Square, S.W.

From a review of individual graves let us pass on to an investigation into the origin and history of the Dogs' Cemetery. As we have hinted, its beginnings were an accident, and the additions which have from time to time been made to it in the course of twelve years have also been more or less accidental.

The first dog to be buried at Victoria Gate was "Cherry," and "Cherry," having led the way, other doggies followed.

"It was like this, sir," said Mr. Winbridge; "one gentleman he came, and he had a fancy to bury his dog in here, and then he told another, and so it got spread about and handed on from

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From a Photo. by] "TOPPER'S" GRAVE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

one to the other. But most of the dogs belonged to ladies. The tombstones, they are all alike, and they have all been done by the same person."

In 1881 the children of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Barned, residing in Cambridge Square, were constant frequenters of the Park, where they used to hold their revels in company with other children from the neighbourhood. Those children are now grown-up young men and women, who would no more think of romping about the Park than would the Emperor of China. But in those happy, simple, Arcadian days of 1881, the Park was to them a very paradise, and Mr. Winbridge, its guardian angel, the St. Peter of the earthly heaven, a St. Peter who did not disdain to sell lollypops and goodies in that wonderful palace of delights, the lodge. If he was regarded with a mixture of dread and veneration, his form, his red waistcoat and gold-laced hat, and his kindly, benevolent countenance were also associated in their minds with luscious eatables. He developed thus, in their imaginations, into a sort of presiding deity. When therefore their companion and playfellow, the intelligent and accomplished "Cherry," who had so often joined them in their revels and perhaps shared their lollypops and gingerbread nuts — when "Cherry" was overtaken by the infirmities of old age and, like the Jackdaw of Rheims, "in the odour of sanctity died," what more fitting resting-place could be found for his old bones than the spot he had loved so well in his life? "Cherry" was a Maltese terrier, graceful, elegant, and dandified. He was an accomplished dog of the world, and delighted in giving drawing-room entertainments. Dressed up as a soldier, in a little uniform coat, a helmet, and a musket, he was an inimitable sentinel. But as a sick baby carefully tucked up in a perambulator he always "brought down the house." In the mornings it was "Cherry's" invariable custom to fetch his mistress's letters and carry them up into her room. When the door was locked and "Cherry" could not get in, he would gently push them underneath the door. So intelligent and so amiable a dog assuredly deserved a Christian burial.



"CHERRY."

In the same grave with "Cherry" lies all that remains of "Kaiser," a Spitz who was run over on 15th April, 1886, and whose name has been inscribed upon "Cherry's" tombstone. But "Kaiser" did not share either the accomplishments or the popularity of "Cherry"; he has left no traditions behind him. He is only remembered as a simple, well-behaved, but commonplace sort of dog who was born "in Germany." It was his sad and painful death which obtained for his remains the distinction of a burial in Hyde Park. And here we may as well remark that to be run over seems to be but too often the end of pet-dogs. One would have thought that the tender care of their owners would have preserved them from this fate, and that in any case their natural cleverness would have enabled them to get out of the way of horses' feet. It would appear, however, that the very tenderness and care that are lavished upon them unfit them for the rude and heartless world, and make them unable to look out for themselves. They

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have got so used to be taken care of that they become as helpless as children, and are flurried and lose their heads when out of doors or exposed to an unexpected danger. Pet-dogs do not possess that most important knack of "getting out of the way," which is one of the first lessons which animals as well as human beings have to learn to fit them for the stern battle of life. Even indoors they manage to get trodden on by servants and visitors, and resent it. In this respect they are very human; they never regard the mishaps which befall them as due to any faults of their own, but invariably blame others for them.



"ZOE."

"Cherry" was succeeded in the affections of his master and mistress by "Zoe," who seems to have been a most remarkable animal; indeed, so large a place did he take up in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barned, that Mr. Barned actually wrote a memoir of the dog composed in the form of an autobiography. This manuscript has been kindly placed at our disposal, and we think our readers will be amused if we give them a few extracts. The idea is original and pretty. The autobiography begins as follows; it was evidently written for the amusement of children:—

"THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE LITTLE DOG 'ZOE,' AND HER HOLIDAY AND TRAVELS.

"Chapter I.—Birth and Parentage.

"Let me, my dear young friends, introduce myself and make my bow-wow-wow. I am a very little doggie, and rejoice in the name of 'Zoe.' I possess a distinguished canine pedigree, was born in October, 1879, and am descended from a very respectable family, my father being Stone's 'Tory' by 'Little Bright,' and my mother 'Pattie' by 'Music.' As for my appearance, everyone admits that I bear away the palm for female canine beauty."

"Zoe" was a Yorkshire terrier and was bred by Lady Lamb, who sold her to Mr. Lewis Barned for three guineas. The receipt has been preserved and runs as follows:—

"30, Great Cumberland Place, W.—'Zoe,' born Oct., 1879, by Stone's 'Tory' by 'Little Bright' ex 'Pattie' by 'Music' by 'Sandy' by 'Manningham Charlie.'

"Received 23rd June,

"1882, £3 3s. 0d.

"LOUISE M. C. LAMB."

After recording the first meeting with Mr. Barned's son in Kensington Gardens, and how she was subsequently purchased, "Zoe" proceeds to describe her installation as "Cherry's" successor.

"At first," she is made to say, "I could not settle down in my new abode. I was continually escaping to my late mistress's house, and as often brought back. After a time, however, I began to appreciate the difference between the society in the servants' hall and that in the drawing-room, and now I am never happy when I am away from my dear master and mistress."

Of course, "Zoe" got stolen. On one occasion when her mistress had arranged to go to the seaside, the highly-prized "Zoe" was intrusted to the charge of a lady who resided in a suburban villa. "I made myself quite at home," the narrative continues; "I frisked about the garden, enjoyed myself, and behaved like a well-bred doggie. I have been very carefully educated, and I am perfectly well-mannered, and therefore gave general satisfaction. Without conceit, I think I may say I am a universal favourite. But, alas! I soon discovered that in this world there is no such thing as uninterrupted bliss. While my hostess was at church, and the maid who had charge of me was gossiping with her young man, I ran into the garden, and a dog-stealer, who was passing by, seeing me through the gates, jumped over the wall, seized me, put me in his pocket, and made off with me as quickly as lightning, and without attracting notice. Subsequently I heard tell of the alarm and dismay to which my disappearance gave rise; but how can I describe my own



"I MADE MYSELF QUITE AT HOME."

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sufferings? No kind voice cheered me, no attentive hand provided me with delicate food, or washed or combed me. I was thrust into a dark hole, cuffed and bullied, and half-starved on a coarse but inadequate diet. Hours, days, a week, ten days I passed in my dungeon, during which I made many sad reflections. I asked myself whether I had always behaved gratefully for the great care bestowed upon me, and I mentally registered a vow that if ever restored to my dear master and mistress I would never again leave them."

"Zoe" now begins to moralize, and calls to mind the pathetic history of the Punch and Judy dog which she had once heard related—that touching story of the prodigal dog who would leave his beautiful mistress and happy home to taste the wild excitement of the world, and who, after many adventures, disgraces, and privations, becomes the dog "Toby" of a show. Here he is treated to more blows than biscuits, and it is in this humiliated, fallen state that he finds his way in the course of business into the house which he had so wickedly and foolishly run away from. His former mistress and he recognise each other, and full of pity, compassion, and joy, she clasps him in her arms. But the happiness is too great for him, and bursts his poor, overflowing little heart—he expires in her lap, and, of course, although history does not record it, the showman demanded and received pecuniary compensation.

The loss of "Zoe" caused universal consternation. We can pity the unlucky lady in the suburban villa who had offered him hospitality, and we can imagine the unhappy consequences to the flighty maid. Rewards were offered and "Zoe" was largely advertised for. Finally, Mrs. Barned received a visit from a gentleman calling himself a major, who had met a little dog in a train which, he said, answered the description of "Zoe." The dog was travelling in the care of a lady who had offered to sell it for five pounds. Through a curious coincidence, this was the exact sum of the reward offered, and so Mrs. Barned was easily prevailed upon to give the major the money, he promising to get the dog, and curiously enough he kept his word, and Mrs. Barned's confidence in human nature was justified.

From this moment it was decided that "Zoe" and her mistress should never again be separated, and so our heroine now commenced her travels. In defence of her mistress's attachment to her, she urges the example of Queen Henrietta Maria, the spouse of Charles I., who was so devoted to her dog that she on one occasion risked her life to save the dog's.

While on her travels "Zoe" gave numerous proofs of the high order of her canine intelligence, but a single instance will suffice. "Zoe" shall tell her own story. She is writing from the Royal Hotel, Matlock:—

"Nothing gave me greater amusement than playing with an indiarubber ball, presented to me by one of my admirers, and the loss and recovery of this ball established my reputation for sagacity, and caused all the visitors at the hotel to call me a knowing dog. One afternoon I was careless enough to leave my ball on the grass when I went in to tea (five-o'clock tea), and when I came back it was no longer there. This fidgeted me considerably, and caused me great uneasiness, and so next morning, at breakfast, I went the rounds of all the people to try to discover the thief. At last I scented indiarubber, and began to bite and scratch at a gentleman's pocket. It was in vain that he called me away. 'What can the dog want?' he said. 'I do believe it must be the ball I picked up yesterday on the lawn,' and with these words he drew my ball from his pocket, and I received it back with applause."



"AT LAST I SCENTED INDIARUBBER."

But pleasant journeys and happy lives must come to an end, and so we find at the conclusion of this entertaining autobiography the following pathetic note:—

"August 11th, 1892.—We linger

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on in town on account of a poor invalid, who says: 'Alas! my dear master and mistress, I feel the hour approaching when I must take an affectionate leave of you, for ever, in this world. Sad indeed is the parting, but Time is laying his fatal icy hand on me, and when the silver cord is loosened I must fulfil the destiny of all flesh — and pass away in a ripe old age without repining. Did I say without repining? Alas! if I repine it is not for myself, but for the grief my death will cause you; for I know full well that I have been all in all to you. When I look back on the fleeting ten years which it has been my happy lot to have lived under your fostering care and friendship, I am filled with gratitude to you for all your goodness to me, although the only recognition I can give is to wag my poor little tail as my spirit leaves my feeble and emaciated body. Have we not been happy together in each other's society? In your walks, in your drives, in your travels and wanderings, and in your visits, I have ever been your constant companion. With pardonable pride I can reflect that my conduct has obtained the kind regard and goodwill of your friends, and a hearty and hospitable welcome from them all. My last moments are soothed by the consciousness that I have never been naughty or caused you grief by wilful misconduct. I have never spurned the generous hand that has fed me, or returned hatred for love, or listened without an indignant growl to detractors who have spoken evil with a lying tongue.'"



MR. WINBRIDGE—THE GATEKEEPER.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

It seems that "Zoe" died a peaceful and gentle death, and her virtues have been immortalized by a tombstone upon which are inscribed the words:—

> As deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned,
> For friendship rare by her adorned.

And so we come to the end of our history of the Dogs' Cemetery in Hyde Park. We have dwelt at such length upon the dogs of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barned because in the first place they seemed to us to be typical of the others, and secondly because this gentleman and his wife were the pioneers of this pretty little movement. It is a graceful and harmless custom to bury pet-dogs, and is very common in Germany, where people are perhaps a little more sentimental than in this matter-of-fact England of ours.

Some people may object that the custom of burying dogs and of establishing a regular dogs' cemetery is one that may develop into a danger to public health. But this idea is fallacious. Dogs are not buried in lead coffins, but in sacks or plain boxes. The danger of human cemeteries arises from the preservation of the bodies in lead coffins. In the earth-to-earth system, for instance, there is no danger, and dogs are buried on what is practically the earth-to-earth system.

As a pretty custom and graceful tribute to the memory of the affectionate and faithful "friend of man" no objection can be raised to the burial of dogs.

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The Powder-Mine.

By H. Greenhough Smith.

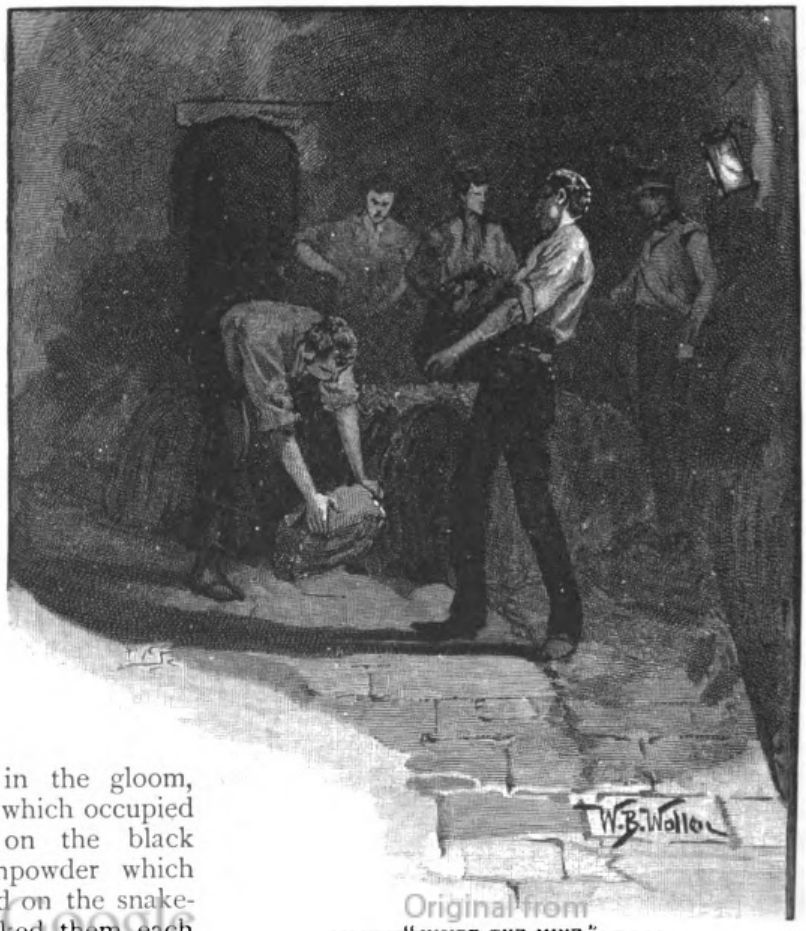
AT five o'clock in the evening of the 21st of March, 1814, the English camp before the walls of Rocq was in a state of high excitement.

The town, a stronghold of Napoleon, lay on the French coast not far above the mouth of the Gironde. It was protected on two sides by the nature of the ground, and at the rear was open to the sea. In front stood a massive bastion, which for ten days had bade defiance to the artillery of the English; but the sappers had been working day and night, and at last the tunnel of their mine had reached the bastion, and had broken unexpectedly into a cellar underneath it. This cellar, belonging to a house which stood against the wall inside the town, was entered from the house above by a flight of spiral steps; so that the miners found themselves, to their dismay, open to discovery at any moment by the inmates of the house. They were compelled to trust to speed and silence to accomplish their design without disturbance; and so far all was well. A store of bags of powder had been conveyed into the cellar, and everything was now in readiness for the explosion, which was to blow the wall into the air and leave a breach for the storming party to rush into the town.

Inside the mine—that is, inside the cellar of which we have been speaking—half-a-dozen men had just put the final touches to the preparations. The feeble gleam of a dark lantern, which scarcely served to show their faces in the gloom, glimmered on a ring of bags which occupied the middle of the floor, on the black and shining grains of gunpowder which filled them to the brim, and on the snake-like loops of fuse which linked them each to each. This fuse, at one point, ran along the floor and ended in a piece of slow-match, near the spot at which the opening of the tunnel gaped blackly in the wall, like a gigantic rat's-hole. This match, lighted by the man selected for the duty, and the last to leave the mine, would smoulder for about four minutes. Then the terrific firework would explode.

One by one, five of the sappers passed into the tunnel and disappeared. The sixth, keeping the dark lantern with him, was left to wait until the passage should be clear before he touched the match and hastened after his companions.

The soldier in question was a young officer of seven-and-twenty — Lieutenant Hilary Vane. He wore the uniform of his regiment —short scarlet coat, blue trousers, and peaked cap—and was armed with sword and pistols.



"INSIDE THE MINE."

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Though not exceptionally tall or broad in figure, he was noted among his comrades for his feats of strength, as well as for his coolness and resource in danger—traits of character apparent in his plain, strong features and in his grey-blue, fiery eyes. A physiognomist might, perhaps, have detected in his features a sign of his chief failing, which was too great a readiness to act on impulse, without giving his calmer judgment time to speak.

On being left alone he leaned his back against the wall and waited. A minute passed—two minutes. Then he stooped his ear to the mouth of the tunnel and listened intently. Presently from the other end came the faint report of a pistol-shot; it was the signal that the passage was clear. He turned to the spot where the fuse rested, and, with his finger on the fastening of the lantern, was on the point of drawing back the slide in order to ignite the match which he held ready in his hand, when another sound struck upon his ears—a sound which froze the current of his blood.

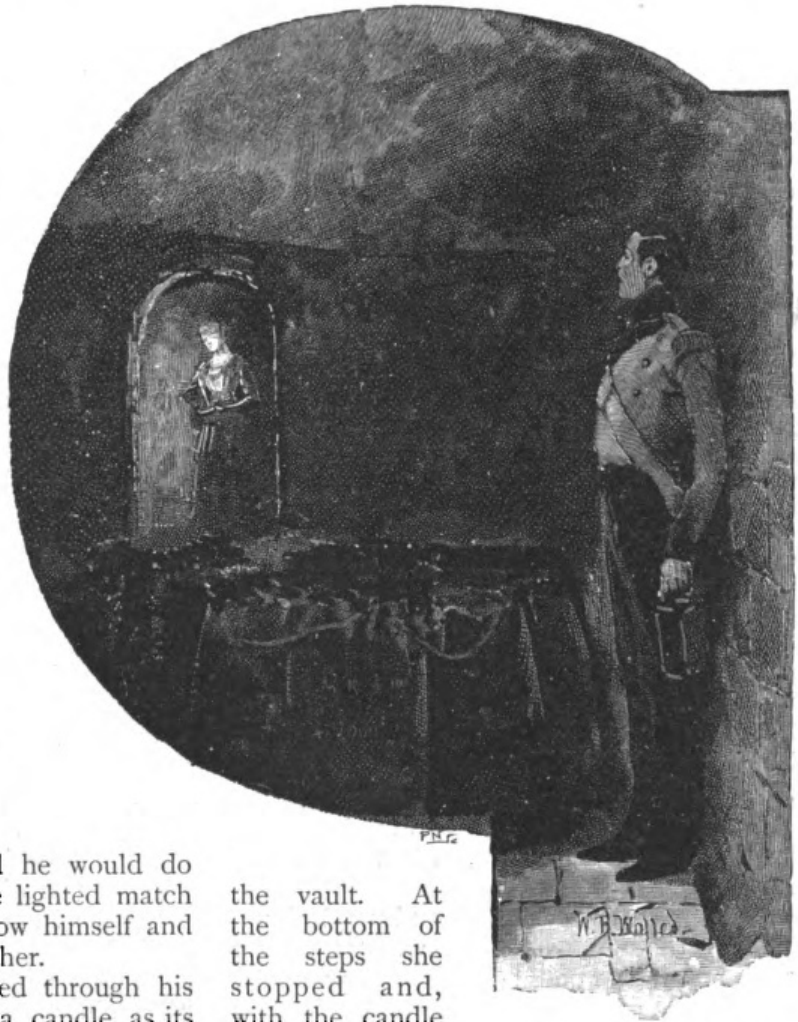
Someone was coming down the cellar stairs!

The stair, as already mentioned, formed a spiral, so that only five or six of the lowest steps were visible. The lieutenant, with his finger on the slide and his eyes fixed upon the steps, remained perfectly motionless, waiting for the intruder to appear in sight. One thought only occupied his mind. If he were discovered he would do his duty; he would fling the lighted match into the nearest bag, and blow himself and the intruder into the air together.

Even as the thought passed through his mind, he saw the twinkle of a candle, as its bearer turned the corner of the steps and came suddenly to view. The lieutenant caught his breath. The new-comer was a girl.

She came slowly down the steps, holding the candle low to see where she was treading, her face, ringed round with darkness, shining out in its full light. She was young—perhaps seventeen—and as lovely as a picture. Every detail of her figure the lieutenant saw, or rather felt, burnt in a single instant unforgetably upon his brain, as he stood, like a man petrified, with his eyes upon her. A terrible dilemma was before him. True, his duty was as plain as ever; but he could not—he *could not*—send this beautiful young creature to a sudden and a dreadful doom. There was only one alternative—she must escape with him. He held himself in readiness and waited, silent as a figure cut in stone.

From the ease of her demeanour as she came down the stair, it was clear that she had no suspicion of what had happened in the vault. At the bottom of the steps she stopped and, with the candle raised above her head, was about to cross the cellar to a bin which stood against the further wall, when her eye alighted on the bags of powder in the middle of the floor. For a moment she stood still, gazing at them. Then she raised her eyes, and they fell upon the form of



"HE STOOD LIKE A MAN PETRIFIED."

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Hilary Vane, standing motionless before her in the gloom.

With a stifled shriek she turned towards the steps, up which in another moment she would have vanished, when Hilary, darting past her, placed himself between her and the exit. She shrank back, staring at the sudden apparition with large eyes wide with terror. He laid his finger on his lips.

"Not a sound, or all is lost," he said, rapidly and eagerly, in French; "this cellar is a mine, and we are going to blow it up. But fear nothing: you are safe." He pointed with his finger to the tunnel. "Escape instantly: that way; quick, quick! your life depends upon it."

She cast a swift glance at the tunnel; but to his surprise she did not stir.

"Quick!" he repeated, quivering with impatience. "There is not a moment to be lost. Quick! Quick!"

So far from obeying him, however, the girl, with the sudden rush of a wild creature, endeavoured to dart past him up the steps. With a movement as rapid as her own he barred the passage.

"Listen!" he said, speaking with a sort of fierce impetuosity. "I wish to save you, but by giving an alarm you risk not only my own life, but the lives of my companions, who will return to ascertain what has gone wrong, and will be taken prisoners. Before that happens, I shall throw this light into the powder there, and end us both together. Come; be reasonable. Will you go?"

"No," she said. "No, no!"

"But why?" he asked, astonished.

The girl wrung her hands in agony. "I cannot," she cried, wildly. "My lover is lying wounded in the house above us. If he dies, I will die with him. I have only left him for a moment—the doctor sent me down to fetch a flask of brandy. Oh, sir," she cried, flinging herself suddenly at Hilary's feet, "spare him, spare him! for the love of Heaven!"

Hilary paused, in trouble and perplexity.

"It is impossible," he said. "I cannot save him if I would; I can save you only. If I do not fire the mine, my comrades will return and fire it."

"But by that time the cellar will be guarded by our soldiers, and your comrades will be seized as they come in."

"Yes, as I said; they will be seized! No. I cannot—I will not—betray my own companions. I would rather, as I told you, throw this match into the powder. And *you!*—you must not—you *shall* not—sacrifice your life without avail. No; you must come with me."

He advanced a step towards her, resolved to bear her through the tunnel and to save her in her own despite, touching the fuse with fire as they departed. But as he moved the girl stepped back a pace and raised the candle in her hand above a bag of powder.

"Stop!" she cried. "I refuse, I tell you, to be saved alone. You have taught me what to do. If you try to take me, I will drop the candle."

Hilary drew back, petrified. The refusal of the girl doomed them both to death; yet even at that moment he experienced a relief that the act which sent her to destruction had been taken from his hands. But there was now no method of escape; to delay—to parley—would be to risk the lives of his companions, who might return at any instant to see what was the cause of the delay. Drawing himself erect, he crossed his arms upon his chest, and, with his eyes still fixed upon the girl, said quietly:—

"So be it. Drop the candle."

The girl stood motionless a moment, with her hand outstretched. A tremor shook her frame from head to foot. Then she shut her eyes, unclasped her fingers, and let the candle fall.

Had she kept her eyes unclosed, the candle would have fallen, as she intended, on the powder. As it was, it struck the margin of the bag and thence rebounded to the floor, where it was instantly extinguished, leaving the cellar in pitchy darkness.

Hilary drew back the slide of his dark lantern. By its gleam the two looked at each other. Both their faces were as white as ashes.

"Fortune is against you," said Hilary, after a silence. "You are the bravest girl I ever heard of, but you are fated to be saved, do what you will."

"Then fate must save my lover also," she replied.

"Come with me," he repeated, urgently. "To refuse is madness. Quick, or it will be too late; my comrades will be coming back to see what is the matter——" He stopped abruptly, struck by an idea.

"Unless," he continued, speaking rapidly, as if reflecting, "unless I stop them. Yes—yes; it might be done. And yet! Well, yes, it will be a breach of duty, and, if I were caught, I should be shot for it, and, what is more, I should deserve my fate. But I

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must do it." He turned quickly to the girl. "Will you obey me?" he said, earnestly.

She looked at him intently.

"Do you mean to save me only?"

"No. I shall try to save you both."

"Yes," she said, "I will obey."

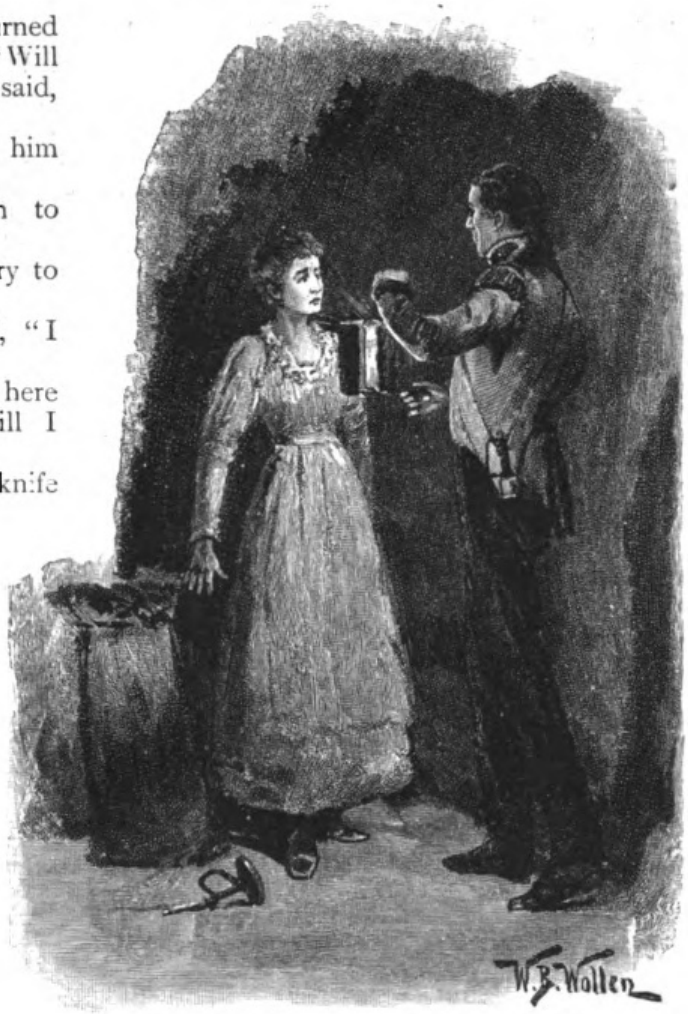
"Then stand here without moving till I return to you."

Drawing a clasp-knife from his pocket, he approached the nearest bag, and, with two swift cuts, divided the fuse which linked it to the bags on either side. Then, cutting off a piece of the slow-match, and sticking it erect into the powder, he lifted up the bag with his left hand, and with the lantern in his right he disappeared into the entrance of the tunnel. For some seconds the girl could hear his movements, growing fainter as he receded, until he seemed to be about a hundred feet along the shaft, when all sound ceased entirely for perhaps ten seconds; then he was heard hastily returning. When he emerged into the cellar he still held the candle, but the bag was gone.

"It is alight," he gasped, seizing the girl's wrist, and drawing her rapidly towards the cellar steps, up which he hastened until the winding of the spiral shut them from the vault below. Then he stopped, and listened eagerly.

For some seconds—perhaps half a minute—all was silent. Then all at once there came the sound of an explosion; a blast of air rushed fiercely up the cellar steps; a thick smoke filled the vault. Then all was still.

"Wait," he said, "I shall return directly"; and he disappeared into the cellar. Almost instantly he was by her side again.



"BOTH THEIR FACES WERE AS WHITE AS ASHES."

"All is well," he said. "The explosion, as I hoped, has caused the sandy soil which roofs the tunnel to fall in. The passage is blocked, and no one can now enter. Now," he continued, "how long will it take you to remove your lover from the house?"

The girl considered. "Five minutes," she said.

"I will give you six. The doctor you will, of course, take with you. Is there anyone else in the house?"

"No."

"Anyone in the street outside?"

"Yes. The street is crowded with soldiers."

"They must take their chance. Now, go. But if you give an alarm, and if I hear a step approaching, I shall fire the powder. If you follow my directions, you and your lover will be saved."

The girl caught his hand in hers and pressed it to her lips.

"Heaven will reward and bless you," she said, fervidly. "You will never repent what you have done to-night."

Hilary Vane looked after her as she turned away and darted up the steps, and laughed a little bitterly. She took it for granted that he would save himself, and at the worst be taken prisoner. But he knew that nothing now remained for him but to do his duty—and to die in doing it. If, when he fired the fuse, he should dash up the cellar steps and escape into the street, the secret of the mine would be endangered. No; he had given the girl time to save her life and her lover's, but only at the sacrifice of his own.

He drew out his watch, placed it in the light, and stood motionless, with his eyes

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fastened on the dial, the match ready in his hand, and his ears stretched for any sound of steps upon the cellar stairs. But none came; the girl had kept her part of the agreement. The hand crept forward on the dial. One minute passed — two — three — four — five. A faint sound reached his ear from the tunnel of the mine; his comrades had returned as far as the spot of the explosion, and were striking at the *débris* with their picks. He almost smiled again as he thought of their bewilderment. Then he looked at the dial-plate; the hand touched the figure for which he had been waiting. He raised his hand which held the lighted match, and, setting his teeth hard, lowered the flame above the bag until it touched the powder.



"THE ENGLISH STORMING-PARTY RUSHED IN THROUGH THE RUINS."

The roar and crash of the explosion shook earth and sky for ten miles round, as the huge buildings leapt into the air in fragments, like a spadeful of gravel tossed up by a strong man. The English storming-party rushed in through the ruins, and five minutes afterwards their flag floated from the walls.

But why the explosion had been so long delayed, why the tunnel had collapsed so unaccountably, and why Lieutenant Vane had disappeared, were mysteries discussed that night round every soldier's fire, but which found no solution. And it was not till some days later that a story told by a young girl, and passed with thrilling blood from mouth to mouth, showed how one more English soldier had proved himself a hero.

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Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Ch. Reutlinger, Paris.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT, the daughter of a French lawyer and a Dutch Jewess, is well known as the greatest tragic actress at present on the stage. She is also a sculptor and a painter of much skill, and has exhibited many works at the Salon. A quite novel and most interesting proof of her versatility is afforded by the weird and fantastic story from her pen, a translation of which is presented to our readers in the present number.



AGE 33.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Nadar, Paris*



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[W. & D. Downey.*

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AGE 26.
From a Photo. by the London School of Photography.

MR. JUSTICE HENN COLLINS.

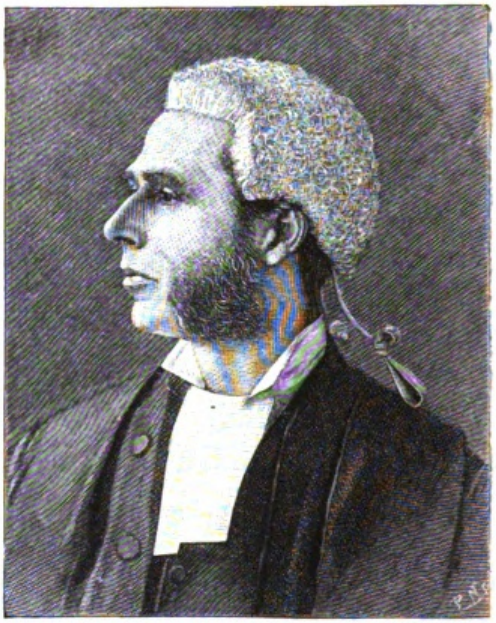
BORN 1842.

THE HON. SIR RICHARD HENN COLLINS is the son of Mr. Stephen Collins, Q.C., who acquired a large reputation in Dublin as an advocate, and therefore adds another name to the roll of English judges who have hailed from Ireland. He was educated at the Royal



From a Photo. by] AGE 33. *[Lock & Whitfield.*

School, Dungannon, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where, and afterwards at Cambridge, he gained the highest honours. He was called to the Bar in 1867, and gradually rose to the leading practice in Common Law cases. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he is



From a Photo. by] AGE 42. *[Elliott & Fry.*

the most profound and versatile lawyer of our time. He was made a Q.C. in 1883, and raised to the Bench in 1891. His favourite pastime is salmon-fishing, and Norway is the country in which he prefers to practise it.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[H. J. Whitlock.*

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GEORGE ALEXANDER

BORN 1858.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER (whose real name is Mr. Samson) is a member of a well-known mercantile Scottish family, and was born at Reading and educated at Clifton College and Edinburgh.



AGE 6.
From a Photo. by the London Stereo. Co.



AGE 10.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Before joining the stage he had made his mark as an amateur. His rendering of *Caleb Deecie* in the revival of "The Two Roses" at the Lyceum (in which he made his first appearance before a London public) raised him to a prominent position. He became lessee and manager of the St. James's Theatre in 1891, where he produced "The Idler," one of the few plays that obtained popularity in the summer season,

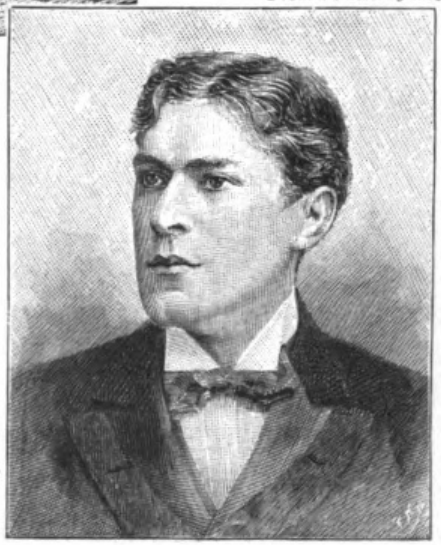
From a Photo. by the Lond. Stereoscopic Co.



AGE 18



From a Photo. by the] AGE 24. *[Lond. Stereoscopic Co.*



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo by A. Ellis, Baker Street.

and where "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is at present enjoying a remarkable career. Mr. Alexander's success as an actor-manager may be attributed to his administrative faculties, his keen sense of justice, and an indescribable charm of manner which influences all brought under his sway. He is married to a lady of French extraction, and lives in Park Row, Albert Gate, Knightsbridge. He is never happier than when riding, driving, or handling the foils.

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From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[Glaisby, York.*

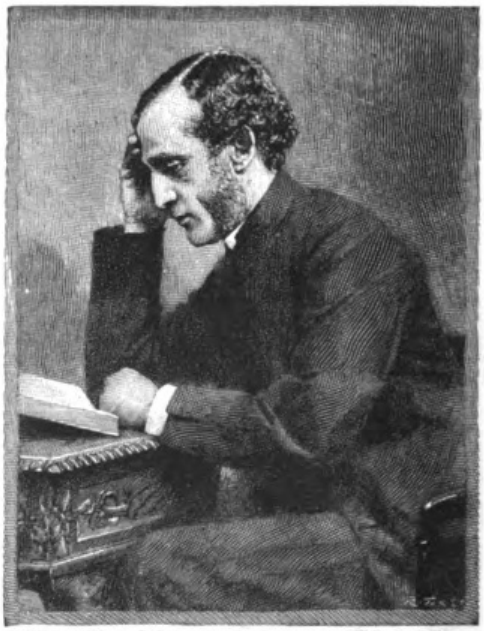
THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

BORN 1826.

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN, D.D., is son of David Maclagan, M.D., Physician to the Forces, a distinguished medical officer who served in the Peninsular War. He was born at Edinburgh and educated in his native city. In early life he served in the army in India, and retired with the rank of lieutenant in 1852. Then he went through the ordinary

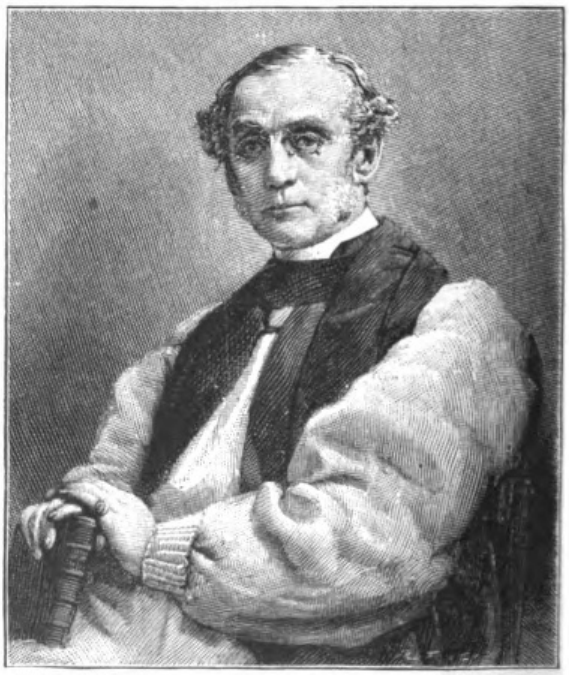


From a Photo. by] AGE 28. *[Glaisby, York.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 48. *[Elliott & Fry.*

University course at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. He entered the Church and was appointed to the vicarage of St. Mary Abbotts, Kensington, where he remained till 1878,



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

when he was nominated to the Bishopric of Lichfield. In 1891 he was appointed Archbishop of York.

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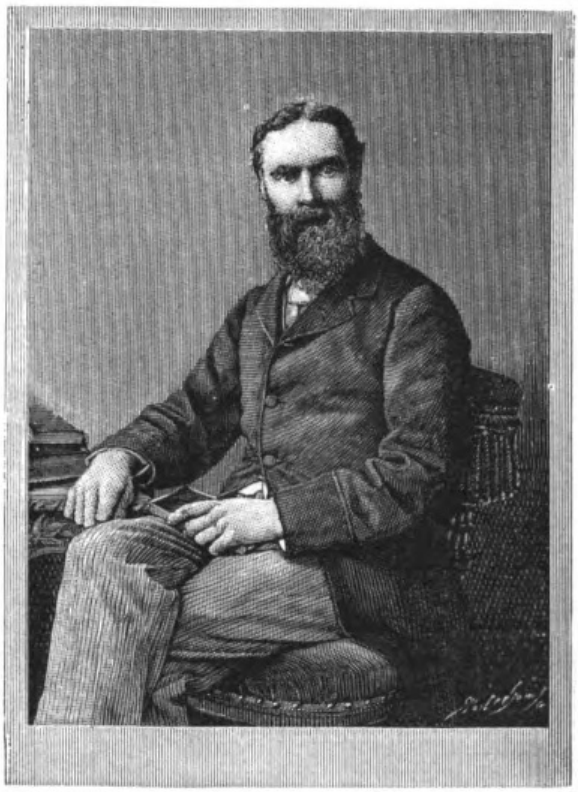
PROFESSOR JAMES BRYCE, M.P

BORN 1838.

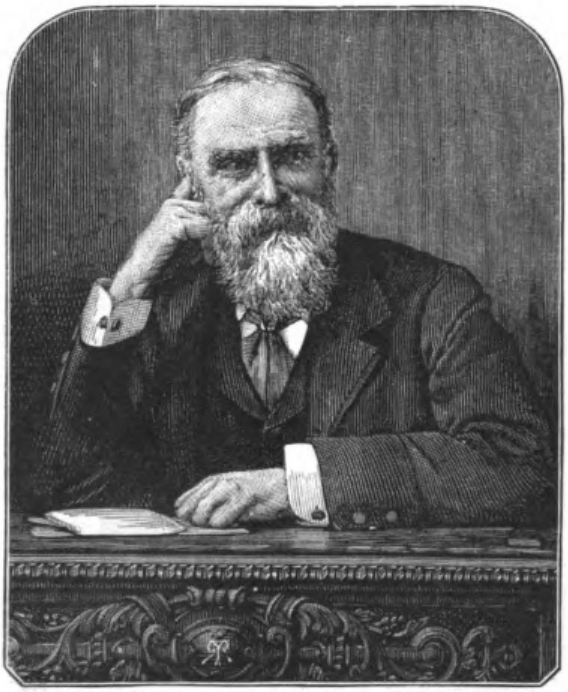
JAMES BRYCE, M.P., Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, the son of James Bryce, LL.D., of Glasgow, and Margaret, eldest daughter of James Young, Esq., of Abbeyville, Co. Antrim, was born at Belfast, and educated at the High School and University of Glasgow, and at Trinity College, Oxford (of which he was a scholar), graduating B.A., 1862, with a double first class. He obtained various University prizes, and proceeded to study for a time at Heidelberg. He was elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, 1862, and became a barrister at Lincoln's Inn in 1867, practising for some years. In 1870 he was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in Oxford University, and in 1880 was elected Liberal member for the Tower Hamlets. In 1885 he was elected member for South Aberdeen, and was appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Mr. Gladstone's Government. He was one of the chief supporters of the Home Rule Bill, and after the Dissolution was returned unopposed for South Aberdeen in 1886. During his Parliamentary career Mr. Bryce has taken a special interest in questions relating to Ireland, in the Eastern Question, in the question of Preserving Common Rights, and University Reform. Among the most important of Mr. Bryce's literary works are "The Holy Roman Empire," numerous articles in the magazines, mostly political, historical, or geographical; "Two Centuries of Irish History" (1888), edited by him, with an Introductory Chapter; and "The American Commonwealth" (1888).



From a] AGE 23. [*Photograph.*



AGE 42.
From a Photo. by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*W. & D. Downey.*

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From a] AGE 3. *[Photograph.*

M. IGNATZ JAN PADEREWSKI.

BORN 1860.

IGNATZ JAN PADEREWSKI, born in Podolia, Poland, is at the present day, without doubt, the greatest pianist before the public. Never in the history of music has an artist become an idol within such a short period from his first appearance.



From a] AGE 10. *[Photograph.*

It is only little more than three years since he struck his first note in St. James's Hall,



From a] AGE 18 *[Photograph.*

London, and now his name is a household word throughout the world. His American tours have been the most successful ever known for a single artist. He is not only an executant of marvellous power and sympathy, but a skilled composer. One great secret of his success is said to be the same as that to which Paganini attributed his phenomenal command of his own instrument—an indefatigable perseverance in practising.

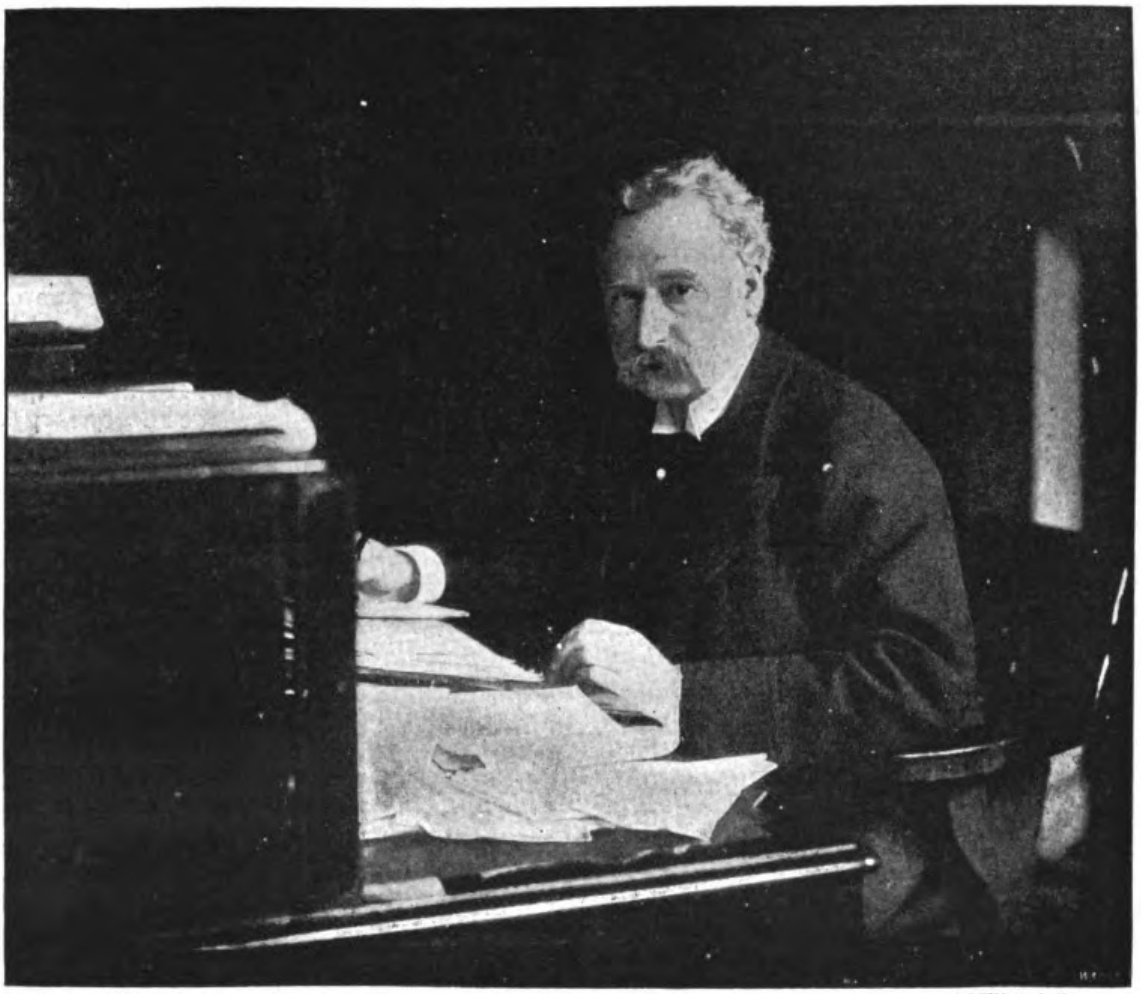


PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

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Illustrated Interviews.

XXIX.—SIR GEORGE LEWIS.



From a Photo. by] SIR GEORGE LEWIS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

IT was altogether an experience as remarkable as it was interesting — and yet there was something delightfully humorous about it, apart from the serious side of listening to the story of a successful man's career. A journalistic cross-examination of Sir George Lewis! A pleasantly severe questioning of a man who somebody has declared knows enough to hang half-a-dozen of the biggest men in the City! A talk —a long talk—with the greatest lawyer of modern times, whose legal methods are so convincing and whose personality is so impressive that a sudden glance from his eye has made many an opposing witness wince, whilst a solicitorial smile, such as only "George Lewis" can assume, has won him all he wanted from a stubbornly inclined jury.

I have had the privilege of meeting Sir George amidst surroundings of a distinctly different character—at his charming little cottage at Walton-on-Thames, at his house in Portland Place, and in his private room at his business abode in Ely Place. But Sir George Lewis is always the same—a kindly, genial man, whose very appearance wins your immediate confidence. He is of medium height, strongly built, with white hair and whiskers. He is deliberate in every action and every word, and at once impresses one as an individual who can take his stand and keep his footing. He has the most wonderfully penetrating eyes I have ever seen. Penetrating! He never takes them off you. I have seen Sir George take in the beauties of a Burne-Jones with one eye, and with the other *look at you!* He loves work—it is his recreation. He always appears to be thinking, and yet he assures you he does not know what it is to have a night's rest disturbed, and can welcome

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From a Photo. by] ASHLEY COTTAGE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

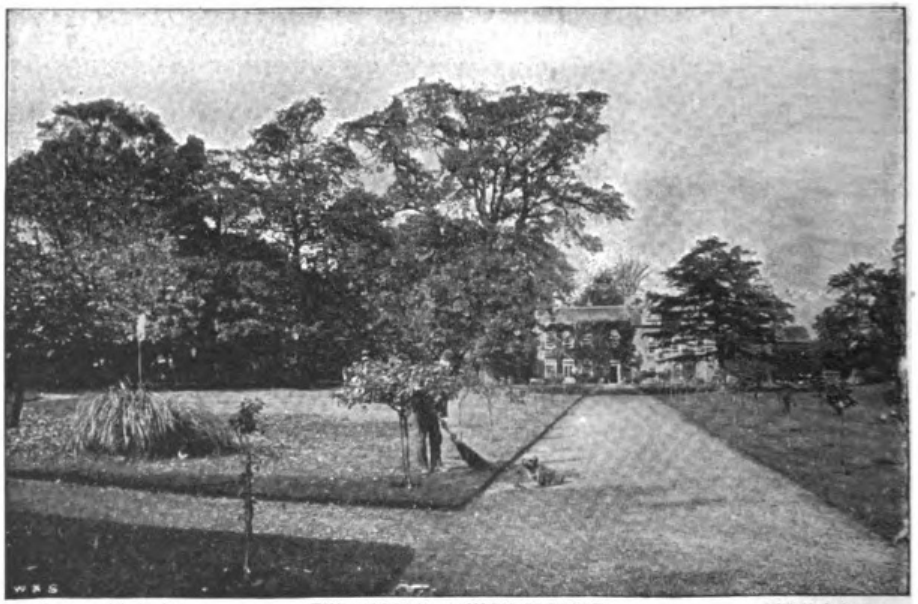
Morpheus with a murder on his mind as readily as with the knowledge that a well-earned cheque of substantial value has just been added to his balance at the bank.

I paid just a hurried visit to Ashley Cottage. We talked of many things in the railway carriage whilst I joined the man of many secrets in his only vice—a good cigar. He would have a Court of Appeal for criminal cases—though he does not believe that many men are hanged unless they deserved their fate. But circumstantial evidence plays a prominent part nowadays in all *causes célèbres*—and particularly in poisoning cases. It calls for a tribunal where the severest of evidence sifting may be made. He is a great advocate for enlarging the powers of the Divorce Court, and asks, and justly so, that the wife of a man convicted and sentenced to a term of three years' and upwards imprisonment should be free.

"Fancy," said Sir George, "a young girl just married; her husband commits a crime for which the sentence is a life one. Don't you think it monstrous that the woman should not be allowed to marry again? I would go farther. If a man deserts his wife for three years and upwards, she, too, should be free!"

All these topics were enlarged upon until the train pulled up at Walton. We left the carriage.

"It was on this very platform," said Sir George, "that I asked Parnell an important question. Parnell was a man of a most secretive, suspicious, and distrustful disposition. He trusted few, though let me at once acknowledge him as a man of immense power, possessing the mind of a statesman, and indeed a very great Irishman. In my early associations with him, he one night followed me to Ashley Cottage. After a long conversation, I drove him to the railway station, in order that he might catch the last train; and, noticing his anxiety—it was on this very spot—and wishing to gain his confidence, I put out my hand and said to him:—



From a Photo. by] THE GARDEN, ASHLEY COTTAGE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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"'I should like you to give me your entire confidence — you may trust me as you would your brother.'

"We shook hands earnestly, but somehow I do not think I thoroughly gained from him what I wanted at that moment. It was not until after many months that I felt sure of his complete trust. I think he trusted me when he would nobody else, and at one time I was the only person who could communicate with him."

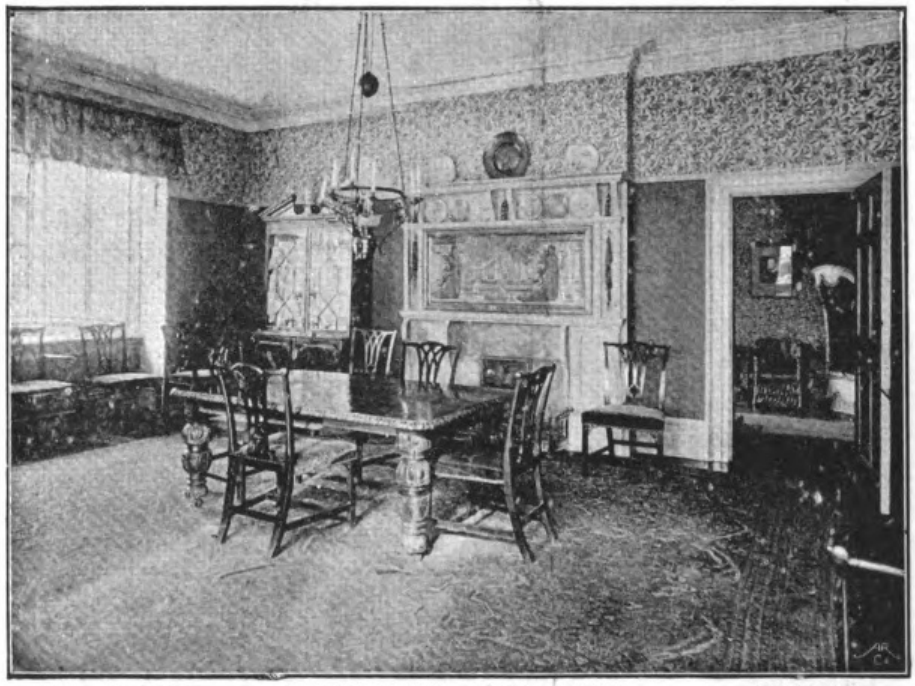


From a Photo. by] THE POND, ASHLEY COTTAGE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

So we reached the cottage.

It is the most picturesque little habitation imaginable, with its old-time casement windows, round which the roses creep and jasmine climbs. In the summer the front is almost hidden from view by a gigantic chestnut tree, but autumn has both robbed and beautified the place in its surroundings. The trees and shrubs are gloriously coloured by Nature's hand, and the chestnut has shed its leaves, which now lie in a golden circle round the trunk. The leaves are shaken down upon us by the breeze as we enter the house.

The interior is in every way cosy and convenient, and is an ideal cottage. Pictures of German celebrities are in the hall, out of which abuts the dining-room, with its fine Chippendale furniture, its quaint—though artistic—fireplace and typical cottage brass fender, while, let in over the marble mantelboard, is a grand example of Burne-Jones.



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM, ASHLEY COTTAGE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

It has its own romantic little corner—a cushioned recess near the window draped in blue and white, from which you may catch sight of an old tree trunk, which serves as a capital table for many *al fresco* five o'clock teas in the days of summer.

The drawing-room—diminutive and dainty, with its blue china knick-knacks — contains many examples of Burne-Jones, whilst over the fireplace is a clever pencil portrait of Lady

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From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM, ASHLEY COTTAGE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

learnt there than any room in Ashley Cottage. You can almost see the tiny scholars in their little chairs — for the chairs are religiously kept; the birds' eggs are allotted their own particular corner, and the book-case contains the school books, much thumbed through constant use.

The rose-bushes and jasmine, the crimson autumnal tints, and the golden shedding of the chestnut tree were still before me when, on the following morning, I hurried away to Portland Place, from whence I was to accompany Sir George to a corner of Holborn, which will always be associated with his name. His house is the home of a man of true artistic instincts. Art with Sir George runs in a very delightful channel. He will have the work of our most eminent

Lewis. A fine old grandfather's clock ticks with the most approved-of regularity in the garden hall—in which hang several engravings after Sir Frederick Leighton and Samuel Cousins—and we walk once more into the open, down a gravel path an eighth of a mile long and lined with rose-bushes, until the old sundial at the bottom of the garden is reached, near which is a seat — the favourite resting-place of the family during the days of sunshine.

Returning to the cottage once again, I peeped into the schoolroom. It is one of the most interesting corners in the house. All Sir George's children are now grown up, but the schoolroom remains as it was in their early years, and is frequented more by those who once



From a Photo. by] THE SCHOOLROOM, ASHLEY COTTAGE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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artists, and their brushes are employed to chronicle the features of the children of the great lawyer.

We are in the dining-room. There is its magnificent ceiling, designed by Champneys and executed by Frampton, to be admired; a grand old German cabinet, the wonderful bolts and bars of which are shown to me, whilst Richmond's and Lehman's portraiture of Sir George and Lady Lewis respectively are examples not to be passed by. But beyond all these Sir George points out a portrait of his second daughter—painted when quite young—by Burne-Jones over the mantel-board. And so I found it in all the rooms of the house — pictures of his wife and his children are given the place of honour everywhere.



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM, PORTLAND PLACE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

We watch Sir George's youngest daughter ride away on "Molly," the pony, and he remarks as he waves a "good-bye":—

"Excellent exercise, riding, eh? Though I never rode a horse in my life!" and we glance at the fine etchings and engravings which line the staircase, peep into Miss Lewis's room and take a rapid glance at her collection of photos, drawings by Alma Tadema, Du Maurier, etc., and the glorious little bits of sky painted by Miss Tadema and framed in gold. Lady Lewis joins us in our house trip, and I learn that she is a most enthusiastic collector of first editions, and has volumes that would positively make a Quaritch envious, not only of books published in this country, but of foreign authors of eminence as well.



From a Photo. by] MISS LEWIS'S ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

The music-room leads out from the drawing-room, and it follows–although I noticed many Whistlers in this apartment—that a

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[From a Photo. by] THE MUSIC-ROOM, PORTLAND PLACE. [Elliott & Fry.

great man's skill are set out in glass cabinets, containing family portraits of Lady Lewis, by Sergeant, near the fireplace; the daughters, by Mrs. Jopling, Alma Tadema, and Mrs. Perugini; admirable examples of Miss Tadema, Solomon and George Boughton; Italian bronzes; whilst amongst all these are freely scattered great bowls of flowers from Ashley Cottage. But where is a more picturesque corner than that formed by the marble mantelpiece? Long, easy seats are arranged on either side, a great log of wood is burning in an antique grate, and its glowing embers are reflected upon one of the most beautiful portraits Burne-Jones ever painted.

The canvas in this frame is let in over the fireplace against a draping of red-brown plush. It is the picture of a little maiden lying at full length on a sofa, reading.

head of Paderewski, by Burne Jones (which, by-the-bye, the great pianist thinks is the best ever done of him) and a very early portrait of Beethoven find a fitting place in this spot devoted to the Muses.

It is probable that no professional man has received so many gifts from his clients as Sir George Lewis. So great is Sir George's opinion as to honourable secrecy in all matters between solicitor and client, that in some cases he alone knows the donor of many a magnificent gift as a token of help rendered at a critical moment. I saw some of these gifts in the drawing-room—though there is a cellar packed with them below. They are of the greatest value and most exquisite workmanship—grand vases, snuff-boxes, Oriental daggers, cigar-cases, silver-gilt cabinets, and many more. It is a beautiful apartment in which these tokens of a



[From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM, PORTLAND PLACE. [Elliott & Fry.

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From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM, PORTLAND PLACE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

It is very real, very brilliant. The original at the moment I saw it was enjoying a ride on "Molly's" back.

There was just time to look at two portraits of Sir George's grandfather and father, in the smoking-room, which are reproduced in these pages, and together with the pictures of the eminent solicitor himself and Mr. George Lewis, the eldest son and heir to the business, give four generations of the Lewis family; and we were on our way to Ely Place, Holborn.

Ely Place has quite a little history of its own. So I learnt from Sir George, as we drove through the gates, which are shut every night at nine o'clock. It is a very old bit of London, and is governed by a separate Act of Parliament. It is the only place in the Metropolis where the old-time custom of crying out the hours of the night by the porter is still kept up, and Sir George considers it one of the best guarded spots in London. It would require a more than average enterprising cracksman to successfully ply his jemmy and drills upon the bars and bolts of the door which leads to the strong room at Ely Place.

It was the first room I went into as soon as we arrived at the business house of the solicitor.

Whilst driving down, Sir George said:—

"One branch of my profession is that which never becomes public—that is, the secrets of London. I have not kept a diary for over twenty years! When I found that my business was becoming so confidential, I determined that I would never chronicle another thing—so when I die the confidences of London society die with me. At one time I thought the fact of my not keeping a diary—for reference sake—might lead to some severe observations in court, as all lawyers are expected to keep such a book. But a Lord Justice told me he was perfectly certain that no judge, under such peculiar circum-



From a Photo. by] THE SMOKING-ROOM, PORTLAND PLACE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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From a Photo. by] ELY PLACE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

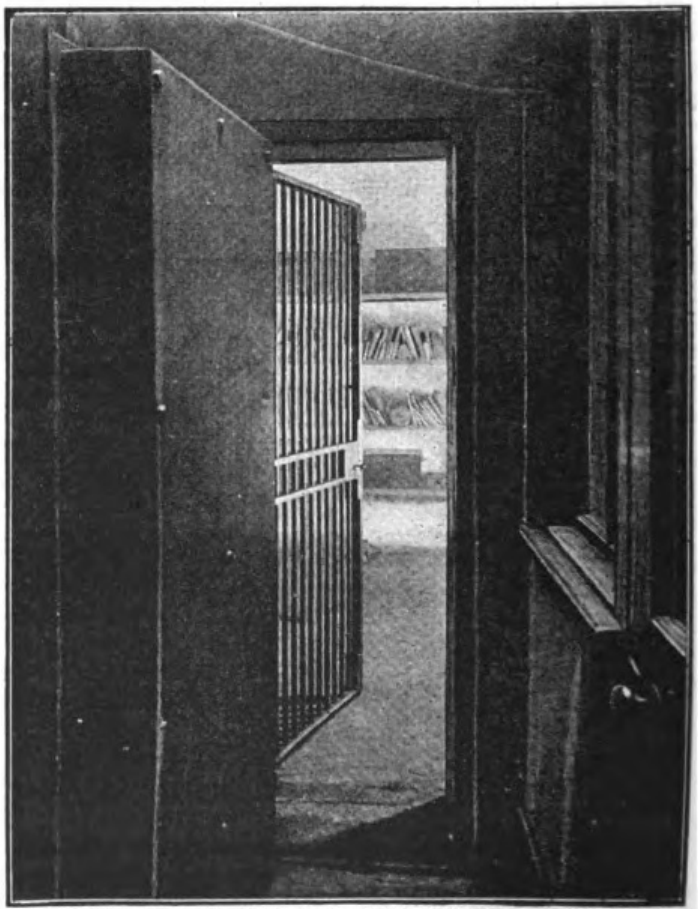
stances as these, would ever blame me. Let me tell you," and Sir George spoke very calmly, without a tinge of egotism in his tone, "that no novel was ever written, no play ever produced, that has or could contain such incidents and situations as at the present moment are securely locked up in the archives of memory which no man will ever discover."

We stood in the strong room—the gas was lit. As the gate closed behind us it seemed like a prison cell! The parcels of deeds and wills are all arranged in alphabetical order—they are all known by ciphers, no name being visible. The fronts of all the great black deed-boxes are turned to the wall with the names painted on them —no, one was not! I pointed this out happily to Sir George, and promised him not to reveal the name. He smilingly remarked that he would remedy this little oversight long before the convicting camera appeared on the scene. He did so at once.

Nos. 10, 11, and 12, Ely Place, is certainly the most interesting lawyer's office in London—it has no fewer than twenty-two rooms. Sir George has spent his whole life there. All his eight brothers and sisters were born at No. 10. We talk of actors being born "on the boards." I went into one room, now used as a clerks' office.

"That desk," said the solicitor, quietly, "occupies the very place where a bedstead once stood sixty years ago, and where I first saw the light!"

We visit a waiting-room on the ground floor. The long table in the centre suggests a dining-board. True enough, it was his father's dining-room once. When the day's work was done, at four o'clock, the briefs and papers would be removed from the table,



From a Photo. by] ENTRANCE TO THE STRONG ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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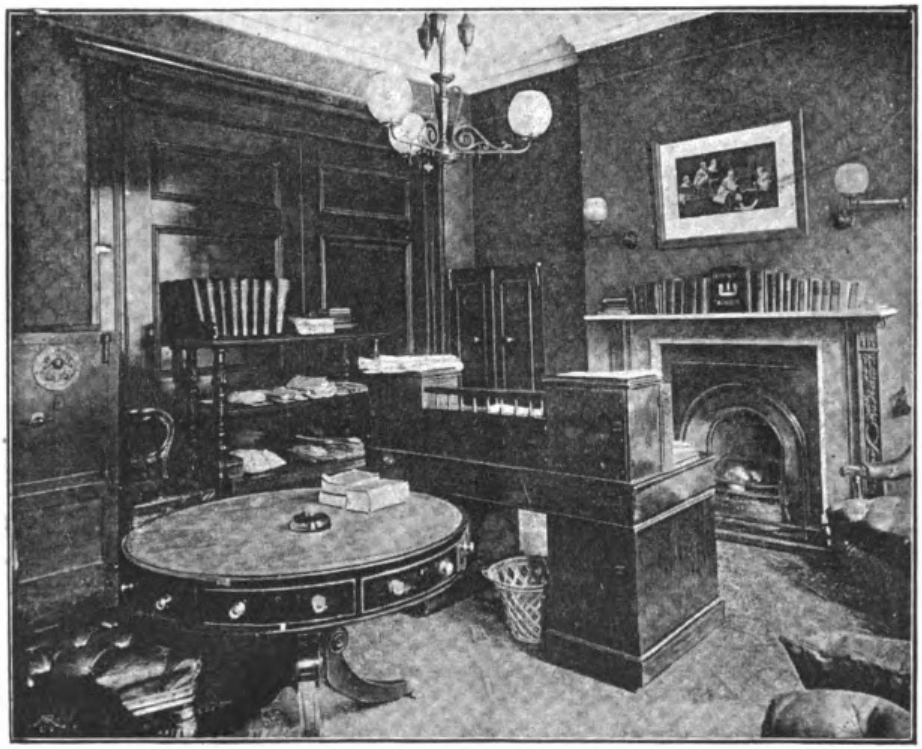
and the linen cloth laid in their place. The dining-room was the resort of all the fashionable people of the day, particularly of the theatrical world—Charles Matthews, Madame Vestris, Mr. and Mrs. Kean, and other lights of that period. Many a time has the versatile Charles Matthews taken a certain little fellow on his knee and told him the merriest of stories, whilst Kean—who was particularly fond of children—would jump his fingers on the dining-table in imitation of a dancer, to the delight of the same certain little lad.



From a Photo. by] THE STRONG ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"My father knew all the celebrities," said Sir George. "Actors and"—this with a dry smile—"journalists crowded here! In those days they were always going through the Bankruptcy Court—save Kean: he never did."

I reminded Sir George of what he did not tell me, and that was that his father was known as "The Poor Man's Lawyer," and not only were the big people welcome at his house, but men without means were at liberty to go also, knowing that they would not only be heard but frequently defended at the sessions without being required to pay a single farthing to their professional adviser. I knew, too, that such acts as these have become hereditary.



From a Photo. by] SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S PRIVATE ROOM *[Elliott & Fry.*

We sat down together in the private room. There is positively nothing in it calculated to satisfy one's curiosity. The desk which Sir George uses is of substantial mahogany; there are a number of legal volumes—seldom consulted, however—in the bookcases; the furniture is that of the ordinary library pattern, upholstered in a

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dark sage green; a round Chippendale table comes in useful for five o'clock tea, and a single picture of the judges engaged in the Parnell Commission hangs over the mantelpiece.

I heard the story of how Sir George has worked his way and established his right to be regarded as the first lawyer in the land. He tells you at the outset that he has always been a working man, and recommends that method—work, steady, persistent, and always with a motive, as the best guide a young man can have to success. Having attained it, the solicitor never for a moment gives one the impression that he wants to *talk* about it. All is told very quietly, deliberately, and apparently always with the thought before him as to whether a word from his lips shall injure a man, be he friend or client.

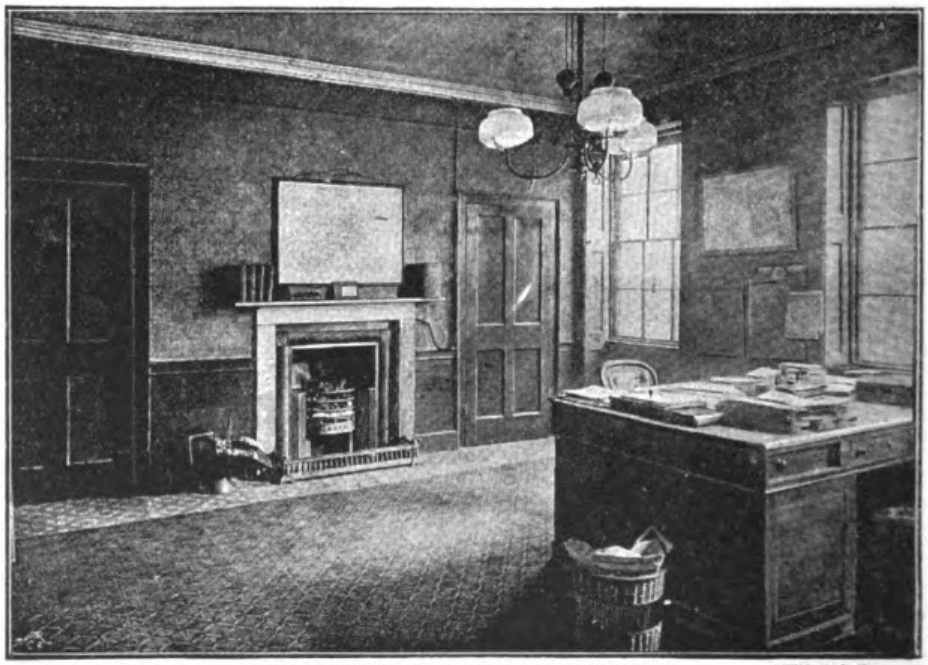
George Lewis was born on the 21st April, 1833, and is the son of James Graham Lewis, the founder of the firm. His first school was at Edmonton, where amongst his schoolfellows he had Henry Raphael—one of the leading bankers in London. His first governess is alive now—Miss Parry, who was head of Queen's College, Harley Street. Miss Parry little thought as she taught young Lewis the rudiments of arithmetic that the small pupil was to be the executor to her will. Still such is the case. Whilst at Edmonton, with that admirable tact which in after years was to become his leading characteristic, the scholar always contrived to get out of every scrape which fell to his lot. In speaking of the days at Edmonton—where, by-the-bye, he held his own at cricket and all sports of the meadow—Sir George said:—

"Remember, I am speaking of the time when it was forbidden for a Jew to go to college. This then existing prejudice was so strong that the boys felt it as severely as their fathers and mothers. I am one of those who have least suffered from any prejudice. I associate with all creeds to-day, and recognise no difference. I remained at Edmonton till I was thirteen or fourteen, when I went to University College, Gower Street, until I was seventeen and a half, when I was brought here and articled to my father. I served my five years, and was admitted as a solicitor in Hilary, 1856.

"During my articled period, for some two or three years I had great experience in attending the courts as an advocate in small cases, and there was born the love—which, let me assure you, I have not lost yet—for advocacy work, though during the last fifteen or twenty years I have not acted as an advocate, save on special occasions—for a newspaper libel or people of position."

"What was your first case, Sir George?" I asked.

"It occurred during the absence of my father. I was about nineteen at the time. A hansom drove up here, and a woman rushed into the office in a terrible state of mind. She told me that her son was in custody at Westminster Police-court, on a charge of robbing a till in a public-house. I rushed away with her in the cab, fought the case, and won it; though I will admit to you that whilst I was questioning the witnesses I didn't know whether I was on my head or my heels. The mother was a very big, muscular woman, and waited for me outside. I was made very happy by the words which accompanied her little-too-enthusiastic smack on the back: 'Well done, young 'un!' But her enthusiasm hurt."



From a Photo. by] ROOM IN WHICH SIR GEORGE LEWIS WAS BORN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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At the termination of his articles he went into partnership with his father and uncle.

"My first really important client," continued Sir George, "was that of Lloyds' Salvage Association. This was an association to protect the underwriters from fraud. I prosecuted for them for many years, one of the principal of which was a big case connected with the scuttling of a ship. It was heard before Justice Blackburn, and those employed in the prosecution were Sir J. B. Karslake, M.P., Mr. Hardinge Giffard, Q.C.—late Lord Chancellor — Montagu Williams, and myself. It was a neat little fraud. A ship was chartered, subsequently scuttled, and a claim made for £30,000 insurance on the ship and the cases of arms the vessel contained. The cases in question were filled with £3 worth of salt! All the prisoners got long terms of penal servitude.

"I prepared and carried out many cases for Lloyds', and in 1869 the big prosecution of the directors of Overend and Gurney's Bank took place. I conducted the prosecution at the police-court, but retired before the trial."

Sir George prosecuted in a number of bank failures, the result of the Joint Stock Act of 1862. In addition to Overend and Gurney's, there were Barnett's Bank of Liverpool, the Unity Bank, the Merchant's Bank, etc. Everybody was talking about "George Lewis," and there was scarcely a criminal case without his name being associated with it.

"There was the Balham mystery," said Sir George, as he remembered some of these "sensations." "I represented the family of the late Mr. Bravo; Sir Henry James, Mrs. Bravo; Serjeant Parry, Dr. Gully; while Mr. Murphy was for Mrs. Cox. A verdict had been obtained that Mr. Bravo had committed suicide and not been poisoned, but the friends of Mr. Bravo not being satisfied, the Court of Queen's Bench did a most unusual thing and ordered a fresh inquest. The jury found a new verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

"Now, listen. It is much to be regretted that at an inquest the advocate is not allowed to make a speech to the jury. Had I been able to do so, I could and should at once have relieved both Dr. Gully and Mrs. Bravo from any suggestion that they in any way participated in the crime. You are at liberty to say—and I am publicly expressing this for the first time—that I then and still do believe them—Not Guilty!"

"Then who poisoned Mr. Bravo?" I exclaimed.

"Who?" repeated Sir George—and he told me the name.

Madame Rachel, of "Beautiful for ever" fame, was not forgotten. Rachel—who was very far from beautiful herself—used to trade upon the weaknesses of ladies and their fear of publicity. She said the water she used came from the River Jordan. Both her story and the *aqua pura* were only very highly coloured. Sir George Lewis prosecuted her on two occasions, and she died in prison whilst serving her second term of five years.

I asked the solicitor what was the smartest robbery he had ever met with in his experience.

"Well," he answered, "the Hatton Garden diamond robbery was certainly one of the most ingenious. I acted for the Alliance Marine Insurance Company, but possibly the smartest of modern times was the famous gold robbery. I will tell it in a few words. Some boxes of bar gold were in transit from London to Paris. The boxes were weighed at London Bridge, put into the locker in the guard's van, and locked up. The packages were weighed again at Dover, again at Calais, a fourth time at the station at Paris, and the weight was found to be exactly correct to the turn of a scale. When the boxes were delivered to the owners in Paris and were opened, they contained nothing but—shot!

"The guard was in the robbery. False keys were obtained, and, during the transit from London, confederates got into the guard's van, filled the boxes with shot to the exact weight, got out at Dover, took tickets back to town, and the men were in London with the gold before the boxes were opened in Paris! The robbery remained undiscovered for two years, when one of the men turned Queen's evidence. The guard and his accomplices were tried and convicted."

Sir George Lewis has been associated with all the important newspaper libel cases of modern times, and has acted for all the principal dailies and other periodicals. "It was over a newspaper libel case that Sir Charles Russell had his first brief from me," said Sir George. "It was a case of Mr. Labouchere's—and here let me tell you that all Mr. Labouchere's libels have been connected with cases for the public good. No litigant has been more successful than he, except that he has been left to pay some £20,000 in costs!

"It was a libel brought by Mr. Robertson, of the Aquarium, and Sir Charles won

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SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S GRANDFATHER.
From a Painting.

it. He also defended Mr. Labouchere in the action which Lambri Pasha brought against him, the Napoleon of litigants having accused him of cheating at cards.

"I consider that the greatest advocate off the Bench in my day is Sir Charles Russell. By common consent he is admitted by the profession to be the strongest advocate within legal memory. I knew both Serjeant Ballantyne and Serjeant Parry when in their best days practising at the Old Bailey. Ballantyne was famous for his powers of cross-examination and Parry for his advocacy, but I question if they would be successful to-day. I have employed Sir Charles Russell in most of my heavy cases for the last twenty years, and although in the performance of his duty he is unrelenting, yet I know no kinder man at heart."

It would be quite impossible to give a detailed list of the *causes célèbres* in which the great solicitor has figured. He it was who defended Mr. Lawes and Mr. Bowles against the action brought by Belt, the sculptor—that trial when nearly all the Royal Academicians were subpœnaed. He lost the case—which ran for forty-four days—for the verdict was for £5,000, and it cost Sir John Lawes £13,000 in costs, which he refused to pay, as he considered the verdict was unjust.

I thought I caught the slightest gleam of satisfaction in Sir George's eye as he hinted that twelve months afterwards he prosecuted Belt for Sir William Abdy for obtaining money under false pretences, gained a conviction, with twelve months' hard labour, and Belt has never been heard of since.

The Baccarat case was not forgotten, and Sir George said that perhaps what he would most remember about that case was the last impressive words of Lord Coleridge's summing up to the jury: "Gentlemen, in considering the honour of Sir William Gordon-Cumming, do not forget your own!"



From a] SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S FATHER. *[Painting.*

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But Sir George Lewis's greatest triumph of all was the Parnell Commission.

"Mr. Parnell," said Sir George, "was an entire stranger to me until the day when Lord Salisbury's Government said they would grant a Commission, when he called on me. He asked me if I would represent him and the other Irish M.P.'s. I knew very little of Irish politics, and I told Parnell that I would give him my assistance on one condition—that he would give me his word of honour that he would come to me, at all times, when I wanted him. He gave me his word, and faithfully kept it.

"It was the greatest case I have ever had in my life. It lasted fifteen months, involved the honour of sixty-five members of Parliament, and in addition the word of Parnell—that he had never written the facsimile letter published by the *Times*. After I had received various documents I came to the conclusion that they were forgeries—and by Piggott. You are sitting in the very chair he occupied when I interviewed him here—my other two interviews with him were at Mr. Labouchere's and Anderton's Hotel. During the first six months of that inquiry I had to sit with the secret that I knew *who* was guilty, and unable to tell a soul. When Piggott—and a greater scoundrel I never met—was put in the box, I soon relieved myself of it."

It was Sir George Lewis who found the real forgery out. The story as to how it was discovered is now a matter of history, but it is interesting to remember that the solicitor spent nearly a whole day with his eyes fixed upon the two letters purported to have been written by Parnell.

Sir George—who was knighted on the 3rd of June this year—expressed himself very tersely on a variety of subjects, particularly on the Bankruptcy Act, which, although it has taken all the bankruptcy practice out of solicitors' hands, still has lessened the number of failures and taught traders a lesson of carefulness. He spoke magnificently of the Salvation Army in its work in aiding wrong-doers to a respectable level again, and said: "I know of no organization that dips so low and rescues so many out of the deepest destitution."

My long talk with Sir George Lewis ended in quite a dramatic incident. We were speaking about the robbery of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire." Mr. Agnew put this matter into Sir George Lewis's hands, and since that time much information has reached Ely Place as to its whereabouts, including even small strips of the canvas in proof of identification. But nothing has occurred up to the present to enable the solicitor to get possession of the painting.

"Now," Sir George said, suddenly, "do you want to earn a thousand pounds?"

"I should be most happy."

"Then bring the stolen Duchess into my office, for I have instructions to pay that sum the moment it arrives here."

"Give me a clue, Sir George," I asked.

"Go to Antwerp," he said.

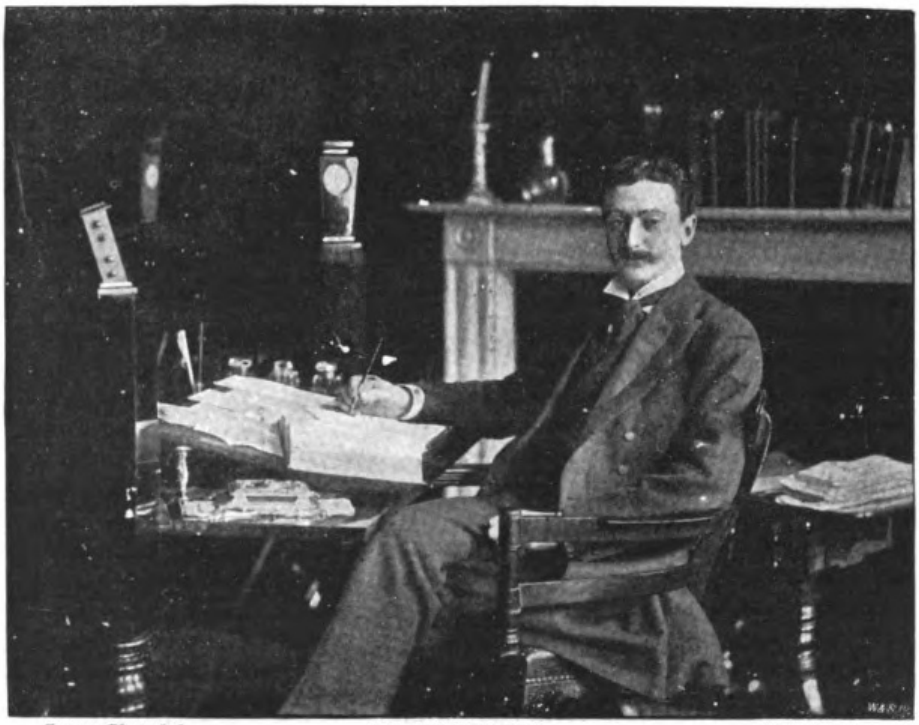
"To Antwerp?" I repeated.

"A man is now undergoing a term of penal servitude there," continued the solicitor.

"His name?"

"His name is Rayment! That is the man who stole the Duchess!"

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by] MR. GEORGE LEWIS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CAMILLE DEBANS.

I.

THE STORY OF A CRIME.

THE small fort of Salem, in Brazil, is situated on the right bank of the River Amazon, higher up than Para, and some leagues from the sea. It is the most wearisome place in the world to stay in, if we may believe what travellers say; and Don Luis Vagaërt, from the time that he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, became one of the most melancholy officers in the whole Brazilian army.

The garrison consisted of not more than a hundred soldiers. Under the walls of the citadel was a poor village, which gave shelter to about a hundred negroes of both sexes, and in addition there might be found among them from time to time some Indians just emerging from a state of cannibalism, who came to dispose of the produce of their hunting expeditions.

The Governor-in-Chief lived in Bahia. Accordingly, Don Luis Vagaërt found himself absolute master of the fort. Besides the functions of Lieutenant-Governor, he discharged those of a magistrate, and administered justice without appeal.

In order to overcome his feeling of *ennui*, Don Luis had on his arrival given up all his time to field sports; but when he had laid down in his bedroom a carpet made up of the skins of twenty tigers which he had killed, the Lieutenant-Governor was obliged to own to himself that jaguars, dead or alive, gave him no further amusement. He then set to work to attack the alligators, but after a time the alligators also failed to interest him. Then he fancied that possibly snake-hunting might afford him the diversion he so much wished for, and accordingly, arming himself with a bottle of sal-ammoniac, he started in quest of rattle-snakes, whip-serpents, and all kinds of venomous reptiles.

He ended by making a magnificent collection of them. It was reported that in his room might be seen a beautiful flower-stand, which had come from Paris, in which about fifty flowers of a particular sort afforded a home to as many living coral serpents.

Now, a coral serpent is the most charming reptile in the world; of a bright red colour, and about as long as a penholder. It lives in the calyx of a flower, from which, on the slightest provocation, it darts out upon anyone who ventures to disturb it, and its bite causes almost instantaneous death.

It happened one day that Pedro Baças, a private soldier, and John, a sergeant in the same regiment, conceived the idea of going secretly to see for themselves whether what was said about this wonderful collection was really true. They entered this famous room by the window, and looked about with much curiosity for the flower-stand. It was placed against the wall opposite the door. The two soldiers approached it; Pedro trembling, John swinging carelessly a light cane which he held in his hand. It was certainly a wonderful sight which met their eyes. In almost every flower a coral serpent lay coiled up, and seemed to be drinking in the perfume which exhaled from it. Four or five humming-birds were fluttering round the flower-stand, and every now and then one of the serpents, wearied by the buzzing of their wings, made a dart out of the flower and sprang towards the bird, which, however, it never succeeded in catching.

All at once John's face assumed a singular expression. Choosing the moment when Pedro, growing a little bolder, drew nearer to the flower-stand to get a better view of these

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wonderful creatures, the sergeant, as a sort of practical joke, switched his cane near the stalks of the plants where these terrible reptiles were sleeping, and by a quick motion of his hand caused a series of vibrations among these homes of sudden death.

Then quick as thought he saved himself by leaping out through the window. A hundred sharp hissings sounded in Pedro's ears, who in his turn endeavoured to save himself by flight, but scarcely had he reached the court-yard when he fell fainting to the ground. His brother, who was mounting guard at the door of the Lieutenant-Governor, threw down his musket and rushed to his assistance. It was too late; five or six serpents had inflicted their bite on the poor soldier. He turned livid and expired on the



"HIS BROTHER RUSHED TO HIS ASSISTANCE."

spot, having scarcely had time to tell his brother what had happened.

Alfonso Baças, the brother of the dead man, threw himself on the corpse, kissed its forehead, then returning to his post he took up his gun and loaded it; a report was heard, and Sergeant John fell mortally wounded. A few minutes later the Lieutenant-Governor, returning to the fort, learnt what had taken place, gave the order for the arrest of Alfonso, and announced that the next day a court-martial would sit to try the murderer, who, twenty-four hours afterwards, was brought before Don Luis Vagaërt and found guilty; and as the Lieutenant-Governor felt himself that day more than usually out of spirits, he pronounced the sentence of death in an imperturbable tone of voice. The execution was appointed to take place the following day.

Never since the fort and village of Salem had been in existence had a capital sentence been pronounced, either against one of the inhabitants or against one of the soldiers of the garrison. So that it was quite an event, and the Lieutenant-Governor, who, no doubt, had judged Alfonso Baças entirely according to the dictates of his conscience, still was not quite at his ease.

At nine o'clock on the Thursday morning there was quite a crowd on the ramparts. Perhaps the word "crowd" may seem an exaggeration; but after all everything is relative and as the entire population of Salem was present on the occasion, it would be hypercritical to remark that elsewhere a collection of a hundred men would scarcely be dignified by the name of an assemblage.

All the garrison were under arms. The Lieutenant-Governor, on horseback, was to preside over the execution, and, whilst a picket of twelve men went to fetch the prisoner, Don Luis Vagaërt placed himself at the head of his troop, which was formed in military square on the place of execution.

The Lieutenant-Governor's watch showed that nine o'clock had arrived. A shudder ran through all who were present; still the prisoner had not yet made his appearance. Don Luis Vagaërt was very pale, but yet did not seem over-anxious to learn the cause of a delay so much out of harmony with all military discipline. At last the sergeant who was in command of the picket of execution arrived quite out of breath, and making excited gestures before he was able to speak,

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gave the Lieutenant-Governor to understand that the prisoner had escaped.

At this news Don Luis regained his natural colour, even went so far as to utter a sigh of relief, and muttered to himself:—

"This Alfonso is not only a good-hearted man, but a fellow of some intelligence. His escape is an event the most unexpected, and the most agreeable that could have happened; we shall pass at least a week in looking for him, and I hope we shall not find him. Still, all the more reason for starting in pursuit of him."

"Comrades," cried the Lieutenant-Governor from his saddle, "the prisoner has for the moment succeeded in evading the rigour of the law. Our duty is to do all in our power to see that Alfonso Baças, who has been condemned by a regularly constituted tribunal to be shot, should be retaken and executed with as little delay as possible. We must therefore set to work at once, and a reward of twenty douros shall be given to any sergeant or private soldier who shall bring him in dead or alive. Forward! March!"

Then resuming his soliloquy, Don Luis said to himself: "He must have got a good start by this time. I might just as well have offered a hundred thousand douros."

II.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

DURING the night which should have preceded his execution, Alfonso Baças had received a visit from the parish priest of Salem, who duly performed his spiritual offices. Then, having been asked if he desired any special favour before going to execution, he begged for a bottle of brandy, which was brought to him by permission of the civil and military authorities—that is to say, of Don Luis. The half of this brandy served to fill a gourd which the prisoner had in his cell, the rest he offered to the sentinel charged to keep watch over him. The soldier began to make excuses, but Alfonso insisted so pleasantly, that the other did not know how to refuse without giving a last insult to a comrade so near death.

The sentinel then accepted it through propriety, drank it through civility, and ended by going to sleep through the effects. Baças lost no time in laying hold of the helpless man and dragging him into his cell; then he mounted guard in his place. This was at two o'clock in the morning.

Alfonso had scarcely time to take up his position when the night patrol was heard coming to relieve guard. The condemned man struck his forehead in despair; in exchanging the password, he could not fail to be recognised, nothing short of a miracle could save him. Flight was impossible, so he waited.

The sergeant who commanded the patrol was a sort of half-caste who had come, nobody knew why, from the Argentine Republic, to which, for reasons best known to himself, he showed no desire to return. Fortunately, this man knew very little Portuguese, and as soon as Alfonso recognised him he came to the conclusion that it would not be very difficult to outwit him. In fact, the change of guard was made without any trouble, and Alfonso, ready to drop from fright, followed haltingly behind his three or four comrades in order to continue the patrol and return to the guard-house. But it was precisely this return to the guard-house which constituted his most formidable danger.

So far, there was nothing to fear; the half-caste and the soldiers were half asleep as they walked; but if, as always happens, there should be a single one awake among those at the post, all would be lost.

Alfonso at once took a final resolution. The patrol marched in a disorderly fashion along the ramparts. The fort of Salem had never undergone a siege, and yet, most luckily for him, there existed on the eastern side of the fortifications a sort of breach; commenced by the sun and continued by Time, the most invincible enemy of all.

The ramparts, formed of earth held together by bricks, had at this point slightly fallen away, and though it would have been difficult to climb up this way into the citadel from the steepness of the acclivity, still a desperate man might make the attempt of rolling down to the bottom, at the risk of breaking his head. On every other side of the fort Alfonso would have been obliged to use a thick rope in order to descend from the ramparts, and this was not the moment to go and try to get one. As to the gates, they were well guarded; for Don Luis Vagaërt had too little to do not to have introduced a very severe discipline into what he called his army.

At the moment, then, that the patrol arrived at the breach, Alfonso, who had been lagging behind, drew close to the opening, and then let himself roll down to the bottom of the ramparts. The half-caste and the soldiers with him, hearing the noise, feared the approach of some wild beast, and set off running to the guard-house, where they called

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the roll—one man was missing. There were several opinions on the matter: one said he had seen a jaguar carry him off down the breach; another declared that it was an alligator; while a third insisted that he had



"ALFONSO LET HIMSELF ROLL DOWN."

heard the cry of a boa-constrictor, which resembles nothing so much as a saw cutting rotten wood. Anyhow, this was sufficient to make the soldiers barricade the guard-house so well that not a single soldier was relieved until daylight.

We can tell what took place afterwards. The escape was discovered at nine o'clock. The soldier who was found in the cell sleeping himself sober was condemned to a month's imprisonment. The half-caste guessed well enough what had caused the noise at the side of the breach, but kept his thoughts to himself, and it was settled that after the siesta—that is to say, at the hour when the human brain can support the heat of the equatorial sun—forty or fifty men should set off with arms and baggage, and explore the forest, where they would be forced to camp out during the whole of the expedition.

The fugitive, we may as well say at once, was already a long way off. His voluntary fall had taken place under most favourable circumstances. Some brambles, tall grass, and yielding brushwood had broken the shock; and although after having rolled down for some instants he perceived a depth below him—for he had fallen from a height of several yards—still he had nothing worse to complain of than some severe bruises. The dizziness which had arisen from this giddy descent having passed away, Alfonso rose and directed his steps to the north. This was not the direction he intended to take afterwards, but the village lay to the east of the fort, and he did not wish to be seen by anyone who could give the least indication as to the course he had taken.

What has been already related was necessary for the proper understanding of the tale, but the sad story begins from this point. Two days ago this man had seen his brother fall down dead under the influence of the most terrible poison in the world; without having had time to lament him, he had listened to his own death sentence; he had suffered the most poignant anguish during the night that should have preceded his own execution; by his own presence of mind, in the midst of a thousand alarms, he had escaped an ignominious death. He was saved; and yet this was all as nothing compared with the alarms, the anguish, and the torture which this unhappy man was about to encounter while making his escape. True, there did not seem much chance of his being re-taken. He plunged into the forest as soon as he had skirted the village of Salem. The paths of the negroes and the Indians were familiar to him up to a certain distance. So far as he could judge, he directed his course towards the east. His intention was to get as far as possible from the sea-coast, to cross the Amazon, and then to come down to Para.

As Alfonso had been more than a year at Salem, he knew perfectly well that this was one of the virgin forests of the Equator, and if he adventured himself into this wooded desert, it was only because no other path was open to him. He walked vigorously forward till daylight by a track that he knew perfectly well. Still, he was often obliged to stop and hide himself in a thicket or climb up a tree

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in order to allow a tiger to pass him in pursuit of its prey, or to avoid some other wild beast.

At six o'clock the sun suddenly appeared above the horizon. Alfonso looked around him. The part of the forest where he found himself was completely unknown to him, and he had already made a long stage of his journey. Fear had given him the speed and instinct of a wild beast, and so he found himself in safety and on the right road, for the rays of the sun, which shot obliquely here and there through the thick trees, showed him by their direction that he was constantly advancing towards the east.

Still, he was nearly worn out; the wretched man had been already two days without sleep, yet sleep he must have in order to get strength to continue his journey. Two enormous cedars rose to an incredible height in the air, almost side by side. About fifteen or twenty feet from the ground an entanglement of immense tropical bindweed had formed a sort of bridge, or, if you choose to call it so, a hammock, stretching from one tree to the other. The interlacing of the branches enabled him to climb easily enough up to this bindweed, and there he found a kind of bed covered with balmy flowers and green leaves, on which he stretched himself luxuriously, invisible to all the world except birds and squirrels; and at the very time when Don Luis Vagaërt heard of his escape he was wrapped in the most profound and refreshing sleep.

III.

THE VIRGIN FOREST.

THE fugitive had now penetrated far beyond that part of the forest ordinarily visited by the soldiers of Salem; and he was soon about to plunge into the depths of the virgin forest, which for several reasons ought to have a special description; in the first place, that some idea may be formed of the sufferings of this man, when we know the obstacles he had to surmount; and also because these immense forests, which stretch from the Andes to the Atlantic, a space of twelve hundred leagues, have hardly been described, except by some poetical dreamers, who have drawn upon their imagination for the greater part of their facts.

The real virgin forest seen from the Amazon produces on the traveller the exact effect of a green wall; to penetrate it would seem to be as easy as to bury oneself in the perpendicular side of a granite mountain. The axe, in spite of what has been said to the contrary, is practically powerless to clear a path through the greenwood. There is a plan, indeed, by which a road may be made, and that is by fire; but this is a very dangerous plan, even when practicable.

If under the guidance of an Indian you can penetrate one of the forest paths, the sight presented to your eye is in the highest degree sublime: you look upon enormous trees, tropical bindweed closely interwoven, unknown flowers, sweet-smelling shrubs, grass eight feet high, thickets of bramble, and immense cactuses. In the midst of all this you perceive that there exists a world of strange creatures, for every plant whose stalk is moving, every climber that is being bent down, every leaf that stirs, every crackling sound that makes itself heard—in a word, every movement is produced by some living being, charming or hideous, inoffensive or deadly; whether it be reptile, saurian, overgrown toad, bird, quadruped, or all the intermediate species, the mere sight of which is often enough to make one shudder. But this spectacle, grand and seductive as it is, can only be found on the borders of the virgin forest after walking for an hour at most along the more chiefly frequented paths. For if necessity or chance leads you farther on, all this is changed. The branches become so thick that you cannot pass them without having both face and hands terribly torn by the brambles, which grow to an incredible size. It is true you are still in a path, but it is one along which only a tiger or an Indian could crawl. The trunks of trees are continually piled up across the track to a considerable height, and between each trunk grows a good-sized bush.

By degrees the thickness of the wood assumes a terrible aspect. The "impenetrabilis horror" of Virgil becomes an absolute truth; it is no longer the interlacing of climbing plants, and of shrubs clinging or thorny; it has become a web of incredible density, of which giant trees form the woof.

Life in the interior of the forest has now become a sort of low and incessant growl. To the right, to the left, before you, under your feet, above your head, everything is moving, leaping, singing, hissing, roaring. Myriads of birds of every size and every hue perch on the branches and cry out to each other; there are cardinal birds, screaming parrots, and a thousand others, while a whole army of apes has taken possession of five or six cocoanut trees—that is, all except the one whom a jaguar has just stretched dead with a stroke of his paw.

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All along the trees, like living parasitical plants, glide in silence reptiles of every possible size, and a ray of the sun has found its way through the foliage to the ground, which glitters strangely beneath it. In fact, it is not the ground which is so brilliant: it is water, running water, for beneath this scaffolding of trees, living, upright, twisted, dead, one can see that a stream is ever flowing, and all the more plainly perhaps because of the enormous jaws of a crocodile which has just come to the surface.

It is needless to say that Alfonso, as soon as he was thoroughly awake, took in all the horror of the situation. He had at least ten leagues to make under these conditions, and he could not count on doing them under four days at least, for in order to advance safely through this wall he was obliged to examine carefully every object on which he was going to place his foot; and he could not pass a tree without having first assured himself that there was no enemy lurking behind him, to say nothing of the Indians, who had not yet lost their taste for human flesh. And he must eat, too—what? Fruits? They were not easily met with, and he might possibly make a mistake and eat some poisonous ones. Fortunately for him he found some birds'-nests, and ate the eggs in them. On his hammock of bindweed he found a dozen parrots' nests. He made quite a feast and washed it down with two or three mouthfuls of brandy, for he had brought his gourd with him. Still he was not altogether rested from his fatigue, and understanding that if he wished really to effect his escape he must have more strength than he possessed at present, he determined to pass the night upon his bed of flowers. He had a good resting-place there, plenty of eggs, and he was far enough from Salem to have no cause for fear; his notion, then, was one that even a philosopher could find no fault with. He employed the rest of the day in examining his surroundings, and he found that in case he should be suddenly obliged to take flight there was a passage by which, with some extra climbing, he could make a quarter of a league in half an hour.

The next morning Alfonso was awakened by the discharge of a gun. He jumped up, scarcely knowing what he was about; but reflection comes very quickly to a man whose life is in peril. With infinite care, and without causing the slightest oscillation in his bindweed hammock, he endeavoured to turn round so as to see whence the sound came. A savage could not have made this movement better; it was done in a minute. Then, keeping himself well out of sight, slowly, gently, with a thousand precautions, he separated two or three of the stems, and saw, some twenty feet below him, the half-caste looking round attentively on all sides, and lending his ear to the slightest sound,



"HE FOUND SOME BIRDS-NESTS."

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"LOOKING ROUND ATTENTIVELY ON ALL SIDES."

whilst the smoke of his gun mounted lazily up in the air.

Alfonso did not move. Then the Argentine carefully examined the ground of the track, and seemed to reflect for a moment. He looked on the side where the bindweed was, but guessed nothing.

It was not difficult to understand what had taken place. The Lieutenant-Governor of Salem was wrong in thinking that Baças was beyond reach of capture, and that he might safely have offered a reward of a hundred thousand douros. When he named twenty douros, the eye of the half-caste assumed a look of cruel greed, and he said to himself, "They shall be mine to-morrow." No doubt he felt that he was acting a part, for he only asked for four men to accompany him, averring that he would not return without the prisoner.

Don Luis Vagaërt was on the point of refusing his request, but he did not wish to appear to hinder the due action of justice, and, moreover, he still had the hope that Baças would be beyond the reach of capture. So he granted the four men to his sergeant, and went off himself with the rest of the troop in another direction. The half-caste, for his part, set out to explore the paths which led to the east of the forest, knowing well by experience that an intelligent man must think of flying towards the river. After an hour's research, he found traces freshly made, the grass trodden down, small branches broken, and here and there a bush the foliage of which had been displaced. This was enough for him; indeed, it was more than enough for this man, who had the instinct of a bloodhound. He led his four soldiers along the road that Alfonso had taken, but fortunately night set in, and they were obliged to make their camp.

Before sunrise, the half-caste set off alone in the direction indicated by the traces, which became more and more visible; seeing that as the forest became more dense, Alfonso, in order to make a passage for himself, had been obliged to break more shrubs and to beat down more of the high grass. Carried away by his ardour, the sergeant was far in advance of his men, and reached the spot where Alfonso had stopped. Ah! if he had only known that the prey he was seeking was lying asleep twenty feet over his head! But the fugitive, in order to reach his hammock, had made a circuit of eighty to a hundred yards over the trunks of fallen trees, on the bark of which he naturally left no traces; so that the half-caste was stopped like a dog who has lost the scent, smelling, listening, looking, feeling sure that he whom he was seeking must be crouched somewhere near. Too well used to the virgin forest and to the stratagems of the hunters to give himself the trouble to look for Alfonso's retreat, which might be anywhere, the sergeant thought his best plan would be to fire in the air, saying to himself that Baças, even if he were a couple of hundred paces away, would fancy the gun was fired close to him, on account of the extraordinary echo which exists in the woods.

His reasoning was perfectly good, especially as the fugitive, still asleep, woke up with a start, and might in the first moment of fright have committed the imprudence of showing himself. But Baças had understood the

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artful scheme of his wily pursuer, and remained motionless. Still, he must do something. The half-caste could hardly be alone, and if his troop were to follow him it would not be two, but ten, perhaps twenty enemies that he would have to fight; for Alfonso did not know but that the whole garrison of Salem were upon his track.

He turned all this over in his mind whilst he was watching the Argentine, who seemed to have given up all hope of finding him, for he was leaning against the trunk of a tree, and seemed on the point of loading his gun again. This was like a ray of light to the fugitive. He, too, had a charge in the gun with which he had mounted guard a minute before his escape, and the half-caste, if he lost any time, would never be able to hit him. Taking, then, every precaution, placing his gun in his shoulder-belt, Alfonso hung on to a strong branch, the leaves of which overshadowed his bed, and then, with the agility of a monkey, he swung himself from bough to bough till he reached the passage which he had explored the evening before.

We may be sure that all this was not accomplished without the silence of the woods being broken, even though it was ever so little. The ear of the half-caste detected a slight sound among the foliage, so he looked up before loading his gun, and glanced eagerly at the side whence the sound had come. He there distinctly saw Alfonso pass from one tree to the other, and then disappear behind a sort of natural palisade formed by enormous bushes with gigantic thorns.

IV.

AT BAY.

FORWARD rushed the half-caste in pursuit of the fugitive, and the better to come up with him, crafty savage as he was, he climbed up to the natural hammock of bindweed in order to follow the same route that Baças had taken, rather than hurt himself against the impenetrable bushes which rose between him and his prey. However, he was agile enough, and in a moment, with a sure-footedness which Alfonso did not possess, he had guessed at, found out, and gone through the passage which Alfonso had prepared.

But here again he lost all trace of the fugitive. Only from time to time he heard on his right some crackling sounds, which indicated the presence of Alfonso. It was evident that he was trying to reach the river, that he might escape by swimming.

The half-caste then quickly formed his resolution, which was to pursue Baças along the upper level of the forest, since the lower one was impracticable. In fact, nothing could be easier than the reaching a given point by passing from one branch to another. He first mounted an ebony tree, and from that to the summit of a gigantic oak, and following the condemned man, whom he could not see, but whose flight he could hear, this desperate fellow, sure of ultimate success, came to the conclusion that the capture was now only a question of time.

Alfonso, on his part, becoming equally sharp, glided like a serpent from tree to tree, only passing along the thickest branches. In one hand he held his gun ready for use against this tiger in human form who was hunting him.

All at once Baças, who was thus taking flight along the upper part of the forest, could not refrain from uttering a cry of despair. He found himself in front of a clearing, not very wide it is true, but it made a break in the continuity of the trees. The only thing possible was to make a circuit. He turned to the left, and was hastening on, when he found himself face to face with the half-caste, who was standing twenty paces off, on the trunk of an enormous tree. At the sight of the escaped prisoner, whose head first showed itself among the leaves, the Argentine broke out into a peal of laughter, which sounded like the howl of some wild beast. But this ferocious joy did not last very long, for, on seeing Alfonso armed with a gun, which he had not suspected, the rascal, whose mind had all the baseness of a hired assassin, turned pale and began to tremble.

In his haste to pursue Alfonso he had neglected, as we have seen, to reload his gun, and the fugitive stood up, right on the broad branch of a tree, leaning against the trunk, and covering the half-caste with his musket. The latter made a hasty retreat and hid himself behind his tree. Alfonso felt a sudden impulse of generosity.

"Gregorio," he cried out to him, "give up this pursuit of me; let me escape, and I will give you your life. But if you will not at once pledge me your word of honour, and swear that you will return to Salem, in one minute I will climb to the top of this oak, and from there I will shoot you down like a parrot the moment you leave your retreat."

There was a short pause—the half-caste was reflecting.

"Will you swear?" cried Alfonso, in a trembling voice.

"I will," replied Gregorio.

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"On your honour?"

"Yes, on my honour."

"It is well, go your way," replied Alfonso.

The Argentine then came out of his hiding-place and showed himself in the open before Alfonso, in whose word he knew that he could have perfect confidence.

These two men looked at one another curiously without saying a word, and indeed at any other time they could scarcely have recognised each other. With their faces and hands torn by the brambles, their clothes in shreds, their eyes burning with fierce fever, they were simply hideous. Alfonso found his legs almost naked; his breast was covered with small drops of blood like beads, in every place where a thorn had pierced him. Horrible yellow and red mosquitoes as long as your finger buzzed round him, and fastened on the open wounds, which they made ten times more painful. His skin swelled terribly under their stings, and they only quitted the face of the wretched man to fasten on his hands or aching legs. His feet, almost bare, were absolutely covered with insects, and showed little else than blood-stained swellings. The half-caste was nearly as bad; only having been more accustomed to the great woods, he did not show so many wounds.

"Now, off with you," repeated Alfonso, "off at once!" and at the same time he raised his gun again to his shoulder.

Gregorio at length made up his mind.

"I was only carrying out the orders of the Lieutenant-Governor," he said; "but now I have sworn you may be perfectly satisfied; I'm off." And he began to move away.

"Whatever you do, don't hide yourself," Baças called out after him. "I want to see you as far as I possibly can."

The half-caste obeyed. He commenced his retreat, constantly showing himself, and turning round from time to time in order to cast on Alfonso the look of a panther. At last he disappeared in the depth of the wood.

Up to now poor Alfonso, excited by fear, and by the unspeakable emotion of this hunt in which he was the game, had not felt so much of the horrible suffering caused by the wounds and stings of the mosquitoes. But when he found himself alone—when, bathed in blood and sweat, he sank down upon the immense branch from which he had threatened Gregorio—hunger, thirst, insurmountable weariness, and a terrible smarting which pervaded his whole body, caused him such fearful suffering, that he almost repented that he had not followed the half-caste to go and die at Salem, and was tempted to call him back that he might deliver himself up.

Added to this, it was now eleven o'clock in the day. The insupportable heat of the climate was on this particular day, September 17th, hotter than ever. Baças felt the puffs of wind which reached him as hot as if they had passed through an actual furnace; he thought he was going to die. A last mouth-



"NOW, OFF WITH YOU!"

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ful of brandy remained in his gourd; he put it eagerly to his lips. This revived him for a moment, and then he thought of eating. But under this heat his wounds became every moment more excruciatingly painful. He looked round to see if he could discover a citron tree; he fancied he saw one at the foot of the oak on which he was; and so came down; but, alas! it was an illusion. For a circle of more than a hundred yards the wretched man was forced to search the wood on all sides, without finding this tree, generally so common in those parts.

At length, at the foot of a mahogany tree, a thicket of orange and citron trees attracted him by the scent of the flowers and the brightness of the fruit. He ate one orange at a mouthful, then a second, then a third, then enough to quench his thirst. This was his most pressing need. Then only did he squeeze out the juice of a citron over his chest, hands, feet, and face. It was as good as a bath to him. He felt that he was returning to life again. Some eggs, taken from the parrots' nests, as on the preceding evening, furnished him with a breakfast, and he was preparing to sleep for a while under the orange trees, when he heard a crackling over his head.



HE SQUEEZED OUT THE JUICE OF A CITRON OVER HIS CHEST, HANDS, FEET, AND FACE.

V.

ON FIRE.

WHENCE came the sound? It was the half-caste, who was returning surreptitiously. The intention of this monster, when he promised to return to Salem, was to gain the necessary time for reloading his musket. This done, he set out again in pursuit of Alfonso.

It is quite impossible to express the rage which the Brazilian felt at the sight of Gregorio. He picked up his gun, glided quietly through the shrubs without losing sight of his enemy, and began to climb a cedar, so as to find himself for this the last time in face of the half-caste. It was necessary to put an end to this.

Still the heat became every instant more terrible and more intense. Thick black clouds rested on the tops of the high trees, and darkened the forest to such a degree that you might have supposed that night had come suddenly on. Then the sun appeared again a moment afterwards more burning than ever. On the heads of these two men the heavy atmosphere weighed like so much lead. Alfonso, perspiring at every pore, reached the top of his cedar without having been seen by the half-caste, who cast his eyes over all the neighbouring trees.

"Gregorio," he then cried out to him, "you need not look any farther, I am here; you are a perjurer and a coward. One of us two must die."

Hearing this voice, the sergeant began to take all prudent precaution. They were only ten paces from each other, protected by the trunk of a tree, and each waiting for an imprudence on the part of his enemy to fire on him. Then Alfonso took his straw hat, put it on the end of the barrel of his gun, and trying to imitate the movement of a head cautiously put forward, he gently pushed it out of a mass of foliage, taking good care to remain himself in the background. Gregorio was taken in. He quickly shouldered his rifle and fired. The hat, pierced by the ball, fell to the ground. A cry of triumph came from the throat of the pursuer, and he emerged into the open. At the same instant Alfonso discovered himself and cried out:—

"This time you *shall* die. On your knees."

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A clap of thunder of unprecedented violence suddenly broke above their heads and shook the whole forest. The clouds gathered in less time than it takes to write it, and the storm broke out with inconceivable force. The forest became as dark as night. Alfonso understood that the first thing was to fly, and, not caring to have another death on his conscience, he left the half-caste to himself, and rushed as quickly as he could to the great river, which could not be very far off.

Gregorio, for his part, believing that Alfonso was only waiting for a flash of lightning to shoot him down, took advantage of the obscurity, and fled in the opposite direction. Ten minutes later, although the clouds were thicker and blacker, the two enemies might have continued their duel, for the electric discharges succeeded each other with such rapidity that their lurid and continuous flashes actually supplied the place of sunlight.

Our European storms are but very poor displays by the side of equatorial hurricanes. It sounds as if there was a continual roll of artillery, accompanied by flashes of lightning, which cross and re-cross, gathering force at every fresh discharge and tenfold intensity every second. It is all the more dangerous because all the clouds pass rapidly over the trees without breaking, and the lightning strikes their tops ten times a minute.

Gregorio, swift as a tiger, fled with all the speed he was capable of. His experience of such storms told him that at any moment the forest might be in flames; he knew, too—and this it was that kept up his courage—that tempests as furious as that which raged over his head were not of long duration. Still, one flash of lightning succeeded another with more fury than ever. One moment he heard a clap of thunder, the noise of which deafened him, then another still more fearful, then another, and so on continuously. On all sides formidable sparks of electric light fell like a shower on this sea of foliage, accompanied with the crash of the sky. It seemed as if the heavens themselves were being broken up under the pressure of this tremendous force. Round the fugitive wild beasts rushed and serpents writhed along, seeking safety in flight.

Gregorio began to lose courage. A squirrel, struck with lightning, fell down dead two paces from him. Still not a drop of rain. By degrees, however, the claps of thunder became less violent; the sky became less black, and the flashes of lightning less frequent. The half-caste began to breathe again. A cloud commenced to break over the forest; a sheet of water fell like a deluge; but this only lasted a few moments, and then the sun appeared again. It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon. For one moment the savage Gregorio debated with himself whether he should take up again the pursuit of Alfonso. But this time he felt it would be impossible, as during the storm they had separated so far from one another; so he gave up the idea, and set out to return to Salem.

But he had scarcely walked for ten minutes when he heard a great noise behind him. It was two jaguars, who were seeking safety in flight, uttering plaintive howls. Gregorio did not pay much attention to them, breaking his way through the brambles and clinging shrubs, pulling down the flexible branches so as to clear a way for himself. He was quite in his element, and knew the way perfectly. However, a band of tiger-cats, leaping from tree to tree, fell like an avalanche at his feet. He gave himself up for lost, but the creatures uttered terrible cries and howled with fear.

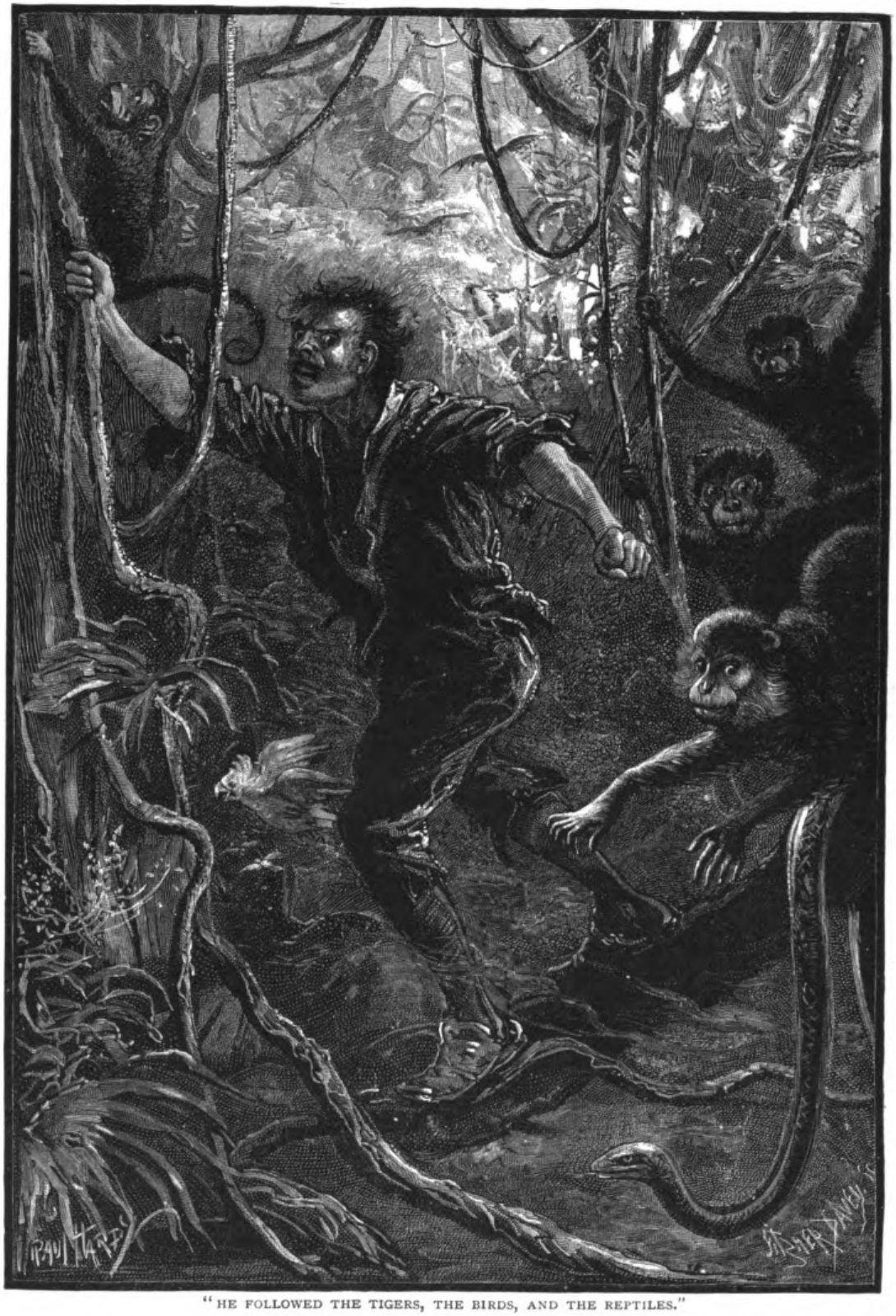
Along the soil of the forest the tall grass and stunted shrubs began to shake in a restless manner. All round there was a frightful stir. Gigantic boa-constrictors showed for a moment their shining and glutinous heads, and then disappeared towards the east; enormous lizards took flight in the same direction; clouds of birds passed above the forest. Everything, even down to the big ants of those parts, took the same road. One might have thought that all these monsters were going to some witches' meeting.

Gregorio began to be uneasy. The tiger-cats, uttering piercing cries, passed quickly over his head, either without seeing him, or without deigning to take any notice of him. It was very strange. On the other hand, the migration of the reptiles and of every other living creature became more close and compact.

The grass bent down under the weight of such a crowd, and one might distinguish a troop of serpents gliding towards the stream, hissing as they went; while formidable toads, disturbed in their philosophical apathy, hastened in their sluggish fashion along the same road. Then came stags, wild boars, tapirs—an interminable caravan of animals.

Certainly something had happened, for a dull, dead sound began to make itself heard from the north. A crocodile in wild haste made a passage through the branches of a thorny shrub and passed quickly on. It could not, then, be an inundation. Gregorio

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"HE FOLLOWED THE TIGERS, THE BIRDS, AND THE REPTILES."

mounted to the top of a tree, not daring yet to say to himself, "It must be a fire!"

There was no need to climb to the highest branches in order to distinguish an immense light which spread to the north and west. The whole forest was in flames. The lightning, falling perhaps some five hundred times, had set fire to the dry branches and resinous trees; it very soon spread, and now there was a burning circle which was gradually contracting so as to hem in and destroy all within it.

Gregorio at once made up his mind what

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to do. He followed the tigers, the birds, the reptiles, and rushed towards the east, not for a moment quitting the direction taken by the denizens of the forest, for he knew very well that their unerring instinct would lead them towards the Amazon River.

Nor could he go too quickly. The fire, before breaking out and wrapping the large trees in its embrace, advanced rapidly along the ground of the forest, where the dead leaves and inflammable shrubs caught as if by magic, so that before running the risk of being burnt alive there was the danger of suffocation, for the smoke was already spreading under the sergeant's very feet, and mounted in a thick column towards the vault of wood overhead. Gregorio, mad with fear, bounded from branch to branch without giving a thought to what he had to tear his way through, although at every step he left a shred either of his clothes or his skin.

A band of apes, wild with fear, passed near him uttering cries of terror and making the most frightful grimaces. For more than a quarter of an hour he rivalled these creatures in agility, and made as much way as they did.

What a day it was! It needed a man with a constitution of iron to have strength for flight after all that he had undergone during the last twelve hours. At length he felt a little freshness in the air; the river could not be very far off.

Nothing can be conceived more hideous than the aspect of this man at this moment, covered from head to foot with blood and mosquitoes. It would have been difficult for the most clever naturalist to have decided at a glance whether he was a man or an ape; and yet he overcame all obstacles as if he did not know what fatigue meant. His arms and legs were as pliant as if, instead of muscles, he had springs of steel.

At length the last oak of the forest stood before him, and he perceived the immense river, the strong current of which was already carrying down a thousand animals, who were seeking the opposite bank in their flight. At his feet was a sandy beach about twenty yards broad, and extending a very considerable distance from one end to the other. But upon this beach, brought together as if for a new Noah's ark, were all the animals of those parts, wild with fear, leaping up, tearing each other to pieces, howling in a pitiable fashion, scratching up the soil with their claws, and lifting their noses to the wind so as to catch the first scent of the coming conflagration. It was a fearful and gruesome sight.

To have gone down there in order to leap into the stream would have been simple madness. Between the paws of the jaguars, the apes, and of all these creatures devoted to death, might be seen an innumerable multitude of reptiles crawling along, from the serpent as thin as a willow rod up to the enormous boa-constrictor. All this crowd of creatures were seething, writhing, hissing, killing: and, at intervals, urged forward by the mass of new arrivals as much as by the instinct of self-preservation, they threw themselves headlong into the stream, where they became an easy prey to the alligators.

VI.

A BURNING, FIERY FURNACE.

GREGORIO trembled in every limb; all around him the tree-tops were peopled with apes, scorpions, serpents, and birds. These last, rendered furious by the smell of smoke which had now reached them, were making a magnificent slaughter among the reptiles. And all around a cloud of mosquitoes, thickening every moment, threatened to intercept the light of the sun.

All at once the howling redoubled, the hissings became more shrill, a commotion took place in the whole of this mass; the squirrels leapt out into empty space, the serpents bounded from one side to the other, the birds flew away, and the cloud of mosquitoes moved to the middle of the stream. The place was cleared; there was nothing left on the beach but the corpses of the victims of this witches' meeting. In an instant the Amazon was covered with a hundred thousand different animals, swimming, drowning, still tearing each other to pieces.

Gregorio believed himself saved, but the foot of the oak where he was now caught fire, and up to the edge of the river, where the water, reddened by the orgies of the alligators, was submerging the beach, all the brambles and dead leaves were burning.

The half-caste, mad with despair, and blinded by the smoke, endeavoured for a moment to hold out against the stifling air; and short as that moment was, it was long enough for the animals to clear away from the bank; then, overcome by the heat, he let himself fall into the flames and rushed to the river, into which he threw himself, not caring for anything else. Any kind of death seemed to him preferable to that which he was escaping from.

In plunging into this fresh water the unhappy man, whose every pore was an open

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wound, felt a marvellous sensation of coolness, and was conscious of returning strength. He swam like a shark, and, with wonderful dexterity, knew how to avoid the most dangerous companions of his flight. For fear of the alligators he made for the middle of the stream, the current of which, the strongest in the world, would carry him in some hours either to Para or to some island. He did not intend to swim to the opposite bank for several reasons. At this point the Amazon is four miles broad, and he would have had to struggle during great part of the night against this invincible current. On the other hand, he had every reason to believe that the animals in their flight would reach the other side, which would not in that case be a desirable place for passing the night.

So he let himself go with the current. Some hundred yards down he felt himself seized by the hair, and some shaggy creature clung to his shoulders. It was a poor little monkey, very pretty, which was just on the point of being drowned, and so laid hold of anything it could. Gregorio tried to pull it off and throw it back into the water. But the animal dug its claws and teeth into the flesh of the half-caste, and so he was forced to support and save this parasite.

He could still count upon three hours of daylight, and so he set to work to swim with all his might, still keeping his burden, which did not bite him any more, but held tightly on to his matted hair. The river suddenly widened, and the Argentine perceived the fortifications of Para. Alas! it was too far off for him to hope to reach it, especially as his strength now evidently began to fail him.

He had just passed the mouth of a little river, when a canoe, paddled by an Indian, entered the Amazon. At the bottom of the boat lay an apparently lifeless mass. This was poor Alfonso, who had also thrown himself into the first water he had come to, and who, by providential good fortune, had been saved by an Indian to whom he had formerly rendered some service at Salem.

But to return to the half-caste. The current took him down, and he let himself swim with it. In the distance he perceived an island. All that he needed was to repose himself, and wait for the morrow. Seeing himself saved, or nearly so, he began to turn over in his mind the events of the day, and this inhuman wretch indulged in a bitter sneer when he thought that Alfonso was probably stifled and burnt in the forest.

About half-past six o'clock, a quarter of an hour before sunset, the Argentine reached the little island towards which he had been so long swimming. And it was time he did so; if he had had five hundred yards more to go his strength would have failed him. Scarcely had he put foot to the ground when he gently laid hold of the monkey and took him in his arms. The animal allowed him to do so. But either from ferocity or foresight, the Argentine seized the charming little creature by one foot, whirled it four or five times round his head, and savagely beat its brains out on the ground. The poor beast gave one struggle and then showed no further sign of life.



"THE MONKEY HELD TIGHTLY TO HIS MATTED HAIR."

In spite of the heat of the climate Gregorio felt his limbs stiff with cold; his long stay in the water had numbed them. So he rolled himself in the dust with which all the surface of the island was covered, and which the rays of the sun had warmed all day. This restored him somewhat, but his longing for sleep became more imperious every moment. He was also frightfully tormented with

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hunger. He tore the skin off the monkey with his teeth and nails, and pulling off a thigh with the dexterity of a cannibal, he got ready some branches of dead wood, to which he set fire, that he might cook his dinner.

The island on which Gregorio had taken refuge was absolutely desert and uncultivated. This was a very extraordinary thing for that part of the world. Only at the extreme western point a rock, on which a little vegetable earth had accumulated, was sheltered by three or four thorny and bushy little trees. Over the whole surface of the island, with the exception of this rock, nothing could be seen but this dust of the colour of starch, in which Gregorio had, so to speak, bathed himself on his arrival. Here and there, however, a blade of grass burnt up by the sun rose out of this dust. It seemed, moreover, as if Nature had endeavoured to assert its rights over this corner of the earth, and had formerly caused something to grow in this place; for there might be seen some tallish branches, but without any foliage, and absolutely dry. It was, indeed, by means of two of these sticks that Gregorio had lit his fire, in the same way that savages do.

After having placed the leg of the monkey on the burning embers, the half-caste sat opposite his fire, with his knees drawn up, intending to wait till his supper was ready. Night had now fallen. Gregorio, worn out, felt his wearied eye-lids close every now and then, and if it had not been for the pain of hunger, he would have gone to sleep in this posture. One moment even, overcome by sleep, he dozed off.

But all of a sudden he leaped up as if a spring had been placed under his feet, and uttered an indescribable shriek; it was made up of rage, anger, fear, and despair. He looked round him, believing that he was the sport of some nightmare brought on by fatigue. With his aching knuckles he rubbed his eyes feverishly. No, he was not asleep. With an immense bound he rushed towards the river. To the first bound succeeded a second, then a third, till he ended by leaping like a terrified dervish, not knowing which way to run.

What had happened, then? Something very natural and yet very terrible—the island was on fire! The whole of it was burning, and all along its length might be seen a lambent flame running here and there, just like what one sees on paper which the flame has left.

The explanation of this horrible fact is simple enough. The surface on which Gregorio had landed was not really an island; it was a mass of dead wood—the trunks of oaks, cedars, firs, palms, cocoa-nut trees, mahogany, which the Amazon had brought together there—who knows where from? The first trunks of the trees had been stopped by the rock where the four shrubs were growing, the others had accumulated, in time interlacing one another. Little by little the new arrivals had increased and lifted up the island above the water, and as this piling up of wood had gone on for some years, the upper layers of the stack had been converted into dust, and a terribly inflammable dust too.

Gregorio understood it all, and how he had unconsciously applied the match to the tinder. He wished to run towards the rock, but the soles of his scorched feet were being burnt away, and no human being could endure such agony. What was he to do? To remain in his place was to be roasted; he could already perceive a smell of burnt flesh which mounted to his brain. He became mad. In the dusk of the twilight he could perfectly well distinguish all the soil of the island, which was growing red with frightful rapidity. One might have supposed that this furnace was being blown by some subterranean bellows.

Gregorio fell, but he regained his feet; and by an extraordinary effort of will he rushed towards the river. A fresh fall stopped him. At this moment the canoe bearing Alfonso in it passed before the island. The soldier, who by this time had regained consciousness, saw what seemed like an apparition writhing in the fire, and proposed to the Indian that they should go nearer, never dreaming that he was trying to save his would-be executioner.

All this time Gregorio was howling with pain, for the whole of his body was surrounded by these red-hot ashes. He raised himself, indeed, but it was only to fall back on the other side, and presently Baças saw the figure, which they vainly tried to reach, writhing in the midst of the furnace, the heat of which became more intense every moment. Burying his hands in the ashes, he dragged himself along towards the side of the river, wriggling like a serpent; his spine for an instant curved like a bow, then he fell back, made a convulsive movement, then one last struggle, and he remained motionless. Then the flame broke out.

The next day the island had disappeared. Some blackened trunks of trees, carried down by the current, floated out to the ocean.

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"AN APPARITION WRITHING IN THE FIRE."

On board a steamer putting out to sea, a man with a worn and disfigured face watched these floating waifs with some interest. It was Alfonso Baças, who having safely reached Para, told his adventures to the captain of a vessel on the point of sailing, and obtained a free passage to Europe.

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Beauties.

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Miss Meta Hughes.



Miss Amy Williams

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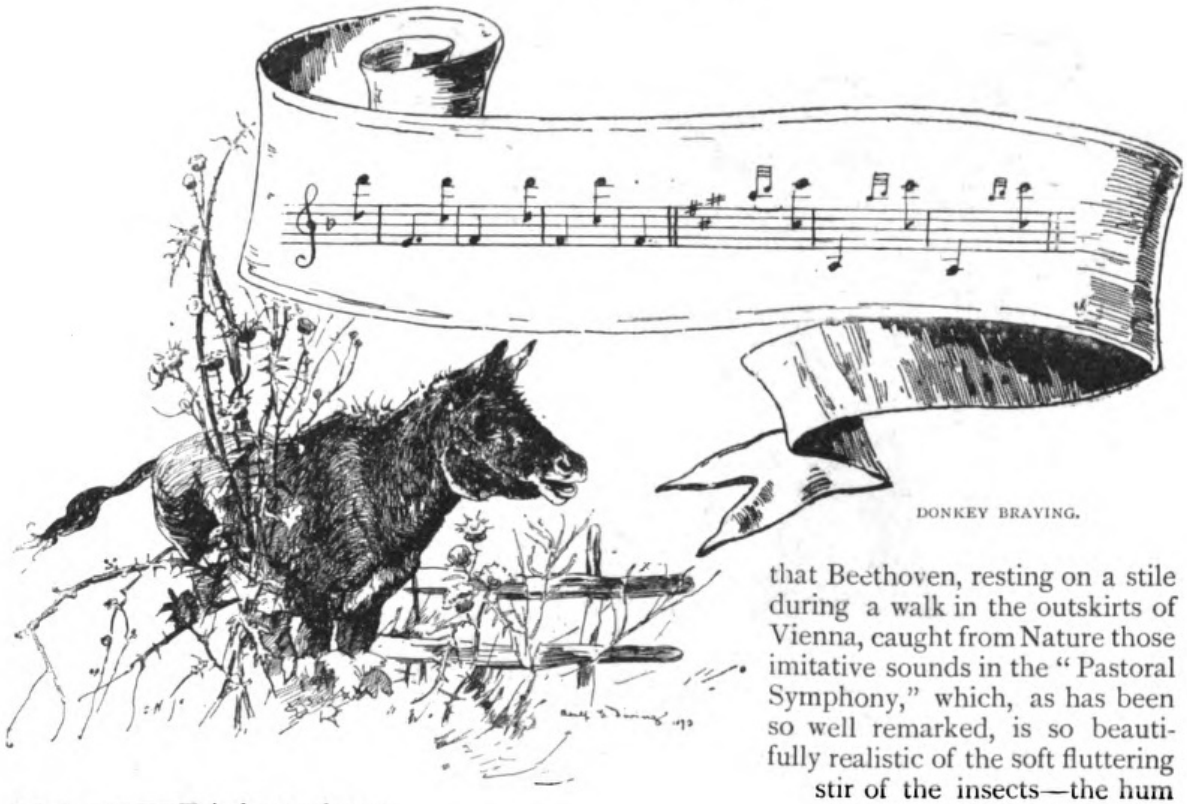


Miss Brunton

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The Music of Nature.

By A. T. Camden Pratt.

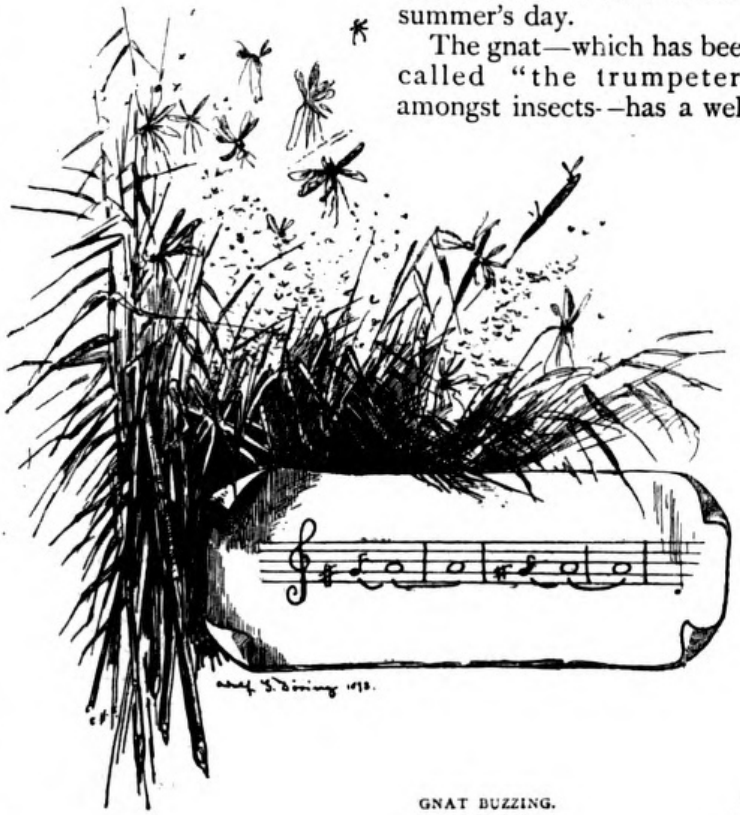


DONKEY BRAYING.

IT is beyond controversy that music had its origin in the simple and immutable expressions of Nature. Our best musicians owe some of their sweetest effects, not alone to the inspiration due to listening to the songs of the birds, the soft murmur of the vagrant bee, the catchy melodies of the insect world, but to their reproductions of the voices of Nature. Gottschalk introduced much insect-music into his compositions. In Handel one traces the solemn and beautiful, but spirited, melody of the lark. Rossini, Mozart, and Beethoven imitated with pleasing effect the cackling of a chatty brood of barn-door fowls, while Haydn introduced the braying of the ass into his 76th quartette with great success.

It was upon a summer day that Beethoven, resting on a stile during a walk in the outskirts of Vienna, caught from Nature those imitative sounds in the "Pastoral Symphony," which, as has been so well remarked, is so beautifully realistic of the soft fluttering stir of the insects—the hum in the noontide warmth of a summer's day.

The gnat—which has been called "the trumpeter" amongst insects—has a well-



GNAT BUZZING.

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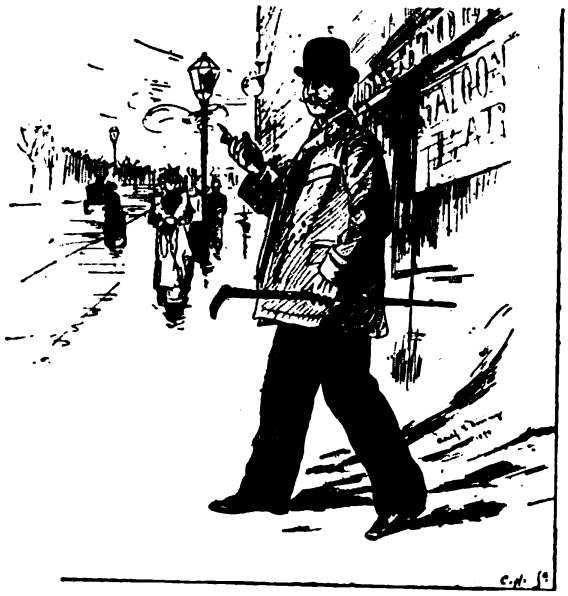


MAN WALKING.

must harmonize. This is embodied in the beautiful lines of Shakespeare :—

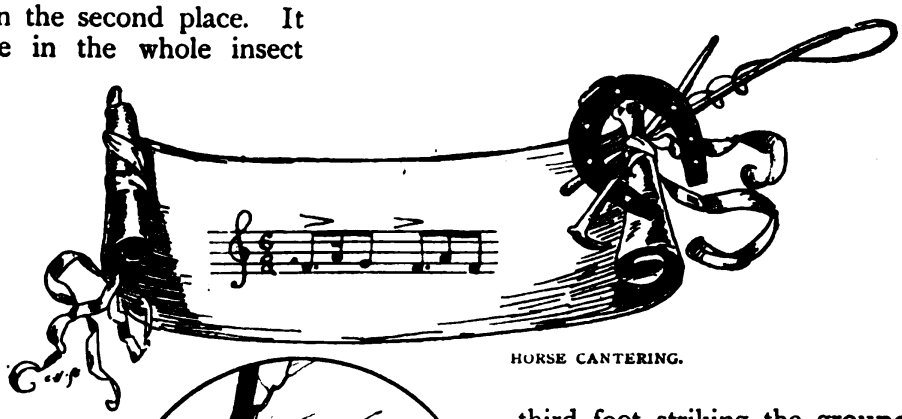
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.

The idea itself is a truly poetic one, but it seems to proceed on the assumption that the recurrence of sounds at regular intervals constitutes the properties of music-time. But accent is necessary to rhythm; and it is difficult to see how that could exist in the "music of the spheres." In the trotting of a horse it is a matter of common knowledge that each alternate step is louder than the other; and the same is the case in the tread of our own feet, throwing the sounds into the order of common time; while the "canter" —so called from the pace which pilgrims went on horseback to Thomas à Becket's tomb—sometimes called the "Canterbury Gallop," was in triple time; every third step was louder than the other two, owing to the first and third foot striking the ground as nearly as possible simultaneously. The music that can be obtained from the

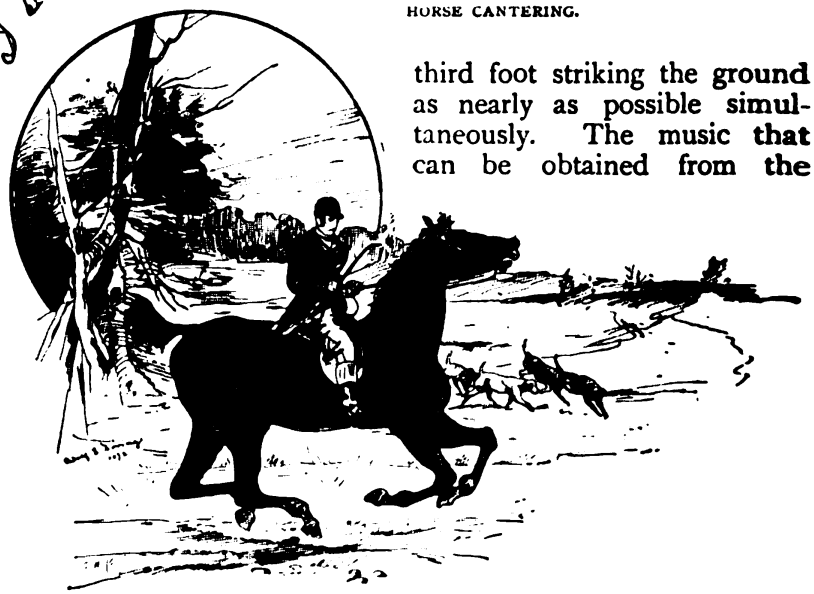


defined note on A in the second place. It is the most audible in the whole insect orchestra, and at night may be mistaken for a post-horn at a remote distance.

There is nothing in Nature that is not musical. According to old legends, the Principal of Evil alone suffers under the curse of banishment from harmony. The Evil One cannot appreciate music; and Goethe implies this in the curiously discordant jangling of sound in the *Mephistopheles'* speeches in "Faust." Men talk music as well as sing; they walk to a musical rhythm; the sounds of Nature are in accordance with musical rules. The Ancients even held that the mere proper motion of the planets must create sounds; and as the planets move at regular intervals the sounds
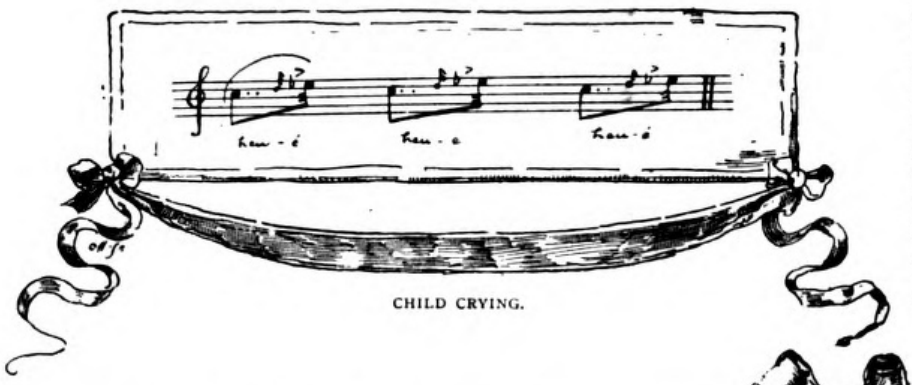


HORSE CANTERING.



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CHILD CRYING.

reiteration of one note is in nothing more beautifully shown than in Dr. Arne's setting of *Ariel's* song in "The Tempest," which closely imitates the call of the owl.

In a previous article I dealt with the Music of the Birds; but Nature has many voices beyond those of our songsters.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell!

sang Samuel Rogers a century ago. The same spell has found music in the babbling brook, the cry of the child, the elephant's roar, the barking of a dog; in fact, in every voice of Nature. Though laughter is often said to be musical, one would not expect to find music in a sneeze, a cough, or a yawn; yet Haydn has, in all three. The illustration given of the sneeze is from the minuet of his grand sinfonia; and the yawn is from his 57th quartette.

Many will recall, too, the instance of the brawling voices of three persons in a passion introduced by Beethoven in his third trio, Op. 9—a clatter of sounds indicating rage and passion.

For music in the cry of a spoiled child we must turn to Rossini's pensive duet, "Ebbere per mia memorà," in "Gazza Ladra." It is said of Mozart that he had a peevish wife, a lady hard to please, who when in a waspish humour frequently broke in upon his studies; and he has perpetuated her petulance in the overture to the "Zauberflote." Imitations of the cries of children at play are frequent in the music of our great masters; and it will be remembered that in "Semiramide," Rossini has in a wild movement introduced the



MAN SNEEZING.



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MAN YAWNING.

squealings of some little urchins with admirable effect.

Early in the present century William Gardiner, a member of the Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome, wrote a lengthy treatise—which I believe is now out of print—in which he attempted to prove that what is passionate and pleasing in the art of singing, speaking, and performing upon musical instruments is derived from the sounds of the animated world. There is a great deal that is curious and interesting in this old work. He especially studied the cries of animals. With regard to the dog, he not only argues that the dog indicates his different feelings by different tones of voice—so marked that they are recognised by other animals as expressive of anger or fear—but that they understand the general force of language and the particular meaning of certain words. And again, that although the barking of a dog is an inarticulate sound, yet, if he is brought by the side of a pianoforte while barking, you may distinctly hear the notes upon which his bark is made reflected by the instrument. For instance, the notes of a dog barking from excess of pleasure are reproduced in the following illustration.

(To be continued.)





DOG BARKING FOR JOY.

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A Literary Coincidence.

By E. W. Hornung.

IT was twenty-five minutes past eight, and a fine October morning, when Mr. Wolff Mason, the popular novelist and editor of *Mayfair*, emerged from the dressing-room of his house in Kensington and came downstairs dabbing his chin with his clean pocket-handkerchief. The day had begun badly with the man of letters, whose boast it was that he had shaved for upwards of forty years without cutting himself anything like forty times. He entered the dining-room with a comically rueful expression on his kindly humorous face, and with a twitching behind the spectacles which would have led those who knew him best to prick their ears for one of the delightful things which the novelist was continually saying at his own expense. His face fell, however, when he found no one in the room but the maid, who was lighting the wick underneath the plated kettle on the breakfast table.

"Has Miss Ida not come down yet?"

"Not that I know of, sir. Shall I go and see?"

"Oh, never mind, never mind," said the novelist, cursorily examining the letters on his plate, and opening none of them. "Well, upon my word, I don't know what has come over Ida," he added to himself, as he undid the fastenings of the French window which led down iron steps into the little London garden behind the house. "Yesterday morning she ran it pretty fin.. The day before she was distinctly a minute late. Of course she may be in time yet, but I do wish I could teach her to be five minutes early for everything, as I am. Ida is worse than either of her sisters in this respect; and she began by being the best of the three."

Wolff Mason sighed as he thought of his daughters. The two elder ones were married and settled, very comfortably, it is true; but if Ida followed their example, what on earth was to become of her unfortunate father? Who was to typewrite his manuscript, and correct his proofs, and peel the stamps from the inclosed envelopes of the people who wrote for the novelist's autograph? No, he could not do without Ida at any price; and Mr. Mason shook his head as he passed out into the



"HE PASSED OUT IN TO THE FRESH AIR."

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fresh air and down the iron steps into the garden. He did more: he shook his daughters, and all creatures of mere flesh and blood, clean out of his mind.

For it was Wolff Mason's habit to spend five minutes in the garden, every morning before breakfast, when it was fine; and when it was not, to walk round the breakfast-table four-and-twenty times. That filled the five minutes which he always spent in the exclusive company of the characters of his current novel. He had been heard to say that he did his day's work in those five minutes; that at the office, where he worked at his novel all the morning, he had only to sit with his pen in his hand for three hours, and two thousand words of fiction were the inevitable result. That part was purely mechanical, the novelist said. He had really written it in the five minutes before breakfast. It is not generally known, however, how curiously Wolff Mason delighted in humorous depreciation of his own work and methods. One would have liked his critics to hear him on this subject; they took his writings so very much more seriously than he did himself, that they little dreamt how highly their clever, elaborate reviews entertained the philosophic object of their censure. It was an open secret that Wolff Mason professed a wholesome and unaffected disregard for posterity and the critics, and if the books that delighted two generations are forgotten by a third, their writer will certainly be remembered as the most charming talker, the kindest-hearted editor, and the most methodical man of letters of his day.

To method and to habit, indeed, the novelist had been a slave all his literary life. This he admitted quite freely. On the other hand, he argued that as his habits were all good ones in themselves (with the possible exception of that ounce of tobacco which he managed to consume daily), while his methods produced a not wholly unsuccessful result, the slavery suited him very well. Certainly it was good to be five minutes early for everything, and to start most things as the clocks were striking. The dining-room clock struck the half-hour after eight as Mr. Mason re-entered and shut the French window behind him. He had thought out the half-chapter for that day with even more than his customary minute prevision. This was all very good indeed. It was bad, however, that he should find himself now quite alone in the room, with the hot plates and the bacon growing cold, the kettle steaming furiously over the thin blue flame, and no Ida to make the tea.

Mr. Mason took up his position with an elbow on the mantel-piece and one foot to the fire, and stared solemnly at the clock. It was a worse case than yesterday. Two, three, four minutes passed. Then there was a rustle in the hall; light, quick footsteps ran across the room, and a nervous little hand was laid upon the novelist's shoulder. In another instant he was looking down into great dark eyes that were filled with the liveliest contrition, and making a mental note of the little black crescents beneath them.

"Father, dear, can you forgive me?"

"I'll try to, my dear, since you look so—penitent."

He had been about to say "pale." As he kissed the girl's cheek, its pallor was indeed conspicuous. As a rule she had the loveliest colour, which harmonized charmingly with the sweet clear brown of her eyes and hair. Ida Mason was, in fact, a very beautiful and graceful girl, but lately she had grown thin and quiet, and the salt was gone out of her in many subtle ways which did not escape the spectacles of that trained observer, her father. Mr. Mason glanced over the *Times* while his tea was being made, and knew all that was in it before his cup was poured out, the bacon on his plate, and the toast-rack set within easy reach of his hand.

"A singularly dull paper," said he, as he flung it aside and Ida sat down.

"Yes?"

"It is absolutely free from news. At this time of year there's more fun in the papers that lend themselves to egregious contributions from the public. I see, however, that Professor Palliser died last night——"

"Oh? How dreadful!"

"In his ninety-sixth year," added Mr. Mason, dryly, to his own sentence.

"I'm afraid I was thinking of someone else," said Ida, lamely.

"Of me, my dear? Then I *will* take another piece of sugar, if you don't object. The fact is, you didn't give me any at all. No, that's the salt!"

Ida laughed nervously. "I am so stupid this morning! Please forgive me, dear father."

"I hope there is nothing the matter?"

"Nothing at all."

"That's right. I fear that the religious novel is to have a most undesirable vogue. The *Times* reviews three in one column. We have to thank 'Robert Elsmere' for this."

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"And 'Humphry Ward, Preacher,'" suggested Ida.

The novelist arched his eyebrows and bent forward over his plate. "Exactly," said he, after a slight pause. He did not look at his daughter. Otherwise he would have seen that she was eating nothing, and that her eyes were full of tears. It was plain to him, however, that for some reason or other, into which it was not his business to inquire, it would be unkind to press further conversation upon Ida; to whom he addressed no more remarks, except to thank her, rather more tenderly than usual, for moving his plate and for pouring out his second cup of tea. Over breakfast the novelist always took half an hour precisely. The clock was striking nine when he rose from his chair and went upstairs to take leave of his wife.



"HE THANKED HER MORE TENDERLY THAN USUAL."

Mrs. Mason was a sweet, frail woman of sixty, who for years had breakfasted in her own room. Without being actually an invalid, she owed it to her quiet mornings upstairs that she was still able to see her friends, when she wished to see them, in the afternoon, and to dine out at moderate intervals. For five-and-thirty years she had been Wolff Mason's guardian angel. On her wedding-day she had been just as proud of her unknown bridegroom as she was now of the celebrated *littérateur*, and had loved the stalwart young fellow of eight-and-twenty only less dearly than the bent old man of sixty-three. He found her with her tea and toast growing cold on the bed-table at her side; she was reading Ida's type-written copy of the novel upon which he himself was then engaged.

"My dear Wolff," Mrs. Mason exclaimed, greeting her husband with the enthusiastic smile which had inspired and consoled him in the composition of so many works of fiction, "I am delighted with these last chapters! You have never done better. You might have written the love scenes thirty years ago! But you look put out, dear Wolff. Have they been stupid downstairs?"

"We are all stupid to-day, including my dear wife, if she really thinks much of my love scenes. I cut myself shaving, to begin with. Then Ida was late for breakfast—four minutes late—and for the third time this week. I *am* put out, and it's about Ida. It is not only that she is late, but there are rings under her eyes, and she forgets the sugar in your tea, and when you ask for it

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hands you the salt, and when you speak to her she answers inanely. She pulled a long face when I told her that Professor Palliser died last night, though the poor dear old gentleman has been on a public death-bed these eighteen months. She came a fearful howler over a book which she herself has read, to my knowledge, within the last fortnight. For the life of me I can't think what ails her."

"Can you not?"

Mrs. Mason had put down the type-written sheets, and lay gazing at her husband with gentle shrewdness in her kind eyes.

"No, I cannot," said the novelist, defiantly.

"Have you quite forgotten Saltburn-by-the-Sea?"

"I am certainly doing my best to forget it, my dear. A slower fortnight I never spent in my life. There wasn't a single decent library in the place, nor a man in the hotel who knew more than the mere alphabet of whist. Why do you remind me of it, my love?"

"Because that's what ails Ida. She is suffering from the effects of Saltburn-by-the-Sea."

"Look here, my dear, I simply don't believe it."

"But I know it, Wolff. Do listen to reason. Dear Ida has told me everything, and I am sorry to say she is very sadly in love."

"In love with whom?" cried the novelist, who had been pacing up and down the room, after the manner of his kind, but who stopped now at the foot of the bed, to spread his hands out eloquently. "With that young Overton?"

"With that young Over*man*. You were so short and sharp with him, you see, that you never even got hold of his name properly."

"I was naturally short and sharp with a young fellow whom she had only seen two or three times in her life—once on the pier, once in the gardens, once or twice about the hotel. It was a piece of confounded presumption! We didn't even know who or what the fellow was!"

"He put you in the way of finding out, and you said you didn't want to know."

"No more I did," said Wolff Mason.

"You liked him well enough before he proposed to Ida."

"That may have been. He had more idea of whist than any of the others, which is saying precious little. But his proposal was a piece of confounded impertinence, and I told him so!"

"I am sorry you told him so, Wolff," Mrs. Mason said, softly. "However, the affair is quite a thing of the past. You put a stop to it pretty effectually, and I daresay it was for the best. Only it is right you should know that young Overman and Ida met in Oxford Street yesterday, and that she has not slept all night for thinking about him."

"The villain!" cried Wolff Mason, excitedly. "I suppose he asked her to run away with him?"

"They did not speak. I was with Ida," Mrs. Mason said, calmly. "It was the purest accident. Ida bowed—indeed, so did I—and he took off his hat, but no one stood still or spoke. Ida is troubled because he looked extremely wretched; I, too, can see his eyes now as they looked when we passed him. However, as I say, you put a stop to the matter, and they must both get over it as best they can. I have never blamed you, I think. It *was* very premature, I grant you. My only feeling has been that, as a writer of romance all your days, you showed remarkably little sympathy with a pair of sufficiently romantic young lovers!"

"My dear, I choose to keep romance in its proper place, between the covers of my books. I have more than enough of it there, I can assure you, if I could afford to consult my own taste."

"You can't put in too much of it to suit mine. Your love-story has been the strong point in all your novels, Wolff, and it is still. This new one is of your very best in this respect. I foresee a sweet scene in the boat-house."

"I am in the middle of it now," the novelist said, complacently.

"I have visions of the old General turning up when she is in his arms; I hope you won't let him, Wolff."

"How well you know my work, my love! The General came in and caught them just before I wiped my pen yesterday. It ended the chapter very nicely. I was in good form at lunch."

"And what is going to happen to-day?"

"Can you ask? The General blusters. George behaves like a gentleman, and scores all down the line, for the time being."

"But surely she is allowed to marry him in the end?"

"She always is, my dear, in my books."

Mrs. Mason cast upon her husband a fixed look which turned slowly into a sweet, grave smile. He was still standing at the foot of the bed, but now he was leaning on the brass rail, with his hands folded quietly, and a good-humoured twinkle in his dark eyes.

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Whatever he might say about his own books at the club, he enjoyed chatting them over with his wife as keenly as in the sweet, early days when his first book and their eldest daughter appeared simultaneously. He had forgotten Ida for the moment, and the pleasant though impossible young man at the seaside; but Mrs. Mason did not mean that moment to be prolonged.

"Ah," said she, "in your books. Twice you have allowed the heroine to marry the hero in your life, too!"

"I was under the impression, my dear, that we were talking about my books."

"But I am thinking about Ida. You needn't look at the clock, Wolff. You know very well that you never leave the house before ten minutes past, and it isn't five past yet. You may look at your watch if you like, but you will see that my clock is, if anything, fast. I say that you raised no opposition in the case of either Laura or Hetty."

"Didn't I?" exclaimed the novelist, with a grim chuckle. "By Jove, I did my worst. If that wasn't very bad, you must remember that we knew all about Charles and Macfarlane. It wasn't like young Overton. By Jove, no!"

"Young Overman's is better romance," murmured Mrs. Mason.

"Therefore it is worse real life. I do wish you would see with me that the two things clash if you try to bring them together. Frankly, I wish you wouldn't try, my dear; I make a point of never doing so—that's why I don't live over the shop."

"Wolff, Wolff, say that sort of thing at the club! With me you can afford to be sincere. Why, you have put Ida's hair and eyes into every book you have written since she grew up. The things don't clash. If you borrow from Ida for your books, I think you ought to be prepared to pay her back out of your books too, and allow her to live happily ever after, like all the rest of your heroines."

There were moments when Wolff Mason realized that the one-sided game of letters has a bad effect on the argumentative side of a man's mind. The present was one. He pulled out his watch again, and replaced it very hurriedly in his waistcoat pocket.

"My love, I really must be going."

"One minute more—just one," pleaded Mrs. Mason, and her voice was as soft as it had ever been thirty-five years ago. "I want your hand, dear Wolff."

The novelist came round to the bedside and sat down for a few moments on the edge of it. During those few moments two frail, worn, thin hands were joined together, and



"HE SAT DOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE BED."

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Wolff Mason's spectacles showed him a moisture in his wife's eyes—not tears, but a shining film which only made them more lovely and sweet and kind. That film had come over them in the old days when they were both young and he had told her of his love. On very rare occasions he had described it in the eyes of his dark-eyed heroines, and never without a hotness in his own. He rose suddenly. His hand was pressed.

"You will reconsider it, Wolff?"

"My dear, she is our last."

"My love, we have each other."

Some minutes later, when Wolff Mason had closed the door behind him, he had to open it again to hear what it was that his wife was calling after him. She was saying:—

"Mind you don't make the General *too* inhuman, Wolff, or I shall be disappointed in him and in you too."

The novelist laughed. So did his wife. The secret of their complete happiness was not love alone; it was love and laughter.

Nevertheless, Wolff Mason drove to the office of the *Mayfair Magazine* in a less literary frame of mind than he either liked or was addicted to at this early hour of the day. It is not true that the novelist constructed all his stories in the hansom which deposited him in Paternoster Row at a quarter to ten every morning, and in front of his own door at a quarter past seven every evening. That was the exaggerated statement of the lady journalists who wrote paragraphs about Wolff Mason for the evening papers, but who had never shaken hands with him in their lives. It is a fact, however, that he liked to get out of his hansom with more ideas than he had taken into it. He made it a rule to think only of his work on the drive each way.

But this morning he was breaking all his rules: he had cut himself with his razor; he had left the house five minutes late, owing to a series of little domestic scenes, of which his head was full now as he drove towards the City. He hated scenes outside his books. He treated the psychological moments in his own life as lightly, indeed, as in his novels, but the former worried him. That morning he had kissed Mrs. Mason with all the exuberance of a young man, and on coming downstairs and finding Ida waiting for him with his tall hat and overcoat nicely brushed, and his gloves warmed on both sides, he had kissed her, too, and so fondly as to bring out the same film on her sweet eyes as he had produced a few minutes before in those of her mother.

To begin the day by making people cry was by no means delightful to the kind-hearted gentleman who held it the whole duty of a novelist to make people laugh. He could not get those two pairs of dear eyes, so like each other in every look, out of his head, which was full of everything but his work when he climbed the stairs to the orderly, tobacco-scented room, where he edited *Mayfair* and wrote his own books. The clock on the chimney-piece stood at ten minutes to ten. He was five minutes late at this end, too.

On a little table under the window were arranged the long envelopes and cylinders of manuscripts which had arrived since the day before. Wolff Mason lit a cigarette, and examined the packets without opening them. He always began his official day like this, tossing aside the less interesting-looking missives for his weekly "clean sweep," and leaving on the little table work enough for the afternoon—the work of previously accepted contributors, whose handwriting was familiar to the editor. These were the people who gave the trouble, the people who had sent in a good thing once. As a rule, it was some time before they did it twice.

The editor recognised this morning on one of the long envelopes the superscription of a most promising contributor who had done it thrice, but who had lately failed as many times in succession. Wolff Mason had never known a valued contributor go to the bad at such a pace; but this one had done such merry work in the beginning that there was hope for him still. At all events, he could write, and must, therefore, be read carefully. The editor would have read him there and then, in the hopes of a laugh, which he felt he needed, had he not been five minutes late as it was. At three minutes to ten he loaded four brier-wood pipes out of a stone tobacco-jar, set three of them in a row on his desk, and lit the fourth. When the hour struck the ink was wet on an illegible symbol at the top of a clean sheet of unlined foolscap, and Wolff Mason was glancing over his previous morning's work.

The clock on the chimney-piece had a quiet, inoffensive tick, but this, and an occasional squeal from the novelist's pipe, which was exceedingly foul, were the only sounds within the editorial sanctum between ten and half-past that morning. The ink had dried upon the pen of as ready a writer as ever spun agreeable yarns in good English, but when the half-hour struck all that had been written was the

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heading of the new chapter, and the number of the page (with a ring round it) in the right-hand top corner. Some ten minutes later, Wolff Mason put down his first pipe, took up his second, lit it, and began to write. He wrote for an hour, more rapidly and less gracefully than was his wont. Then he flung down his pen, lit the third pipe, and blew clouds of smoke against the square of blue framed by the upper sashes of the double window on his right. The novelist was in trouble. The best character



"THE NOVELIST WAS IN TROUBLE."

in his book, the old General, was failing him sadly in the hour of need. It was necessary to the plot that this hearty, weather-beaten warrior should make a complete brute of himself in the boathouse on discovering his only daughter in the embrace of the young poet who inhabited cheap chambers in Mitre Court when he was at home. But the General had treated the poet as his own son hitherto, had taken his daughter to tea at the Mitre Court Chambers, and invited their interesting tenant down to his country house for change of air; and he refused to be so inconsistent. It was a case of inventing something disreputable (afterwards to be disproved) against the poet; the General must just have heard of it to justify his ordering his guest off the premises as the plot demanded. It was necessary and easy, but undeniably conventional, and it distressed the novelist, because he had not foreseen this contingency in the garden before breakfast. Moreover, for some reason or other, he felt his inventive faculty to be at its lowest vitality to-day. He did not ask himself what the reason was. He had at least got back to the world of fiction, and whatever their effects, the domestic scenes of the early morning were entirely forgotten.

He was aware, however, that this morning he was breaking all his rules. He was about to invent in the room where it was his practice only to write down what he had invented elsewhere. He got up and paced the room in order to do so, and this was another rule broken, for he very seldom stirred from his chair between ten o'clock and one. And now, as he walked, Wolff Mason's eye was caught by the packet from that promising contributor who could write so amusingly when he liked; the novelistic portion of his brain became suddenly submerged by the editorial; and the editor informed himself, with a characteristic chuckle of self-depreciation, that the new man's story would in any event amuse him more than his own was doing at the moment. At any rate he would try it. He had broken so many rules already during the morning, that he caught up the interesting envelope with a certain recklessness, and having lighted his fourth pipe, sat down to read manuscript as calmly as though it were three o'clock in the afternoon instead of the middle of his sacred working morning.

The story, which was quite short, was accompanied by the unpresuming business-like little note which this contributor always forwarded with his literary offerings. It was called "A Good Father," which was not a very good title, but the editor prepared to give it his "careful consideration," in accordance with the pledge embodied in his printed notice to contributors. He pushed his spectacles on to his forehead and began to read with the manuscript held close to his nose. Over the third leaf his fine, thoughtful forehead became scored with furrows; on the fifth he exclaimed "Ha!" Half-way through the story he muttered "Upon my word!" and, a little later, "A most remarkable coincidence." Then his face lost its interested look under the gathering clouds of disappointment, and, as he put the story down on his desk, he said, sadly:—

"Not free from merit—anything but free—

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yet it won't do! This is a young man with a sweet sense of humour, but something has embittered him since he first began to send me his stories. I wish I knew what! He is the most disappointing person I have had to deal with for many a day; a writer after my own heart, which he is half breaking with his accursed, childish cynicism!"

The genuine character of the editor's regrets was obvious (to himself) from the fact that all his observations were made aloud. He very seldom caught himself in the act of soliloquy; it was one more of the set of unusual acts which were destined to stamp the day in the memory of a *littérateur* who notoriously lived and worked by routine. The matter of the unacceptable story, however, suggested an entry in the commonplace book in which he was accustomed to accumulate raw material for future use. He felt happier when he had jotted down a note or two anent the cynicism of the modern young author and his lamentable liking for unhappy endings. The story he had just read ended shockingly, and all owing to the unnatural intervention of an impossible parent, the "Good Father" of the cynical title. Otherwise it was a very good story indeed. The coincidence, however, was quite remarkable. Paternal intervention was the rock on which Wolff Mason's own pen had split that morning. But his old General was not going to run him into an unhappy ending—not he! He turned to that irate personage with positive relief, and saw his way more clearly after the ten minutes he had spent in the company of a much more terrible specimen of the same class. What he did not see was the full force of the coincidence which had caused him to exclaim aloud. It was a double one; but the man of letters lived a double life, and in the atmosphere of fiction had forgotten those unpleasant facts which had come rather painfully under his notice that morning in Kensington.

Another matter worried the writer when the clock struck one and he found himself mechanically wiping the pen that had inscribed only some twelve hundred and fifty words that morning instead of the regulation two thousand. He felt humbled by a sense of failure most mortifying at his age, and though he put away his papers and went off to the club as usual, he was not in his customary spirits, and the younger novelists who listened to his good things, in order to repeat them to their friends, heard nothing worth taking home with them that day. One of the latter, indeed, broached very deftly the subject of Wolff Mason's books; but the veteran treated the subject with unnatural seriousness, was aware of the unnaturalness himself, and left the club before his time in an evil humour. And evil humours were the greatest rarity of all with the editor of the *Mayfair*, who, indeed, was voted, by common consent, to possess the most charming personality in literary London.

By two-thirty he was back in the editorial chair; the first of a newly-loaded set of pipes was in full blast under his nose, and the remaining contents of the little table under the window were being dealt with carefully and in turn. Not one of them proved to be of any use at all. In each case this kind-hearted man felt it his duty to pen a considerate little letter explaining the reason of rejection in the present instance, and encouraging the unsuccessful contributor to further effort. It is amazing, indeed, and little known, what a talent Wolff Mason had for the composition of kindly little notes of this nature; he made even the rejected love him, for his heartening words, and for the human, sympathetic touches with which he tempered disappointment to his tender young contributors.

Last of all this afternoon he returned to "A Good Father," and glanced over it again with a sigh. Then he took a sheet of *Mayfair Magazine* notepaper, and scrawled the date and "Dear Sir." There he stopped. After a few moments' hesitation, the spoilt sheet was dropped into the waste-paper basket, and a new note begun with "My" thrown in before the "dear Sir." But the editor paused again.

"Confound the fellow," he cried at last, "I'll treat him as a friend! The chances are he'll turn and rend me; but here goes."

The note that was eventually written and posted ran as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Evan Evans,—I think that 'A Good Father' is excellent, but on the whole it does not strike me as being in your best style—which is capital. If I may be permitted to make an unofficial observation, you will, I think, pardon the expression of an old man's regret that a writer with a real sense of humour, like yourself, should subordinate it to what strikes one as an alien melancholy. If you would only write as cheerfully as you did some time back, I should be spared the disappointment of returning your MS., which I shall never do without peculiar and personal regrets.

"Yours very truly,

"WOLFF MASON."

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"HERE GOES."

The good editor breathed more freely when he had got this little letter off his mind, and had addressed it to Evan Evans, Esq., 17, Cardigan Mansions, Kensington, W., and fastened up the envelope with his own hand and tongue. It was his last act at the office that day. As he tossed the letter into one basket, and the rejected manuscript into another, the clock on the chimney-piece struck the half-hour after four. And at half-past four in the afternoon, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, with the annual exception of a hateful holiday at some such place as Saltburn, the editor of the *Mayfair Magazine* returned to his club to play whist for an hour and a half precisely, with three kindred spirits as methodical and as enthusiastic as himself.

But this was the exceptional day which proved every rule of Wolff Mason's most ruly life by causing him to break each of them in turn. He played his cards towards evening as amateurishly as he had chosen his phrases in the forenoon. Now what I am about to write down I may never be allowed to print. But at five-thirty-three, by the card-room clock, Wolff Mason, who was more eminent among the few as a whist-player than as a writer of novels, put his last trump on his partner's thirteenth card. I have it on unimpeachable authority. A few minutes later the rubber came to an end, and, instead of playing out time, as the custom was with this sporting quartette, the novelist complained of a slight faintness (which explained everything) and left the club twenty minutes before six for the first time for many years.

One of the other three saw him into his hansom. He said that the air entirely revived him. It might have done so, if there had ever been anything the matter with him. He ailed nothing, however, save extreme and cumulative mortification; and the four winds of heaven, chasing each other round his temples as he drove westward, could not have blown that out of his respected head.

He could no longer feel surprised at anything that he might do, or say, or think. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of the park he managed to think upon Evan Evans's latest story, now on its way back to that uneven contributor, and it seemed only natural that the shrewdest, most experienced magazine-editor in London should question the wisdom of his late decision in a way that would have made him laugh on any other occasion. He did not laugh now. The optimist of letters was in an incredibly pessimistic mood, in which the story he had refused seemed to him an ideal one for the magazine. He thought of his valued and most promising contributor, Evan Evans, of the manuscript now on its way back to him, of the possible effect of the rejection of so good a story upon a sensitive young man with a knowledge of other markets. Then he thought of this contributor's address, which was quite close to his own, and of the twenty minutes which he had in hand owing to his premature departure from the club. A word on the spur to the cabman, a sharp turn to the left, some easy driving along a

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quiet street, and the cab pulled up before the respectable portals of Cardigan Mansions, Nos. 11–22, whereof the stout attendant in uniform came forward and threw back the panels.

In another minute Wolff Mason was pressing the electric bell outside No. 17 on the second floor, and reflecting, with a qualm, that he was about to intrude upon a rejected contributor whom he had never seen—a truly startling reversal of a far too common editorial experience of his own. An elderly servant opened the door.

"Is Mr. Evans at home?"

"Mr. Hevans, sir?"



"IS MR. EVANS AT HOME?"

The servant looked as vacant as a woman need.

"Mr. Evan Evans," said the editor, distinctly, and with a smile as it struck him that there was no occasion in the world for him to leave his name. But a light had broken over the crass face of the elderly door-opener.

"Oh, I know, sir! He *is* in. Will you step this way?"

There was no drawing back now. Mr. Mason stepped boldly across the threshold and the door closed behind him. In the nice little passage the servant squeezed by him and paused with her fingers on the handle of a door upon the right-hand side.

"What name shall I say, please, sir?"

"Mr. Wolff Mason."

A moment later, the novelist-editor found himself standing in a more charming study than he himself owned to that day. It was all books and pictures, and weapons and pretty curtains, and comfortable chairs and handy tables. A good fire was burning, and on the right of it was a desk so placed that the writer looked out into the room as he sat at his work. The writer was sitting there now. He was a very young man, with a pipe in his mouth and a pen in his hand, and as he leant forward with the utmost eagerness, and the light of his writing lamp fell full upon his youthful face, Wolff Mason had not the slightest difficulty in recognising Ida's presumptuous suitor of Saltburn-by-the-Sea.

"How do you do, Mr. Mason?" the young fellow said, coming forward with his hand frankly outstretched; but the other hesitated before taking it in his.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Evan Evans?"

"That is the name I — write stories under."

"Exactly. Your other name is not my concern. I don't seek to know it, Mr. Evans."

The editor was smiling grimly, but his gloved hand was now extended. Now, however, that of the young man went coolly into his trousers' pocket as he looked his visitor steadily in the face. They were grey flannel trousers, with yellow slippers at one end of them and a Norfolk jacket at the other. The editor's smile had turned to a look of interest.

"I called to see you about a little story, Mr. Evans."

"You have done me a very great honour, sir. Won't you sit down? Do you find it warm? Shall I open the window?"

"Not at all, not at all. I won't detain you a moment and I won't sit down in one of your chairs, because they look comfortable and I am stiff—though you wouldn't think it from my breaking in upon you like this, would you?"

Having shown very plainly that it was not his intention to recognise any former acquaintance, and seeing his young host take

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the cue from him in a way that was at once manly and gentlemanly, Mr. Wolff Mason was now behaving in his own most charming fashion, which was very charming indeed to a young unknown beginner from a favourite old author whose name had been a household word for a quarter of a century at least. The beginner felt that if he had gauged the character of Wolff Mason correctly, when they first met at the seaside, he would never have concealed the identity of Jack Overman with Evan Evans. His remembrance of the old man's hardness upon a young one was forced to the back of his mind by the great editor's kindness towards his utterly unknown contributor.

"I'll stand here, if I may, with my back to your fire. I looked in about the very clever little story you sent me yesterday."

The young author's face brightened till it quivered.

"That was, indeed, most kind of you."

"Not at all, my dear sir. I was passing close to you, on my way home, and I was bothering about your story. I admire your work, but I don't altogether admire this story. My dear fellow, it ends too sadly altogether!"

"No other ending was possible," the young man said, firmly. "So I felt, and one must write as one feels."

"Must you?" said the veteran novelist, smiling blandly into the boyish, eager face. "Surely all things are possible to him who writes—unless, to be sure, he takes himself seriously!"

This, however, was not very seriously said, for Wolff Mason had turned round and was peering at the photographs on and over the mantelpiece. Suddenly he pushed his spectacles on to his forehead and thrust his head close to a framed portrait, which had a piece of stamp-paper stuck upon the glass so as completely to cover the face. But the name was in print underneath upon the mount.

"May I ask, young man," inquired Mr. Mason, a minute later, as he favoured his contributor with a very comical stare, "why you have my photograph on the wall, in the first place; and, in the second, why the deuce you cover up my face?"

"You must ask the man who lives with me. He may come in any moment now."

"Did he do it, or did you?"

"He did."

"Really, I should like to know why!"

"Well, then, he bought me your photograph when you were accepting my stories; and he hid it because he said——"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He talked rot."

"Out with it!"

"He said you'd certainly live to hide it yourself on my account. I'm afraid that he unduly admires my stuff. He's a fellow who is full of sympathy——"

"And not free from humour—by no means free!" cried Mr. Mason, laughing at the top of his voice (as he had never, never laughed at Saltburn-by-the-Sea). "But seriously, you are ending your later stories far too sadly. To come back to your last one—though I'm afraid it's coming back to you. I rejected it, and then, as I was driving home, I thought you would perhaps alter it, if I called and asked you before you sent it elsewhere. Don't you think you could soften your good father—just at the end?"

"I couldn't," said the young fellow, with a candid stare; but his eyes fell under the cool, kindly scrutiny of the elderly man, who continued gazing at the well-shaped head, on which the hair was perhaps a trifle long and untidy. For once that day Wolff Mason was the equal of the occasion, and he had known it from the first moment of entering. The occasion, moreover, was the very one to which he would have desired to rise.

"Why couldn't you, my dear fellow?"

"Because it isn't life."

"Are you so sure that you know life?"

"I know it as I find it," said the young fellow, bitterly; and there was a pause.

"Well, at any rate, you know that I like your stories."

"I am thankful to hear it."

"I want to accept them——"

"You are very kind"

"As many of them as ever you can write, and some day a long novel. I believe in you."

"Oh, sir, you are more than kind—to a private in the army of which you yourself are the Commander-in-Chief!"

"My good Overton, why on earth didn't you tell me you were that three months ago? Not that you're a private at all."

Two frail hands were laid on the young man's shoulders. It was the private receiving his epaulettes. He answered quickly:—

"My other name isn't Overton. It's Over*man;* but you don't want to know it, whatever it is. You said it wasn't your concern!"

"Ah, well, but the man who is to make the name famous is becoming my very grave concern. You should have let me know that you were in the service, my boy."

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"Not when I was such a raw recruit! The Commander-in-Chief was more likely to fraternize with a civilian."

"Confound the boy," cried Wolff Mason, "but you were perfectly right!"

"Then it was your magazine that I was writing for — you were the one man in England who could help me on—the whole situation was so liable to misconstruction!"

"It was—it was. And you never brought me an introduction nor asked for an interview, nor wrote me a single superfluous line!"

"I wanted you to accept my stuff," said the young fellow, smiling.

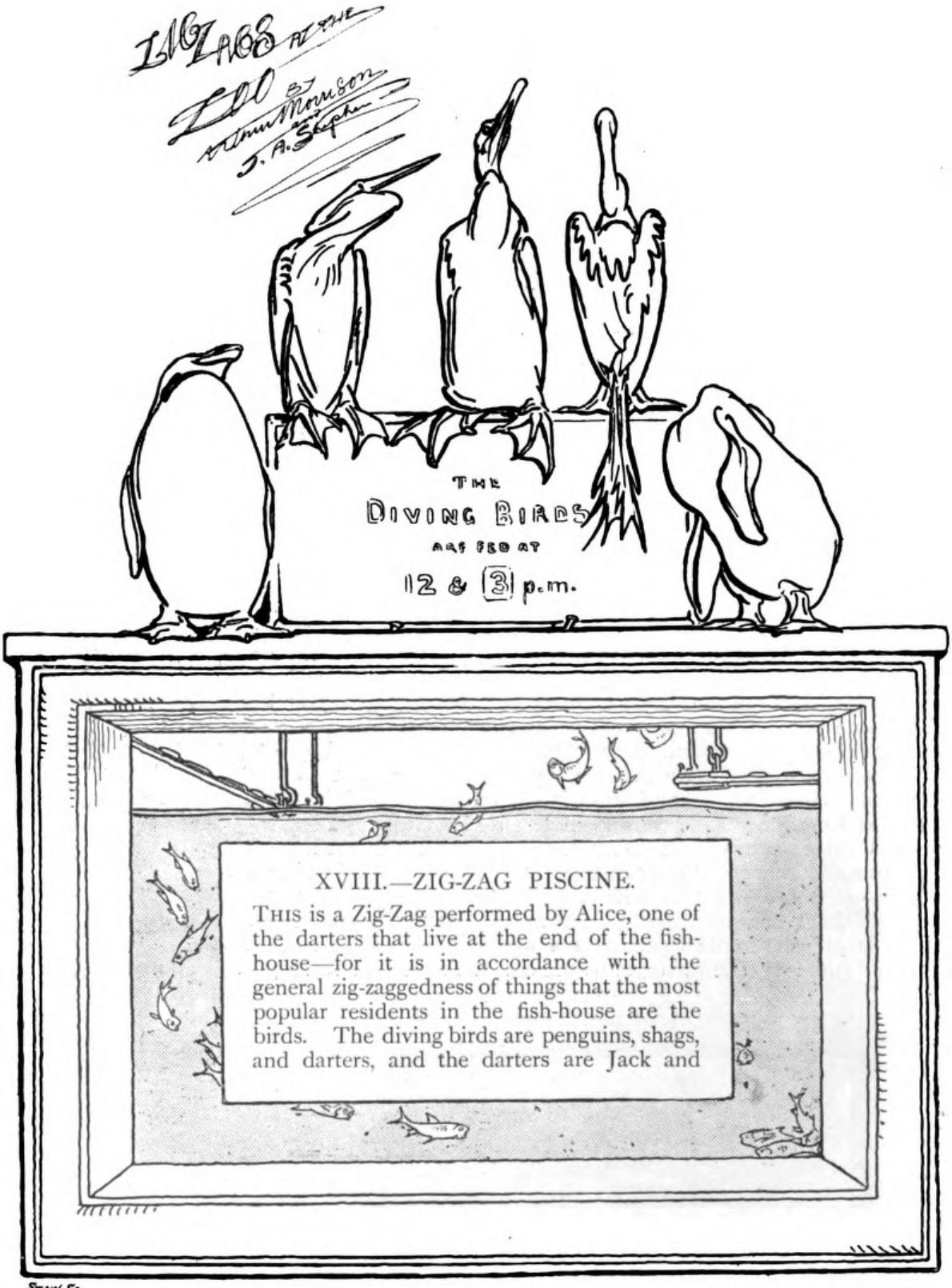
But behind his spectacles the editor's eyes sparkled for an instant with something more than human kindness. He had made the grand discovery of his editorial life. He had discovered the ideal contributor, and for the moment he could only think of him as a young man of letters. Now, however, his right hand had found its way into that of young Overman, as he said, with a comic solemnity:—

"Look here, Overton, I was five minutes late in leaving the house this morning. For once in a way I don't mind if I'm five minutes late in getting back. I think that all you need do is to shave, though Ida might prefer you in another pair of bags and slippers. You can't improve upon that Norfolk jacket—but—but you and I must have another talk about the end of your story!"



"YOU AND I MUST HAVE ANOTHER TALK ABOUT THE END OF YOUR STORY!"

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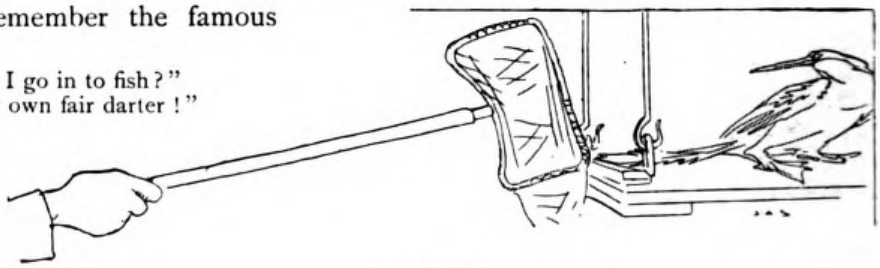


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Alice. Many may remember the famous ballad beginning—

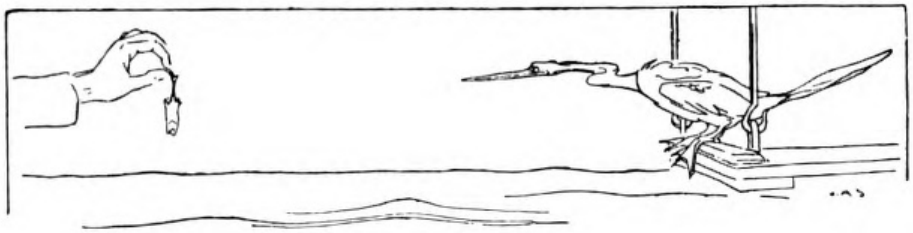
"Keeper may I go in to fish?"
"Oh, yes, my own fair darter!"

although probably they won't. The darter therein referred to is popularly supposed to have been Alice.



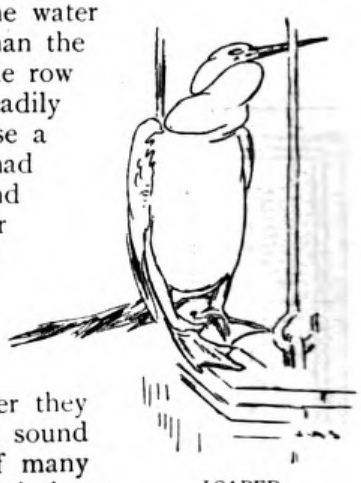
COERCION.

It is probably because of her name that Alice had this remarkable dream, although Waterman (which is the name of the keeper—a man evidently born for the fish-house) thinks it was because of swallowing Jack's dinner as well as her own. Alice certainly had done very well—she always does—and was well disposed for sleep. Jack went quietly and respectably home to his cage, but Alice stayed on the diving-board, dozing. Waterman reached for her with the net, and for a moment aroused her senses by the display of a roach, but Alice remembered that she was loaded to the sinking-line already, and forbore. Waterman was called away, and Alice slept.



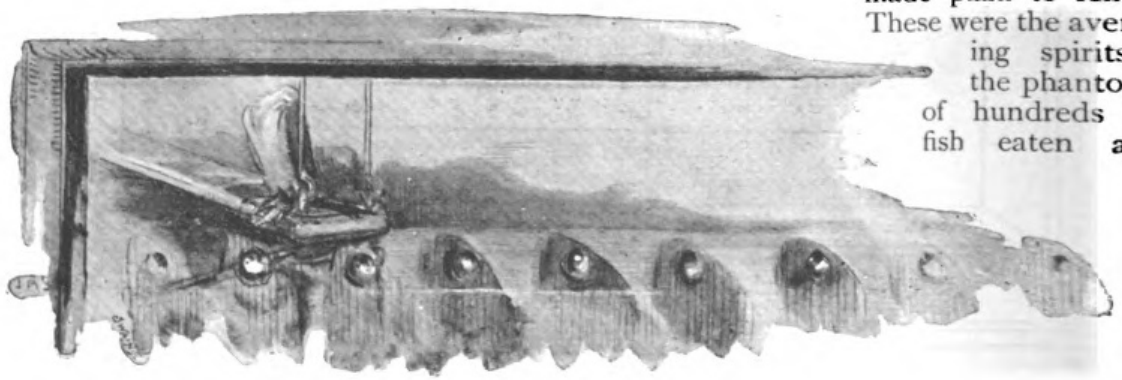
CONCILIATION.

Now as Alice slept she dreamed. And it was this. In the water below her (where she knew she had left nothing living larger than the natural animalcula) there appeared, moving towards her, a double row of great phosphorescent fishy eyes. Then between each pair of steadily upturned eyes she saw, as is usual, a nose. Then below the nose a pale, ghastly, half-open mouth. It was shuddersome. Alice had never before seen any fish that she did not welcome gladly and take inside with promptitude. But these fish, all with their noses pointing upward and their unnaturally large eyes fixed upon her—these she knew at once, by instinct, were not to be eaten. There is no record, even in the transactions of the Psychical Research Society, of an edible ghost. These awful-eyed fish passed beneath the diving-board on which she stood, and, strangely enough, Alice could see their eyes as plainly after they had passed out of sight as before. Then a weird, mysterious sound gathered about her, intensifying into a loud wail—the wail of many hundreds of fishy spirits repeating the words of the mystic inscription over the tank: "The diving birds are fed at twelve and three p.m."



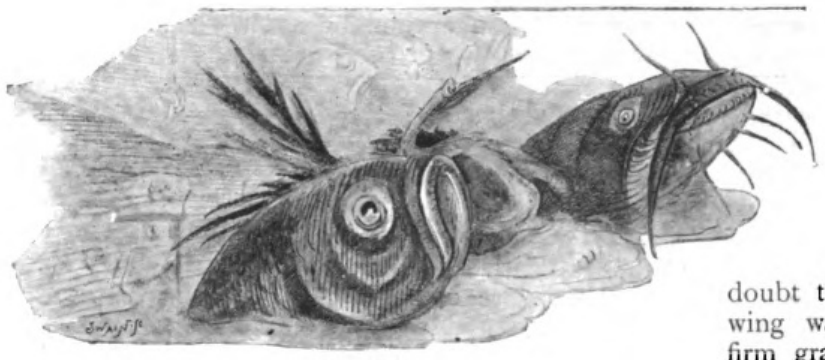
LOADED.

Thus was the case made plain to Alice. These were the avenging spirits—the phantoms of hundreds of fish eaten and



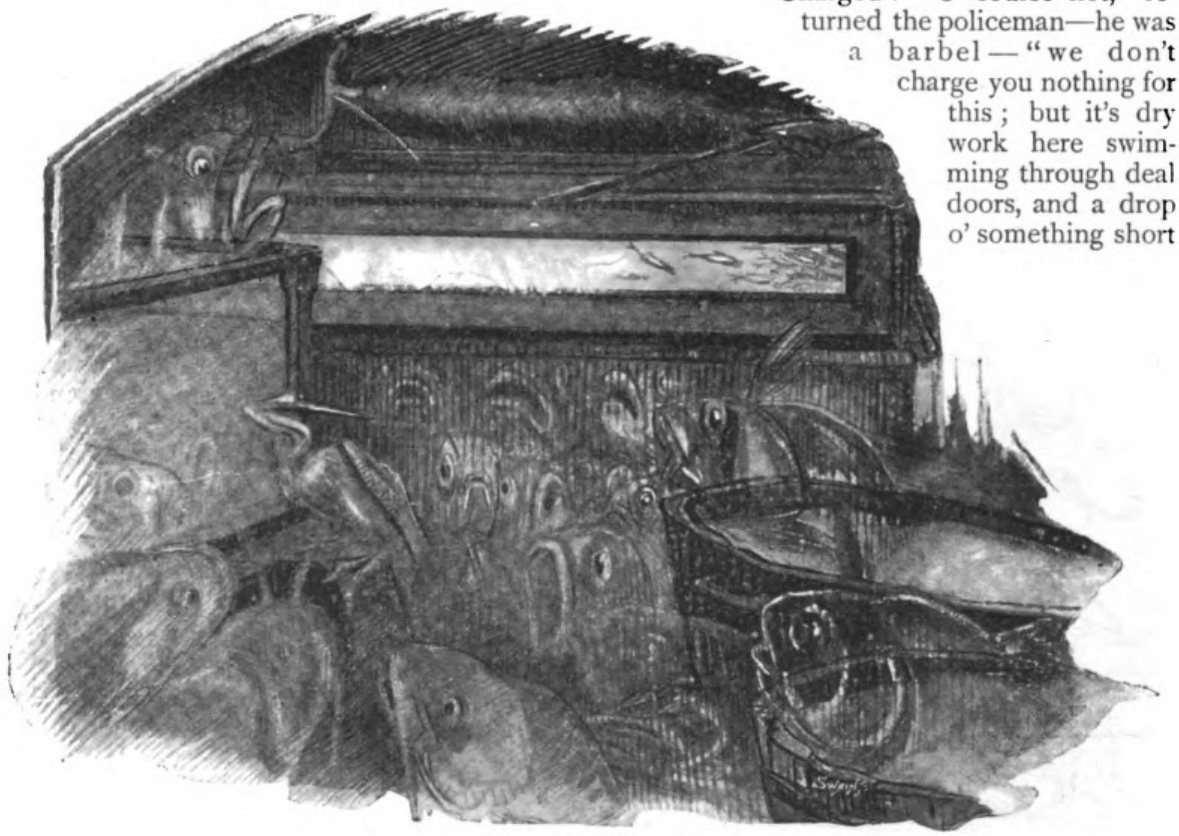
THE VISION.

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IN CUSTODY.

forgotten; reproachful roach and minatory minnows. Alice could not speak—it would have been impossible to deny the charge if she could, for the words were painted on a board in such large letters that nobody could doubt their truth. Suddenly each wing was taken in a clammy but firm grasp, and a pair of greater eyes than ever appeared at each side of her. "You're wanted, young person," said a gruff voice at one side, and "Better come quietly!" said another, on the opposite side. "Never you mind wot for," pursued the first voice, as though Alice had asked, which she hadn't; "*you'll* find that out soon enough at the station." And "It's our dooty to warn you," added the second voice, "that anything you say'll be took down as evidence ag'in you." "All right," Alice replied, with a conciliatory flutter, "I won't say anything." "Says she won't say anything," remarked the second voice, "take that down; it's important." All this time they were moving serenely along through the glass, the frames of the cases and the walls of the house, into the black shed of doom at the back where none but keepers go and the fated fish that feed the diving birds. "You're remanded here," Alice's left-hand captor informed her, "till the sessions." "But I haven't been charged yet," protested Alice. "Charged? O' course not," returned the policeman—he was a barbel—"we don't charge you nothing for this; but it's dry work here swimming through deal doors, and a drop o' something short



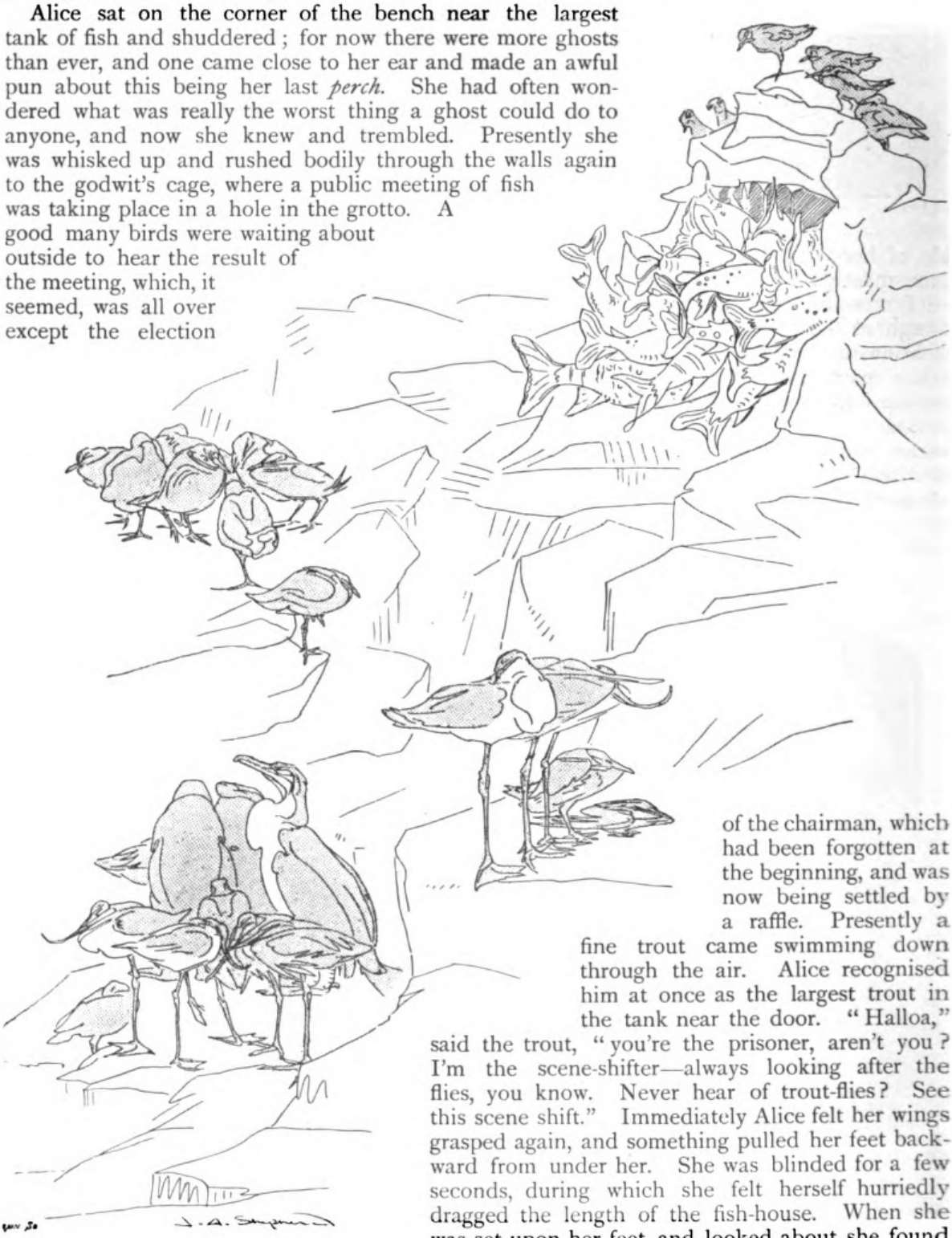
THE SHED OF DOOM.

now——" "Look here," said Alice, as an idea struck her, "can't this be squared?" "No," answered the barbel, gloomily, "you can't square a ghost, you know; everything drops through his pockets. That's the worst of being a ghost. Take down that she tried to square us," he added to his mate; "it's scandalous." Nothing was taken down, however, and Alice wondered whether either had been to one of the schools of fish she had heard

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of. "Look here," said the barbel, "I know what you're thinking about—schools; board schools, because you used to board on them. Ah, you've been a bad darter. But you mustn't think. It isn't allowed."

Alice sat on the corner of the bench near the largest tank of fish and shuddered; for now there were more ghosts than ever, and one came close to her ear and made an awful pun about this being her last *perch*. She had often wondered what was really the worst thing a ghost could do to anyone, and now she knew and trembled. Presently she was whisked up and rushed bodily through the walls again to the godwit's cage, where a public meeting of fish was taking place in a hole in the grotto. A good many birds were waiting about outside to hear the result of the meeting, which, it seemed, was all over except the election of the chairman, which had been forgotten at the beginning, and was now being settled by a raffle. Presently a fine trout came swimming down through the air. Alice recognised him at once as the largest trout in the tank near the door. "Halloa," said the trout, "you're the prisoner, aren't you? I'm the scene-shifter—always looking after the flies, you know. Never hear of trout-flies? See this scene shift." Immediately Alice felt her wings grasped again, and something pulled her feet backward from under her. She was blinded for a few seconds, during which she felt herself hurriedly dragged the length of the fish-house. When she was set upon her feet and looked about she found that the place was fitted as a court of justice. "Ah!" said the trout in her ear, "that's something like a system of scene-shifting; a little invention of my own. You shift the spectator—saves lots of trouble. System extensively adopted by the police." Alice was standing in the dock. One of the pike was judge—the big pike from the end tank. The jury were



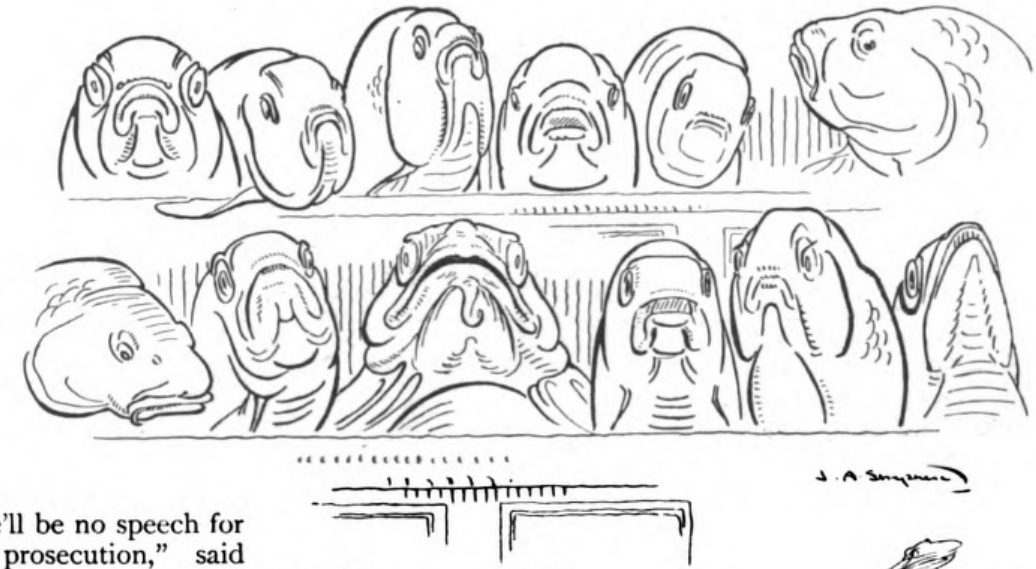
IN THE GROTTO.

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HIS LUDSHIP.

packed—very tightly—in a box on the left. Alice wondered whether it might put the Court in a good humour to refer to it casually as the sardine-box, but decided to save the idea for an emergency. The judge looked severely about him, and from time to time snapped his jaws sharply, at which all the jury jumped nervously. Presently the judge snapped very loudly and asked, "What's the charge?" At this the bullhead appeared dragging a board, which he displayed. It was the board from above the tank. On it were inscribed the words—"The Diving Birds are fed at twelve and three p.m." "Oh, that's the charge, is it?" said the judge in a loud voice. "And pray, sir, who are you?" "I'm the bullhead, me lud," replied that unfortunate, very frightened. "I am for the prosecution." "Then what do you mean, sir, by coming into court with no horns?" "Beg your pardon, me lud," quavered the bullhead, "but I've got none—none of us have." "What, no horns?" said the judge. "I humbly apologize," replied the bullhead, trembling all over. "Don't argue, sir," roared the judge, savagely; "come to lunch with me!" At which invitation the unlucky bullhead fainted away, and all the other fish tried to look as if they thought it served him right. "Now there'll be no speech for the prosecution," said the judge, "and that'll save time. And there'll be nobody to call witnesses for the prosecution, and that'll save time too. There's too much of this dilatory legal formality, delaying meals. Where's the evidence of arrest?" At this a carp stepped into the witness-box. "Well, constable," asked the judge, "did you arrest the prisoner?" "No, yer ludship," said the carp. "Is that what you've come to prove?" "Yus, yer ludship," responded the carp. "Oh, I see," said the pike, "the plan will be to call everybody who *didn't* arrest her, so as to make quite sure of that first?"



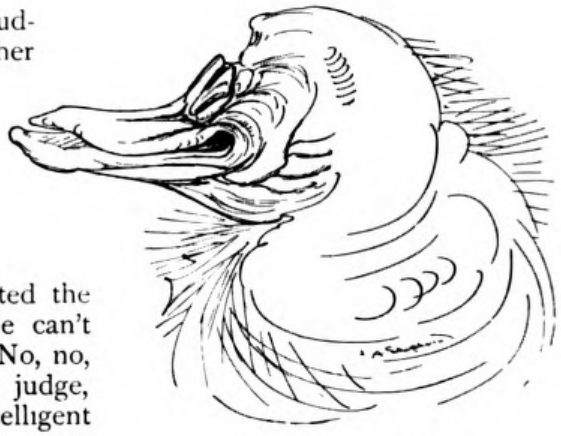
PACKED.



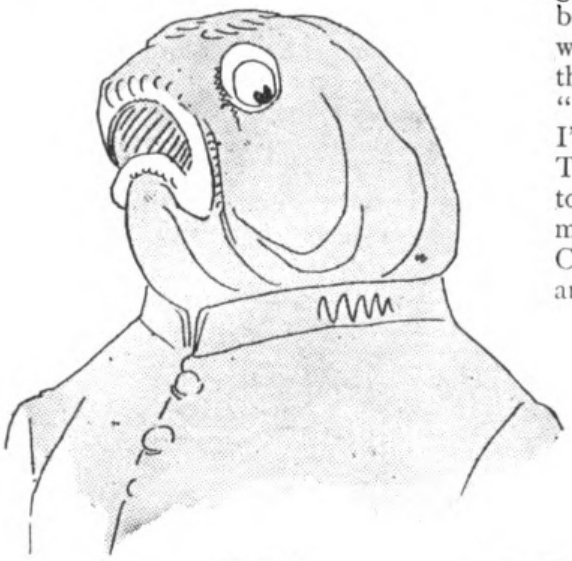
THE CHARGE.

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His lordship seemed amused. "Jest so, yer ludship," answered the carp. "That'll be rather slow," said the judge, "and I want my lunch soon. Would *you* like to come to lunch with me?" His lordship looked more amused than ever, but the carp turned pale and gasped. "Because, you know," the judge pursued, "if you *wouldn't*, you'd better say who *did* arrest the prisoner, and save time." "Ghosts, me lud, ghosts!" ejaculated the carp; "we can't call 'em—they're ghosts. We can't call ghostes from the nasty deep, me lud." "No, no, of course not, my poor fellow," replied the judge, soothingly; "of course not. You're a most intelligent carp, and I'm delighted to have met you. Just come to lunch with me to-day, will you?" At this the carp gave a despairing cry and fell out of the witness-box. "I wonder why they don't like lunching with the judge!" Alice thought. "Somebody's thinking in court," shouted the pike, excitedly. "I won't have it. The next person who thinks, I'll commit to my lunch for contempt of Court." Then Alice thought she knew why nobody liked to be present at the judge's lunch. At this moment Mike, the penguin, came waddling into Court as fast as he could in a wig and gown and wiping his beak on his sleeve. "Hope I haven't kept the Court waiting, me lud," said Mike, "but I've only just been called to the bar. The barmaid said——" "Stop!" said the judge, "is the barmaid here?" "No, me lud, in the next pond—Spiers and Pond." The judge looked disappointed. "Ah! hum!" he said, "um—not here; well, who said she was? Proceed." "I appear in this case, me lud." "Well, who for?" asked the pike. "*I* don't care, me lud," said the penguin, "suppose we say the prisoner?" "All right," replied the pike, "be quick." "Me lud," began Mike, with a bow, "and gentlemen of the jury" (with another), "in the whole course of my professional experience I have never approached any case whatever, having, unfortunately, been too frequently called to the bar. The barmaid always — but that is another story. Unaccustomed as I am to public-hou—I beg pardon—public speaking, I feel, me lud, that on this occasion if I failed to plead the cause of my



HIS LUDSHIP IS AMUSED.



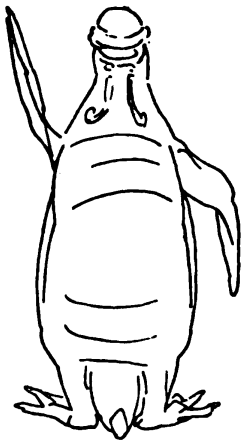
P.C. CARP.

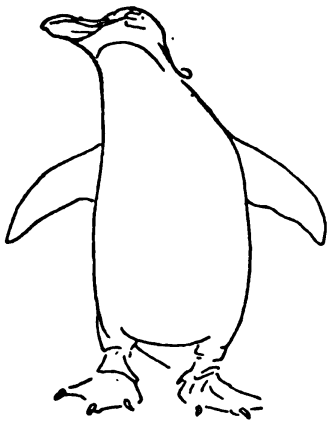


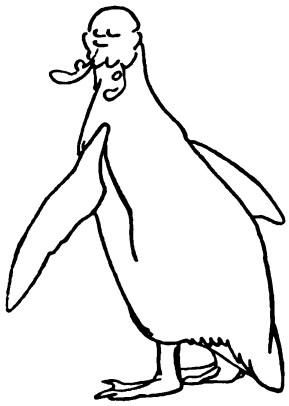
"ME LUD!"

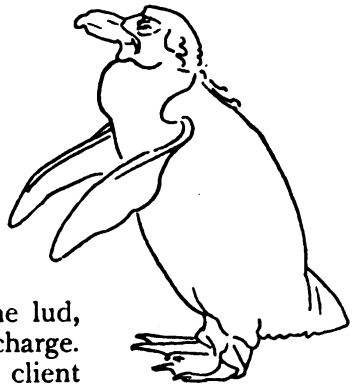
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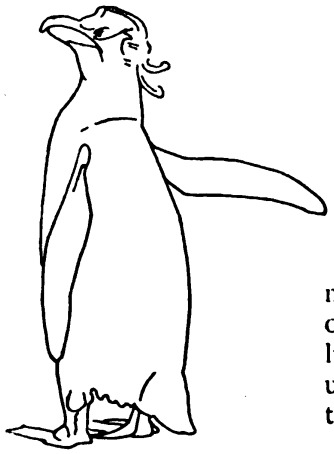




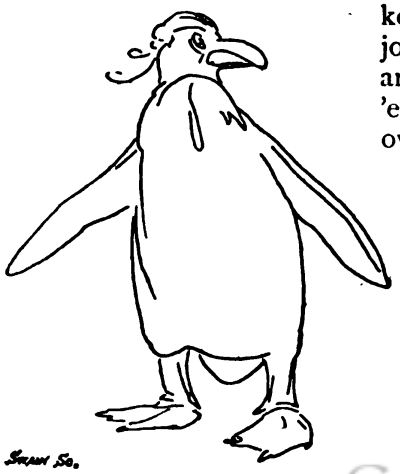








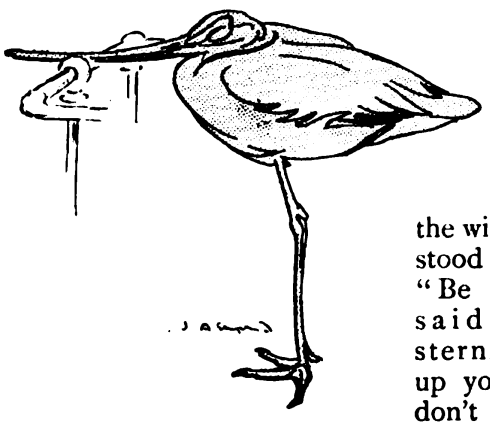






unfortunate client with all my force and all my strength and all my power, that I—in fact, that I should not succeed in bringing these various qualities into requisition in this particular case. Me lud, my client is charged with being fed at twelve and three. I fail, me lud, to see the gravity of this charge. I am authorized to say that my client will gladly consent to be fed on as many more occasions as the Court may consider proper. As to the few trifling murders involved, that, my lud, I contend is a matter too small for the consideration of this Court. Murder, as we all know, is a small failing practised by the most honourable birds and fish every day. Even your ludship yourself has lunch. The same hand that ministers unto my unfortunate client at twelve and three provides lunch, me lud and gentlemen of the jury, for all of us. What! did you never see the keeper? Did you never hear of a jolly young Waterman? Me lud and gentlemen, you with darters—'erring darters, I may say—of your own, I—I throw myself upon—upon the nearest chair, and implore you to remember the temptation to which my client has been subjected, and how pleasant you would be fried yourselves." The penguin, pulling out an immense handkerchief, flung himself on a chair where the grey mullet had placed a bent pin.

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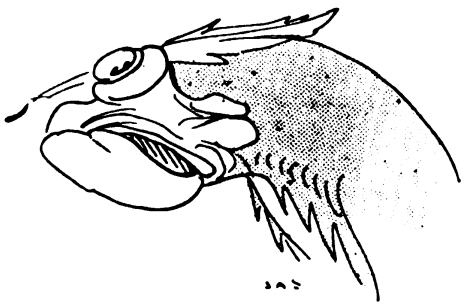
THE GODWIT.

Rising again immediately, and dropping his handkerchief, the penguin put the grey mullet into his pocket and said: "Call the godwit."



"BE CAREFUL, SIR!"

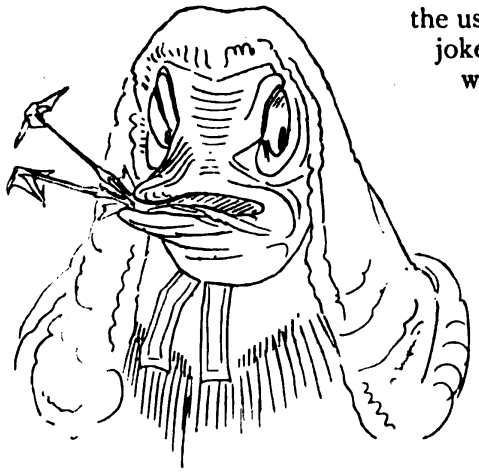
The godwit hopped into the witness-box and stood on one leg. "Be careful, sir," said the pike, sternly. "Hold up your head, and don't stand on one leg. It's insolent!" The godwit immediately put down his other foot and straightened up. "I have heard," said the penguin, "of people coming into court without a leg to stand on." At this a gudgeon laughed, and was immediately taken into custody for the judge's lunch. "Now then, sir," said the judge to the godwit, "tell us what you know." "I don't know anything," said the godwit; "it saves so much trouble." "Did you ever see the prisoner committing murders at twelve and three?" asked the penguin. "No, never!" "Why was that?" "Because the centre tanks were in the way," answered the godwit, "and I couldn't see her at all." "There, me lud," cried the penguin, triumphantly; "here is an irreproachable witness who didn't see the crime; what do you ask more than that? Further, there is proof that he couldn't have seen it. I have any number of witnesses to testify the same thing. Call the avocet." "Call the *what?*" said the usher, very loudly. He was deaf, and a flounder. "Call the *what?*" "Never mind," said the penguin. "That ain't what you said before," roared the usher; "don't you go playin' jokes on me." The avocet was already in the witness-box behind the usher, and while the penguin and the flounder shouted at one another the judge suddenly leaned over and snapped the witness up. He sank back in his chair placidly munching the avocet, while the jury, who had been attempting to unlock their box and sneak away before the pike's lunch-time, all stared with such hushed astonishment that the cod-sounds (the foreman was a cod) could be heard distinctly all over the court. When at last the avocet's legs had finally vanished, the judge, leaning back complacently, said, "I don't think we'll wait for that witness; he seems to have disappeared. Hope nothing's



"CALL THE WHAT?"

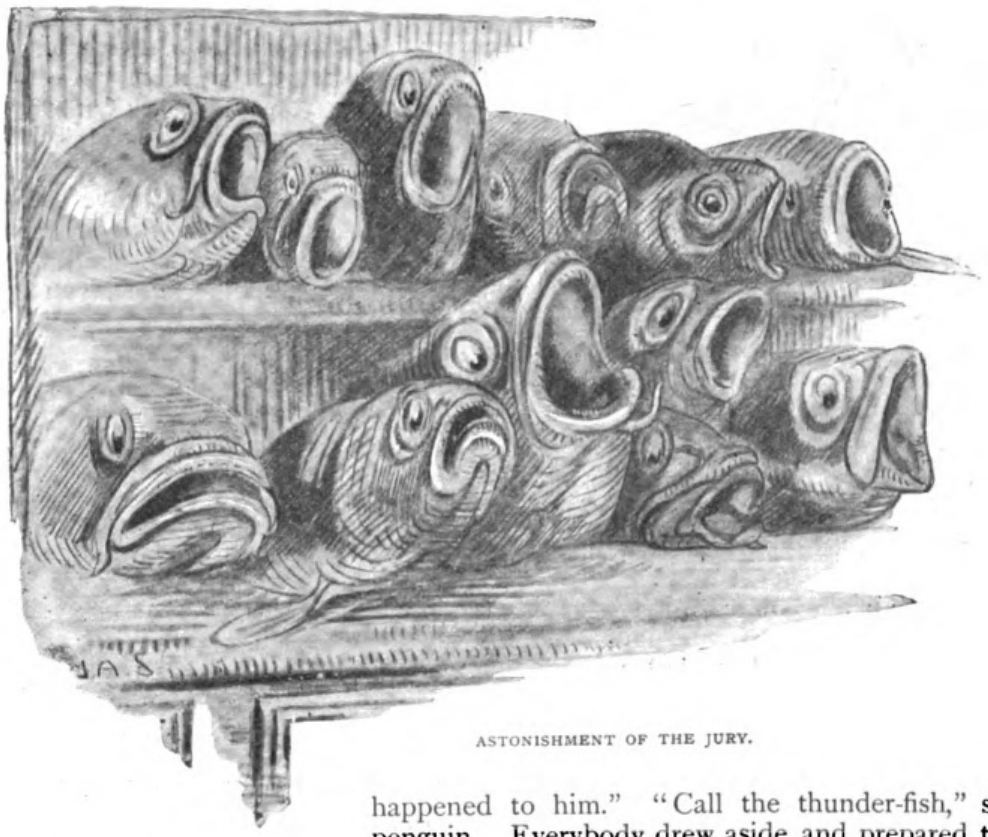


ATTENTION.



DISAPPEARANCE OF THE WITNESS.

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ASTONISHMENT OF THE JURY.

happened to him." "Call the thunder-fish," said the penguin. Everybody drew aside and prepared to make way for something tremendous. "Here I am," said a very small voice in court, and a fish about four inches long wriggled shyly into the box. "Tell the jury what you know of the case," said the penguin. "The case? Oh, yes—the case," the thunder-fish replied, nervously; "it's a very good case, I'm sure. Glass sides and an iron frame; I've nothing to complain of in the case, except that sometimes one runs his nose against the glass without thinking. I *have* heard it called an aquarium. But, then——"



BILL.

"What do they call you a thunder-fish for, you wretched tittlebat?" demanded the judge. "I don't know, I'm sure," answered the thunder-fish, meekly, "unless it's because it's easy to spell on the label; some ain't." "Oh!" said the pike, and swallowed the thunder-fish. "I was going to invite that witness to lunch with me," he went on, after a pause, "but I shan't now."

Bill, the shag, was called, and examined by the penguin. "How are you?" "Pretty bobbish." Here a voice from the gallery cried "Bobbish!" why, you ain't got a bob in the world; you're only threepence an ounce." "Who is that person?" asked the judge, angrily. "That's the tittlebat," said the usher; "if I hadn't got both eyes on one side of my head, I shouldn't have seen him." "Here, come," protested the tittlebat, "*you're* not a whale, you know. I may be a tittlebat now, but I have been whitebait—shall be again soon." "Ah!" mumbled the flounder to himself, "sometimes I'm a sole!" "If it hadn't been the tittlebat," said the pike, "I'd invite him to lunch for his disrespect. But it's no use asking tittlebats to lunch—you're as hungry as ever afterwards. That's why

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"I WON'T HAVE IT!"

he's impudent." The penguin resumed the examination. "You are a diving bird of some experience yourself," he said. "Now tell me how often are you fed?" "Often?" replied the shag, with contempt; "it ain't often; it's only twice a day. Call that often?" Here the judge interposed. "Let's have the verdict now," he said, "and then there will be more time for lunch. If this is a good witness you can call him some other time, you know—in another case." Then, turning to the jury, he snapped, "What's your verdict?" The jury trembled and tried to hide behind each other. "We—we'll think abo it it, me lud," said the foreman. "What!" cried the judge, excitedly; "think in this court? I won't have it—it's disrespectful. Anybody caught thinking will be committed to my lunch for contempt of Court. I won't have it." Whereupon he immediately fell asleep. "Well, your ludship," said the foreman, "as we mustn't think, and there's only two notice-boards in the house, and one was used for the charge, we shall have to use the other for the verdict. 'Beware of Pickpockets,' me lud." But the pike snored on, and so did Alice.

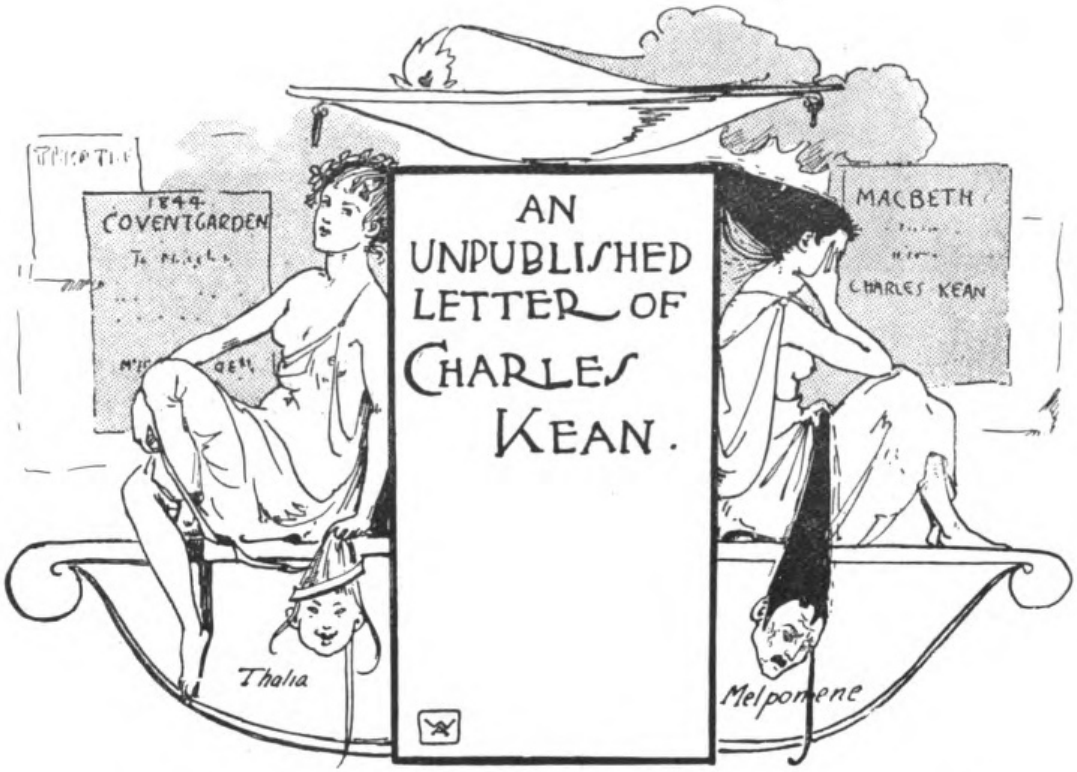


SLUMBER.



THE VERDICT.

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AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF CHARLES KEAN.

SIR, — It is my custom never to answer *anonymous* letters, but in the present instance I cannot do otherwise than meet your communication in the same kind and friendly spirit in which it is sent. You may well allude to the "envenomed teeth" of those "factious vipers" of the Press. They have struggled hard to crush my energy, and disappoint my hopes, and I believe I can proudly boast of being the *only actor* on record who has run a successful career without their aid. *All* others have had some portion in their favour. *I* have scarcely had a solitary instance. *And why?*

Because I will not know them.

The *gentlemen!!* of the Press as they *call themselves* are with *very* few exceptions low and vulgar men who write from prejudice or personal feeling.

One of the only tragedians of the present day was as much their victim ten years since, as I am now—but feasts and banquets have changed their tone and they hail with rapture in his public life, the man who feeds them in his Private Home. There is not one of those who shoot their spite at *me*, that are not the *dinner* companions of another. Mr. Knowles from my first start on the road of public life was filled with "envy, hatred, and malice," and the position I gained in defiance of his prophecy, a Position which enabled me to act with generosity towards him, has only increased his spleen towards one whose right he questions to ride "in his own carriage while *he* walks." Consciently can I declare that my life has been devoted to the service of my Profession, and to the assistance of its members, but ingratitude and unkindness have been my only reward. I have dwelt too long on this subject but I feel it keenly. Respecting the observations made by Mr. Knowles in his lecture, I have only followed "the same *unwarrantable absence of mind*" that was exhibited by *Kemble*—my father—and Macready and is one of the hereditary points of the play, for *each Macbeth* has *obliged Lenore to repeat the question of the King's deposition.* I see no necessity for it, nor no very great objection. Respecting again the clashing of the daggers —that has been mere *accident*, without any object whatever in it. *I* never dreamt of calling Lady Macbeth's attention by any such absurd means, but if in the natural expression of the moment I clasp my hands, and the daggers *should* clash in consequence, I cannot understand why the critick should presume any such intention! and none but an *enemy*

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would. I cannot for one moment agree with your friendly suggestion of "Liar and Slave." In this position nothing can be overdrawn in "the fearful look." Reflect for one moment on the inward feelings of the King when he hears that what he considered an impossibility, (and on which he rests his whole life and soul), has suddenly happened and in one second, I may say, he finds himself cast to Perdition. Oh, no no, no, nothing can be *too* fearful at such a time.



I am much pressed for time or I would write more in detail. Let me assure you however that I am *really* grateful for your kind expressions, and for the interest you take in CHARLES KEAN.

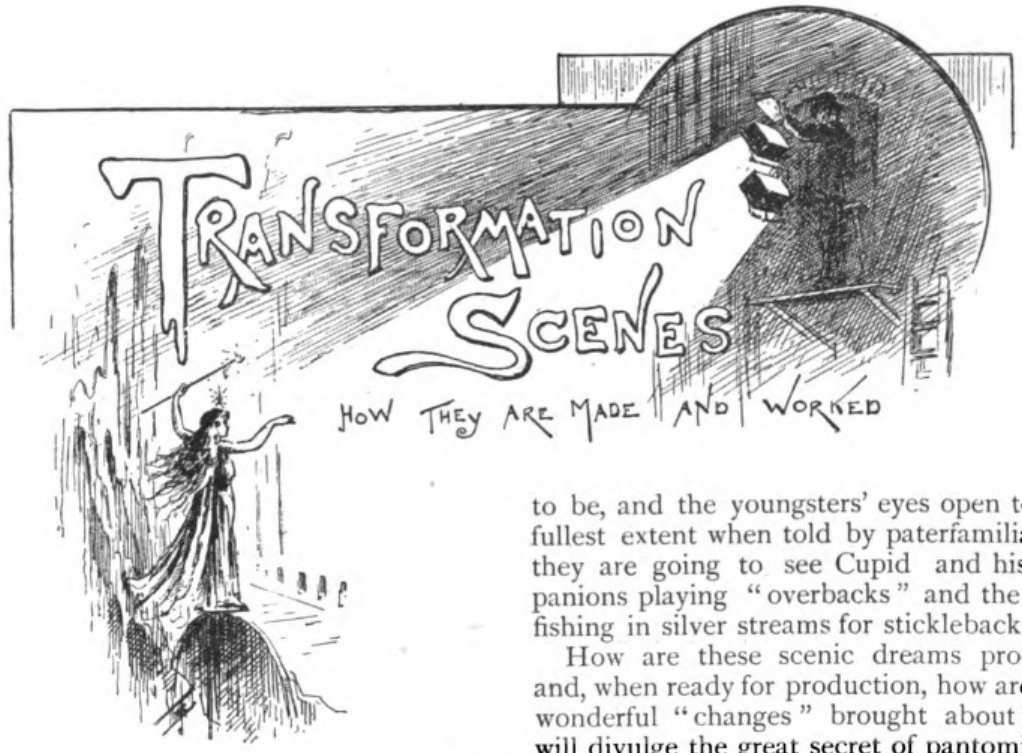
We leave London for Scotland immediately.

16 March 1844. 119 Park St.

P.S.—I agree with you that "face and manner" may not be sufficiently expressive of scorn for the servants "lily-liver"—and will correct it.

In haste.

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TO all lovers of pantomime, be they young or old, the event of the evening and the sure producer of the biggest "Oh!" is the transformation scene. Your theatrical manager, who is a very wise man in his generation, knows this, and he ingeniously suggests its expected beauties by printing its title in very large type on the programme. Much rests on a transformation title. It is invariably suggestive of all that is most beautiful, unsolvable, and never before seen by mortal eyes—"Cupid's Birthday Party," "The Fairies' Trysting Place," and "The Palace of Pearls of the Coral Queen," are all calculated to set mature minds wondering as to whatever it is going to be, and the youngsters' eyes open to their fullest extent when told by paterfamilias that they are going to see Cupid and his companions playing "overbacks" and the fairies fishing in silver streams for sticklebacks!

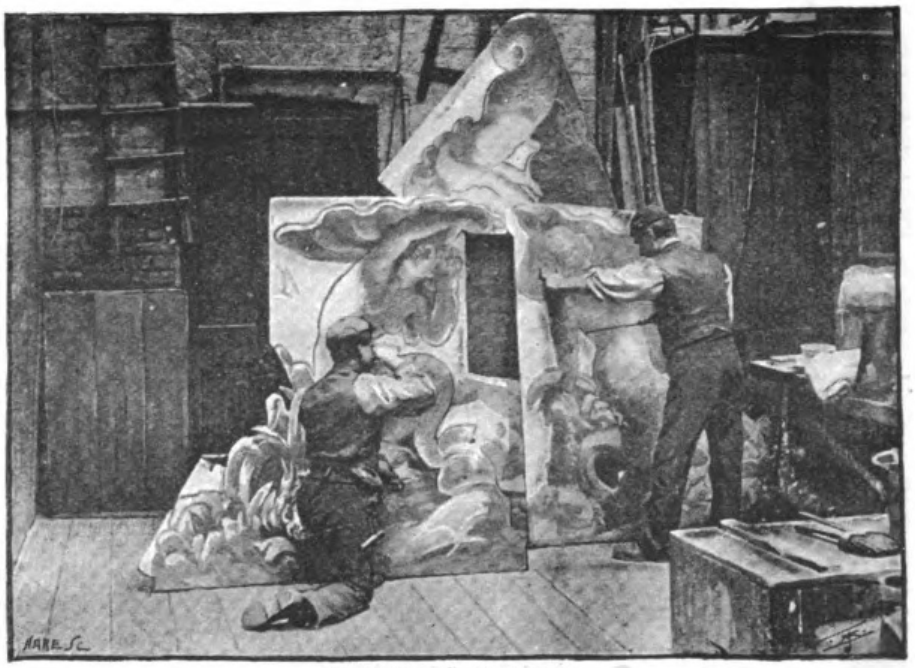
How are these scenic dreams produced, and, when ready for production, how are these wonderful "changes" brought about? We will divulge the great secret of pantomime.

First a subject is chosen—call it what you will, but fairies and their near relations must be included; their homes where they dwell—be they inside a rosebud or within the shelter of the white bell of a lily of the valley—must haunt the mind of the



MODEL BY MR. H. EMDEN.

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"PROFILING" A MERMAID.

artist who is about to prepare the surprise for Boxing Night. A number of rough sketches are made, and these proving as satisfactory as they are suggestive of an ultimate brilliant and bewildering effect, your artist settles down to build up a model to half-inch scale. This will frequently take a fortnight or three weeks to make, and very pretty things they are. Anything elaborate, such as rock-work, is carefully modelled out in plaster, whilst occasionally the figures are for the time being cut out in cardboard, so that a better notion may be formed as to how the ladies who pose in the great scene on Boxing Night will look in the completed picture. The one reproduced in these pages will give a very good idea of what this is. It is a model by Mr. H. Emden, one of our principal scenic artists, who has been promoting pleasure with his painting for the past twenty-eight years, and who will be responsible for the transformation scene in Mr. Oscar Barrett's revival of pantomime at the Lyceum, with that sweet young damsel with the daintiest foot in fairyland—"Cinderella."

The model completed, the carpenter and property master have to be considered. Each separate piece is traced off in outline in order that the knight of the chisel may make a wooden framework for the canvas. He it is who "profiles" the mermaids and their golden-haired sisters who will fill up the corners of the stage and, with the lime-light thrown on their glistening forms, look for all the world as though they have just come straight from the ocean on a temporary Christmas visit. Alas! for the wicked deception of this world! We are well aware that a certain young man, named Tommy, fell in love with one of these damsels only last Boxing Day. It is our painful duty to inform him that his sweetheart was made of wood and canvas, and—*painted!*

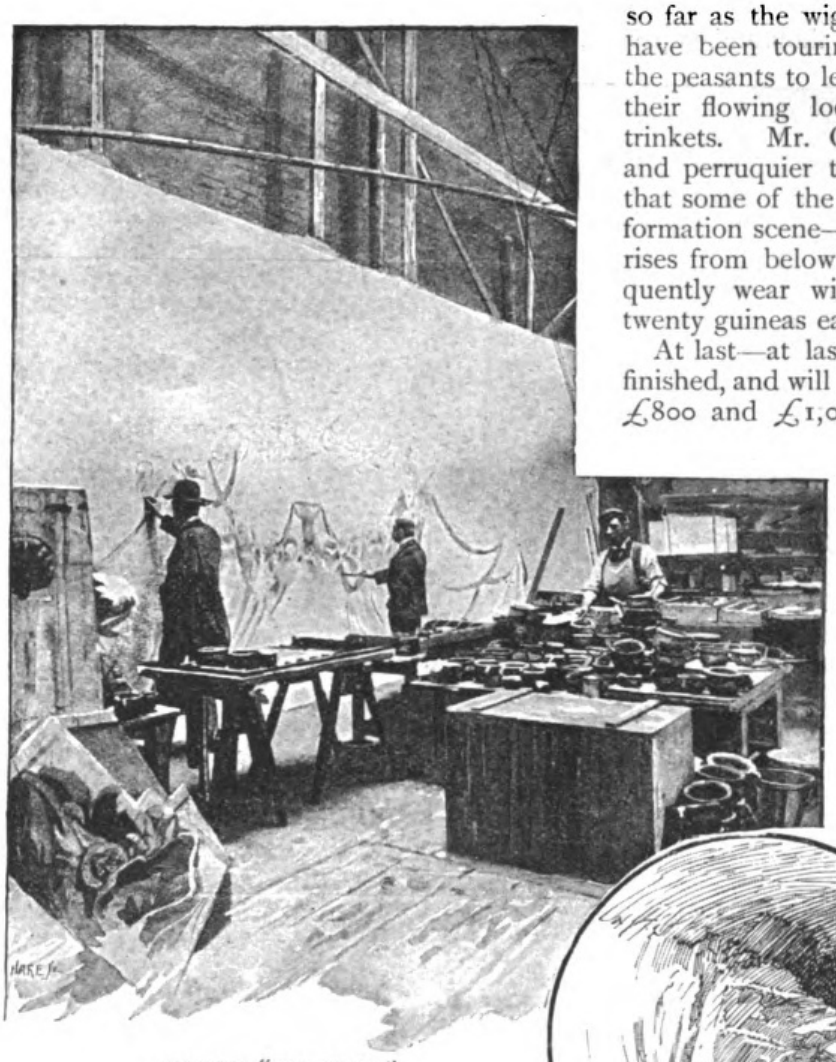
The property master—the gentleman who makes those terribly big craniums for the two-headed giant—builds up his share in the work from the plaster model.

Here is the painting-room. It is a perfect *olla podrida* of pots of colour—you can count a couple of hundred of them. Tables—formed by boards on trestles—are placed close at the back of the artists, on which are "stage" palettes. These are great wooden



MR. H. EMDEN.

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PAINTING "THE TRANS."

arrangements containing twenty or thirty different compartments for colour. And the scenic artists paint away on the canvas—previously prepared to receive the colour—which is stretched on immense wooden frames, which vary from 24ft. to 30ft. in height, and some 50ft. to 60ft. in length. Here they paint away for weeks—flowers and fairies, Cupids and birds of brilliant plumage make their appearance by degrees, until perhaps at the end of five or six weeks "the trans.," so far as the artist is concerned, is ready.

Young girls are now called in to decorate the canvas—sewing on glittering beads, tinsel and foil, and garlands of flowers, all of which will add to its beauty.

Your wig-maker and costumier must be consulted—the angels in the big picture have to be provided with wings. The dresses are made so that they will exactly match the combination of colour; whilst, so far as the wigs are concerned, merchants have been touring Germany and persuading the peasants to let them apply the scissors to their flowing locks in exchange for a few trinkets. Mr. Clarkson, who is costumier and perruquier to the Queen, will tell you that some of the principal figures in a transformation scene—and certainly the fairy who rises from below on a golden ball—will frequently wear wigs costing from fifteen to twenty guineas each.

At last—at last the picture of fairyland is finished, and will have cost anything between £800 and £1,000. It is now set on the stage, its many movements rehearsed again and again, the fairies and Cupids arranged a hundred times—and the managerial mind is in a state of whirl and worry as to how it will all work out at the "first performance."

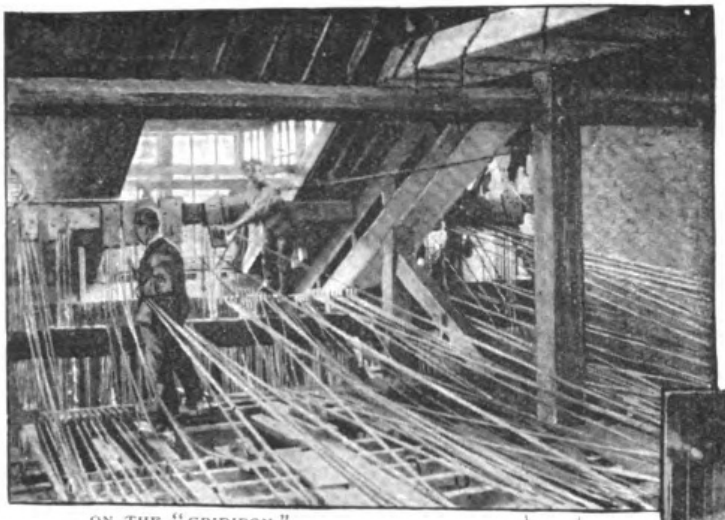
The "behind the scenes" arrangements at Drury Lane are unique



SEWING ON BEADS

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in their way, and a perfect puzzle to the uninitiated. There are ten thousand ropes and pulleys, each of which has its own particular work to do. But the stage men know every cord and its use—and these, together with the stage manager and the warning bell of the prompter, work out the marvellous changes of "the trans." which bewilders and delights everybody, from the little one in the stalls to the butcher boy in the gallery.

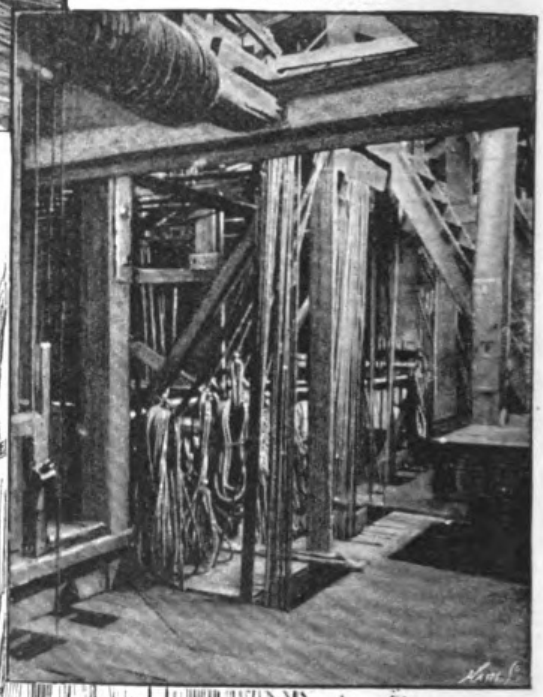


ON THE "GRIDIRON."

It is Boxing Night. The front cloth—generally depicting clouds—has descended, and the good fairy, in her clinging garments, enters and invites you to come with her to "Cupid's Bower." A ting-ting from the prompter's bell, and as she waves her wand, so the clouds disappear, the stars begin to twinkle, and you get the first peep into fairy-land. Flowers come and go, Cupids drop from the sky, birds fly about everywhere and perch upon the blossoms, fairies ascend noiselessly. How is it all accomplished?

We hurry away behind the scenes—it all seems a perfect chaos of noise, bustle, and people running about. But it is all with a purpose. Every man

"UPPER FLIES."



IN THE "FLIES."
(At Drury Lane Theatre.)

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knows the ropes, so to speak. Certain ropes will let down a piece of sky. At the moment that piece of sky is due to make its appearance, the prompter from his corner

ON THE STAGE—ABOVE.



presses the button which rings a bell above or below the stage, as needed, or right up in the gridiron — so called on account of the number of ropes stretched across from side to side of the stage—and your man knows that it is a signal to let the sky drop, or the flowers descend, or the glittering golden rain shower down. How it is all brought about without a piece of canvas getting out of order is a mystery. Sometimes, however, this is the case, and then you see one of the fly men crawl along the gas batons with the dexterity of a monkey—and be it distinctly understood that this is intended as a compliment—and put the rebellious bit of canvas right, returning to his place as though nothing had happened. He was only twenty or thirty feet above the level of the stage, and with absolutely nothing to protect him!

To most juvenile minds, the greatest wonder is caused when a bevy of fairies come up through the floor as though by magic, without a sound or murmur, whilst the youngsters can scarcely contain themselves when some beauteous being positively flies through the boards without note of warning.

The pictures here reproduced will convey a very good notion as to how this is managed.

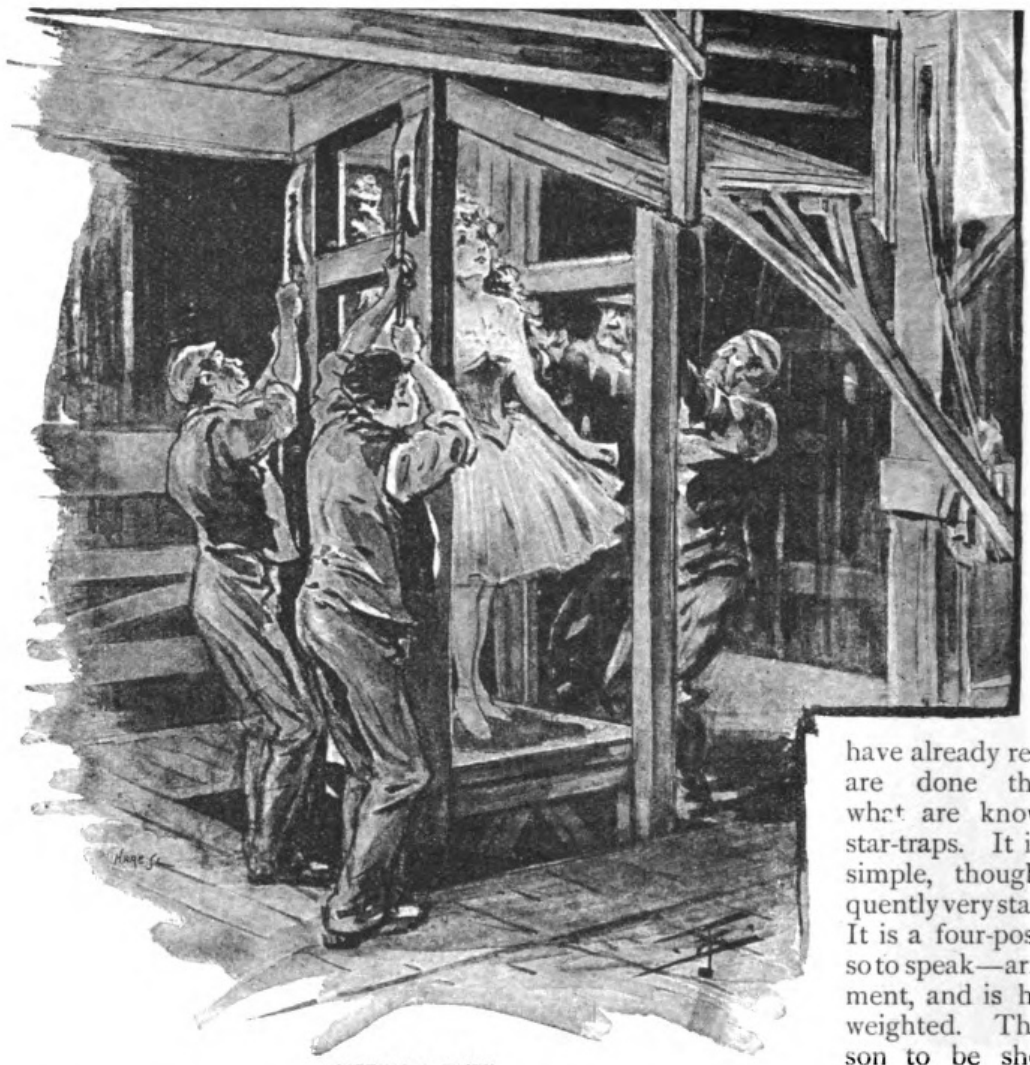


ON THE "BRIDGE"—BELOW.

It happened that when this article was being prepared a ballet was in course of presentation at the Empire Theatre in which this magical appearance was done, and the sketches were drawn whilst all was in action.

Not only fairies, but the big banquets set out on tables, which appear and disappear, are done on this principle. Some moments before the cluster of pretty people is required the fairies are busily arranging themselves—under the direction of the stage manager—beneath the stage, on what is known as a bridge. This is a substantial length of board connected with weights, pulleys and cords, which, at the proper moment, is raised to a level with the stage by means of a windlass. Down the

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LIFTING A FAIRY.

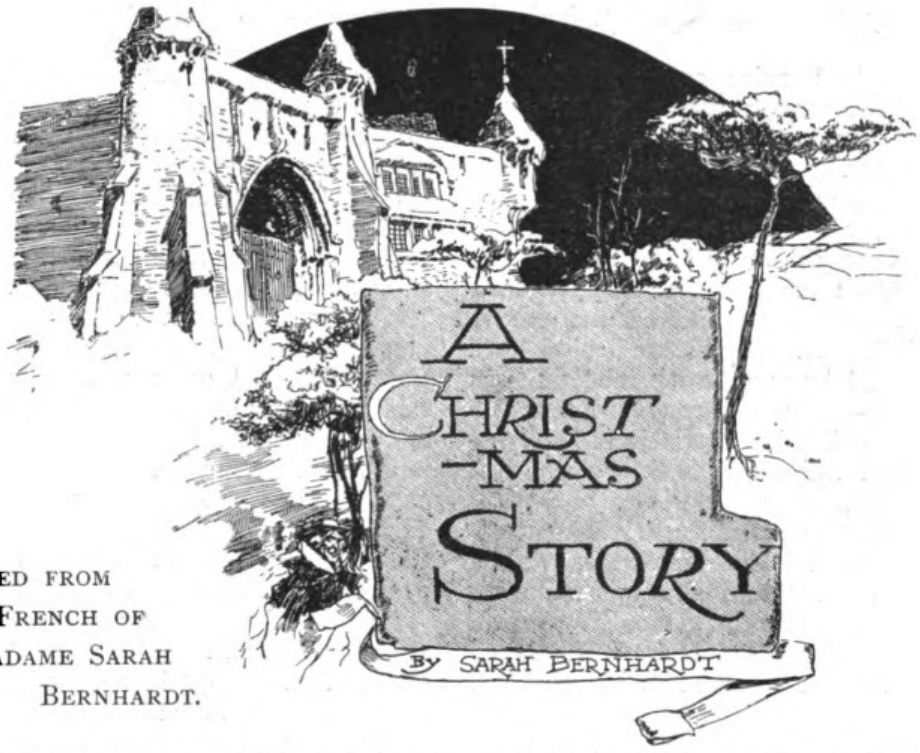
stairs the fairies come tripping and take up their position on the bridge. Some will lie down, others recline against supports to help them to remain without moving, whilst others who are to pose in a sitting position are provided with comfortable seats and strapped on for safety.

All at once the bell sounds—it comes from the prompter's box. The trap, which provides the opening above, silently slides away, the men in their shirt sleeves at the windlass clap their hands to the handles, and noiselessly the bridge with its beautiful burden ascends, and we hear a burst of applause.

The "sudden" appearances to which we have already referred are done through what are known as star-traps. It is very simple, though frequently very startling. It is a four-posted—so to speak—arrangement, and is heavily weighted. The person to be shot up takes her stand, a quartet of stage hands take their allotted corners at the ropes, and at the word "Go!" suddenly release the cord and "up" goes the fairy. It is not often the case, however, that fairies are subjected to this means of a sudden rise in life—the star-trap being more frequently used for the appearance of spangled and fiery-eyed demons and sprites, or the irrepressible disciple of Joey Grimaldi, who after being so "lifted" only regains his feet to thrust his hands in his capacious pockets, screw his highly coloured mouth into position, and shout out at the top of his voice: "'Here we are again! A Muddy Christmas and a Sloppy New Year!"



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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.

THE Château de Ploerneuf was the terror of the Bretons. On passing it the peasants made the sign of the cross and murmured under their breath: "The Château of the Accursed!" Brambles grew about its boundary walls, which no living soul dared pass. The valets moved about within like shadows, never raising their voices. No one ever spoke to the master.

Alone, the young Comte Robert found grace before the lord of the manor, the old Duc de Kerberzoff, his uncle.

At the moment when this recital commences, Robert was at the feet of the old man, who, with livid face, glittering eyes, and marks of fear on all his features, sat in the great ducal chair, listening to what the spectre of terror said to him.

By his side, upon a porphyry column, burned a small golden lamp, ornamented with precious stones, into the flame of which a tall negro poured, minute by minute, a drop of oil. In the old man's rude hand gleamed an axe: the negro would have paid with his life the least forgetfulness of his duties.

The Duke was paler than usual. His long white hair clung to his brow, and from his eyes great tears rolled down upon his silver beard.

"My dear lord, are you in greater pain?" asked Robert, tenderly.

The Duke shuddered—listening still.

"Christmas! Christmas!" sang voices in the fields. "Christmas! Christmas!" sounded the church bells.



"ROBERT WAS AT THE FEET OF THE OLD MAN."

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Then, drawing himself up, spectre-like, he said :—

"Listen, Robert, listen!"

For twenty years the old man had not spoken.

The sepulchral voice resounded in the great hall; the arms, struck by echo, gave out an iron plaint. The young Count felt frozen with fear.

"Twenty years ago, I had a son; handsome, brave, and generous. He loved a young, low-born girl, and wished to wed her; but I refused—I could not consent to such an outrage. My son implored me, but I remained inflexible. My blazon would have been shattered by such a shame! I was wrong, child—I was wrong! Never be arrogantly proud, it is a mortal sin!"

Sobs stifled the old Duke's voice. But presently he went on :—

"The girl was beautiful and virtuous. I offered her gold; she refused it. Then I had her abducted and shut up in a tower of the château. Months passed; my son remained faithful to his vows, I faithful to my pride. I therefore resolved to kill the girl. To that end I sent her secretly a message, advising her to escape. A silken ladder was conveyed to her, with minutely detailed instructions as to how she was to fasten it to her window. She prepared to fly—and then I invented an infamous trap!

"Listen, Robert—listen! I caused the stones which supported the window to be loosened, so that it should give way under her and she would be dashed upon the marble pavement of the courtyard below. It was Christmas, the night of that evil deed; and ever since I have slept in fear of God.

"That same night I was transported in dreams into an immense gallery of clouds. Vaults followed upon vaults in millions—extending, ever extending. Under these vaults hung little golden lamps, swaying gently. It would have taken years to count them. Some of them burned brightly, others were extinguished suddenly. Some shone with a violent glare, others flickered and sputtered a long while before they went out.

"Some of these lamps were guarded by angels, white and beautiful as beauty itself. Other of the lamps had angels, black, ugly, and malevolent, who seemed to wait impatiently the moment when the flame should expire.

"'What does all this mean?' I asked my conductor.

"'All those lamps are human souls,' he replied. 'Those which burn so brightly are the souls of new-born infants; stainless angels guard them. Here are the souls of those who are at the age when, some think, the Spirit of Evil and the Spirit of Good contend for them; but, at the supreme moment, the last breath almost always returns to the Spirit of Good.'

"I then asked to be shown my own lamp.

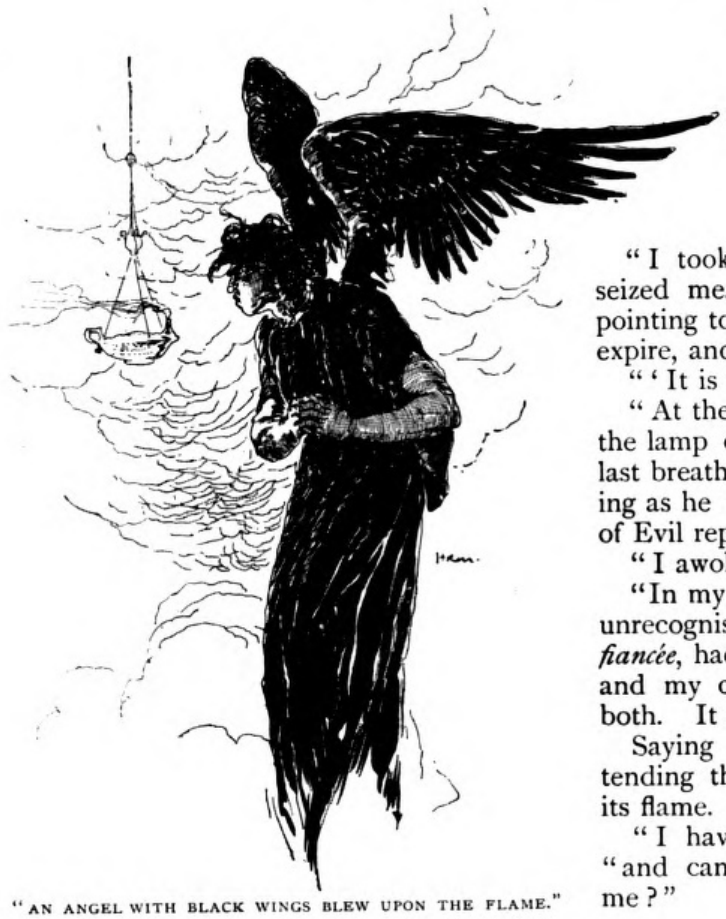
"'Come with me,' said the strange being; and, leading me under innumerable vaults, he made me traverse a great distance. At length, stopping me abruptly, he said: 'Behold! there is your soul!'

"I was petrified with terror. A single drop of oil remained in my lamp; and, above it, an angel with black wings blew upon the flame to accelerate its extinction. I was seized



"I HAD HER SHUT UP IN A TOWER."

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"AN ANGEL WITH BLACK WINGS BLEW UPON THE FLAME."

with dread — overtaken by cowardice — yes, cowardice!" said the Duke, trembling in every limb.

"Listen, Robert—listen! Beside me burned a flame of purest light: that lamp of gold, protected by an angel with wings of spotless white. The Spirit of Evil whispered in my ear."

The old Duke stopped—as if the voice were speaking to him again. His eyes became bloodshot, his hair rose on his head with horror, his teeth chattered with affright, and when he continued his voice was almost a shriek.

"I went to the lamp guarded by the angel with the white wings, who looked at me sorrowfully; but the angel with the black wings still whispered in my ears. I saw nothing; I did not wish to see anything. I plucked a feather from the wing of the black angel and dipped it in the brightly flaming lamp and took from it the oil, drop by drop, and poured it into mine. My flame became glittering and red as blood; the other paled, but preserved still the brightness of a star. When but one drop of oil was left in it, the angel that guarded it spread his white wings and would have stayed me; but an angel with pearly wings and bearing a golden sword suddenly appeared.

"'Let this human being do according to his will—God will judge him!' it said.

"I took the last drop of oil! Then fear seized me. 'What lamp is this?' I asked, pointing to the poor flame that was ready to expire, and the voice replied:—

"'It is the soul of your beloved son.'

"At the same moment the clear flame of the lamp died out: the white angel took its last breath in his wings and flew away, uttering as he went a cry of distress. The Spirit of Evil replied with a cry of triumph.

"I awoke, frozen with horror.

"In my chamber lay two bodies—crushed, unrecognisable. My son, informed by his *fiancée*, had tried to protect her in her flight, and my criminal snare had destroyed them both. It was Christmas, twenty years ago!"

Saying this he made a sign to the negro tending the precious lamp to cease feeding its flame.

"I have made confession," he added, "and can now die; but will God forgive me?"



"DIPPED IT IN THE BRIGHTLY FLAMING LAMP."

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At that moment the bells of the château pealed forth and the voices of the singers in the church were heard. The doors of the great hall opened. At the back of the chapel of the old manor, resplendent with lights, the infant Jesus, lying upon his bed of straw, appeared, radiant with celestial glory.

The old Duke fell on his knees before the infant Deity.

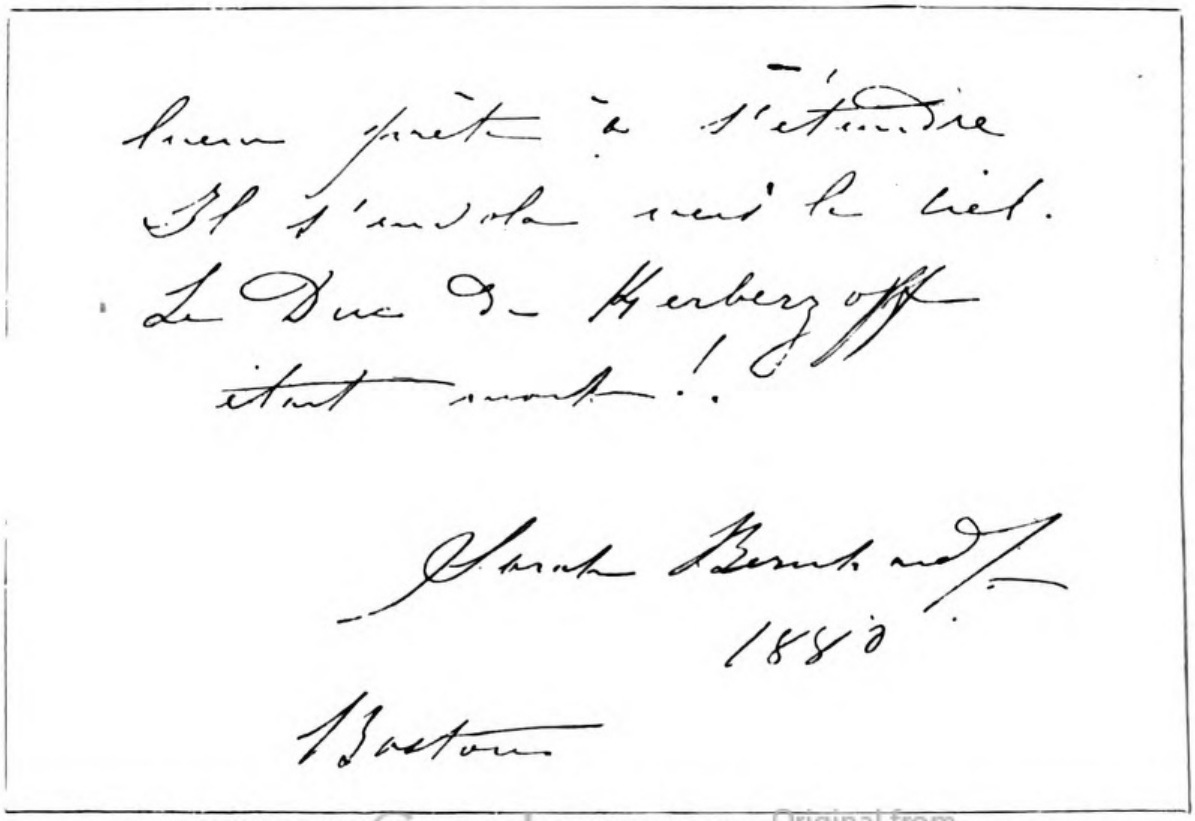
"Man," said the voice of the priest, "Jesus was born to suffer, and died for the redemption of sinners. You have sinned, you have suffered, you have repented—God forgives you. Your soul pass from you in peace."



Then the old man turned his eyes towards the lamp, above which an angel with white wings was hovering. That angel he recognised—it was the guardian of the brilliant lamp.

The angel smiled sweetly and took within his wings the expiring flame, with which he flew heavenwards.

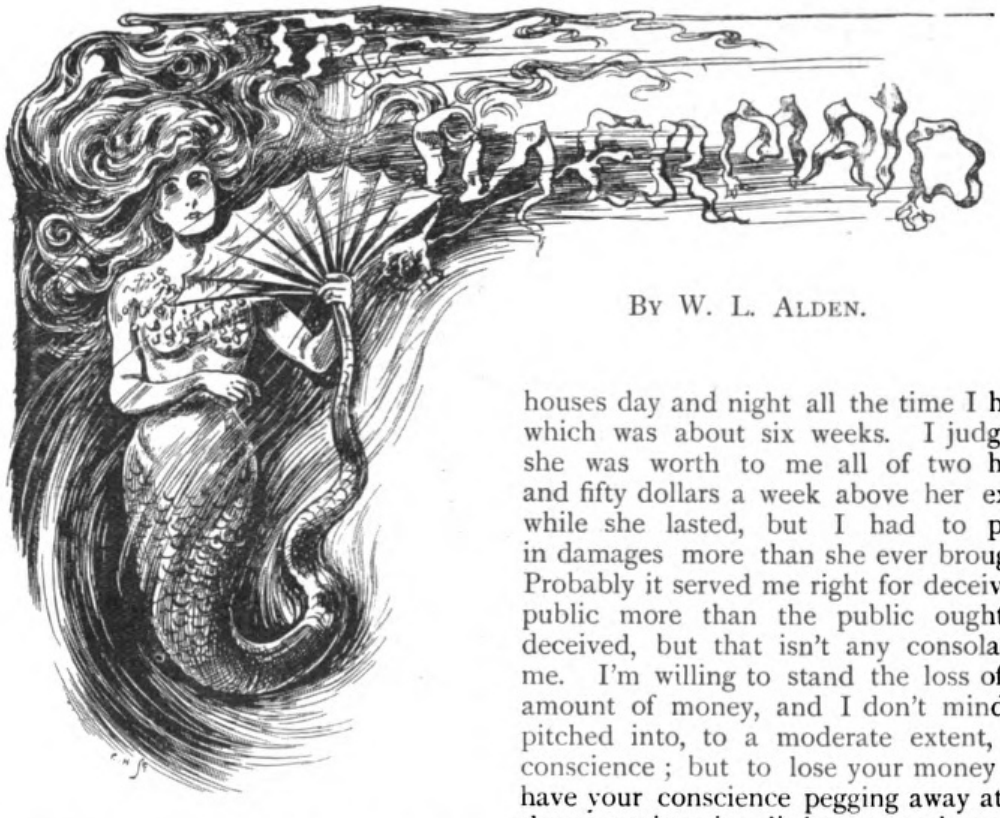
The Duc de Kerberzoff was dead!



FACSIMILE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE CONCLUSION OF THE FOREGOING STORY.

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The Queer Side of Things—Among the Freaks.



By W. L. Alden.

"WHAT I need," said the Doorkeeper one evening, when he had seemed more than usually thoughtful, "is some brand new attraction. Thishyer thing of running the same show year after year, with the same Giant and Dwarf and Fat Woman and such, doesn't seem worthy of an enterprising Christian man."

"I thought you had tried novel attractions a good many times?" said I.

"So I have, but they never panned out well. I told you about several of them, and you could see for yourself that they were failures. You've got to deal honestly with the public if you want to succeed. Of course, when I say honestly I mean it in a reasonable sort of way. If you take your honesty straight, it won't work. You've got to mix it with a little intelligent enterprise before it can really be called the best policy.

"One of the best things that I ever tried in the line of novel attractions," continued the Doorkeeper, after a smoky pause, "was the Marquesas Mermaid. She drew full houses day and night all the time I had her, which was about six weeks. I judged that she was worth to me all of two hundred and fifty dollars a week above her expenses while she lasted, but I had to pay her in damages more than she ever brought me. Probably it served me right for deceiving the public more than the public ought to be deceived, but that isn't any consolation to me. I'm willing to stand the loss of a fair amount of money, and I don't mind being pitched into, to a moderate extent, by my conscience; but to lose your money and to have your conscience pegging away at you at the same time is a little too much, and that's what happened to me in this Mermaid affair.

"She was brought to me by a stranger one day. I knew him by reputation, and his reputation was pretty bad, but I had never dealt with him before. I was exhibiting in New York at the time, and was doing a fair to middling business, though it showed signs of falling off, owing to the Presidential campaign which was then in progress. If ever you go into the show business you'll wish you were living under a king. Thishyer electing of a President takes the public's attention away from all Freaks excepting political ones, and people will walk ten miles to look at Jim Blaine sooner than walk around the corner to see a first-class Fat Woman. I believed in a republic as much as anybody before I went into the show business, but there is no denying the fact that no Museum of Freaks can stand the active competition of American politics.

"Well! to go back to thishyer Mermaid. I was sitting in my office one day when this agent comes to me and says:—

"'Colonel! if you want an attraction that will knock all competition sky-high, including

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the Eyetalian Opera and the Woman's Temperance Society, I've got it for you.'

"'What is it?' said I. 'Not that I'm in need of any attraction, considering that I'm turning about a thousand people away every day; but for all that, I'm always ready to consider any fair offer. That is, providing it ain't no Two-Headed Girl. One head apiece is all any Freak that gets into my collection is allowed to have.'

"You see," added the Doorkeeper, "I'd been sold once, and put in a very bad position, by a Two-Headed Girl, and I wasn't going to be caught in that way a second time.

"'It's a genuwine South Sea Mermaid,' said the agent, 'and a mighty handsome one too.'

"'Then we can't trade,' said I. 'I've got one of your South Sea Mermaids in one of my packing boxes, and I'll give her to you if you'll carry her away. A Mermaid won't draw nowadays any more than a stuffed cat.'

"'But,' says the man, 'this is none of your regular old-style Mermaids, made out of a fish and a monkey. I tell you she's a genuwine Mermaid, what sings and swims, and combs her hair, and talks. Mighty intelligent she is, too. She can speak French just as well as you or me speaks American, though, of course, she don't speak it in public. If you'll let me bring her here some morning and give you a private exhibition, you'll admit that she is something altogether new in the Mermaid line.'

"The next morning, when there was nobody in the Museum except me, a van drove up, and a big packing box mounted on wheels was brought in. The agent was with it, and when he had sent away the men that brought the box, he opened it. There was a big glass tank inside of it, and inside of the tank was a very handsome young woman, got up as a Mermaid. And she was mighty well got up, too. The upper part of her was covered with india-rubber life preservers fitted to her shape, and from the waist down she was covered with a blue and gold fish-skin that ended in a practicable tail worked by her feet. What with the life preservers, and the ballast that was inclosed in the fish-skin, she was constructed so as to swim in the tank with her head and arms and shoulders clear of the water, and with her back hair, which was about 4ft. long and genuine so far as I know, floating out behind her.

"The agent filled up the tank with water, and the Mermaid gave a performance, although she grumbled a little at having to do it in cold water. She would swim around the tank singing to herself in some sort of gibberish that the agent said was the Marquesas language. Then she would sit on an artificial rock in the middle of the tank and comb her hair, and cuss a little to herself, as I afterwards found out, because the hair, being wet, would get in more or less of a tangle. Then she would keep on sitting on the rock while she would look at herself in a hand mirror, and sigh as if she thought she was beginning to grow grey and wrinkled, which she wasn't. Presently she



"THEN SHE WOULD SIT ON A ROCK AND COMB HER HAIR."

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would start as if she saw some particular young man in the audience, and with a wild shriek she would dive in the tank and swim around under water for about ten minutes as it seemed to me, though it was really only about four minutes. You see, she had begun her career as a Champion Woman Fish, and as such was accustomed to eat and smoke under the water. This Mermaid business was only an expansion, as you might say, of her original profession.

"'What do you say to that?' asked the agent when the exhibition was over and the Mermaid had gone into my private office to get dry, and to put on her citizen's dress.

"Of course I told him that I didn't think much of it, but that I was willing to give the girl an engagement, provided she would take a nominal salary. From that we argued the thing for pretty near an hour, I being determined that such a first-class attraction shouldn't escape me, and he being bound to stick me for a salary that was about equal to that of an Eyetalian primer donner. We came to an agreement after awhile, and all three went to dinner together. I will say that, for a professional, the Marquesas Mermaid was the most lady-like woman I have ever met, barring that she would drink more beer and whisky than, to my mind, a regular private lady would drink. But she said she had to do something to keep her blood circulating, and stave off the rheumatism, which was only reasonable, considering that she spent from three to four hours daily in her tank.

"Well! That Mermaid was the very biggest success I ever had, and I've had a good many since I first went into the business some thirty-seven years ago. About two-thirds of the people who came to see her believed in the Mermaid yarn, and the other third could not help admiring the splendid way in which she played her part, especially her performances under water. She was a remarkably well-behaved girl, too. I am sorry to say that she drank altogether too much, but she was always sober until after her day's work was done; and if she did drink too much in her own bedroom, she never made a row and broke things, as a Fat Woman I once had (who took to drink in consequence of a disappointment in love) was in the habit of doing.

"But there was one person who hated the girl, and that was the Beautiful Circassian Girl. From the day the Mermaid came into the show the Circassian might as well have been out of it altogether, so far as attracting any attention went. Naturally she was jealous, as were all the other Freaks, though they did not show it so openly. The thing that made the Circassian Girl the maddest was that the Giant, who had been paying her attention for some months, went clean over to the Mermaid, and hadn't eyes in his head for any other girl.

"Now, the Circassian, who was a Spanish girl from Cuba, and about as bad-tempered as they make 'em, combined with the Dwarf, who was another bad lot, and got up a scheme for getting square with the Mermaid. They worked it in this way. The girl was accustomed to stay in her tank for an hour

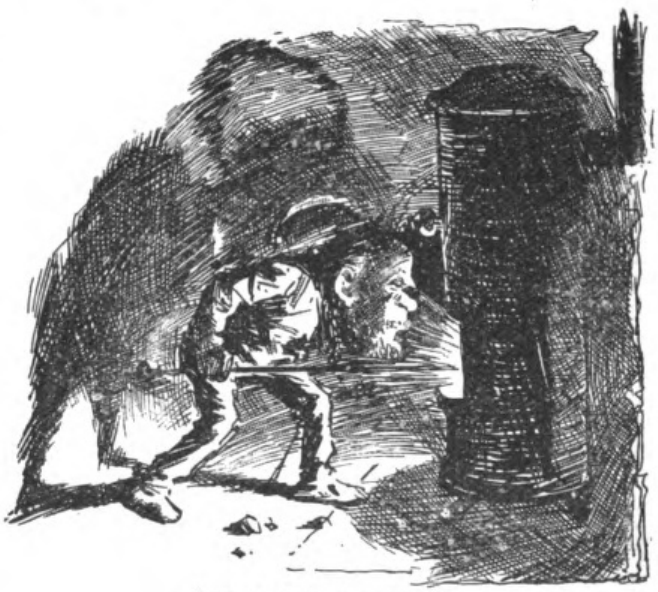


"THEY GOT UP A SCHEME."

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and a half at each performance, and of course we had two performances a day. Naturally the water, no matter how warm it might be at the start, would grow cold in the course of an hour and a half, and as it was late in the Fall, and the weather was unseasonably cold, the Mermaid could not stand such a change of temperature. So she had the tank supplied with warm water that was heated in a boiler in another room, and led into the tank by a pipe. This kept the tank at an even temperature—for the warm water was continually flowing into it, while the overflow of cooler water ran off through the escape pipe. She always saw for herself that the water in the boiler was of the right temperature before her performance began, and took care that the fire was brisk enough to keep the water properly heated without overheating it.

"One afternoon the Dwarf pretended that he had the rheumatism so bad that he could not show, and so I gave him a day off. What does he do but hide himself in the room where the boiler was kept, and after the Mermaid had seen that the fire was all right, and had gone to her room to put on her Mermaid clothes, he stirs up the fire, pours a lot of petroleum into the coal-scuttle, and then fills up the furnace as full as it would hold. After which he sneaked out, and went to bed, pretending that he had been there all day.



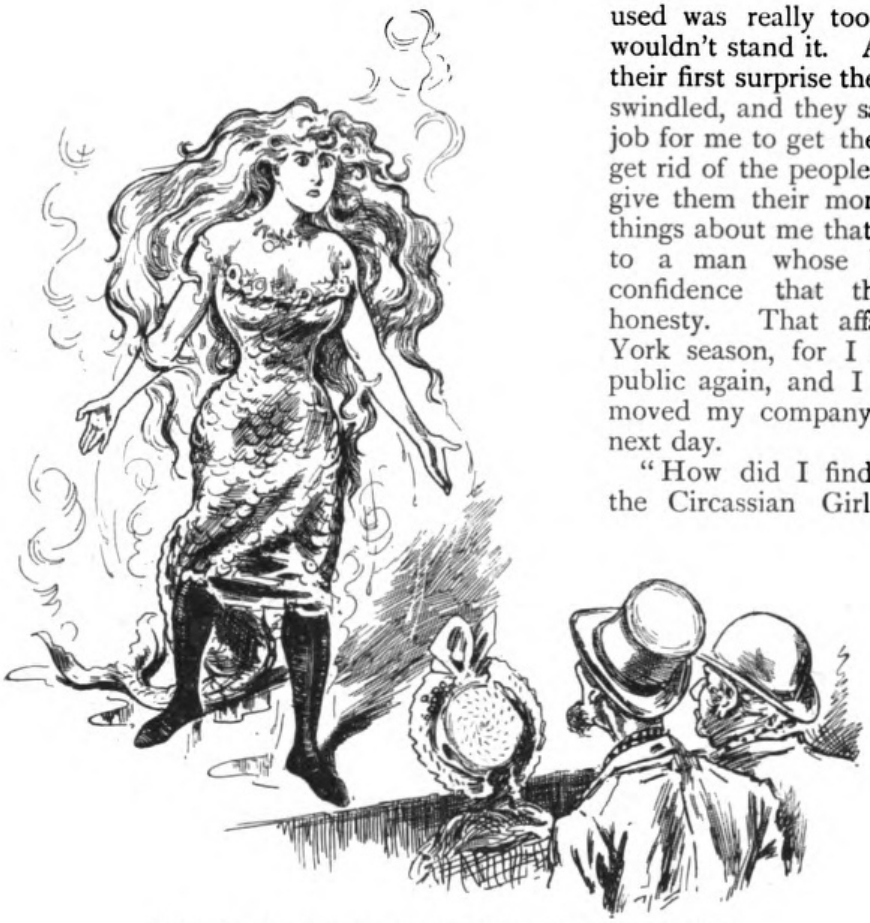
"HE STIRS UP THE FIRE."

"The Mermaid went into her tank at 2.30 as usual, and as I was standing close to her at the time I noticed that she looked a little dissatisfied, the reason being, as I afterwards found out, that she thought the water was too hot to be quite comfortable. She went through with the first part of her programme as usual: combing her hair, and singing in the Mermaid language, and swimming round the tank with her head and shoulders out of water, but all the time that look of dissatisfaction was growing and spreading as you might say. Then she came on to the second part of the programme, in which she performed her submarine feats, and no sooner had she sunk gracefully to the bottom of the tank, than she came up to the surface again, with the unhappiest expression I ever saw on a woman's face. She supported herself by holding on to the edge of the tank, and kept as much of herself out of the water as she could, and I could see from the way that she looked at me that she was dying to say something to me. It wouldn't do, however, for her to let the public suppose that she knew how to speak any human language, so I just smiled at her to encourage her, never thinking what the real matter was.

"You see, the Dwarf had managed the fire so that the water was by this time pretty near up to the boiling point, and kept growing hotter every minute. The girl stood it like a hero, and the perspiration stood out all over her forehead. She kept moving herself around in the tank, trying to see if she could strike a cooler section of the water, but it was no use. The time came pretty soon when she had to take her choice between being boiled and giving herself away, and, naturally, she chose the latter. At first she tried to get out of the tank without opening her lips, but when she had swung herself up to the rim of the tank, and was hanging over it, the tank began to tip up, and presently the whole thing went over with a crash and pretty near drowned the people that were standing under it.

"The Mermaid, when she saw what was going to happen, called out, 'Save me!' as loud as she could, and when she was picked up, with her fish-skin extension burst open, and her feet showing through it, she knew the game was up, and she thought she might as well relieve her feelings with language. She stood up and made a speech to the

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"SHE SAID THAT SOME SCOUNDREL HAD TRIED TO BOIL HER."

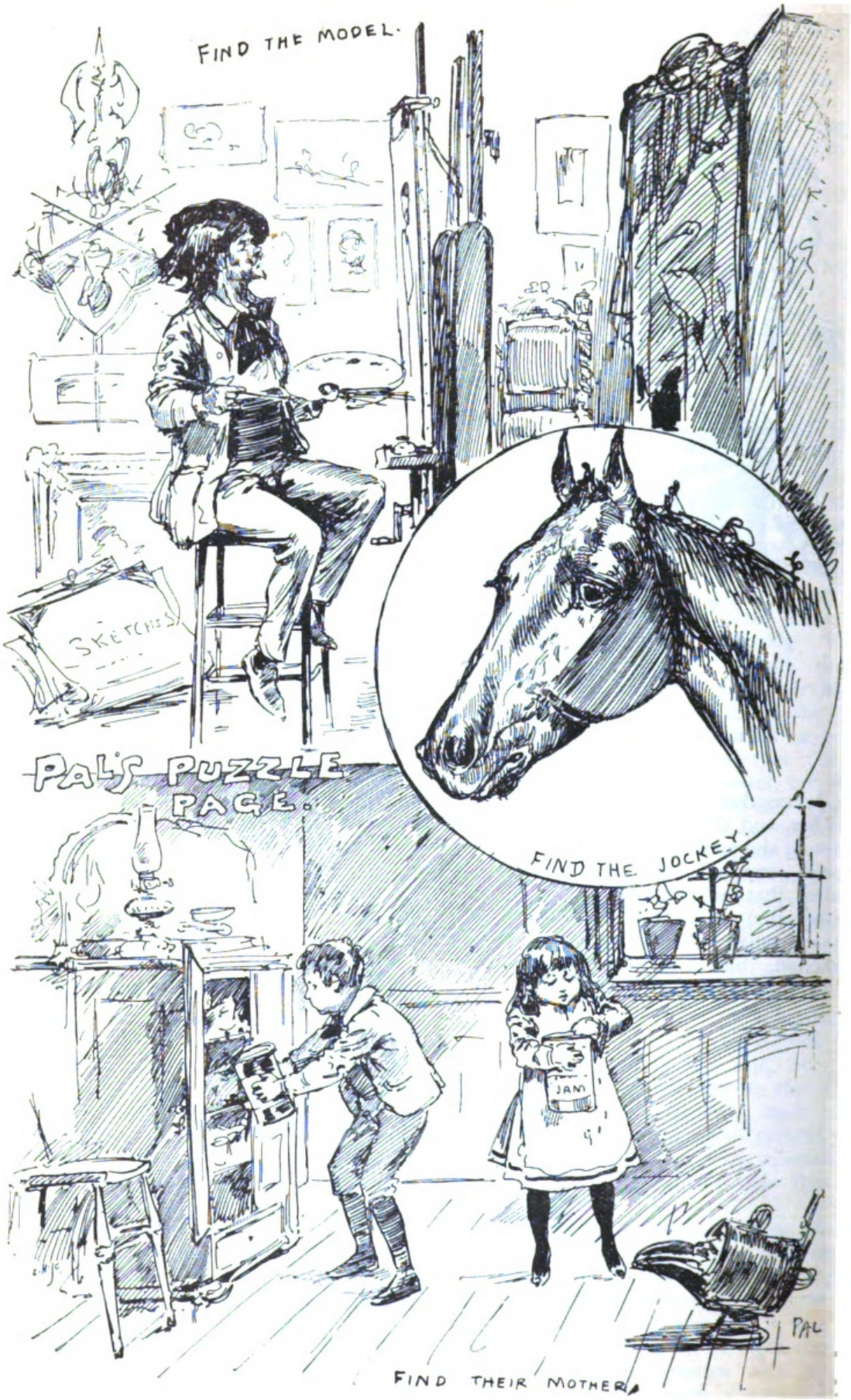
public, saying that some scoundrel had tried to boil her, and threatening to kill him the first minute she could find him.

"I can overlook a good deal that people, and especially women, may say when they are excited, but the language the Mermaid used was really too much, and the public wouldn't stand it. As soon as they got over their first surprise they felt that they had been swindled, and they said so. It was a tough job for me to get the Mermaid away, and to get rid of the people. Of course, I had to give them their money back, but they said things about me that were very discouraging to a man whose living depends on the confidence that the public has in his honesty. That affair broke up my New York season, for I didn't dare to face the public again, and I just shut up shop and moved my company on to Philadelphia the next day.

"How did I find out that the Dwarf and the Circassian Girl had a hand in it? Why, because they naturally couldn't help bragging about it. However, I never said anything to them about it. What was the use? 'Let bad enough alone' is my motto. But I can tell you I kept a sharp eye on the Dwarf after that, and cured his rheumatism for him. The next time he came to me for a half holiday on account of rheumatism, I just said: 'You get into a tank of boiling water, and your rheumatism won't trouble you any more.' He knew what I was referring to, and he never said rheumatism to me again."



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THE STRAND MAGAZINE



AN · ILLUSTRATED · MONTHLY

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No. 36 VOL 6

DEC. 1893

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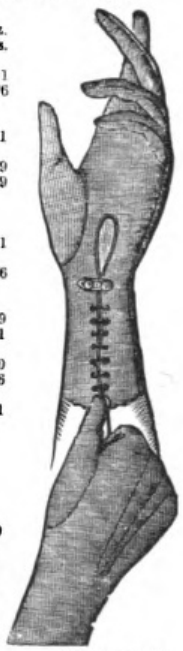
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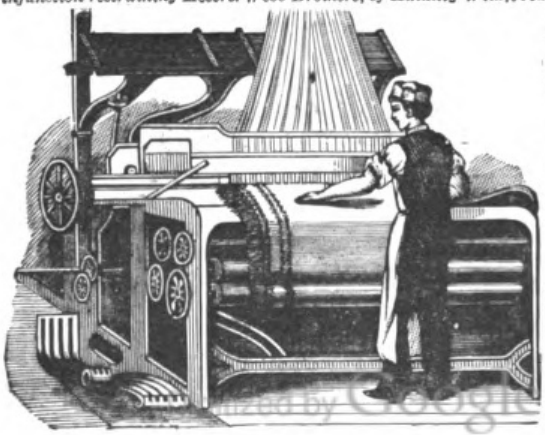
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PADDINGTON—83, Praed Street.
PECKHAM—111B, Queen's Road.
PECKHAM RYE—No. 19.
PENGE—52, Oakfield Road.
PIMLICO—136, Tachbrook Street.
PIMLICO—131, Lupus Street.
PIMLICO—160A, Ebury Street.
POPLAR—Bank Buildings, 187, East India Road.
PORTMAN SQUARE—65, George Street.
PUTNEY—160, Upper Richmond Road.
REGENT'S PARK—1A, Upper Baker Street.
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ST. JOHN'S WOOD—19, Circus Road.
ST. JOHN'S WOOD—122, Boundary Road.
STOKE NEWINGTON—64, Green Lanes.
STRATFORD—124, The Grove.
STREATHAM—119, High Road.
SURBITON—5, Ewell Road.
SURBITON—Victoria Road.
SUTTON (Surrey)—132, High Street.
SYDENHAM—54, Kirkdale.
TOOTING—23, Upper Tooting Road.
TOTTENHAM—560, High Road.
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TULSE HILL—94, Norwood Road.
TURNHAM GREEN—2, Bank Buildings, Broadway.
WALHAM GREEN—454, Fulham Road.
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WHITECHAPEL—8, Osborn Street.
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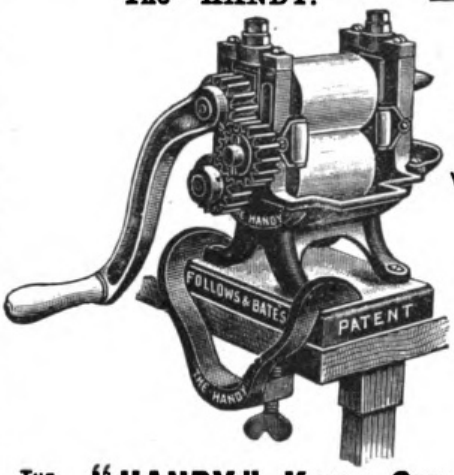
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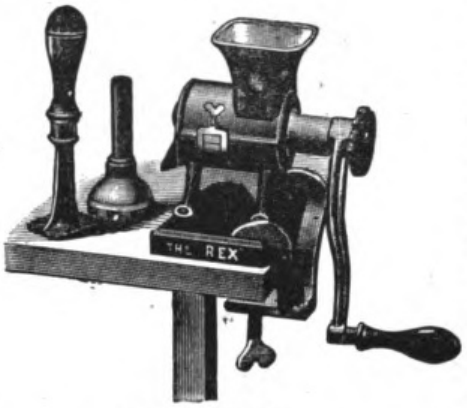
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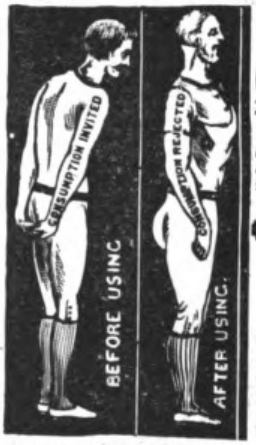
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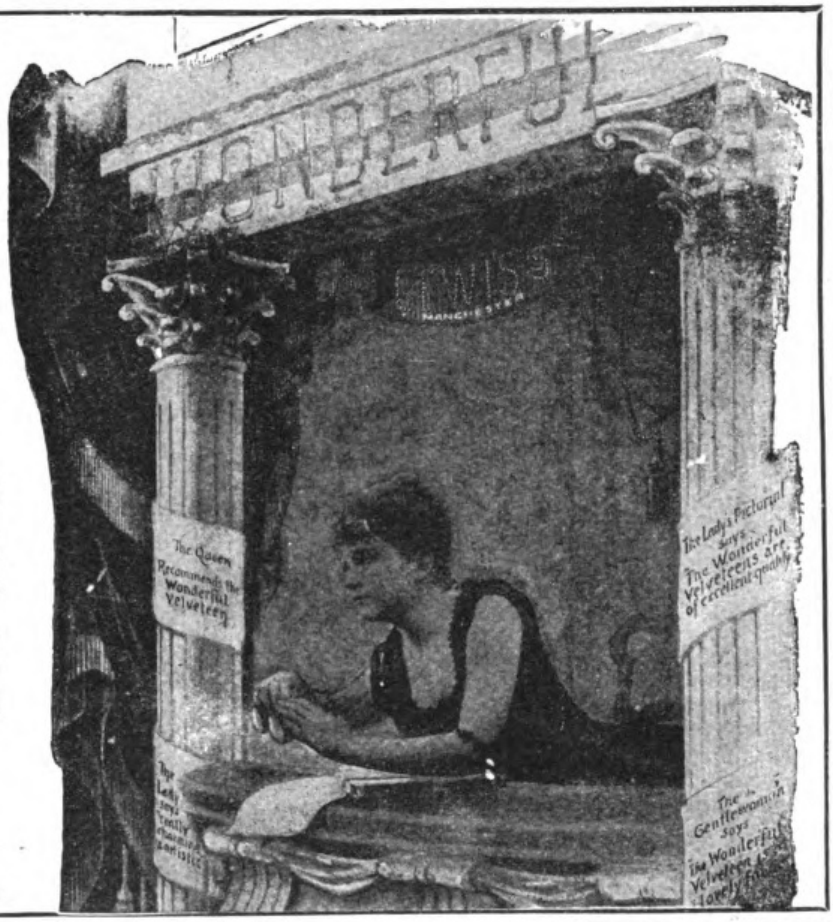
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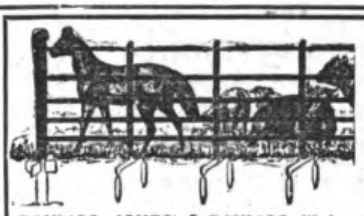
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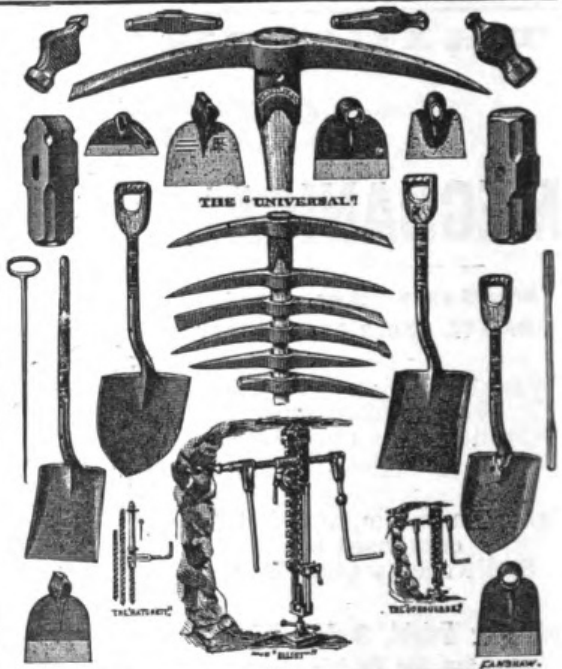
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SPEAKING OF LONG AGO.

TO-DAY, as I pen these lines, one picture from the long-vanished past rises in my memory as clearly as though it hung on the wall before my very eyes. It is of a boy about fourteen years old, propped up in a great arm-chair with pillows and bed-clothes, and gazing through a window. He is just convalescing after a long and dangerous illness, and is still thin, pale, and weak. The strong arms of his loving father have taken him from the bed and placed him snugly by the window in order that he may see his playmates at their games in the snow; for the time is mid-winter. They wave their hands to him and he waves his hand feebly to them. The scene is from my own boyhood, forty years ago. What magic has conjured it up now? Only a sentence from a letter.

This: "I was so weak that for years I had to be carried upstairs to bed." A lady speaks thus of her girlhood. What a pitiable thing. It is not what Nature meant; but, alas! too often what really happens in this perverted world. Children should never suffer pain, for pain is punishment. For whose offences, then—surely not their own!—do the little ones sicken and die by uncounted millions?

"From childhood," so runs the letter, "I was always delicate. When fourteen years old I got a chill on the lungs, which left me in a weak state. Indeed, I was always tired and weary, and never knew what it was to feel strong."

Now, tell me, if you can, what sadder reading one is apt to come upon than this? Fancy a young girl being *always* tired, weary, and weak! —too weak to climb the stairs to her own bed! so feeble and lifeless as to require to be carried over the house through which she *should* have skipped and danced like a fawn. What had so crushed her? Disease? What disease and how caused?

"I was very pale," continues the letter, "my feet were cold and clammy, and hot sweats now and again burst over me. My appetite was poor; and after eating, I suffered such pain at the chest and sides that it often amounted to agony; and the palpitation of the heart was so bad that many times I got no sleep at night on account of it."

And this at an age when the heart should beat quickly only with feelings of joy and hope: and girlish forms in their beds should be as quiet as recumbent statues.

"After a time," says the writer, "I could take liquid nourishment only, my stomach being too weak to retain anything solid. Thus, I gradually wasted away until I was nothing but skin and bone. I had not even strength to walk across the floor; and all who saw me said it was impossible that I should ever get well.

"From time to time I saw doctor after doctor, and twice went to the Sherborne Hospital, but received no benefit from the treatment there. *At last the doctors said that both my chest and bowels were ulcerated, and that there was no hope of my recovery.* I was now so bad that I could take nothing but weak brandy and water—and that only occasionally.

"In this hopeless condition I lingered on until March, 1890, when I heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Although I had given up all hope of deriving any benefit from any medicine, I, nevertheless, sent for a bottle of the Syrup, and after having taken it for a few days I found myself a little better. This led me to continue using it, and shortly I was able to take solid food, and the sickness gradually left me. Holding to this medicine—the only one that had ever helped me—I grew stronger and stronger until I was in good health. Without Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup I should never have recovered; and you must try to imagine how grateful I feel. I never can put my thankfulness in words. — Yours truly, (Signed) (Mrs.) Mary Jane Hilliar, Rimpton, near Sherborne, Dorset, March 9th, 1893."

We rest at this. Here is a life history. How can we comment on it adequately? What a pity that this woman should have so suffered; what a satisfaction to know that she suffers no more. And yet! the lost time, the lost happiness! Ah, yes! Mother Seigel had reason enough to induce her to labour, as she did, to relieve her sister women. Thank Heaven for her success.

Mrs. Hilliar's real disease was of the stomach —indigestion and dyspepsia; inherited probably, and made chronic by circumstances. The remedy she finally used cured this, and so freed her from all the symptoms and results. How kindly are the arms that carry us in our weakness. How glorious not to need them.

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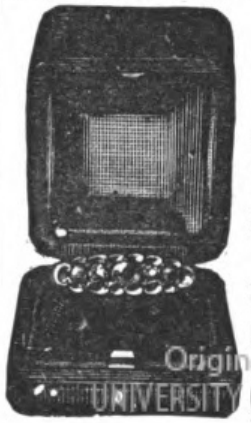
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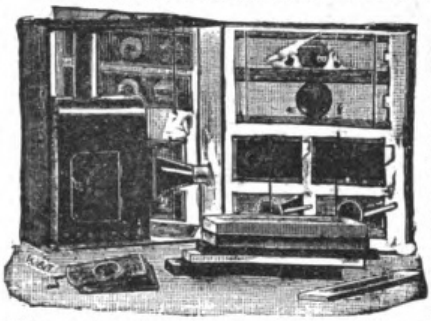
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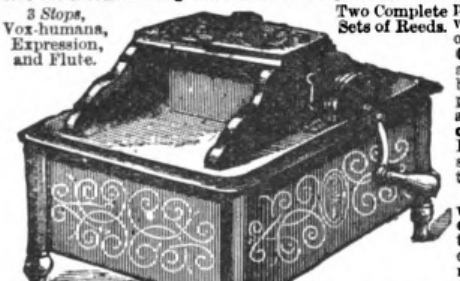
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"For fifteen years my life was a daily burden. I suffered from inflammation of the bladder and indigestion; burning pains in groin and back; excruciating pains in the pit of the stomach; dreadful aching of the eyes; coldness of the extremities; distressing flatulency; pain and burning during urination; and bad taste in the mouth. I was extremely nervous and low-spirited; gradually growing weaker and weaker, with great loss of flesh. After all these years of suffering and fruitless attempts to better my condition, I was cured by Warner's Safe Cure. I can now walk long distances without any pain or inconvenience. Have regained my flesh, and my natural life-vigour has returned, so now I enjoy life and follow my domestic occupations with comfort and ease.

"I do hope this may influence lady sufferers to try this medicine, and shall be pleased to answer any inquiries as to my experience.

(Mrs.) Emily Snell

"40, North Street, Horsham."

A WRONG VERDICT.

"Four years ago I was taken with what seemed a complication of diseases. I suffered frequent attacks of giddiness; could not rest day or night; suffered excruciating pains all over my body, especially severe in the back, below shoulder-blades, sometimes extending to my arms. My appetite was poor, and what little food I ate distressed me. I could not walk, nor even stand upright. I was also tortured by severe pains in my chest and hoarseness, which the club doctor said was due to weakness of the lungs. My local doctor treated me for two years, without effecting amelioration; in fact, after all this time, he said, 'You have kidney disease, and there is no cure for you.'

"I immediately began to take Warner's Safe Cure, and now, I am happy to say, I am completely cured. I owe my life to this medicine, and its merits cannot be too widely known.

J. Long

"Bricklands, Bury Road, Gosport, Hants."

A GRATEFUL LADY.

"Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Safe Nervine have been the means of restoring me to health after suffering for many years from indigestion, dyspepsia, chronic weakness of the chest, severe headaches, palpitations of the heart, nervous depression, with an occasional attack of bronchitis. Only those who, like myself, have passed through such an unpleasant experience can appreciate a return to good health, and I shall at all times extol the medicines which have done so much for me.

Mrs. W. Ball

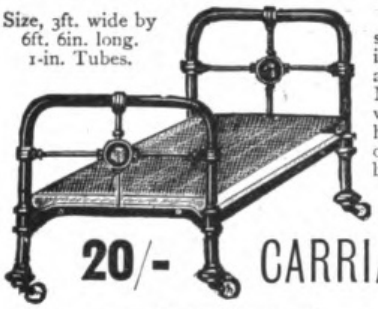
"Utkinton Lane, Tarporley, Cheshire."

This popular remedy may be obtained of all Chemists and Dealers at 2/9 and 4/6 per bottle.

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THE "VICTORIA" BEDSTEAD.

Size, 3ft. wide by 6ft. 6in. long. 1-in. Tubes.



For Durability, strength, and finish, is unequalled. It has an *adjustable* Spring Mattress of *double* woven Steel Wire, highly recommended on sanitary grounds by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

20/- CARRIAGE PAID.

Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Bedding, and Spring Mattresses; also Artistic Furniture of thoroughly reliable quality at first cost.
See my New Catalogues & Price Lists, Post Free. All Goods delivered Free.
ARTHUR DALE, 62, Church St., Birmingham.

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NEW PATTERNS POST FREE. ANY LENGTH CUT.

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Tweeds, Serges, Homespuns, Diagonals Bengalines, Whipcords, Hop Sack Cloths, Habit Cloths, Shot Effects in Fancy Worsted Serges, and entirely New Weavings of the World-Renowned Darlington Gold Medal Merinoes, Cashmeres, and Cross-Warp Serges.

Any article not approved of exchanged within seven days.

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Henry Pease & Co.'s SUCCRS., THE MILLS, DARLINGTON.

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"As a public speaker and singer, I always find it invaluable for clearing the voice. It acts like magic on my children for throat and chest complaints, and I have known it save life when given up by three physicians."—JOHN BAILEY, Pastor, P. M. Church, Ramsgate.

Try it for a Cough.
Try it for a Cold.
Try it for Whooping-Cough.

IT NEVER FAILS.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic.

(REGISTERED.)

Try it for Bronchitis.
Try it for Asthma.
Try it for Consumption.

IT NEVER FAILS.

Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, HULL. Sold in bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

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WHISKY.

Single cases guaranteed to contain Twelve Bottles and Two Imperial Gallons, or in Jars guaranteed to hold Two Imperial Gallons, sent Carriage Paid to nearest Railway Station at **24s.** per Gallon.

As a guarantee of quality, last year's sales were 576,240 bottles (exceeding half a million).

GOLD MEDALS. Dublin, 1892. Paris, 1892.

Mr. C. R. BLACKETT, F.C.S., Victorian Government Analyst, Melbourne, says:—"I can recommend DAWSON'S WHISKY as a highly-matured spirit of exceptional flavour, having all the characteristics of genuine Scotch Whisky." Cheques and Post Office Orders crossed "Commercial Bank." Orders direct from PETER DAWSON, Wholesale and Export Whisky Merchant, Dufftown, Glenlivet District; and 88, Great Clyde Street, Glasgow.

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OFFERS A SPECIAL LINE OF

5,000 BEER OR MILK SETS, Consisting of 1 Jug, 1 Tray, and 4 Tumblers, **6/6**

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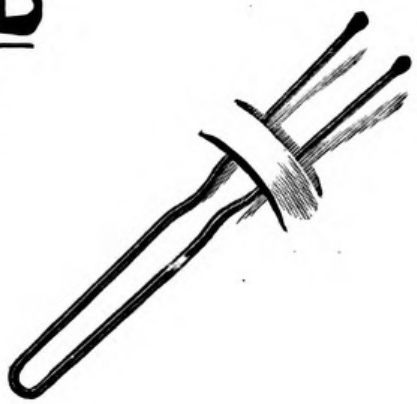
5,000 AFTER DINNER COFFEE SETS, 11/6
Consisting of 1 Coffee Pot, 1 Sugar, 1 Cream, 6 A. D. Cups and Saucers, 1 Tray.

CHOICE FLORAL DESIGN IN COLOURS & GOLD.

CARRIAGE PAID to any Station in England and Wales. **2s.** extra Scotland and Ireland.
Demand Unprecedented. **To avoid Disappointment** **APPLY EARLY.**
Orders executed strictly in Rotation. **CASH with ORDER.**

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SEE THE POINT?

Hinde's "Pyr Point" Hair Pin.

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SAMPLES FREE ON RECEIPT OF POST CARD.

CAN'T SCRATCH THE HEAD AND WON'T FALL OUT.

EACH STORE AND WAREHOUSE KNOWS ALL ABOUT THEM.

THEY COST YOU EXACTLY SAME PRICE AS OLD SORT.

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IN 6D. AND 1S BOXES OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS DRAPERS AND FANCY HOUSES IN THE THREE QUEENDOMS.

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For Venetian Blinds.

Stamped Quality.

The "genuine" have the name "CARR'S" stamped on the interwoven cross tapes once in each yard.

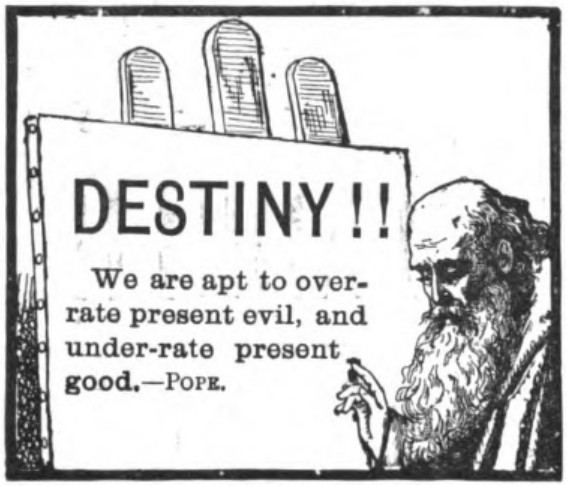
Ask for "CARR'S" Stamped Quality LADDER TAPE.

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AT PRESENT ENGLAND'S GREATNESS

IS UNPARALLELED IN THE

HISTORY OF THE WORLD.



The late Lord Derby on England's Future.

We boast of our Wealth, our Power, our Resources, our Naval and Military Strength, and our Commercial superiority. All these may depart from us in a few years, and we may remain, like Holland, a rich and a comparatively powerless people. The nation depends upon the individuals who compose it. And no nation can be distinguished for morality, duty, adhesion to the rules of honour and justice whose citizens individually and collectively do not possess the same traits.—SMILES.

THE LATE LORD DERBY IN ONE OF HIS RECENT SPEECHES:—

"An accomplished nobleman said to me the other day that he thought England had steadily declined in those qualities that make up the force and strength of national character since the days of Waterloo; and though he did not say so in words, yet from his manner and tone I inferred that he thought it was too late to hope for recovery, that the deluge was coming, and that happy are they who had almost lived their lives and would not survive to see the catastrophe. Of course it is possible that such a catastrophe may come; and given certain conditions it is certain it will come."

Have we those conditions at hand? No, not until we have lost our great mineral wealth—COALS;

And Horny Hand and Busy Brain have lost, or neglected to cultivate, Honour, Truth, and Justice.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—Don't go without a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid any acidulated salines, and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to prevent the bile becoming too thick and impure, producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness, or adhesiveness, in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhœa and disease. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents and removes diarrhœa in its earliest stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness.

BANGKOK, SIAM.—IMPORTANT TO ALL TRAVELLERS.—"We have for the last four years used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches, under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two or three times a day. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, 1883.—To J. C. ENO, Esq., London."

ONLY TRUTH CAN GIVE TRUE REPUTATION. ONLY REALITY CAN BE OF REAL PROFIT.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham.

CAUTION.—*Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.*

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

O, BLESSED HEALTH!

HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! Thou art above gold and treasure. "'Tis thou who enlargest the soul, and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee wants everything with thee."—*Sterne.*

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

To aid Nature without force or strain, use **ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO"** (a simple Vegetable Extract), occasionally a desirable adjunct to **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."** They perform their work "silently as the twilight comes when the day is done," and the patient is much astonished to find his bilious attack, &c., has completely fled before the simple and natural onslaught of the Moto. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the blood pure and preventing disease. **ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO"** of all Chemists, price **1/1½**, post free 1/3.

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SAMPLES of this FOOD will be sent on application to

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CURES

PIMPLES,	SCURVY,	ULCERATED SORES,
BLOTCHES,	BAD LEGS,	SCROFULA,
BOILS,	ECZEMA,	RHEUMATISM,
CARBUNCLES,	ERUPTIONS,	GOUT and other

Diseases of the Blood & Skin.

This is one of the BEST MEDICINES in the WORLD for producing

A Clear Complexion and a Healthy Skin.

Bottles 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, and 11/-.

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This is a distinct preparation for external use. The skin is rendered spotless, soft, clear, and healthy. It should be used in conjunction with the Blood Tonic, and thus put right both the Blood and Skin. In Boxes at 1/1½ and 2/9 each. Procure through Chemists, or it will be sent by SMITH & Co., Chemists, Taunton England.

BENGER'S

Delicious. Nutritive. Digestible.

FOOD

FOR

INFANTS,

CHILDREN,

AND

INVALIDS.

GOLD MEDAL International Health Exhibition.

"Retained when all other Foods are rejected."—
London Medical Record.

In Tins, 1/6, 2/6, 5/- and 10/-

Of all Chemists, &c.

AS SUPPLIED TO THE QUEEN.

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IN BOTTLES AND IN PATENT SYPHONS.

PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS.

"NEW PATENT." "ROYAL CASTLE."

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Every Housekeeper should keep on hand ready for immediate use some of

McCALL'S PAYSANDU OX TONGUES

In Tins from 1½lb. to 3¼lbs. each.

SOLD BY GROCERS AND PROVISION MERCHANTS

"Cadbury's"

"The Typical Cocoa of English Manufacture"
"Absolutely Pure."—*The Analyst.*

"We have examined the samples brought"
"under our notice and find that they are"
"genuine, and that the Cocoa Essence is just"
"what it is declared to be by Cadbury Brothers."

Lancet.

NO CHEMICALS USED

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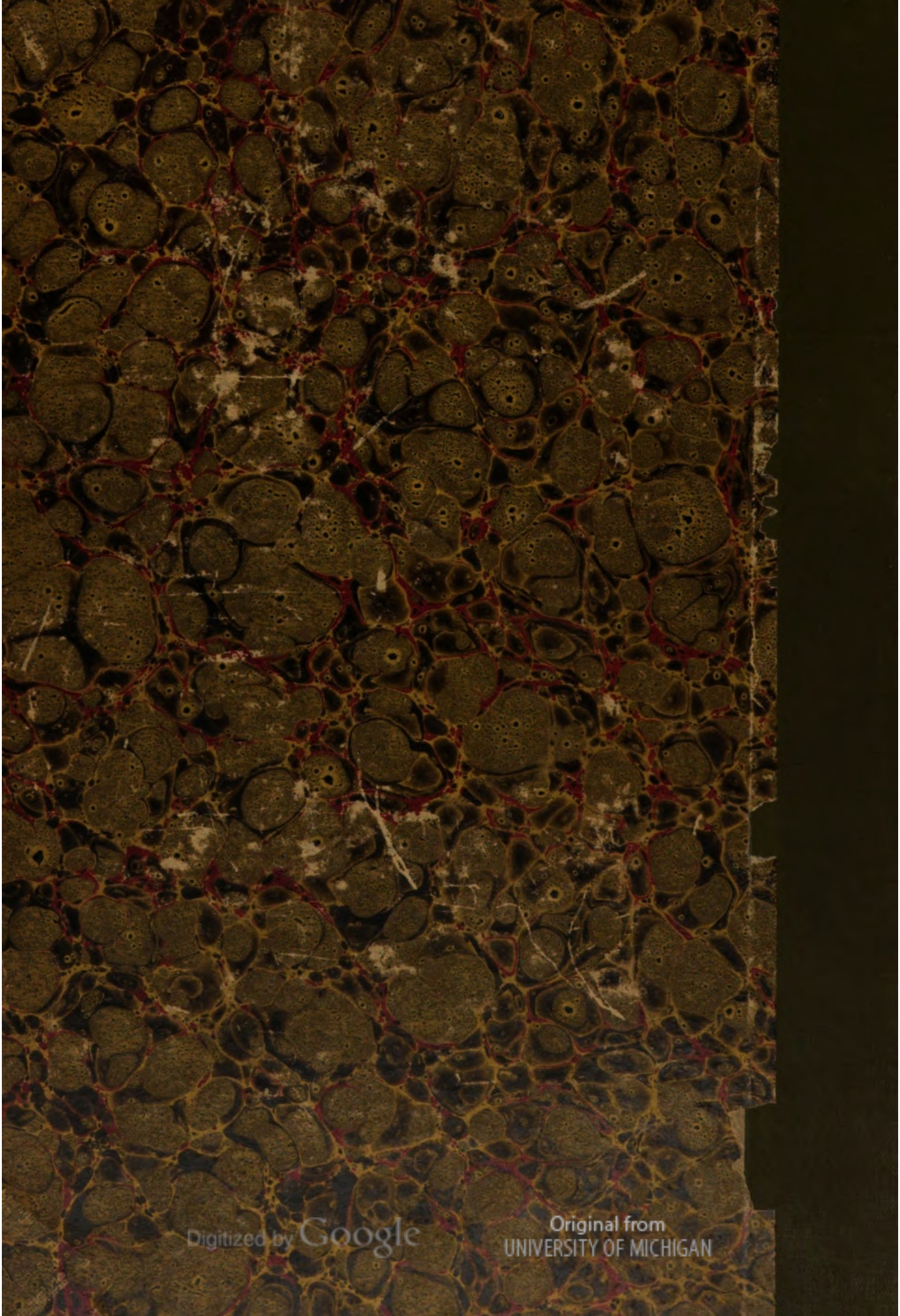
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